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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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TO

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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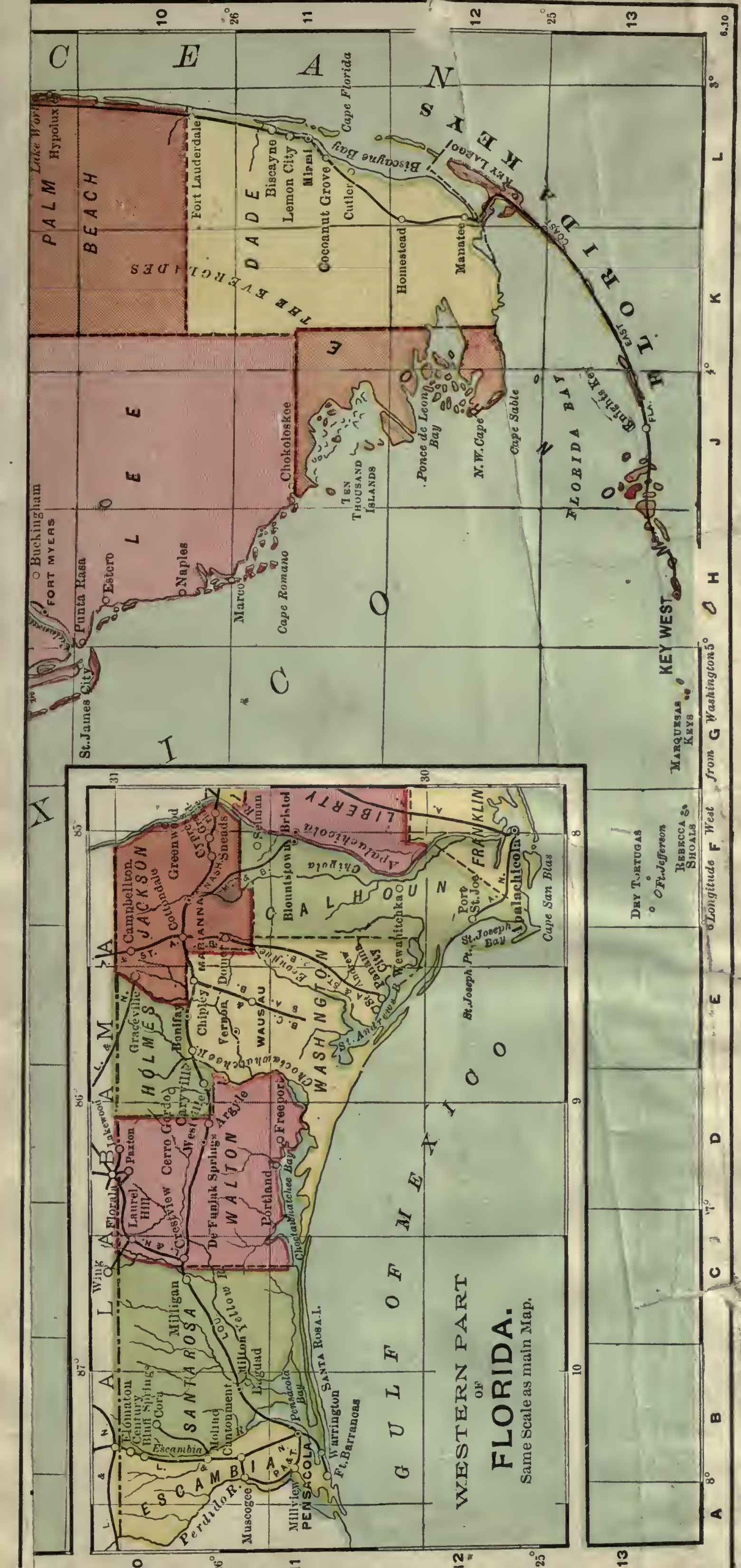

WESTERN PART OF FLORIDA.

Same Scale as main Map.

PALM BEACH
DADE
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THE EVERGLADES
Lake Worth
Hypolux
Fort Lauderdale
Biscayne
Lemon City
Miami
Cocoanut Grove
Cutler
Homestead
Manatee
Cape Florida
Biscayne Bay
Key Largo
FLORIDA KEYS
FLORIDA BAY
Ponce de Leon Bay
N.W. Cape
Cape Sable
Ten Thousand Islands
Chokoloskee
Cape Romano
Marco
Naples
Estero
Punta Rasa
Fort Myers
Buckingham
St. James City
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Dry Tortugas
Ft. Jefferson
Rebecca Shoals
Longitude West from Washington
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JACKSON
WASHINGTON
CALHOUN
LIBERTY
FRANKLIN
ALABAMA
Pensacola
Milton
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1910

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

NOVEMBER awakens anticipation all over the country of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation which, preluding the great national feast of the year, is the executive act which marks the opening of the season in Washington. After the Proclamation has been duly digested, together with the Thanksgiving dinner, men await with interest the Tuesday after the first Monday in December. The smoke of the fall primaries and elections has swept away, and the members returning can tell just "how it happened." Those who are defeated are compelled to take up the reins rather listlessly while they finish up the fag ends of their administration, preparatory to the entrance of their successors, who take office on the fourth of March.

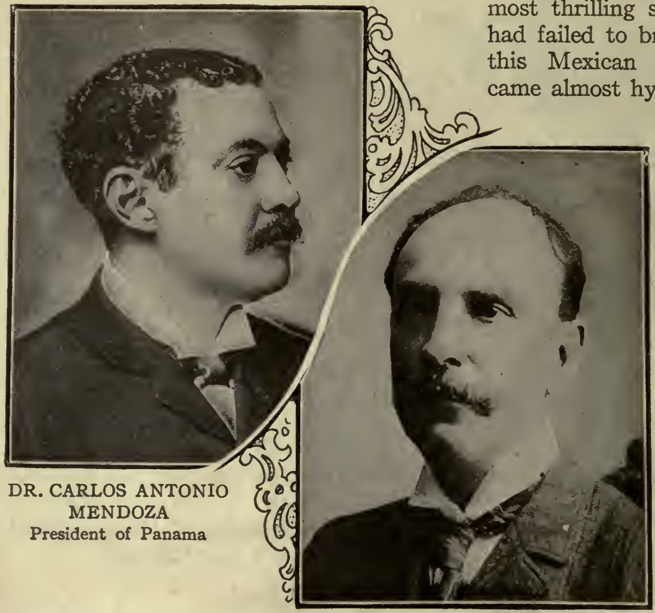
One of the most interesting studies in all history is found in following the trend of the various state, congressional and presidential elections in the country. The radical changes of sentiment and the swing of the pendulum from the conservative days of prosperity to the days that cluster about the "hard-time" periods and panics are of intense and abiding interest to the student of sociology as well as of history. Despite the bitterness of factional campaigns, there is always an air of good fellowship in the opening days of Congress which shows that however much men may disagree as to party or policies, there is a "how-de-do" spirit at the reassembling of Congress that places the political hatchet for the moment, at least, securely in the belt, if not under the sod.

* * *

TO a little group gathered about the fireplace—for the fall winds grow cold near nightfall—ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue John Yerkes told a new story of the Civil War. It occurred in Kentucky—everything that he tells, by the way, happens in the Blue Grass State; it must be so in order to have the proper environment and the advantage of the inimitable dialect of which Mr. Yerkes is master.

Danville, Kentucky, recruited levies for both the Union and Confederate causes, and after the war was over, the veterans of both sides used to sit in the glow of the corner grocery store fire and rehearse tales of the great conflict. Night after night, they would convene here to expatiate on the dreadful battle-scenes of which they were eye-witnesses. The adventures were aglow with romance, and many a hearty laugh rang out over scenes that were just a bit exaggerated as to the carnage, or slightly modified in the retelling.

There was one man who always remained silent, and had an annoying way of seeming bored when they launched into their best yarns. Finally, they could stand the pressure no longer; they asked him why it was that he had nothing to say. "Warn't yuh in the war?" they demanded.



DR. CARLOS ANTONIO MENDOZA
President of Panama

DR. RICARDO JIMENEZ
President of Costa Rica

"Yessir," he nodded sagely, "I was."

"What war?"

"Mexican."

"Good!" the crowd exclaimed in chorus. "Now we'll have something new—a regular rousing story."

John puckered his mouth, shifted his knees and scratched his head; he tried to recall some scene of carnage that would thrill with the days of Chapultepec or of General Scott storming the Molino del Rey. Then he shifted his quid to the other side of his jaw, and said:

"Well, I want to tell you fellers that in that Mexican War we had some mighty great experiences. Mighty great, yep—them was the days when they had reel warrin'. I warn't in many battles myself, but I want to tell yuh I was out in a tent on a mountain down there, and there come along one of the goldarndest rainstorms I ever heerd tell of! And that *was* a rainstorm, too!" His eyes kindled as he burst into the most hilarious laughter; his sides shook and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

But the veterans were speechless with indignation when they reflected that the most thrilling stories they could recount had failed to bring a smile or word from this Mexican "coffee-cooler," who became almost hysterical at the recollection of experiencing the "goldarndest rainstorm he ever heerd tell of" in a tent down in Mexico.

* * *

THE election of a successor to President Obeldia of Panama has occasioned quite a stir on the Isthmus. It was thought at the outset that acting President Mendoza might be chosen; he, however, has been decidedly unfriendly to American interests, though he feels that the Americans are unfriendly to him because of his color. It is reported that he sent for Colonel Goethals on several occasions, insistently demanding his presence and then deliberately snubbed him. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Colonel Goethals will manage affairs with a firm and steady hand, without partiality.

Sometimes one is constrained to believe that the aid afforded to newly established Latin republics by the United States in Central America and elsewhere is not altogether a grateful task. The new-born republics probably do not comprehend or appreciate the attitude and policy of the United States Government as regards their affairs, and until they can be made to understand the really sincere and friendly interest taken by the United States in their prosperity and welfare, there is likely to be more or less misunderstanding.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OBELDIA OF PANAMA

Whose long and eventful life is associated with the initiation and building of the Panama Canal

YES, there was a book agent abroad in Washington. He seemed to be a "live wire," and kept things going by sheer energy and persistence. Now a group of congressmen makes rather poor material for the wiles of an ordinary book agent, but a few of them could remember the summer vacation days when they too were out trying to sell tales, masterpieces and complete works. One of these was Senator Tom Carter of Montana. "Now," said he, reflectively stroking his beard, "I want you to watch that young fellow and see if he isn't deserving of a few orders."

Photo by American Press Association

PRINCESS RADZIWILL

This is the first photograph of Princess Radziwill, who was Dorothy Deacon of Boston, taken since her marriage recently to Prince Radziwill at St. Mary's, London. Prince Radziwill is a scion of the Polish house of that name and his father was formerly Court Marshal for ceremonies in St. Petersburg. The Princess for several years declined to have her picture taken and likenesses of her are very rare in the United States

The Senators formed a group, and stealthily watched the agent as he proceeded with his victim. It was a real object lesson in salesmanship. You could see, the moment he confronted his prospect, that he was relying purely on his own native ability and resources. There was no imitation; no borrowed grandiloquence of language. He was himself—and his individuality asserted itself even in the way he pounded the table to give force to his argument. The Senator got nervous, but the salesman skilfully continued the argument in low, persuasive tones and with natural suavity—he was cooling him down. Finally, those in the corridor saw the agent take something from his pocket which the Senator bent over, and in his own distinguished chirography subscribed his name on an order blank.

The Senators were open in their flattery of the youthful bookman. "What rules do you use?" asked one.

"Rules? No rules. I simply go at it and ask for something for which I give something that's of value to my customer. I know he ought to have it, and it's up to me to make him know it."

He departed with a well-filled order book.

* * *

FROM far-off Manila I have received some sentiments regarding the "advantages of an educated woman" that I think could be read profitably by the women of this country. How interesting it is to hear a Filipino woman's intelligent comment and suggestions as to the education of her countrywomen. The writer is Mrs. Luz Aycardo, and her work abounds in terse epigrams. "An educated woman," she says, "appreciates things that are beautiful in nature, and things that are essential to life. She makes her surroundings attractive, she prepares her food diligently, she makes her home comfortable." The old customs of keeping women as a class in ignorance are doomed.

"It was a great mistake for our parents, in ancient times, to deprive their daughters of education, simply because they believed that they are easily wooed and loved. A woman thus deprived of education is robbed of her future felicity, because, as is to be expected, she marries one who, like herself, is destitute of any education, and both will stumble and fall during their pilgrimage of life. . . .

"Education is but good living, and good living is the immediate fruit, the worthy reward, of good education."

* * *

THE various rulings of the commissions and departments at Washington are oftentimes thought to be arbitrary and unnecessary. No less a personage than David Starr Jordan joked about the laws of the International Fisheries Commission.

Photo by American Press Association

MRS. HETTY GREEN

The illness of Mrs. Green has caused considerable anxiety among her friends and business associates. She is in her 75th year and has recently shown the first signs of failing. Relatives have prevailed upon her to give up active life in Wall Street and turn over her affairs to her son, who was recently elected director of the Seaboard Air Line. Mr. Green is now in New York in immediate charge of his mother's business

"The fish there have no chance," he lamented; "they have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China.

"A druggist there said to his clerk one day:

"'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?'

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

The Papal Secretary of State, who became prominent during the recent Roosevelt episode in Rome

" 'Yes, sir,' the clerk meekly responded. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache.'

" 'And you sold him—'

" 'Rat poison, sir.' "

* * *

IN the census returns published from time to time there are some remarkable revelations. The prophecy of James J. Hill, that if our population and productiveness continue at the present ratio, in twenty years a large number of people must go to bed supperless, is hardly consistent with the tenor of our crop returns. The Department of Agriculture is keeping its Argus eyes upon every acre of land that is not being utilized, and there are thousands of acres all over the country that, if properly cultivated, would yield twice their present production, not to speak of the arid lands of the West, which respond so luxuriantly under the magic spell of irrigation. The reclamation of these vast expanses of thirsty valley and plain promises to give speedy solution of the very serious problem of "bread enough and to spare."

Photo by American Press Association

HIRAM JOHNSON

Republican nominee for Governor of California

* * *

IT is proposed to build as a national tribute to the memory of our late ex-President, Grover Cleveland, a simple tower emblematic of his strength and sincerity of character. His friends and admirers, without regard to party, have organized a Cleveland Monument Association, of which the Hon. John F. Dryden is president. The memorial will be erected on a commanding site near the Graduate School within the grounds of Princeton University, with which institution Mr. Cleveland was closely associated during the last years of his life. It is to be 150 feet high, built of silvery-gray stone and of great architectural dignity. The interior is to be devoted to suitable memorials, and also as a repository for personal, municipal, state and national relics associated with the ex-President's long and varied public service.

The directors of the Cleveland Monument Association include Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, Paul Morton, George B. Cortelyou, Richard Olney, Franklin Murphy and some half a hundred other distinguished American citizens from all sections of the country.

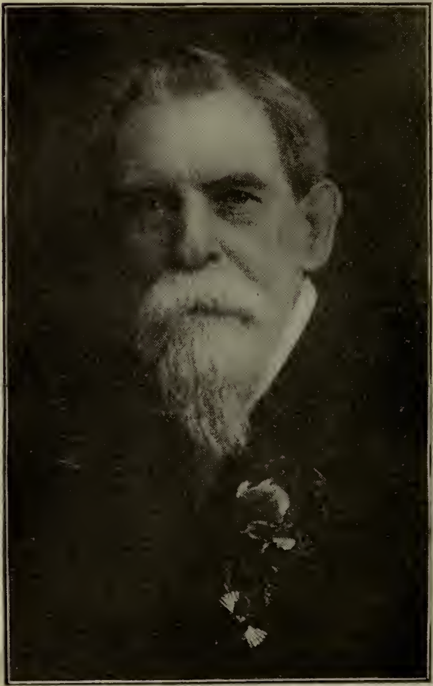


Photo by American Press Association

GROVE L. JOHNSON

Of Sacramento, California, "standpat" candidate for nomination of Assemblyman, was defeated by the man who was on the insurgent ticket headed by Johnson's son, Hiram, who was nominated for Governor by the insurgents. One Prohibitionist placed Grove L. Johnson's name on his ballot and thus he won the Prohibition nomination. Further, twenty-eight Democrats voted for Grove L. Johnson and the same number voted for Bliss on the Democratic ballots. This tie makes it necessary for the Supervisors to select the Democratic nominee by tossing a coin

THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS SON
At his home, "Westland," near Princeton, N. J. It is near this spot that the magnificent Cleveland monument is proposed to be erected

No one who ever met Grover Cleveland could fail to appreciate his sturdy integrity and patriotic fervor. I recall, vividly, the last time I saw him at Princeton, where, surrounded by all the comforts of an ideal home life, he was still the same alert, unswerving patriot ready for service at a moment's notice, after giving the best years of his life to the interests of his country. Every loyal American should have an opportunity of contributing to this memorial to commemorate the life of a man whose career covered a most important epoch in the history of the country.

SENATOR EUGENE HALE OF MAINE

Who retires at the end of his present term and will be succeeded by a Democrat owing to the overturning Maine got at the recent election

The approximate cost of the tower will be one hundred thousand dollars, over three-quarters of which amount has already been subscribed. Those who desire to assist in its erection may send contributions to Senator Dryden at Newark, New Jersey.

* * *

THE busy days of the summer capital at Beverly are over. The executive force has returned to Washington, although loth to leave their comfortable vacation quarters at the Pickering Cottage, their "home by the sea." The executive cottage is colonial in general effect, and the great hall, adorned with trophies of the chase, with its quaint, spindle-balustraded stairway and real rag-carpets on the floors, has an air of old-time dignity and charm. The broad verandas in the rear, facing the sea and its picturesque surroundings, made the cottage an ideal residence for the dozen men of the executive force; night and day the stiff ocean breezes from the North Shore swept through the house. President Taft visited his summer offices just before leaving for the West, to see for himself that the executive quarters were exactly suited for the work next season.

The effort made to keep visitors away on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays was not successful; as at Washington "rules were suspended" often in the case of prominent visitors, whose official rank largely determined how long they must wait outside for an audience.

The President contemplated a trip to Panama during the fall, and the first meeting of the Cabinet held after the summer vacation occurred at Washington during the latter days of the Indian summer. While Assistant-Secretary Foster was in Europe, Judge Latta, who has been a member of the executive force since early in McKinley's administration, was in charge of transferring the clerical force from Beverly. The opening of the second Taft season at the White House was redolent with happy memories of the summer days at the North Shore of Massachusetts, and President Taft's suggestion of a vacation for all every year shows his kindly consideration and thoughtfulness.

SINCE the ladies of the land have so generally decreed that furs must be worn in the winter season, even the despised muskrat is being watched and studied, and marshlands are being cultivated for his sustenance and home-building. Muskrat trapping has for some years past been a profitable occupation among owners of such lands in various parts of the country, and the skins sold to furriers and dyers are splendidly dyed, dressed and made up to imitate costly furs. The government experts are now studying a scientific way of saving the muskrat. Verily, "things do change," as Parson Piffs would say.

SOME startling surprises have been brought out by the report of customs receipts during the first full year of the new Tariff Law. The imports were larger than for any corresponding year, and the value of goods entering free of duty has been larger than even under the Wilson Bill. The comparison of the Payne Law since its adoption with that of the Dingley, McKinley and Wilson laws shows forty-nine per cent of the total imports free of duty under the Payne Bill, against forty-four per cent under the Dingley Bill, fifty-three per cent under the McKinley Bill, and forty-eight per cent under the

THE THREE MODERN MUSKETEERS WHO HAVE BEEN DOING SOME STUNTS AT ATLANTIC CITY AND WILL NOW GO INTO COMIC OPERA IN TOWN

Wilson Bill. There is now a disposition to wait till the test is made and the returns are all in before condemning the tariff bill that has so upset the calculation of politicians, pro and con.

* * *

VIGOROUS house-cleaning has been going on at the White House; it was made "spick and span" from cellar to garret. Chimney-sweeps scoured out the flues; painters were at work here and there, paint-pot in hand; furniture was re-upholstered, the walls whitened, and a real old-time "fall house-cleaning" was conducted during the President's absence. The White House is truly said to be one of the few domiciles of rulers that has the real aspect of a home.

EX-CONGRESSMAN J. ADAM BEDE
of Minnesota

* * *

IT was positively glorious, while out West, to come across Adam Bede, former congressman from Minnesota. The House of Representatives never had a wit that equaled that of the Gopher legislator whose name recalls George Eliot's novel. I found him in the Union Station at Omaha, toting two enormous suitcases to the Northwestern train.

He stopped just a minute to talk politics, remarking, as he set down the small trunks: "My coat-of-arms, these. Take 'em along for company, you know. I'm so used to looking after a houseful of children that these trunks, emblems of the G. O. P. ensign, make me feel right at home."

Adam is lecturing and keeping in touch with political matters in Minnesota, and when that state wants a congressman that will keep the country awake with his nimble wit and hard horse sense, Adam Bede will be returned to Washington—accompanied by a special train, probably, for impedimenta.

COL. JOHN E. STILLMAN
Collector of the Port, Pensacola, Florida

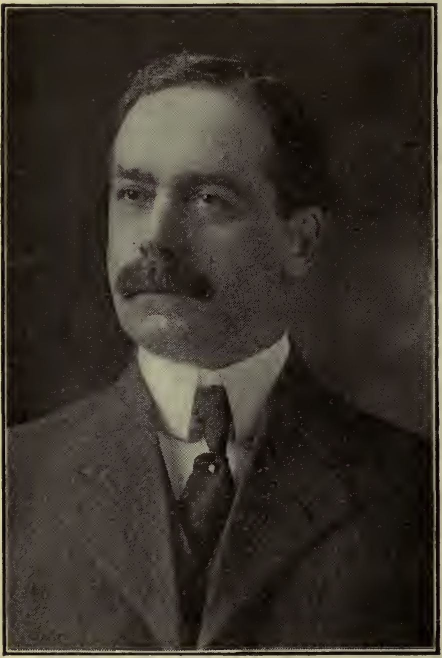
* * *

THE social season at Washington will soon be under way, and with it arises the perennial discussion of fashionable costume. Generally, women dislike to see it discussed "from the editor's easy chair," but, nevertheless, it is a question

MARSHAL HERMES DA FONSECA, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF BRAZIL

Marshal da Fonseca, the new President of Brazil ,was born at San Gabreil, State of Rio Grande do Sul, May 12, 1855. He comes from one of the representative families of Alagoas, his uncle, Marshal Deodoro, having been the first President of the Republic. Choosing a military career, he entered the Military School, which he left at the age of 20 years as a lieutenant. He passed successfully through all the grades of the army until he reached the highest rank, that of Marshal. In 1904 he was placed at the head of the Military School of Realengo. In November of that year he gave proof of his loyalty to the Government by successfully preventing his school from joining the revolt against President Rodrigues Alves. Soon after he became commander of the Fourth Military District of Rio de Janeiro, and when President Penna came into power, in 1906, was made Minister of War, in which position his remarkable reorganization of the Brazilian Army attracted the attention of Emperor William of Germany, who invited him to be his guest to witness the maneuvers of the German Army. His inauguration will take place on November 15, 1910 of economic importance. Statistics—and "figgers can't lie"—demonstrate that it costs the women of today much more to dress than it did formerly; and where does the blame belong? Do they really spend more now? If they do, why is it?

After a recent convention ball, the men, gathered in one corner, were discussing the splendors of the affair just past. Decorations, flowers and excellence of cuisine came up in turn, and then the talk turned to the costumes worn by the ladies, when, after some discussion, all decided that the favorite costumes were the most simple and unpretentious.



JAMES W. GOOD, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
Representative in Congress from the Fifth Congressional District of Iowa

So it seems that the old argument advanced by the fair sex—"it's to please the fastidious men"—ought to be revised and some other excuse made for the extravagant cost of dress.

* * *

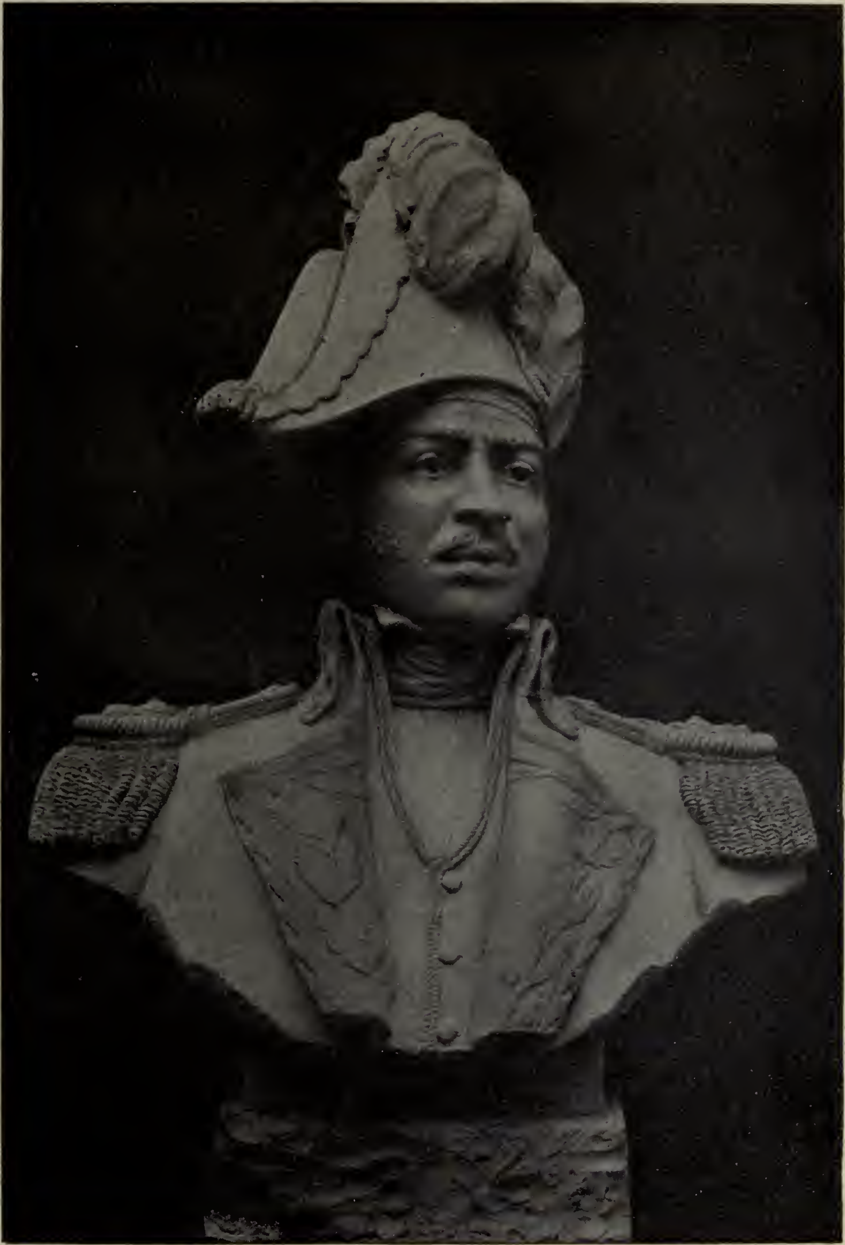
EVERY time a visit is made to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the incident is recalled of one country boy who first saw here the white electric lights of modern days. The feelings and emotions of that event explain a personal interest in the affairs of that district. Coming down to "see the Circus" from the country, with a return-trip ticket, he felt as happy as any country lad with a whole half-dollar (judiciously divided into jingling dimes) in his pocket.

Of course, there were temptations at the side-shows to take the extra dimes, which would mean missing the real "circus" in the great main tent, but even the stentorian voices of the "spielers" outside had to be resolutely resisted so that the whole half-dollar would not be exhausted until he was safely inside the "big show."

That evening, standing at the station waiting for the train to go home, tired and hungry—for supper was out of the question with empty pockets—he stood meditating over the wonders of the day, when a revelation came with the glimmering white light from the arc lamp. To him it was an unseen world revealed. The stars with which he was so familiar paled into insignificance as the carbon sputtered, and the moths fluttering about the dazzling brilliancy made him think what a place Chicago and New York must be if all this wonderment was at Cedar Rapids.

The incident was in mind when Congressman James W. Good of Cedar Rapids was found at home in the midst of his campaign. Those who know him in Washington realize that a busier or more hardworking Representative never had a cedar-chest with his name and "M. C." on it. He simply "goes at things" with the same persistence that he pursued when as city attorney he won the famous gas case at Cedar Rapids and secured ninety-cent gas for the people. This was the first case of the kind in the state, and his firm belief in government regulation of public service corporations has been evidenced in his energetic congressional career.

At the last session of Congress, Mr. Good introduced a bill providing for the withdrawal of coal and oil lands of the territory of Alaska; and the scope of the bill was limited to Alaska that it might be referred to the Committee on the Territories, of which Mr. Good is a member. He insists that national resources of this kind can only be regulated properly by having the Government hold the fee simple title, and



Photograph by Harris-Ewing

DESSALINES

Marble bust of Jean Jaques Dessalines, the work of a Haitian sculptor living in Paris; presented by the Haitian Government to the International Bureau of the American Republics, and which occupies a position in the Hall of the Patriots does not see any reason why this rule should not apply to all minerals and water-power sites of the Government domain. The measure for the establishment of a non-partisan tariff commission, introduced by Mr. Good, attracted the widespread and favorable comment of the press, and it is hoped that the bill will be enacted into a law at the next session. These two measures are the two things on which Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft have most heartily and publicly agreed. Mr. Good has been especially active in measures relative to the Indian lands, and one that he introduced provides for the allotment in severalty of the lands of the Sac and Fox Indians at Tama, Iowa, the Secretary of the Interior holding the title of the lands as long as shall be necessary to preserve the property inviolably for the original owners.

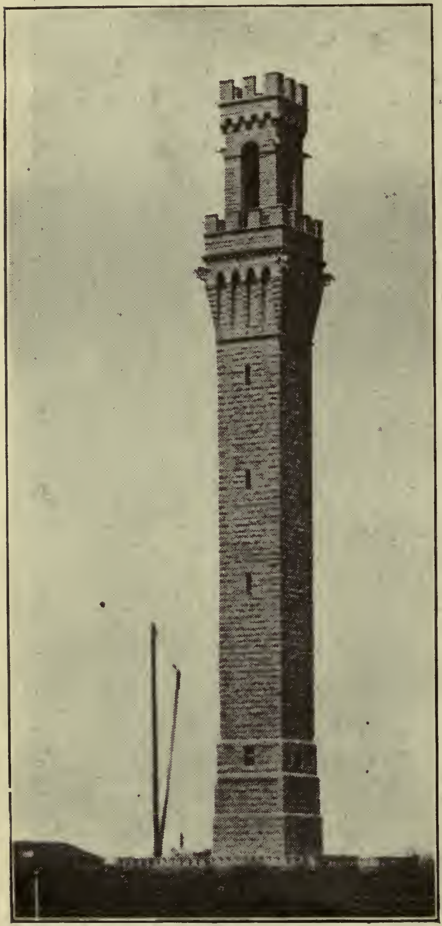


Photo by American Press Association

PILGRIMS' MEMORIAL AT PROVINCETOWN

President Taft attended the dedication of the new monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Provincetown, Mass., on August 5. Theodore Roosevelt laid the corner stone of the structure four years ago. The monument is a tower of granite rising more than 350 feet above sea level. It stands on the bow of Town Hill, is over 250 feet high, and cost $100,000

Mr. Good also introduced the bill for granting second-class privileges to the publications of trades unions, labor organizations, mutual benefit and fraternal societies, permitting them to carry advertisements the same as other periodicals enjoying second-class privileges. As a member of the House Committee on War Claims, Irrigation of the Arid Lands and the Territories, he was in touch with much of the most important legislation of the last Congress, in which the Committee on the Territories was very prominent. Of the fifteen sub-committees of three members appointed to investigate and report on various measures, Mr. Good served on all but three, and was closely identified with the bill amending the organic act of the Territory of Hawaii, which included some very radical changes. He took active part in discussing every bill from the committees.

Born on a farm within a few miles of the city in which he lives, Mr. Good is recognized as one of the "home boys" at Cedar Rapids. He has a charming home in an addition to the city which he was active in developing, and the very oak and hickory in the furnishings of that home came from the trees surrounding the old homestead on the farm. His library and study are redolent with the sweet sentiment which the farmer boy never loses for the old farm.

Congressman Good always seems to be busy; that day he was preparing a speech for laying the cornerstone of a church, but whether at speech-making or preparing measures to follow out his well-defined convictions, Mr. Good is never idle, and his townsfolk respect his broadmindedness, his unfailing good-nature and aggressive activities. Progressive in all his ideals, he nevertheless stands firm for fair play and justice to the interests of all constituents.

Mr. Good will concentrate his attention on the bill which he has introduced to create a tariff commission consisting of five commissioners appointed by the President. The commissioners are to be in no way connected with Congress, nor engaged in any other business, vocation or employment. The duty of the commission is, in general, to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relating to the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial and mining interests of the United States so far as the same may be necessary or helpful to Congress in the enactment of customs tariff laws, and in aiding the President and other officers of the government in the administration of such laws. The purpose of the bill is to eliminate, as far as possible, all political or sectional prejudices in the formulation of a tariff measure.

* * *

THE first American International Humane Conference, which was held in Washington during the week of October 10 to 15, had President Taft as its honorary president and King George V., of England, as its first honorary vice-president. The Conference was called to discuss the practical problems confronting anti-cruelists everywhere, to exchange views concerning methods and policies now practiced, to encourage unity and co-operation among humanitarians, and to promote humane progress throughout the world. It was held under the auspices of the American Humane Association in conjunction with its thirty-fourth annual meeting. Delegates and visitors were in attendance from the principal countries of Europe and other foreign sections, as well as from many of the four hundred humane societies in this country. These include societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and the so-called "compound" societies which include in their work the protection of both children and animals.

The first three days of the Conference were devoted exclusively to subjects relating to children, while the sessions held on October 13, 14 and 15 were devoted exclusively to the consideration of subjects relating to animals. Addresses were delivered and papers were read by some of the most prominent humane workers in this country and abroad. Discussions were carried on in English, French and German. The delegates were received at the White House by President Taft, and were also given a reception at one of the finest private residences in Washington.

One of the features of the Conference was an exhibition of books of interest to humanitarians, also pictures, manuscripts, model child shelters, medals, prizes, diplomas, banners, photographs, literature, reports, office and statistical blanks, and humane devices and inventions of every description. Special exhibits were shown relating to the barbarities of bull-fights; work-horse parade medals and ribbons; devices for humane killing in slaughter-houses and dog pounds; improved stock cars; dog kennels; inventions for feeding horses in streets; humane bits, bridles, and harnesses; model ambulances for the transportation of animals; drinking fountains and fire-escape inventions for animals, and many other things pertaining to both children and animals.

THE LATE HENRY BERGH
Founder of anti-cruelty work in America

While this was the first international affair of the kind to be held in this country, it is interesting to note that previous international conferences have been held in Europe. The first was at Graz, in Austria, in 1895. In 1900 a similar one was held in Paris, and in 1903, Frankfort, Germany, entertained the third International Humane Congress. Another convened at Helsingborg, Sweden, in 1906. Last year there was an international humane gathering in England, which was the birthplace of the anti-cruelty movement. All of these meetings were devoted exclusively to animals. The first law for the prevention of cruelty was passed by the British Parliament in 1822. The first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty was organized in 1824, and later became the present Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized in New York City in 1874. The four first Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all organized between 1866 and 1868, are the American, in New York City; the Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia; the Massachusetts, in Boston; and the San Francisco, in the order of their priority. They are, today, the largest institutions in the country devoted exclusively to the care of animals.

How he summons all of his ability and native eloquence to defend his measure

The active president of the Washington Conference was Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, New York, president of the American Humane Association. Mr. Walter Stilson Hutchins, president of the Washington Humane Society, was chairman of the local committee of arrangements, which included a score of well-known Washington names. Headquarters of the Conference were established at the Arlington. All the day meetings were held in the auditorium of the new building of the United States National Museum. There was one platform meeting held elsewhere and addressed by speakers of national reputation to which the general public were especially invited. A complimentary dinner was tendered the foreign delegates at the Arlington.

* * *

NOW that the establishment of a Bureau of Health is proposed at Washington, every known panacea for maintaining health and for the prevention and cure of diseases seems to have found its way to the Capital. There is the cold bath enthusiast, the "don't worry" man, the gymnast, the advocate of long walks, the promoter of rolling on the floor to make brawn—in fact, men with all kinds of suggestions for the promotion of health or the cure of disease have come to offer them to the proposed department.

Love letters have always played a conspicuous part in the affairs of nations

One man has sent in a new and less strenuous method of preserving and protecting health—the cultivation of enthusiasm. Active, perennial enthusiasm, a keen interest in what one is doing, he insists, will do more to promote good health than all the other ideas combined. Something that will keep the heart's blood of youth in action, something that keeps ideals and anticipations alive, is the cure suggested by this old-school philosopher. As the passing away of youth as described by Wordsworth is recalled, it lends us encouragement to feel that our work is so varied and multiplied that it can never be accomplished; and as long as that feeling endures, life will have an ever-increasing interest.

Take for instance the senator or congressman with a bill to pass. Witness the enthusiasm with which he enters the lists, how he summons up all his ability and native eloquence to defend his measure; how his chest swells with pride as one of the older members approves his ideas; and even when the bill has been defeated, how he concentrates his mind in so modifying the plan that it may meet with the approval of his fellows.

RAILROAD STA

One hundred and twenty-two affect railroads exclusively

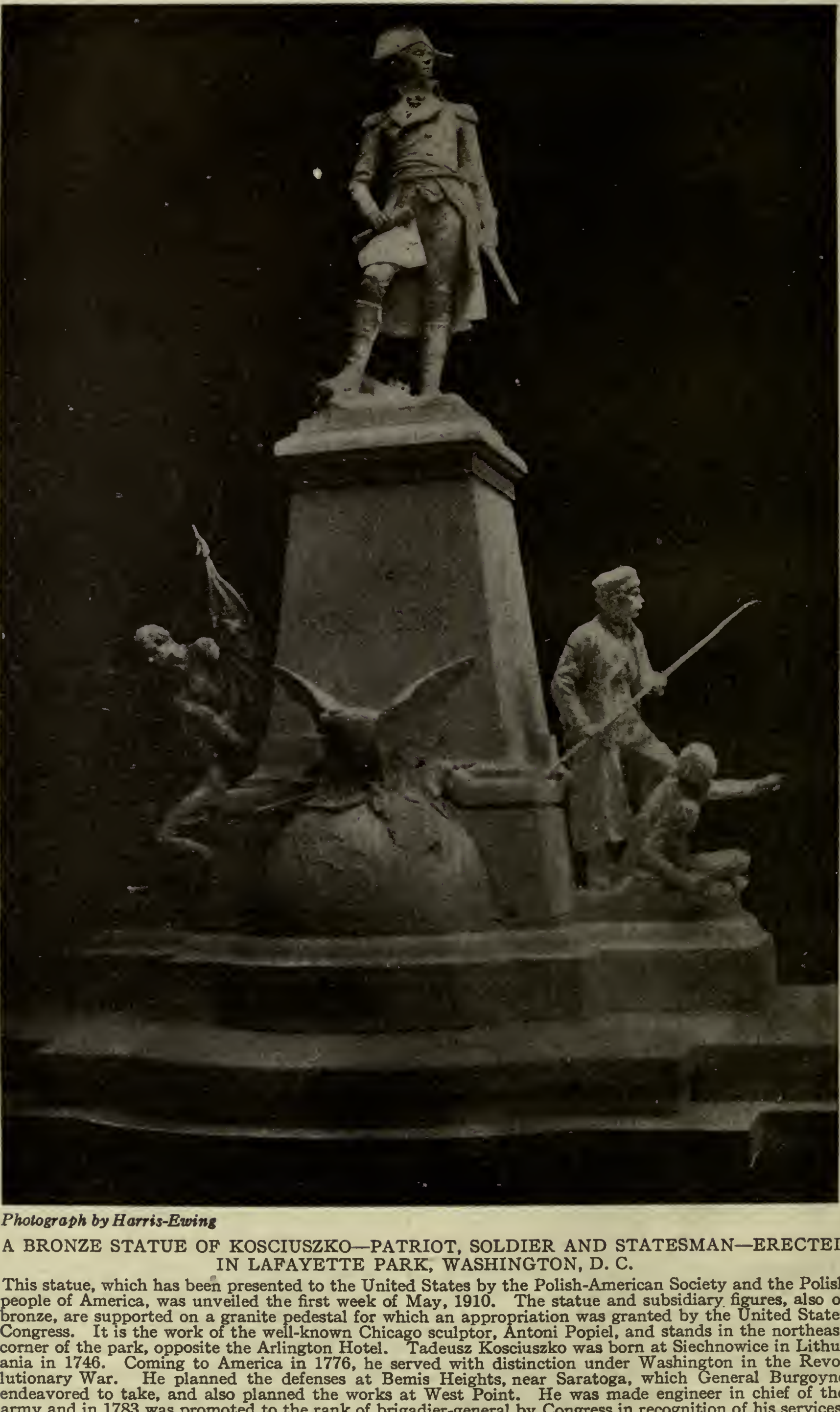
It seems to be a pretty good plan for everyone to have some one avocation in which his interest can always be awakened; it may be politics, music, art, the pursuits of peace or even war itself—but whatever it is, it should be all-absorbing to the enthusiast.

* * *

ONE unique suggestion coming to the Patent Office recently is for a self-burning letter. Though the commissioners tried to keep the process secret, the story soon leaked out and the suggestion was offered as a defence to the ardent swain who pours forth his soul in endearing and eloquent correspondence, which later in the hands of some unsympathetic lawyer increases the damages in a breach of promise suit or in the divorce court helps to swell the alimony and excite popular derision.

An educated woman appreciates things that are beautiful

Love letters have always played a conspicuous part in the affairs of nations, and a still more momentous role in the history of hearts; but they generally possess peculiar features that make them "impossible" in cold type. Of course, much depends upon the eyes that read them, but no matter how romantic the reader, if the eloquence is not intended particularly for him or her, the sentiments appear "stilted," "silly," or "disgustingly sentimental." Hence the advantage of the self-burning letter; so far as has been learned, however, the "novel contrivance" is but a sheet to which a certain brand of very flat match is attached for a suggestion.



Photograph by Harris-Ewing

A BRONZE STATUE OF KOSCIUSZKO—PATRIOT, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN—ERECTED IN LAFAYETTE PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This statue, which has been presented to the United States by the Polish-American Society and the Polish people of America, was unveiled the first week of May, 1910. The statue and subsidiary figures, also of bronze, are supported on a granite pedestal for which an appropriation was granted by the United States Congress. It is the work of the well-known Chicago sculptor, Antoni Popiel, and stands in the northeast corner of the park, opposite the Arlington Hotel. Tadeusz Kosciuszko was born at Siechnowice in Lithuania in 1746. Coming to America in 1776, he served with distinction under Washington in the Revolutionary War. He planned the defenses at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, which General Burgoyne endeavored to take, and also planned the works at West Point. He was made engineer in chief of the army and in 1783 was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general by Congress in recognition of his services. He returned to Poland in 1786, taking part in the uprising against Russia. Later he settled in France and then in Switzerland, where he died in 1817, his remains being removed to Cracow, Poland.

IF a vote were polled to designate the most popular Congressman at Washington during the last session, the name of John Kinley Tener of Pennsylvania would instantly command a strong lead. A big, genial, whole-souled man—that partially expresses it—and explains why he has been chosen Exalted Ruler of the Protective Order of Elks, and is so well beloved and honored by the home-folks.

Still he's just the same John Tener as when back in the 90's he held the box as the brilliant young pitcher of the famous Spaulding baseball nine that journeyed around the world introducing star plays and players in Uncle Sam's great national game. Mr. Tener plays ball as he plays politics and everything else; in an earnest, energetic manner that commands results.

A branch of his family settled in Pennsylvania prior to the Revolution, but Congressman Tener came direct from County Tyrone, Ireland, when a young lad, after the death of his father. With his ten brothers and sisters the family located in Pittsburg. Young Tener worked nights and mornings and finished his public and high school course with honors. His first employment was in a clerical capacity, where he clerked as hard as he played ball. His fondness for athletics made him a leader in boyhood sports, and later he became nationally popular as a baseball player, commanding a salary that made his clerical wages look small.

Upon his return from a trip around the world he settled down to a business career with the same determination with which he had fitted himself for the pitcher's box; and was made cashier of the First National Bank of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, an institution of which he is today president. The town—one of those little municipalities that lie outside the large centers of population and have had much to do with the great strides in urban development—has enjoyed a substantial, steady growth, and there have been few public enterprises concerning its interests in which Mr. Tener has not taken an active part. Essentially a self-made man, his success came in good measure from understanding just how and when to throw the ball and strike hard.

Although a stanch Republican, Mr. Tener never accepted any office until in 1907 he became a candidate for Congress. It was a lively fight, but his popularity at home was so great that he carried his town by a vote of 866 to 87. Soon after entering Congress, he was given some very important committee appointments, and made a record of which any veteran might well be proud.

When he passed along the corridors of the Capitol in his jolly, good-natured way, he had but to suggest what ought to be done to some of his colleagues—and it was done.

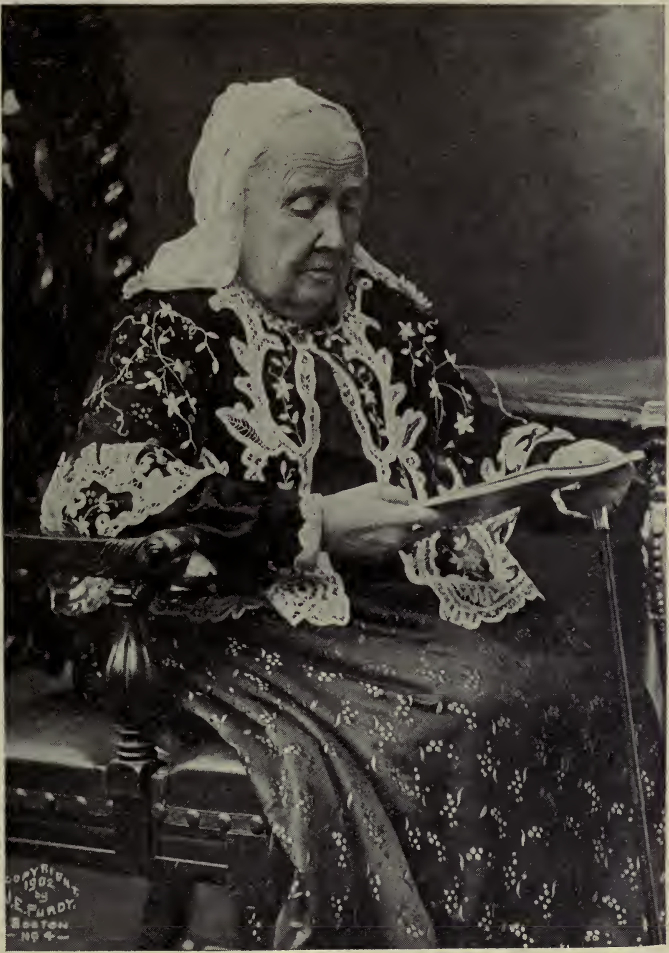
CONGRESSMAN J. K. TENER
Republican nominee for governor of Pennsylvania

One of Mr. Tener's impressive virtues is plain common sense, and an unswerving integrity that inspires confidence.

Mr. Tener has been an active business man for over twenty years, yet he is still of the "home boy" type; it was at home I found him at Salisbury Beach, Massachusetts, during the summer days, visiting the old home of Mrs. Tener at Haverhill nearby, the scenes of the courtship days two decades ago. The Tener home has long been the center of social activities in Charleroi, since Mr. Tener first brought his bride to the state which now honors him with a nomination for Governor.

SENATOR-ELECT NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BROWARD
A former Governor of the state of Florida and "Father of the Everglades"

The fact that he carried his county with a majority of five thousand and was able to increase this score to ten thousand in the presidential election, indicates the sort of a campaign John Tener conducts. Known everywhere throughout the state, it seemed in good old Pittsburg, where he made his start in life, that everyone knew him—street car men, hack drivers, storekeepers and even in the little tobacconist's shop at the end of town. He will be one of the few governors chosen from the western part of the state, and it is predicted will have an old-fashioned Republican majority, although the aggressive "Keystone" party is making an active campaign which its projectors hope will draw some of the strength of the Republican ticket. Regardless of party affiliations, Mr. Tener's colleagues in Congress will miss his genial and wholesome personality, and although congratulating him on his step forward in his political career, they all hope to see him back to help push things along. His presence in the Committee Rooms, in the corridors or in the cloak rooms gave to congressional routine that flavor of human good-fellowship so often lacking in the legislators of more serious temperament. Pennsylvania will have a popular and progressive governor in John Kinley Tener.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No 4

Julia Ward Howe.

The beloved of all America, who passed away October 17th. She will be most deeply mourned.

THE BIRD MEN AT SQUANTUM FIELD

By Wm H. Chapple

THERE isn't much wonderment in a first close view of the aeroplane, of whatever nature it may be—the thousands of pictures that have been printed in periodicals and newspapers are almost as lifelike as the originals themselves. But when the aeroplane is wheeled from its hangar to the starting line—when the propeller is started with its whirr and buzz — the new sensation begins. Great clouds of dust are kicked up in the rear like the foam and commotion that spout from a great geyser. The aviator sits tensely in his seat, while his mechanicians, holding to the rear of the machine, act as cables to keep the aeroplane from taking a premature flight. The air beating back at them from the propeller has the force of a miniature tornado, whipping their clothes and hair until it seems as though they must surely be stripped naked and made bald-headed.

HARVARD · AERONAUTICAL · SOCIETY · INC · 1910

Finally the aviator is satisfied with the rhythmic droning of the cylinders; his voice cannot possibly be heard, so he raises and lowers his hand as the signal to start. The aeroplane, loosed from its leash, darts off along the ground for a hundred feet or so; the aviator pulls a lever for elevation and the monster bird takes to the air in a gradual ascent that causes the new onlooker to hold his breath in wonderment. It is the most impressive moment in the first witnessing of human flying. After the human bird has circled the course before one's very eyes and coming back over a hundred feet in the air goes forth again over the land and over the water, the miracle is established. Behold, the dream has come true! And before this cloud of witnesses!

Probably a million people became eyewitnesses of this modern miracle during the ten days of flying at Squantum Field, near Boston, in September. They saw the winged mechanism, under human control, circle and dash about through the air; attain such an altitude as to become all but invisible, and glide to earth again with outstretched pinions, as lightly as their feathered inspiration. They saw them soar aloft in a graceful flight of the course, then suddenly dart off over the sea until they had vanished for nearly a half hour, then come back within the reach of vision again after having turned the goal of flight, Boston Light — but without coming to earth for renewal of strength, dash away again, to repeat the same flight.

After this spectacular flight, which was accomplished by Grahame-White, the English aviator, he became the popular hero of the Squantum meet, and his Bleriot racing monoplane, in which he made the flight, the favorite of all the craft in the air. No one but rejoiced in his gaining the prize he was awarded, the ten thousand dollars offered by the *Boston Globe*. Of course, there was a certain disappointment that some American aviator did not secure the prize; but such is the uncertainty in all matters of competition. Superiority in the qualification demanded was demonstrated—that of speed. Perhaps a half dozen other aviators at the Squantum field could have made the same flight, but it would have taken them a much longer time, so there was no object in their attempting it.

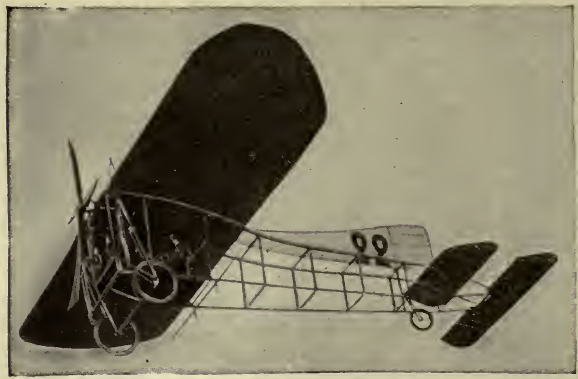
BROOKINS "JOCKEYING" IN A WRIGHT BIPLANE

His altitude flights were a feature of the meet

In the international meet at Rheims last year, Glenn Curtiss, the American, practically unknown at that time, carried off first honors. It was Bleriot, a Frenchman, who won the prize offered by a London newspaper for a flight over the English Channel; a Frenchman, too, who won the prize offered for the over-country trip from London to Manchester, while his English rival slept. Now it is an Englishman who comes over from his native heath to become the popular hero of the most important aeronautical event ever held in America, capturing the major portion of the prizes and placing a speed-mark for distance flying that will require marked advancement in the speed-quality features of American-made aeroplanes to better. England is coming into her own, although her representative at this American event was really a product of French training, having been graduated from the Bleriot school about a year ago, and flying in a French craft, the Bleriot racing monoplane. Less resistance to the air from his monoplane and a more highly developed motor (Gnome) to furnish it power, are given as the reasons for Grahame-White's speed victory; but may there not also be some fraction of advantage offered in the fact that the position of the propeller is in front; where it eats its terrific way into the atmosphere without anything before to possibly deflect the air or diminish its attack? The biplane is pushed along by its propeller or propellers; the monoplane is pulled along—it's like having the locomotive behind a train of cars in the one instance, or in front, in the other.

* * *

In the development of air craft as displayed at Squantum Field, there has been very little deviation from the original flyer with which the Wright brothers first astonished the world. The monoplane, the biplane and the triplane are all variations of the same principle—the



Courtesy Boston Post

THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE

In which Grahame-White flew to the Boston Light

machines look much the same when on the ground, but are easily distinguished—the monoplane with one spread of wings, the biplane with two spread of wings and the triplane with three spread of wings. The latter made no flights of any consequence whatever, its aviator, Mr. Roe, simply taking it off the ground occasionally in little jumps of fifteen or twenty feet into the air, looking for all the world like a turkey gobbler accentuating his haste by the flapping of his wings. According to reports the triplane has made successful flights in England, but its English aviator on American soil seemed able to get no higher than the bounce of an ordinary rubber ball. But you never can tell. Perhaps the triplane will develop reliability and durability, such as will give it a lasting place in air craft—it certainly does not seem that it can ever attain much accomplishment in the matter of speed, for the history of speed in the air, even at this early period of development, confirms the fact that the more resistance offered the less speed. There is more resistance to the biplane than the monoplane, and more to the triplane than the biplane. The monoplane in its flights looks like a great mosquito hawk buzzing along in the full possession of all five senses, and constantly alert in each. The single spread of wings, the elongated body and the rudder, for all the world like a tail, make it the most natural-looking and lifelike of air craft. The biplane looks more mechanical.

Courtesy Boston Post

THE ROE TRIPLANE

Which was partly wrecked at the Squantum Meet

What of the respective merits of the different air craft exhibited at Squantum Field? The final awards tell the story concisely. In speed, the monoplane is superior, with the Glenn Curtiss biplane a good second. In duration, altitude and distance, all qualities very closely related, the Wright biplane took first honors together with

THE FARMAN BIPLANE

Grahame-White used this in his bomb-throwing, and for carrying passengers at $100 a minute

accuracy in alighting. The latter was a world's record, for Brookins, in his Wright biplane, descended from one of his awe-inspiring altitude flights in a series of graceful spirals and alighted within five and a half feet of the point where his biplane left the ground at the beginning of the flight. The matter of accuracy in alighting is very important. The Wrights seem to be content to develop their biplane along the lines of easy control, accuracy, duration and lifting power. Surely these qualities are essential. Glenn Curtiss is endeavoring to add speed to these qualities, but the French are clearly in the lead in this requisite at the present time.

THE FARMAN BIPLANE USED BY CLIFFORD B. HARMON

It landed too suddenly the first day of the meet and was put out of commission

* * *

In tracing the development of flying, it all looks very simple, now that it has been accomplished. Lillienthal gliding was the art first removed from actual flying, and it was a tragic close of his life of devotion to an idea, when in 1895 he was killed after two thousand successful trips. But back of Lillienthal's gliding, the same idea that has developed the aeroplane is found in kite-flying.

RALPH JOHNSTONE REACHING FOR ALTITUDE AGAIN AFTER ONE OF HIS HAIR-RAISING "DIPS"

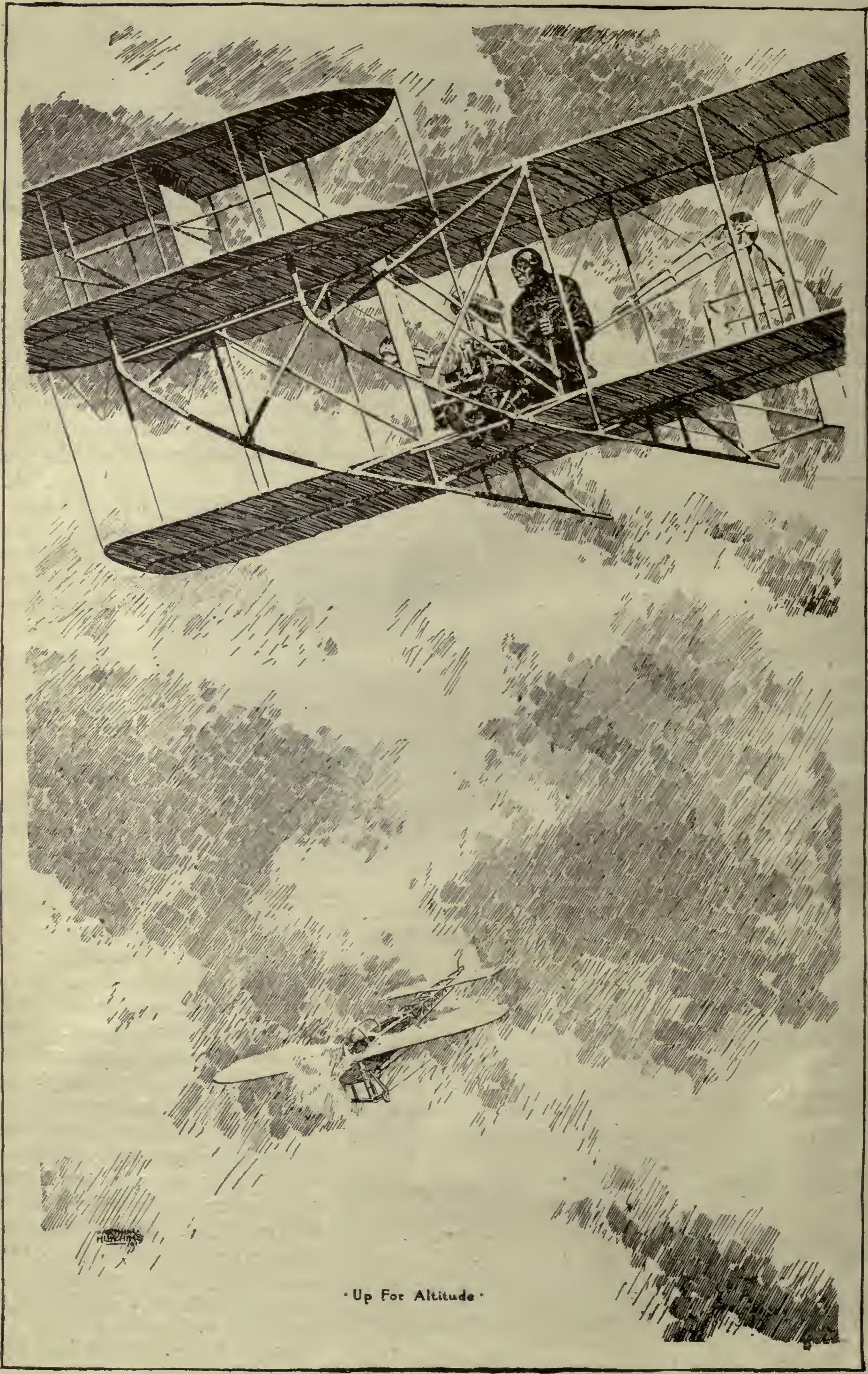
The Wright Biplane

It is pressure against the air that makes the kite soar; it is pressure against the air that makes the aeroplane soar—pressure promoted by the rapidly revolving propeller. Ascent, descent, balance and direction are the problems which confront the aviator when he takes his seat in the air craft. In every movement while he is in the air there must be constant alertness, to adjust his machine for varying air currents, or "holes in the atmosphere." If the engine fails to work there is left the probability of reaching earth again safely by gliding downward—a short descent gives momentum to glide along for more distance to gain a desired point. Most of the accidents have happened as the result of some part of the aeroplane giving away—that is why the aeroplanes are guarded so closely in their respective hangars, to keep away meddlesome sightseers, who are liable to tamper or "monkey" with the machines. When Mr. Harmon's biplane crashed to the marshland, curious memento-hunters made way with a great many of the parts, the loss of which prevented him from getting it ready for the air again during the meet.

Courtesy Boston Post

THE CURTISS BIPLANE

Which failed in the speed contest against the Bleriot Monoplane

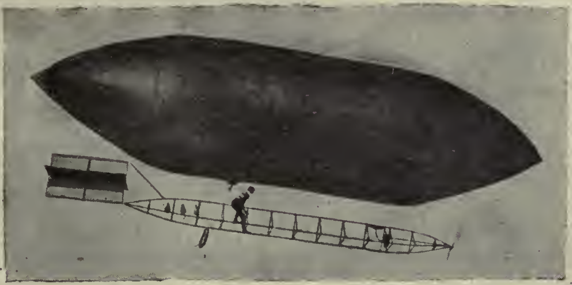


· Up For Altitude ·

THE HERRING-BURGESS BIPLANE
New England's first product in aeroplane manufacturing

It is a gratifying feature of the meet at Squantum Field that there were no accidents—no loss of life to add to the toll death has claimed from the ranks of the navigators of the air. A. V. Roe, the Englishman who tried persistently to get his biplane off the ground, damaged his machine several times, but did himself no harm. Harmon, the intrepid amateur, came to earth dangerously near the water's edge, and wrecked his Farman biplane, but sustained no injury whatever. This record of no injury is most remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that there have been eleven aviators killed in the past two years, and others terribly mangled.

Lieutenant Selfridge fell with Orville Wright at Fort Meyer, near Worthington, in September, 1908, and died almost instantly. His death was the first resulting from an aeroplane fall, and since that fatal accident, the list of fatalities has grown rapidly.



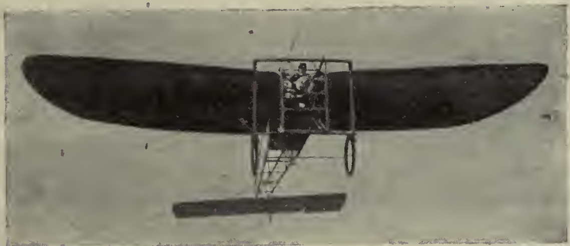
CROMWELL DIXON'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON
With which he flew from Squantum Field to the City of Boston proper

Eugene Lefebvre, killed in September, 1909.

Enea Rossi, killed near Rome, in September, 1909.

Captain Louis F. Ferber, killed at Boulogne, 1909.

Antonio Fernandez, killed at Nice, 1909.



Courtesy Boston Post
FRONT VIEW OF THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE

Leon Delagrange, killed at Bordeaux.

Hubert LeBlon, killed at San Sebastian, Spain.

C. Michelin, killed at Lyons.

J. Robl, killed at Stettin, Germany.

Charles Wachter, killed at Rheims.

Captain Charles S. Rolls, killed at Bournemouth.

The last six named all met their death this year.

The old farmhouse standing at Squantum was early in the preparations converted into an emergency hospital by the Harvard Aeronautical Society—an ominous acknowledgment of the accidents incident to an extensive aviation meet. But not once was anyone connected with the flying craft sent to the hospital. One or two were treated there who were out-of-the-field spectators crowded from their positions by a fractious horse.

A singular illustration of the "passing of the horse" was the fact that nothing but automobiles were taken on the grounds at Squantum Field. Over a thousand automobiles filled with visitors were lined up at advantageous positions along the "home base" of the aviation field nearly every day, but a horse and carriage was nowhere to be seen. Surely Pegasus looked on with spectral disapproval.

* * *

At the Squantum Field meet a rate for airline passenger transportation was established. One hundred dollars a minute! It is quite unnecessary to state that this rate was fixed arbitrarily without consultation with the National Traffic Commission. But at that there were several individuals who paid the price and took passage. This is about five dollars for every breath taken while aloft. A rate established on this latter basis might be economical but rather trying to the venturesome individual who should go aloft with Ralph Johnstone, the trick aviator of the Wright biplane, for while his breathing might be regular and deep on the steady, even ascent, on the descent, if the aviator should essay his tremendous dip and curves, it is a question whether he would be able to breathe at all. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, who went into the air with Grahame-White in his Farman biplane, was greatly elated over the trip. In fact, all those who ventured aloft as passengers with the aviators describe the sensation as highly exhilarating. It is not like any other mode of transportation. On the railroad we rush along, limited by the steel track to forward or backward progress; in the automobile we go forward or backward or either sidewise; in the air-craft we go forward, either sidewise, and upward or downward; perhaps it is this added infinite variety of direction of progress that gives the additional exhilaration.

* * *

That the professional aviator is receiving substantial reward for his efforts in exploiting the art of flying is attested by the prize money awarded by the Harvard Aeronautical Society and the *Boston Globe*. In addition to the ten thousand dollars that Grahame-White received from the *Globe* for his flight to Boston Light and return, he received five thousand dollars for superiority in bomb-throwing; three thousand dollars for first place in speed; two thousand dollars for second place in altitude; a thousand dollars for second place in duration; a thousand dollars for second place in distance; a hundred dollars for first place in getaway. "Getaway" means that he got his machine off the ground and into the air in the shortest distance—a matter of twenty-six feet, eleven inches. In accuracy, that is, alighting, his record at Squantum was thirty-three feet, four inches. He stopped his machine within that distance of the point at which he left for his flight.

Ralph Johnstone, in a Wright biplane, got two thousand dollars in each instance for first in duration and distance; five hundred dollars for first in accuracy, and five hundred for second in the slow lap—that is, taking the longest time to go around the course and still keeping in the air. Mr. Johnstone's awards for the meet amounted to a total of five thousand dollars.

Walter Brookins, also in a Wright biplane, was awarded three thousand dollars for first in altitude; a thousand dollars for the first in slow lap and two hundred and fifty dollars for second in accuracy—a total of four thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars.

Glenn Curtiss, who took first honors at the international meeting only a year before, secured a second for speed, a prize of only two thousand dollars.

Charles F. Willard, in a Burgess Company biplane, secured fifty dollars for second in getaway.

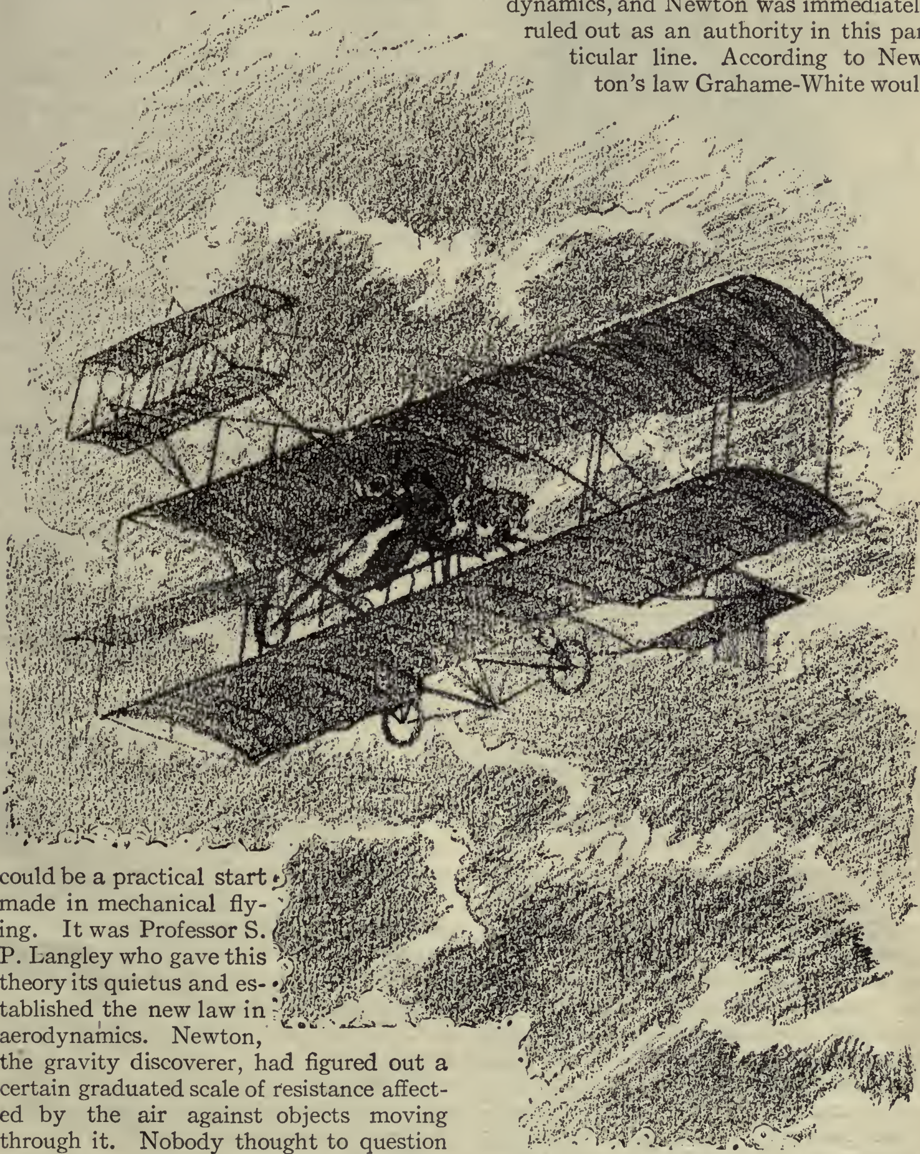
In addition to the prizes, these professional aviators all received substantial remuneration for entering their aeroplanes in the meet.

Clifford B. Harmon, the New York millionaire real estate dealer, secured all the honors offered to the amateur aviators. He broke his own air craft, a Farman biplane, on the first day of the Squantum meet, but Grahame-White, with whom he struck up a warm friendship during the meet, very generously loaned him his own Farman biplane with which to participate in the events.

The Farman biplane proved itself a very reliable air craft, somewhat speedier than the Wright biplane, although it has only one propeller. It was probably the higher power of the motor that made it so.

An aeroplane cannot be "all things to all men" in these competitive meets—

for speed cuts out the qualities necessary in the slow lap contest, and in a measure lessens chances in duration and accuracy.



One of the long-accepted theories of science had to be overthrown before there could be a practical start made in mechanical flying. It was Professor S. P. Langley who gave this theory its quietus and established the new law in aerodynamics. Newton, the gravity discoverer, had figured out a certain graduated scale of resistance affected by the air against objects moving through it. Nobody thought to question it until a French scholar applied Newton's law in the case of the flight of a bird. He figured it out that to attain the speed at which a swallow flies, it would be necessary for that little feathered aviator to possess the strength of a Harvard fullback. Professor Langley demonstrated by practical tests that a brass plate weighing one pound lost fifteen ounces of that weight when whirled through the air at the rate of seventy miles an hour—it weighed only one ounce—that's new aerodynamics, and Newton was immediately ruled out as an authority in this particular line. According to Newton's law Grahame-White would have been compelled to develop the power of the Twentieth Century Limited to accomplish that trip to Boston Light. Three hundred years of precedence were swept away when Professor Langley established the new law of aerodynamics.

The aviation meet at Squantum Field

was in many ways the most successful held in America. The fact that it was held under the authority of the Harvard Aeronautical Society stamped the meet with enough of the conservative, scientific spirit to give it special historical significance. That it is the first of a series that will be held annually lists Squantum Field as aviation grounds that will figure conspicuously in the future development of the art of flying.

* * *

Squantum Field is unique in that it furnishes a course for aviators of one and three-fourth miles that is nearly equally divided over the water and land. On every flight around the course the aviator is drilled in meeting the changes in air currents over the land and then over the water, and from the course itself there are longer special flights that can be planned, possessing every feature of land, water, plain or mountainous obstacles for the air navigators to overcome. To the southwest, stretching along the hazy horizon, lie the Blue Hills of Milton, the highest of which is capped by the United States Observatory, where a great number of the government's experiments have been made in the upper air by means of large kites. Off to the east stretches the sea, dotted with islands that would prove emergency stations for the landing of the manbirds should aught go wrong with them in a seaward flight. Directly north lies Dorchester Heights, from which glistens the tower erected to commemorate the successful strategy of George Washington, who struggled across the marshes to that position one night and planted a battery that frowned down so ominously upon the British in Boston the next morning, that they forthwith determined to evacuate. To the westward, sweeping the whole horizon from north to south, lies Boston and suburbs, with rivers to traverse, valleys to explore, or the skyscrapers themselves to encircle. No doubt at succeeding meets at Squantum Field, many interesting distance flights will be planned.

The Harvard Aeronautical Society, which comes into international prominence as a result of the Squantum Field meet, was organized in November last year, with the objects in view such as the name suggests. It is composed of present and past members of Harvard University. President Lowell of Harvard was on the advisory committee of the Squantum Field meet, and grouped with him were a number of prominent citizens of Massachusetts. Adams D. Claflin, as manager of the meet, met the demands of the position so successfully that there was a profit of $5,000 instead of the usual deficit which has resulted in other meets.

* * *

How much sooner would have come the successful mechanical flight of man had there been back of the matter of experimentation in its early stage, the encouragement of such an institution as the Harvard Aeronautical Society! We perhaps would not have had to look upon the pathetic figure of Professor Langley, who closed his eyes on this world so soon after his really epochal trials for manflight in the interests of our government were declared a failure in 1903. But it was snap judgment, made effective by the hostile attitude of the press, and supine acquiescence of Congress. Think of limiting an inventor to two or three trials to get his manbird in the air! A launching into the air was not finally successful until hundreds of attempts from all sorts of angles were made—but poor Langley was only a memory then—his years of patience and intelligent labor the real stepping-stones to success for those who came after him. Mechanical flight he developed and demonstrated successfully as early as 1896, but his attempt to crown his mechanical flight with human control while in the air was absolutely forestalled in 1903 by an unsympathetic government.

Harvard is first in the field with an aeronautical society, with expert business energy and judgment guiding. The best there is in the hopes of the air-craft inventors will surely be brought forth under such a practical and sympathetic encouragement.

His Presence of Mind

A Gridiron Battle in Which the Hero Starred Off-Field

By ANTONY DEE

Author of "Disinherited," "Extraneous Matter,"
"The Garden at Dempster," etc.

IT was the last day before the great conflict. Tomorrow—Thanksgiving Day—his class—his own class—would fight its last battle on the gridiron, and he—he was the Outcast!

Out on the campus they were discussing the prospects of the mighty struggle to come. How often had he done the same! But now—now he was avoided and despised. A group stopped beneath the dormitory window. He crossed the room and looked down through the blinds.

What was that Coach Dean was saying? Donnelly's ankle broken—Donnelly, their star punter, the hope of Ashdown! Whose name was that—his, the Outcast's? He strained to listen.

"Donnelly's ankle broken, Simmons' knee in boards, Desmond unable to come back," Dean was saying, "then we'll have to look to Andrews. What d' you say, Barnard?"

Donnelly, their star punter

The Outcast clutched at the sill. Mighty decent of Dean, that! Jolly, good-natured Dean, always willing to give a fellow the benefit of the doubt! Before the Cullomville game, he and Dean had many good times together. And then, Dean was *her* brother. But now—now he was the Outcast.

"Play with Andrews!" Barnard raged. "Have a traitor on my team! Where's your honor, Dean?"

The Outcast staggered back into his room. A traitor—a traitor? Barnard had called him that! And he had to crawl into a hole like a cowering convict—like a thief! No, worse still—hadn't Barnard said it? Yet a month, a year back—why, ever since he had entered Ashdown the whole varsity would rise en masse at even a whisper of criticism against him. For four years he had served Ashdown, faithfully, on the gridiron, in the catcher's mask, at the oar, on the ice. Not as sensational a player as Barnard, nor as brilliant as Donnelly, he had been an all-round athlete, and had had his part in the winning of many a victory for the gold and gray. And after these four years of service, he had made a misplay—or, rather, he had let opportunity pass him by, and now—now he was the Outcast.

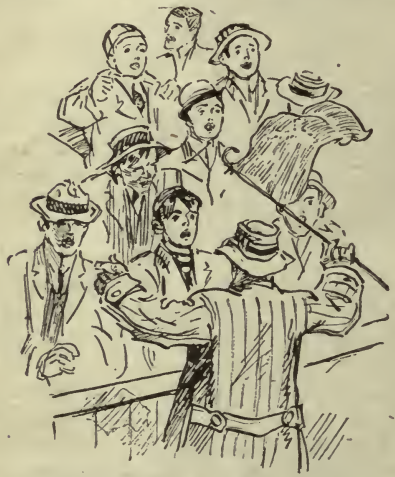
The fumble was stupid; he couldn't account for it himself. "Just lost his presence of mind," Doc Gerrish had said; but the crowd was infuriated; and then, there were circumstances. Everyone knew he was short of money, and Barnard's whisper that he had seen him in conference with the Cullomville captain the night before was taken without even a question.

He had thought of quitting—in fact, Dean had said it might not be safe to stay out the term. "Only a coward quits," he thought. He hoped it wouldn't be safe; it might give him a chance to square himself with the fellows. But, by ignoring his very existence, nay, barring him even from recognition, they had ostracized him, had made him an Outcast.

* * *

Still talking on the campus? Above the angry basses and shrill tenors he could distinguish a clear treble—*her* voice. Was *she* there? He hadn't seen her since that day. Did *she* believe him guilty? Oh, she couldn't; she mustn't. At least *she* trusted in him. He strode to the window.

She was speaking; the stiff November breeze wafted each word upward, distinct and resonant. "Lost his presence of mind! Bah, Horace! His presence of mind!" The little scornful laugh, the underscore, the contempt, stunned him a moment; blindly then he groped his way down the hall.



They were cheering Ashdown—Barnard

* * *

A great day—just bully football weather! The strong late autumn sun pouring in at his window awakened him. Why, it was late—the crowd must already be starting for the field. He could hear Barnard instructing, warning, inspiring his squad:

"We *must* win! We *will* win! Make every move count. Play as you never played before. I've got to. We've all got to. Play *to win*!"

The Outcast drew near the drawn blinds. Barnard was standing by the roadside with *her! She* with Barnard! "His presence of mind"—her scorn of yesterday came back with a sickening forcefulness. Why hadn't he thought of Barnard before—of Barnard, his enemy, his accuser, his rival? He wondered, as the two walked down the road together, how *she* could like Barnard—rough, unrefined Barnard, whose habitual profanity, gross mannerisms and total disregard of those little things that meant so much to her, would disbar him from any drawing-room.

And she could overlook his deficiencies! Nay, for Barnard, had she not forsaken *him*, and made him still more bitterly Outcast?

* * *

Ten o'clock! The starter's whistle was even now shrilling the formal beginning of the last football game that his class would ever play under the gold and gray. A fierce battle, it would be, with Ashdown playing against odds.

They were cheering Ashdown—Barnard. A good man on the field, Barnard—none better; and truly Ashdown needed him today as never before. The Laramie band saluted. How would Laramie show up? Rather an uncertain crowd, with a powerful end, and noted for tricky plays. What had Barnard done about a quarterback? Would Desmond try it? Was there any chance for Ashdown to win the cup?

His blood tingled in his veins. He wanted to *see* the conflict! How could he remain supine half a mile from the struggle of his class—his own class? An Outcast, yes, but could he not slip in unnoticed among the crowds? Nervously he pulled a cap down over his eyes, muffled his coat-collar about his throat and hurried toward the grounds.

"Seat in the middle?" he asked the ticket-seller, whose eyes were on the battlefield.

"Sorry, mister, but there ain't no seats," came the mechanical apology.

"Nothing on either side?"

The ticket-man glanced toward him; his lip curled in recognition.

"Why don't yuh sit with the players?" he sneered.

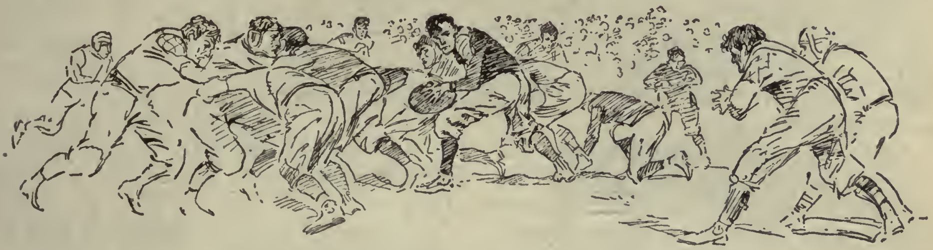
The Outcast shrank back. Had anyone else seen him? He gave a hurried glance about. All eyes were centered on the field—on the field toward which he dared not look. The whistle was sounding the end of the first half; he feverishly awaited the hoisting of the score-bearer's signal. The game stood 6—6.

Cheers were ringing for Barnard. As the Outcast slunk through the entrance gates, a group passing out for intermission was gathered in consternation. "The whole life of the team"—"Never played so well before"—"Laramie's crippled 'em all but him"—"He's carrying his whole eleven"—he overheard broken sentences. Barnard, Barnard everywhere—what a lion was Barnard!

Turning about, the Outcast resolutely made his way southward, skirting the field, to the "six foot wall" below the dressing room which the village urchins had long claimed as their own. He used to wonder, sometimes, why they should choose so remote a spot—full half a mile from the lines—but perhaps they preferred proximity to the players as they came and went from quarters, to a study of touchdowns.

He crouched behind the fence as the Ashdown squad issued from the dressing-room. Their voices were subdued; even Dean seemed to have lost his usual optimism.

So Barnard was Ashdown's only hope; and Laramie, tricky, alert Laramie, was a formidable foe. Was it fair that Barnard should by premeditated arrangement thus risk the honor of Ashdown for personal vainglory? Though, on reflection, Barnard had never yet disappointed them; never "lost his presence of mind"; his reserve force was almost uncanny.

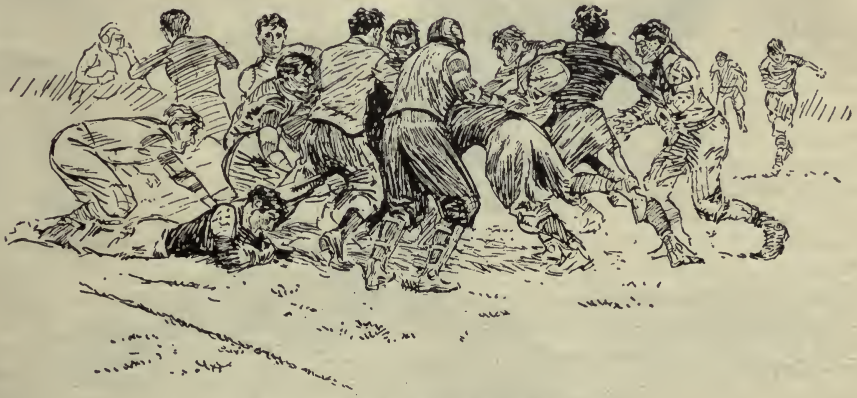


Crouched in position, waiting for the quarter to pass the ball

The players lined up. The second half was beginning. How far away seemed the field of battle—but through all the shifting scenes Barnard, always Barnard, was in sight—keen, watchful, active.

Now he was crouched in position, waiting for the quarter to pass the ball. So Desmond had tried it, after all; rather spent and uncertain his pose indicated, as he hesitatingly waited his chance to pass to Barnard.

How noisy were these urchins on the fence. Their ceaseless chatter grew louder



He watched the scrimmage within the lines

—a warm debate was going on. "If yuh hadn't 'a' butted in, he'd 'a' took me," sputtered one lad, settling himself on the rail.

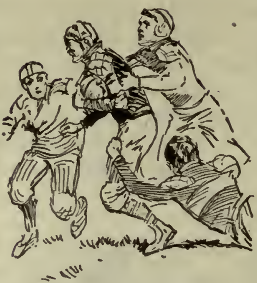
"Who's the guy what's got the other pail?" queried another.

"Gee, a dollar!" continued the covetous one. "Them two gettin' a dollar fer tendin' the pail an' sponge! They never paid nothin' before!"

"Huh! that ain't fer carryin' the pail, like Coach Dean had me do onct," announced an older lad sagely. "Git wise! Who ever seen that timer before, anyway? Where's the regular timer? That ain't him. An' didn't yuh hear him tell Jim he wa'n't to move till he got a sign from him, and then he was to put the sponge in Barnard's face? Barnard's, see?"

"Yes, an' he don't git the dollar unless he does it jest—"

"Gee, Stubby, Barnard's got the ball! Look!" The conversation stopped abruptly. All eyes were turned toward the field.


They were forcing him through the lines

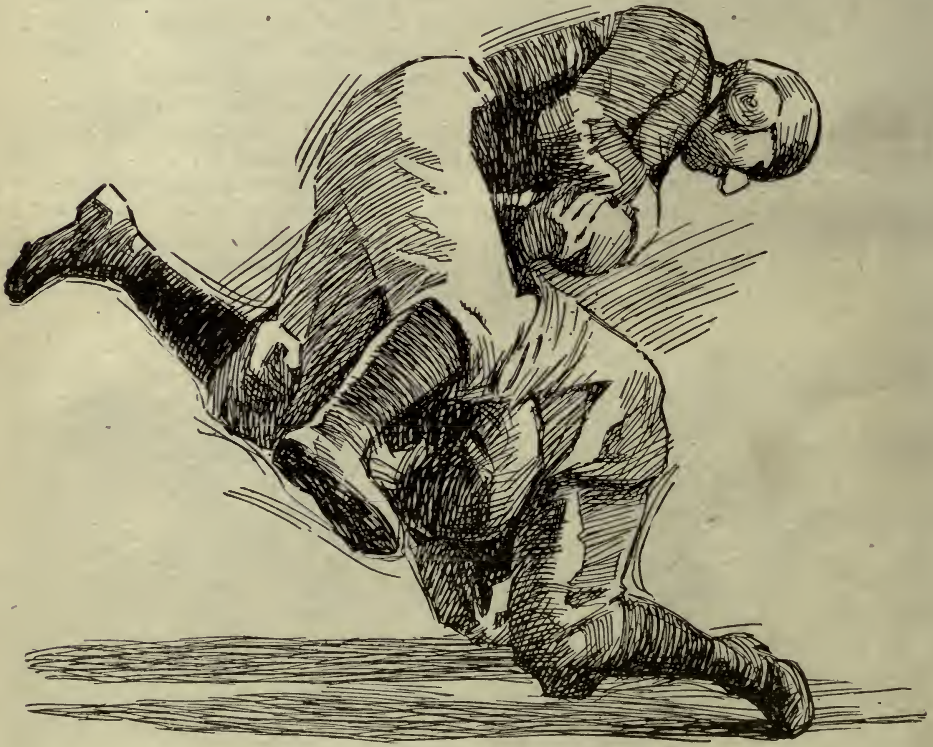
The Outcast's mind was going through a series of emotions as he watched the scrimmage within the lines. Barnard still held the ball; amid the fierce onslaught of Laramie defenders, he was pushing his way through—was making on, on toward the goal.

"He's go'n' to make it, Stub!" shrieked one of the excited youngsters, standing on the rail. "Look at him! He's got it!"

"He ain't a-goin' to make that goal if that timer knows it," replied the sage one, "you jest wait an' see. There's somethin' crooked about this game, you betcher life!"

The Outcast sat tense. The timer—the timer, they had said. Who was he, anyway? Was it possible?

Ah, Ashdown was coming to Barnard's


Barnard was struggling; was he being overpowered?

rescue at last. They were forcing him through the lines. He was speeding on. Laramie's end alone followed in hot pursuit. A powerful tackle, this wiry end of Laramie's. They used to say his skill in jiu-jitsu had won many a game for his eleven. Barnard was struggling—was he being overpowered? Was he down?

Time! Who called for time?

* * *

He didn't quite know, when it was all over and Barnard had made the touchdown and come back and kicked goal, why the mob broke into quarters and bore him, the Outcast, aloft on their shoulders, screaming his name in unison with the deafening cheer for Ashdown.

Perhaps Barnard had really been faint at the timekeeper's signal and when he had rushed on the field and wrested sponges and pails from the water-boys, Barnard had thought it was revenge, enmity. The fence urchins might not have been right—although the sponges—

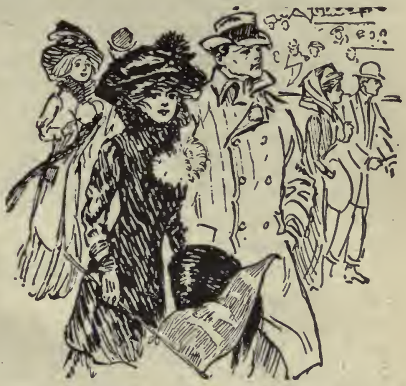
They were carrying him toward the center of the field. Perhaps they would lynch him—these wild, unruly swarms—before he had a chance to explain. They were lowering him. President Vernon was awaiting them; his arm was on Barnard's shoulder. Dean was nearby, with *her*. Crowds were still in the bleachers. All seemed to be watching him. Why was he the cynosure of all eyes? Why these shouts of "Andrews" with "Ashdown"?

He had but a hazy recollection of the bewildering events that followed—the speech in which Barnard admitted that his accusation about the Cullomville bribery was unfounded; the cordial praise of President Vernon for his seizure of the treacherous sponges, for Dean had elicited a full confession from one of the boys; Dean's grip as he said, "You saved us the game, old man," and the cheers that followed; Doc Gerrish's arrival on the scene and his grave announcement that one dash of the sponges, wet with that solution, would have crippled Barnard temporarily, at least.

But while his memory of these matters was still vague and indistinct, he could tell you, verbatim, of a conversation that took place, sometime afterward, when everything was quite over, and Dean had insisted that he walk home with *her*, by the long road.

"Horace is so proud of you," she had said, as she slipped her arm in his. "We're all proud of you! You not only saved the day for Ashdown, Fred, but you saved a life—by your presence of mind."

"Presence of mind—presence of mind!" How they tortured him, those words! Was it quite in good taste for her to say them then? "Presence of mind," he repeated, but he had not meant to quote aloud, "Bah, Horace! His presence of mind!" A bit surprised, she looked, as she asked enigmatically: "Did Horace tell you? Were you vexed because I couldn't endure him?"



Dean had insisted that he walk home with her

We will say that at this juncture he stopped and demanded just how and just why she had used those words, which is what he should have done before and thus avoided half an hour's needless discussion, to bring about the incoherent explanation: "Why, it was about Mr. Barnard! He had done something more stupid than usual, and Horace said he 'lost his presence of mind.'

"After the other game, you know—I wanted to do something for you—something big—and Horace said that if I made him—Mr. Barnard, that is—like me—I might find out about—that Cullomville captain. He got awfully on my nerves, but Horace used to tell me how selfish I was—"

And here, for the second time in his life, he really, completely, hopelessly, lost his presence of mind.

The Function of Postal Service

By NATHAN B. WILLIAMS

POSTAL deficits are wholly without justification and there need be no change in rates to which publishing and business interests are adjusted. To talk of who pays postal deficits is merely juggling; the whole people pay all taxes in some form.

Three years ago, by accident, I became interested in ascertaining the cause of postal deficits, and not getting satisfactory information from postal officials, I looked into the subject on my own account and reached the conclusion that such an unfortunate condition is caused by the failure of the government to exercise its rightful, constitutional and lawfully expressed monopoly in the carriage of all mail matter.

Representing no interest, I have attended the House Committee hearings considering the question of how the postal deficit may be eliminated and addressed said committee. Its members are earnest and faithful and certainly endeavoring to get at the real facts and the true conception of post office conditions. Investigation has succeeded investigation, but the publishing business has been arbitrarily suggested as the cause of postal deficits without valid reason. It seems to me that Speaker Cannon in the multitude of his cares has not realized the importance of what I think is one of his greatest opportunities—the passage of a new postal law—that will fittingly follow his early efforts that first gave to the people reading matter at low postage rates.

There is no need of raising rates; merely do what Congress has always done when the question was understood; forcibly declare that under the Constitution and laws the post office has and of right ought to have a full monopoly in the carriage of all mail or mailable matter. A new declaration of independence for the postal service, a reiteration of time-honored principles which have actuated Congress and the American people in the consideration of this subject from 1790 to 1910. By taking a hand in such work, having been instrumental in putting second-class rates at one cent per pound, Uncle Joe will turn the tables on some of his critics and mark another landmark in postal legislation.

The post office is a public establishment instituted for the purpose of performing such public service as it may by law be authorized and required to undertake.

Its service is alike to all the people; its chief office may be a political plum, but the personnel, those who do the real work, are imbued with a sincere intent to make the institution as useful as possible. This conception of the legitimate field of the post office has been by presidential statement designated as embracing "the comforts of friendly correspondence, the exchanges of internal traffic and the lights of the periodical press, shall be distributed to the remotest corners of the land at a charge scarcely perceptible to any individual, and without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury."

The post office is a natural, proper, governmental monopoly, and until recent years it has ever been considered by those responsible, as necessary that the general government should have and exercise the duty and responsibility of providing ways, means and facilities for the carriage of the mail and at the same time be entitled to and receive all the emoluments and profits growing out of the performance of that service.

In 1859 Congress solemnly declared that it was inexpedient to abolish the Post Office Department or repeal all laws that restrained individuals or corporations from carrying mails or mail matter. That was nine years after the first comprehensive law prohibiting such carriage had been passed by Congress. The agitation over the private carriage of mail matter by express companies and others was constant for many years before the passage of the law mentioned. A committee of Congress reporting on the subject said: "That further legislation is necessary to protect the public service and that such competition raised the momentous question, *whether the constitution and laws of the country or a*

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lawless combination of refractory individuals shall triumph." A distinguished Attorney-General has said that the business of carrying letters and other mail matter belongs exclusively to the government. Judge Cadwallader, in an exhaustive opinion, said: "No government has ever organized a system of posts without securing to itself to some extent a monopoly of the carriage of letters and mailable packets. The policy of such an exclusive system is the subject of legislative, not judicial inquiry." The monopoly of the government is an optional, not an essential part of its postal system. Congress has made certain proper exceptions from such monopoly in the new criminal code effective January first, 1910.

It is inconceivable that the government should provide for postage upon "letters and packets" and not have the right to protect the revenue arising from such service by making all mail matter pass through the mails when carried over a post road. All railroad lines are post roads. To do otherwise is to invite private enterprise to take the profitable routes and absorb a great volume of the business properly belonging to the post office, and to leave the serving of those remote and isolated portions of our country to the post office at a loss and with no opportunity to recoup such losses from the business done in the more populous sections.

These observations have been abundantly verified by the testimony at the recent hearings. Thus, the mailable package business of the government averages one-third of a pound; the weight limit is four pounds. The exercise of a full monopoly of this class of matter would raise such average to three pounds, nine times what it is at present; the cost of handling would be no greater and if a third of a pound produces a revenue of two million dollars, nine times two million is eighteen million, and the postal deficit is no longer in the way of improvements in the service and the extension of its benefits to the whole people.

How must the shades of the immortal fathers of our country be grieved at the monumental deficits now annually appearing in our postal department! How they must marvel at our lack of vigilance which permits private greed to make enormous profits upon this most beneficent agency of the government!

Section 181 of the new criminal code of the United States, effective January first, 1910, provides:

"Whoever shall establish any private express for the conveyance of letters or packets, or in any manner cause or provide for the conveyance of the same by regular trips or at stated periods over any post route, which is or may be established by law, or from any city, town or place, to any other city, town or place, between which the mail is regularly carried, or whoever shall aid or assist therein shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars or imprisoned not more than six months, or both: Provided, That nothing contained in this section shall be construed as prohibiting any person from receiving and delivering to the nearest post office, postal car, or other authorized depository for mail matter, any mail properly stamped."

The term "letters or packets" has been in postal law and postal history since 1650; it does not mean or has never meant anything other than what is expressed in the more modern term "mail matter." Courts of the United States, of the states, distinguished attorneys-general, distinguished postmasters general and many other eminent authorities fully sustain this position. To say that the word "packet" in this statute is surplussage, or that it means nothing, or that it does not mean or does not include all other mail matter not included in the term "letter," is to accuse Congress of carelessness in the use of words, an imputation which Congress should properly resent. If the term "packet" does not include all other mail matter, then what does it mean? If Congress meant it only to include the plural of letter, then why resort to such unusual methods, why violate all laws of good diction and accuracy in terminology in such an unusual way?

The bill reported by the joint postal commission in December, 1908, by a few amendments in a few minor particulars becomes a most excellent post code. No postal official should have the power of life and death over the public press, as in that bill provided. If the public official charged with the duty of administering such law, when violated, has a court or courts open in which he may proceed, that is all the government can reasonably ask; once admitted to the mails publishers should be entitled to a reasonable doubt before having their business destroyed, and publishers desiring their publications admitted to the mails and being denied such admission should have the same opportunities.

Congress gets its authority in postal matters from eleven words in Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States reading: "Congress shall have power to establish post offices and post roads." Since the establishment of the government, this grant has always been taken to mean that thereby Congress is vested with the exclusive control of the entire postal system. These laws prohibiting transportation by private express or other unlawful means are the supreme law of the land. The duty of all good citizens is plain. Only by the full enforcement of the monopoly of the postal service can the country come to know, in the light of experience, whether they want the service restricted, enlarged, or to use its increasing revenue in developing and extending its benefits.

The right to make rates on mail matter is committed to Congress. State commissions and rate-regulating bodies should see to it that no private agency violates the law in the transportation of mail matter between points and places over which they have jurisdiction. To permit any rate-making body to make rates on mail matter is to supersede and set aside the work of Congress on the same subject, and create chaos in the administration of the postal service.

When the people, publishers and public officials shall join with Congress in an earnest endeavor to perform their full duty with respect to this great public agency, the post office department will fulfil the purpose of its founders, there to remain a beneficent public service, distributing information and earning a concrete profit for the people "without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury."

THE STIRRUP CUP

MY short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm are the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true,
My rosy children, and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay, in "Heart Throbs."

A World Contract

STATUTORY INTERNATIONAL LAW A NECESSARY PRECEDENT TO INTERNATIONAL COURTS OF ARBITRATION

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON
American Consul, Hanover, Germany

IN the question of promoting international peace, or rather, establishing a permanent and competent court for the prevention of war between nations, the merit of the proposal seems so apparent that the wonder of the world is that it is not already a reality rather than a dream.

There exists, however, a very general idea that the nations have not advanced to that condition of human fellowship where it is possible to create such courts or, on the other hand, that war is holy, righteous, and with its abolition would date the commencement of the decadence of the race. I believe that both these ideas are false and untenable. We are fully ready for an international court of arbitration, but to establish a competent court we must first create, in a proper and formal manner, our laws—the only possible foundation upon which a court can exist.

The rendition of the universally accepted precepts and rules of international law into statutory form and their formal and official acceptance by the sovereign law-making branches of the several governments of the world is the bridge which will lead us to a point where an international court of arbitration and adjudication would automatically create itself.

A court interprets the law and determines the facts in a given case. But the law must be higher than the court. The court cannot make the law. It must itself be a creature of the law, and, therefore, in seeking and hoping to establish an international court of arbitration under the present circumstances, we are simply building a house in the clouds. The substructure of an international constitution or codification of the law of nations is as essential to such an international court as the ordinances of a municipal council to a police court or the statutes of a state to its department of justice. Nor is any nation likely to object to or withhold its co-operation from any dignified and serious proposal that will lead to a codification and final sovereign acceptance in statutory form of the great principles of international law. No government can enter the family of civilized nations of the world without an acquiescence in the principles of international law. These laws, for centuries morally accepted by all civilized nations of the world, need but to be put into definite written form, accepted and signed in such form by the law-making branches of the great powers of the earth, and we will have brought the nations of the world under prescribed and fixed rules of action in their relations to one another. This would mean, essentially and in brief, an international constitution.

The righteousness and justness of a war which might follow the decision of a court having been formed under such a constitution would be determined in advance by the judgment of such court, and this great weapon, stronger today than fleets and armies, would not rest upon the individual interpretation of rights or wrongs arrived at by contending parties as is now the practice in questions arising between nations.

Each contending nation always claims Right and Justice and God on its side in case of war. But, according to history, God, in the past, has been on the side of that power which destroys the most lives, lays waste the largest areas, and, by its money, might and greater power, paralyzes and crushes with weight of arms, preparedness and physical prowess, the weaker antagonist.

The nation, like the individual, is moved by mighty impulses, by prejudices, primitive militant patriotism, by hereditary and historical hatred. Its traditions often tend to the prevention of a clear, judicial and fair decision of questions demanding absolute and exact fairness with another power.

If those principles of justice, truth and righteousness which we attribute to God shall find correct expression on this earth, especially as they relate to differences between contending nations, such expression will be voiced by a great tribunal of arbitration composed of all the recognized powers of the world, and this tribunal must be a court founded upon fixed and written law.

We have gone at this proposition of a competent court for the arbitration of international differences in a backward, crab-like fashion. No state, no government is organized without some sort of regulating ordinances, constitution or charter, fixed and prescribed rules of order and conduct. How far would the original thirteen states—the United States of America—have traveled without their Constitution? A government without a constitution is chaos, and a court without law is an impossibility.

The years of the Hague Peace Conference have not been lost. I believe, however, that had a genuine attempt been made in the beginning to codify and make binding on the nations of the earth the principles and precepts of international law, we would today be well on the way to a condition which would itself give birth to a competent International High Court of Arbitrament with navies policing the seas in proof of its competency and in execution of its findings.

In simple thought and simple action lies the solution of all great problems of human life.

Unfortunately for the betterment of the condition of man, the trained and highly educated mind seems generally compelled, through force of habit, to apply the complex, the involved and indirect method of reasoning in questions of magnitude and great importance.

Man is always ready to assume or theorize an ideal or prophetic condition—a state that may be sure to come at some future time, or which is strongly indicated by present conditions—and, from this assumed standpoint, endeavor to create something real. But his house is built in the air. It dissolves away like a mirage.

We are eternally crossing bridges before we reach them. We build our houses and organize our states—our Utopias—on the other side, only to awaken and find the river still lying broad before us, the problem of crossing yet unsolved.

I think I may state that this is the case with many of our sociological questions—socialism and single tax, for instance, and likewise the proposition of fixed rules for international arbitration. The propagandist makes proposals which are ahead of the times. He is an advance agent. His show may materialize or not, dependent upon the action of the practical man who follows him, he who acts when conditions are right and who acts on the things at hand.

Let the pacifists take hold of the handle of this great problem rather than waste time in sterile struggles with a vast body that offers no other purchase than the very evident one of Statutory International Law.

What nation will be the first to propose the creation of a joint high commission of the highest living authorities on the law of nations for the rendition or reduction of international law into a world contract—a written statutory instrument?

First your laws, gentlemen, then your courts.

LOVE'S DOING

By HENRY DUMONT

WHAT is more beautiful to see
Than that great light in woman's eyes,
When Love hath solved their mystery?

What is more beautiful to hear
Than laughter on the lips whence Love
Hath brushed the shadow of a tear?

—From "A Golden Fancy."

Florence Nightingale

WAR strives with Pestilence upon the shore
Of that storm-vexed, disaster-haunted sea,
The two allied in friendly rivalry
Haply to see which one shall slay the more;
There, too, are hearts with heavy sorrow sore
That under flag of England valiantly
Have met the marshalled hosts of Muscovy,
Now waiting,—waiting till the pain be o'er.

From ward to ward, from cot to cot she goes
With soothing word,—her cheerful smile so bright
Outshines the radiance of her midnight lamp.
At her approach the patient sufferer knows
Even in the flesh he is blessed with the sight
Of whom he calls the Angel of the Camp.

Isaac Bassett Choate
in the Boston Transcript

MIDNIGHT ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE WORTH

AN ANTE-BELLUM MANSION IN THE MANATEE COUNTRY

FLORIDA

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT—

by Garnault Agassiz

IF that intrepid explorer, De Soto, wandering through the limitless forests and marshes of the land that Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of eternal youth, had discovered to Spain, could have looked down the centuries, and have foreseen the Florida of today, he might not have wandered to his death, disappointed, broken in health and in spirit, admitting at the last that the Eldorado he had so persistently, so madly sought was after all a delusion and a myth.

For the Florida of today is richer far than any Eldorado he could have conceived of, returning in her varied products of mine, forest, sea and soil far more wealth than all the treasure-laden galleons of Spain could have carried home from her new conquest.

Settled more than three hundred years ago, Florida, rich as she is, is yet one of the least developed of the sisterhood of states. For more than two centuries she claimed allegiance to the ensign of Spain, and Spain has never evidenced any remarkable proclivity in the field of colonial development. What the Florida of today might have been had a Saxon rather than a Latin planted the flag of discovery upon her shores can be only imagined.

After the purchase in 1820 of Florida from Spain by this Government, and the driving back forever into nature's stronghold, the Everglades, of the Indian, who had held so cheaply the lives of the early settlers, Northern, Middle and Western Florida were gradually opened up to settlement.

For many, many years, however, by

far the larger portion of Florida was regarded almost universally as a barren waste, fever and pest ridden, and wholly unfitted by nature for the habitation of man.

True, dotted intermittently along the picturesque banks of some of the larger rivers and streams that are part and portion of Florida's great heritage were the palatial homes of ante-bellum days.

The ruins of some of these perpetuate their memory to this day. One of the most beautiful is Braden Castle, on the Manatee River, five or six miles from the Bradentown of today. Standing in a beautiful grove of moss-draped oaks, and surrounded by all manner of tropical vegetation, growing in that luxurious profusion known only to countries in which nature never sleeps, this old mansion, or more truly, fortress, except for its wooden floors and balustrades, which have fallen in decay, stands as yesterday, after the lapse of nearly a century, impervious to time and the elements. Even to this day one can look through the portholes from which the inmates defended with flintlock and arrow their lives and property from the savage onslaughts of the red man.

In common with the other Confederate states, Florida suffered severely in the struggle between the states, and her development necessarily was retarded. Handicapped by limited population and by limited capital, however, she struggled bravely forward, doing what she could to develop her marvelous inherent wealth.

NO LONGER IS THE SEMINOLE INDIAN THE TURBULENT WARRIOR OF YORE

But it was a slow and an uphill fight. Men, then, had not come to realize that Florida, in point of climate, in vastness of natural resources, and in magnificent possibilities, was indeed an empire.

Some there were, however, who, with an abiding faith in the ultimate future of this new land, were willing to become its pioneers; to meet, wrestle with, and overcome the difficulties and dangers that beset their paths; to labor in silence and to patiently await the day of better things.

And that day, long in coming, dawned at last. Men began to appreciate the fact that a soil that could raise pine and cypress, cedar and oak, was fertile enough also to raise the staple products of the farm. Gradually new settlers followed in the steps of the sturdy pioneers, and having seen and conquered for themselves, paved the way for others.

But the settler could not have accomplished unaided the remarkable transformation that has taken place in Florida in recent years. Nature herself, by endowing Florida with her wonderful system of inland waterways, has lent him able assistance; the steamship and sailboat that have helped to keep him in touch with the outside world have also played their part, but by far the largest measure of his success must be attributed to the railroad, which, by interlinking his numerous settlements in a network of steel, by bringing those settlements into ready communication with the markets of the world, and by opening up to him vast bodies of inaccessible territory, has made almost everything accomplished merely incidental to and conditional upon it.

To the men who have lent their fortunes and their best efforts to the construction of Florida's railroads—to such empire-builders as Yulee, Duval, Plant and Flagler, the Floridians of future generations will have to attribute in no small measure the successful upbuilding of their state.

STEAMER LOADING AT KNIGHT'S KEY, THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

Yes, Florida is truly coming into her own. Her marvelous resources of forest and farm, her magnificent fisheries, her great phosphate deposits, her fertile soil, and, above all, her wonderful climate, are focusing at last the attention of the world, and turning capital and immigration to her shores.

And with good cause. Of the states

ON THE EDGE OF THE EVERGLADES—A BIT OF FLORIDA JUNGLE

ROYAL PALM DRIVE, MIAMI

east of the Mississippi, Florida is second in area by only a very small margin, being over 59,000 square miles in extent. She has over fifteen hundred miles of seacoast, embracing what is probably the most wonderful system of land-locked harbors in the world. Her whole surface is dotted with wide river and broad lake, guaranteeing her, in conjunction with a network of state canals, cheap transportation for all time to come. Her soil can produce practically every known fruit of the earth, most of them in abundance. Her citrus industry is second in size only to that of California, while in quality of products it has no superior in the world. Her trucking industry is in a class by itself. She has a subterranean supply of pure water that will permit the sinking of artesian wells to a depth of from twenty to five hundred feet anywhere in the state, thus providing against even the possibility of drought.* Her soil is of that peculiar sandy loam that will readily absorb even the heaviest rainfall. She produces over two-thirds of the world's supply of pebble and rock phosphate. Her sponge industry is second only to that of Greece. Her naval stores industry is equal to that of all the other naval stores producing states of the Union. Her pine industry has a greater annual value than even the world-famed pine industry of Georgia. Her cypress industry, yet in its infancy, holds forth a future of great promise. Her agricultural products, embracing long and short staple cotton, pecans, corn, oats, rice, cow peas, velvet beans, peanuts, tobacco, hay, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, all kinds of vegetables and the chief citrus and tropical fruits, are more diversified than those of any other state. Her vast acreage of grazing lands, available all the year, are the foundation of a cattle industry that is growing annually in importance and promises one day to become one of the most important in the United States.

Cotton-growing is probably Florida's oldest industry. Florida as a cotton-growing state does not occupy the important position that her great available acreage, fertile soil and equable climate justify. Before the War, she had some of the largest and most profitable cotton plantations in the world, most of them situated in the middle western section of the state. With

DRIVE FROM LAKE TO BEACH, PALM BEACH

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*These wells are not all natural flow wells by any means, but the artesian well is a great utility even when considerable power is required for its maintenance.

the abolition of slavery, however, and the general despoliation of the state, these plantations were abandoned, and where then a single planter had thousands of acres under cultivation to the cotton stalk, today the land is partly divided into small tracts and rented to negro tenants.

The negro tenant system, while, under existing labor conditions, fundamentally necessary, is the most serious obstacle to the development of the cotton-growing industry of Florida. The average negro exercises little intelligence as a farmer. Under proper direction, he is a good laborer, but left to his own resources and his own initiative, he is almost invariably a failure, operating his farm in the crudest manner possible, employing little or no farm machinery, the least possible fertilizer, and paying as little attention to his farm as is consistent with a living crop. And a negro can live on very little in Florida.*

What the cotton counties of Florida need today is immigration. Less than fifty per cent of the available cotton lands of the state—that is, those that have been planted to cotton in the past—are under cultivation at the present time, besides which, there is almost an unlimited acreage of uncleared lands that are peculiarly adapted to cotton culture.

The yield per acre can be also very materially increased. Last year 95,954 acres of upland cotton produced only 27,646 bales, while 144,598 acres of the Sea Island variety yielded only 32,507 bales. With the employment of modern methods of farming, and the application of industry, enterprise and intelligence there is no reason why, with Florida's fertile soil and equable climate, at least a bale of upland and two-thirds of a bale of Sea Island cotton may not be harvested from every acre cultivated.

The chief upland cotton counties of Florida are Jackson, Jefferson, Leon,

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND CONFEDERATE PARK, MADISON, WEST MIDDLE FLORIDA

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* This condition applies only to Middle West Florida, the negro not being a factor in other sections.

Calhoun, Madison, Santa Rosa, Walton, Washington and Escambia, while the chief Sea Island producers are Suwanee, Hamilton, Alachua, Columbia, Madison, Bradford, Lafayette, Marion, and Jefferson; Jefferson, Jackson and Leon producing two-thirds of the total upland, and Suwanee, Alachua, Hamilton, Madison and Bradford three-quarters of the Sea Island product.

Upland cotton is grown more or less in seventeen, and Sea Island in twenty-one Florida counties. All of these counties are in the northern, middle and western sections of the state, or what is known as Old Florida. The annual output of Sea Island cotton last season was valued at $2,437,067, and the upland cotton at $1,216,236.

Sea Island cotton is one of the most important staple crops in the United States, and Florida is its accepted home. It commands a premium of at least a hundred per cent over the short staple variety, and its price is not so subject to fluctuation. It has many uses. No small portion of it is manufactured into high-priced mercerized cottons, and it is said that a large portion of the cheaper silks is adulterated with it also. It is used also as a sizing in the manufacture of automobile tires.

Madison, Florida, by the way, enjoys the distinction of possessing the largest Sea Island cotton gin in the world. It is owned and operated by the famous Coates thread people of England, who use two-thirds of the world's supply of this commodity. In connection with this gin there is a cotton seed oil mill, the most unique of its kind in America.

THE CITY GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES

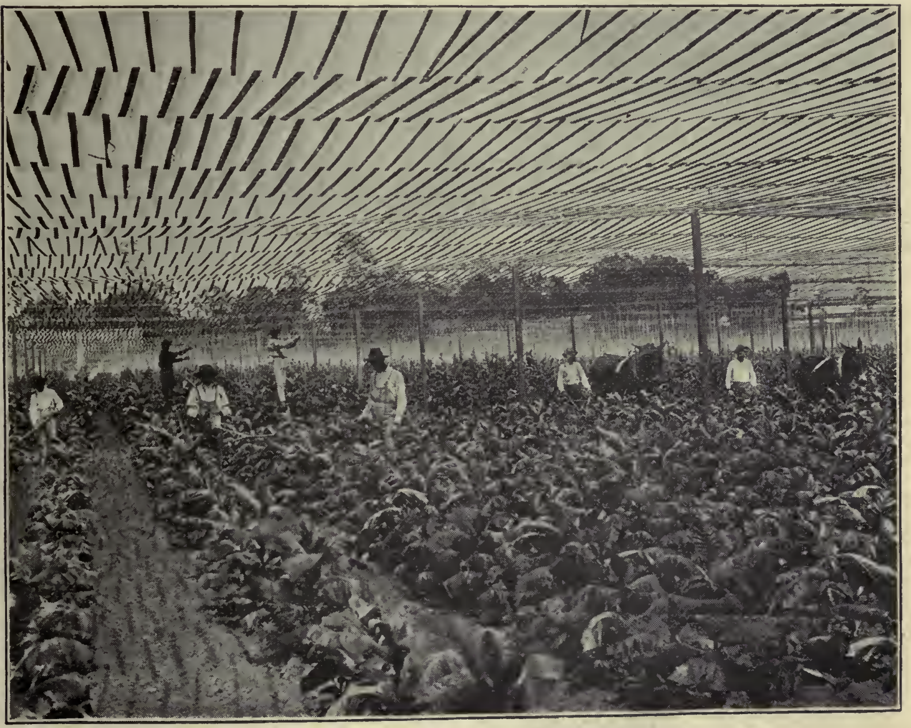
Another industry of great importance to Middle West Florida is the growing of Sumatra leaf tobacco.

Tobacco-growing has been carried on in Florida for many years. Long before the war, Quincy, the center of the present industry, grew a great deal of what

NOT A FIELD IN INDIANA, BUT IN FLORIDA, WHERE CORN GROWS TO ESPECIAL ADVANTAGE AS ONE OF THREE STAPLE CROPS ON THE SAME LAND IN THE SAME YEAR. THIS PARTICULAR VIEW WAS TAKEN NEAR PENSACOLA AND THE FIELD IT REPRESENTS YIELDED OVER A HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE was called speckled leaf tobacco. This tobacco was grown on the hammock lands and was a sun tobacco. No small portion of it was used in the United States, the tobacco at that time being hauled by wagon to the quaint little gulf port of St. Mark's, forty miles away, and from there transhipped by sail. About one-third of the crop at that time was exported to foreign countries.

The war, however, sounded the death knell of the industry, although a few old stalwarts, too conservative to permit even a war to interfere with the accepted order of things, continued to grow their tobacco as though no vital revolution had occurred, selling it as they could, or storing it for a brighter day.

Until 1887 tobacco-growing was a very precarious undertaking in Florida, but from that year until 1896 its growing was prosecuted on a no inconsiderable scale, although the business was not so certain and profitable as those engaged in it might have wished, due to the fact that the sun process would not produce the fancy wrapper required by the trade. In 1896, however, there was inaugurated an experiment in tobacco-growing, which was destined to revolutionize the cigar wrapper industry of the world—the first intelligent attempt to grow tobacco under shade. This experiment was the result of an inherent feeling on the part of some of the tobacco growers that a more delicately textured leaf would be produced by the protection of the growing tobacco from the powerful rays of the sun and the consequent conservation of the moisture so essential to successful tobacco growth. Like so many other successes in the field of human endeavor, this discovery was the result of accident, being conceived from the realization that tobacco partly shaded by trees was appreciably better for wrapper purposes than that entirely unprotected.


CULTIVATING SUMATRA TOBACCO

A quarter of an acre being hardly large

enough to establish the feasibility of the theory of shade culture, the following year a whole acre was devoted to the experiment. This last effort was eminently successful, and proved beyond peradventure the advantage of the new over the old method. No better indication of this could have been adduced than the fact that the planter who grew this first acre of shaded tobacco sold 200 pounds of it at four dollars a pound, carrying about a thousand pounds of it to New York for demonstration. The price of sun tobacco that year was forty cents a pound.

The experiment having proved successful, the industry was gradually extended until in 1906 there were over five thousand acres under shade. At this time fabulous prices were paid by the buyers, averaging as high as eighty cents a pound in the field, a condition of affairs which led naturally to great over-production. The tobacco area was also extended to sections not adapted to tobacco growth, which led to the production of a large amount of inferior leaf; which was all placed on the market at the same time as the regular product. This over-production and general lowering of standard had its effect on the industry, and not only did prices fall, but the demand also. In 1907 the panic further accentuated the difficulties of the growers, and it was not until the beginning of 1909 that the industry began to revive.

A PICNIC IN THE FLORIDA WOODS

In the latter part of that year the larger growers, realizing the paramount necessity of placing the industry on a thorough Twentieth Century commercial basis, effected a consolidation for the growing, grading and sale of the product. This should do much to revive the industry, for by establishing a uniform grade, a uniform price, effecting great economies in production and distribution, and preventing forever the possibility of a recurrence of the conditions of 1907, it will place the industry on an entirely new footing.

Some idea of the extent of the Florida tobacco industry can be gained from the fact that no less than $15,000,000 is invested in the Quincy district alone, $7,000,000 of which represent the holdings of a single company. Quincy is a quaint old town of about three thousand inhabitants, fully two-thirds colored.

Produced on the right kind of soil, which is a sandy loam, underlaid with a yellow clay sub-soil, free from even the trace of lime or limestone, and grown under shade, with the approved method of fertilization and cultivation, Florida shade tobacco is without doubt the finest substitute for the imported Sumatra leaf growth.

A fine producer, yielding an average of a thousand pounds to the acre and being capable of wrapping a thousand cigars from a pound and a half of leaf, the Florida tobacco is indeed in a class by itself.

To the experienced grower, with adequate capital and essential requisites to tobacco growth, such a technical knowledge, which is summed up in ability to adequately ferment and assort his product and pack it identically with the imported, and the commercial ability to dispose of it afterward, tobacco-growing offers a profitable, if a precarious investment, it having been known to yield a gross income of $1,600 an acre to the grower for three consecutive years.

Yet another industry, still in its infancy, that promises to contribute greatly to the natural wealth of Florida in the future, is the raising of live stock. This industry has been an important one to the state for many years, but its development has not been in any way commensurate with its possibilities. The range cattle industry, even, has not yet seen its real beginning. With such important grazing grounds as are to be found in Escambia, Santa Rosa, Walton, Lee, Osceola, Hillsboro, Manatee and other western and southern counties, there is no reason why it should not be many times greater than it is.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PENSACOLA

The cattle industry of Florida is unique. The supply of native grasses being adequate to their needs, the cattle are permitted to run practically unattended, being rounded up only twice a year for branding purposes. These cattle are either consumed at home or exported to Cuba. At the close of the Spanish War, when nearly all the Cuban cattle had been slaughtered for the use of the Spanish troops, many thousand head were shipped to Cuba for the rehabilitation of the Cuban herds.

DAIRY FARM OF A. SNEELGROVE AT FORT PIERCE, FLORIDA

The future importance of the Florida cattle industry, however, will depend more on the general farm than on the commercial ranch. The importance of live stock as a great contributing factor in the wealth of the farm is being gradually recognized by the thrifty farmers as is the importance of improving the native breed.

The great possibilities of stock-raising in conjunction with diversified farming have been remarkably demonstrated in various portions of Florida.

There are a number of large farms that are practical and successful examples of what can be accomplished by the application of science and intelligence to general farming.

In Marion County a farm of about two thousand acres produced last season nine car loads of cattle and hogs, twenty-five car loads of cabbages, nine car loads of green peas, sixty car loads of watermelons, forty car loads of cantaloupes, three thousand bushels of corn, two thousand bales of hay, and a thousand dollars' worth of velvet bean seed; the gross receipts for said products being $43,000, a large portion of which was profit.

This farm also maintains forty head of horses, three hundred head of cattle, three hundred hogs and four hundred sheep, and has something for sale every working day in the year.

By a systematic and intelligent rotation of crops, the farm is being yearly improved, and each year sees its boundaries extended by the clearing of contiguous land.

This is just one concrete example of what can be accomplished in North, Middle, or West Florida, by any farmer willing to exercise intelligence, energy and care.

The possibilities of stock-raising in Florida appear to have no horizon. The demand for beef cattle at a good price is yearly becoming more accentuated. Twenty years ago, when the great wave of immigration into North America that has been the feature of the past decade had not been foreseen, the grazing fields of the West and of Texas were supposed to be entirely adequate to the requirements of the American cattle-raising industry for all time to come. But things have changed. Each year sees a gradual diminution in the range area; the country's beef exports are evincing a marked falling off, and already there is talk of importing beef from the Argentine to supply the ever-increasing home demand.

The future of the cattle industry of the United States necessarily must be in the South, where there are yet millions of acres available and where the conditions for profitable cattle-raising are unexcelled.

Florida especially should have little difficulty in creating a great cattle industry, her climate being the most equable in the land and her soil bringing forth in abundance most of the chief native grasses and forage crops, such as the Mexican clover—a volunteer crop—which grows to especial advantage in the far western portion of the state, particularly in Escambia and Santa Rosa counties, the cassava, the Thompson and Bermuda grasses, the velvet bean, cowpea and kudzu, a Japanese vine that seems destined to fill a longfelt want in the southeastern group of states. Alfalfa is also grown in Florida to some extent, although not very successfully. It is thought, however, that it will be a staple crop on drained everglade lands.

Sheep-raising, too, should be very profitable in Florida. This branch of stock-raising is little carried on at present. Some attempts to develop it, however, are being made in various portions of the

POULTRY THRIVE ANYWHERE IN FLORIDA, AND ARE EXCEEDINGLY PROFITABLE

state. At Grand Ridge a prominent Northern farmer is being quite successful in his experiment in grading up native sheep with imported Shropshires. It is his purpose, if the experiment convinces him of its entire feasibility, to raise sheep for mutton on a large scale.

Hogs, too, can be raised very profitably throughout the state of Florida, which has always depended upon its world-renowned razor-back for a large portion of its meat supply. And the beauty about the hog in Florida is that he forages for his own living, the supply of native grasses and other wild foods supporting him the entire year.

It is only in the last few years, however, that some of the more enterprising farmers have commenced to raise hogs on a commercial scale, breeding up the native razor-back with imported Berkshires, Jersey Reds and Poland Chinas. From the graded stock the breeder derives quick growth and the deep ham and other qualities that are the recognized characteristics of the high-class hog; from the native stock he derives a finer-grained and sweeter meat. Hogs produced in this manner will attain a weight of ninety to a hundred and twenty-five pounds against twenty-five to thirty pounds for the razor-back in the same period.

Poultry-raising is another very profitable undertaking in Florida, although it has never been carried on in any way commensurate with its possibilities. An idea of the profits that this industry holds forth to the thrifty can be gained from the following instance: An old German farmer recently emigrated to Florida, and recognizing, with characteristic German foresight, the great market for poultry that the city of Jacksonville, as the gateway to the state, offered, settled on the outskirts of that metropolis, and commenced to raise poultry in a very moderate way, starting with eleven hens. Unlike most of his neighbors he refused to sell any of his eggs,

OSCEOLA COURT HOUSE, KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA

setting them as fast as they were laid. He had to deny himself at first, but today, with some 2,500 fowls, he is netting over eight dollars every working day in the year.

Near Jacksonville is being erected the greatest poultry farm in the South, its buildings and runs covering over ten acres, and the plant itself being thoroughly modern and sanitary.

The equable climate of Florida and the peculiar freedom of Florida fowls from the ills that beset their kind in other parts, the great market that the tourist trade affords, and various other factors, all contribute to the success of poultry-raising in the Peninsula state.

One of Florida's real money crops, and a staple crop in the raising of which there is little risk, is sugar cane.

Sugar cane has been raised in Florida from time immemorial, judging by the Indian traditions that have been handed down to our time. History tells us also that along the Manatee River there were once a number of large sugar mills from which in the war between the states the Confederate Army received no small portion of its sugar supply. These mills are said to have been razed by the Federa' gunboats before the close of the war.

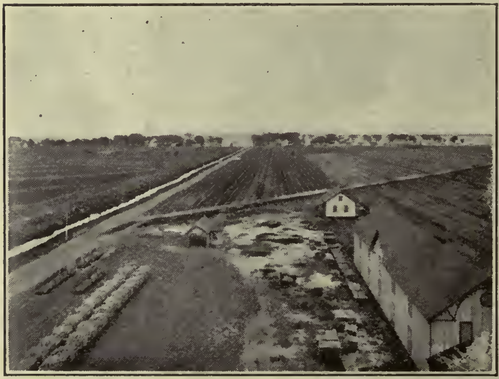
Probably Florida's greatest sugar-cane enterprise was what is known as the Disston drainage scheme. Hamilton Disston, who fathered this great project, realized that the muck lands of South Florida were among the very best sugar-raising lands in the world. All of these muck lands, from Kissimmee to Lake Okechobee, and from Lake Okechobee to the southern edge of the coraline reef that embraces them, were then under water, and all formed collectively the bleak, monotonous, mysterious Everglades, which to the white man must be forever anathema.

Hamilton Disston realized, however, that this despised, rejected section was

Photo by S. A. Watson, Chicago

ONE OF THE EVERGLADE DRAINAGE DREDGES AT WORK ON THE PICTURESQUE CALOOSAHATCHEE destined one day beyond all peradventure to become one of the agricultural cornerstones of the state, its fertile lands bringing forth in profusion many of the chief fruits of the earth, and dotted intermittently with the dwelling places of man.

Starting the Dredges



General view of cleared land under cultivation

The St Cloud Sugar Mills

THE DISSTON DRAINAGE SCHEME

Hamilton Disston was truly the father of Florida development. When Mr. Disston came to Florida from Philadelphia in 1879, Florida was financially bankrupt and almost the whole state on the main peninsula south of a line drawn west from Jacksonville was a howling wilderness. Tampa had only six or seven hundred people and no railroad communication whatsoever. The beautiful city of Orlando was a little hamlet, while Kissimmee was unknown. Mr. Disston, by purchasing four million acres of Florida's waste land and giving Florida a million dollars in cash, was the first man to give the land of Ponce de Leon a fighting chance among the sisterhood of states.

Like so many other men who have lent their lives and fortunes to a great public enterprise, however, Hamilton Disston never lived to see his great drainage scheme consummated. He succeeded in reclaiming a large area of the land that had been regarded as useless, however, and although he never lived to complete his life work, he demonstrated beyond dispute the entire feasibility of swampland reclamation.

Unfortunately, Mr. Disston's experiment was not the financial success that his friends would have wished. The sugar cane grown on his great plantation at St. Cloud was the equal of any that could be grown anywhere, but the limited facilities of transportation at that time and the absence of a refinery, made its profitable cultivation an impossibility. Engineering, too, was not so advanced as now, and the work of cutting the canals advanced slowly. Mr. Disston spent $500,000 in his great project of draining the Everglades, but came to realize that millions more and more modern engineering than his day afforded would be necessary to overcome successfully Nature's handiwork, and to force river and lake to answer to the call of man.

When Mr. Disston died many

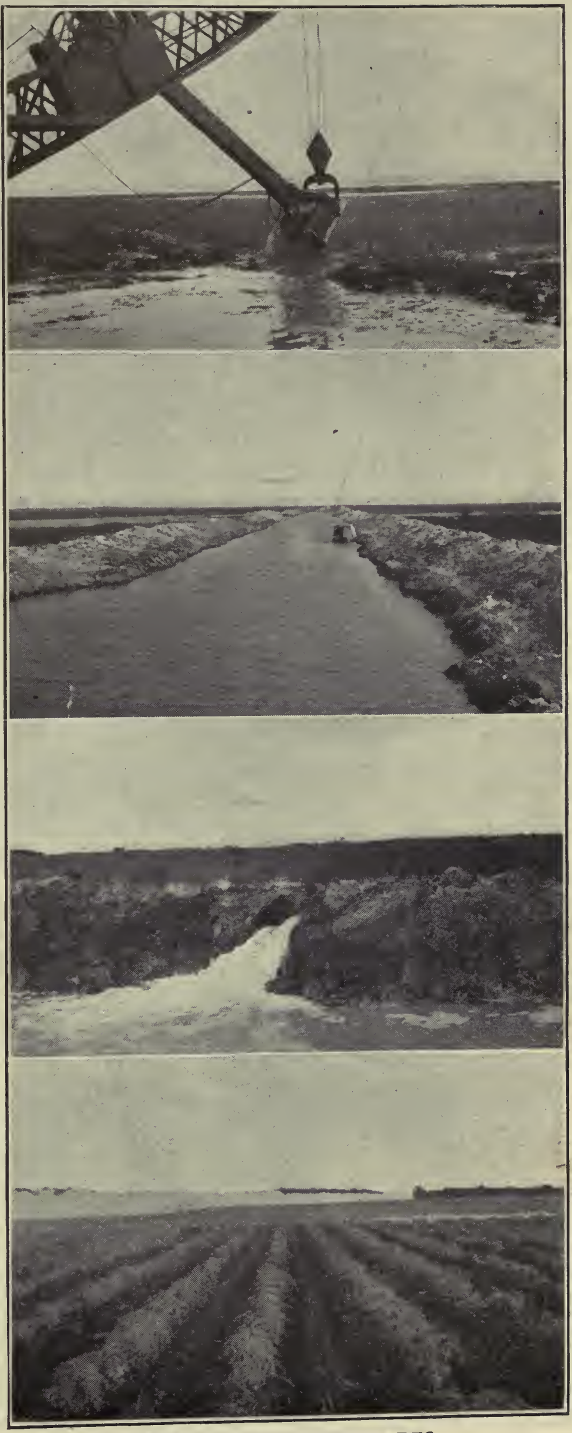
thought that his great labor had been in vain. But it was not, for it can be said with truth that the present draining of the Everglades, now an assured fact, might have been postponed many years but for the great pioneer work that Hamilton R. Disston accomplished in draining Florida's waste lands.

At the present time every county in the state of Florida raises more or less sugar cane, the crop last year being valued at over $600,000. This sugar cane is now practically all converted into syrup, which commands good prices and a steady demand, but there is no reason why sugar could not be successfully manufactured. A large sugar refinery in Florida would seem to be a good investment.

In speaking of sugar-raising in Florida, one cannot overlook the big sugar plantation at Grand Ridge, near Marianna, the county seat of Jackson, and one of the most prosperous agricultural towns in the state. This plantation has four hundred acres in active cultivation and raises an average of 450 gallons of syrup to the acre, clearing at least $150 on every acre cultivated.

While the average amount of syrup for this plantation was 450 gallons to the acre, this is by no means a possible average, for with intensive cultivation it is quite possible to raise eight and even nine hundred gallons.

That sugar cane is a really profitable crop, the following point in instance will show. It is the story of a lone woman, Mrs. M. J. Edenfeld, of Grand Ridge. Last year Mrs. Edenfeld raised eighteen acres of cotton and two acres and a half of sugar cane. For her



Dredge cutting canal

Completed canal

Water running off muck lands into canal

Drained land under cultivation

DRAINING THE EVERGLADES

FLORIDA SUGAR CANE IS ALMOST EQUAL IN POINT OF SACCHARINE MATTER TO THAT OF CUBA
This view was made on the Disston plantations over twenty years ago

cotton she received net, $240; for her sugar cane, $400, and yet she used the same amount of fertilizer to the acre on each and eight times as much labor on the cotton. And yet the Southern farmer will cling to cotton as his one means of salvation.

With approximately four and a half million boxes of oranges and a million and a half boxes of grapefruit shipped to Northern and Western markets last season, with an annually increasing yield from the normal growth of the bearing trees, with the coming into bearing of many new groves, and with a regularly and steadily increasing acreage, the citrus industry of Florida has a future of great promise.

The growth of Florida's citrus industry has been as remarkable as it has been romantic. Fifteen years ago, Middle Florida produced practically all of the citrus fruit grown in the state, over three-quarters of the annual output being shipped from Ocala. The industry at that time was in a prosperous and growing condition. Money was being made on every side, but this money was being invested in new and larger groves. Then came the great freezes of '94 and '95, and in a single night, as it were, the citrus industry of that section of Florida was wiped from the map, nearly every grove being killed and over four million boxes of luscious fruit dying on the tree. Never in all history, perhaps, did industry meet severer blow than that received by the Florida fruit-growers at this time. And it was a blow that shook to its very foundation the whole industrial fabric of the state, for Florida at that time depended almost wholly upon her citrus industry for her commercial upbuilding. So revolutionary was its effect, indeed, that almost everything in the Florida of today may be said to date from the year of the big freeze.

GENERAL VIEW OF BRADENTOWN, THE CAPITAL OF MANATEE COUNTY

For a time it looked as though the citrus industry of Florida had been killed beyond resuscitation. Many of the growers

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT—A FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS returned to their Northern homes; others started life anew in some other field of endeavor. A few, however, confident that the two successive freezes that had spelled such disaster to their interests were one of those peculiar freaks of nature that cannot be scientifically explained, replanted their groves.

But the old area from a citrus fruit viewpoint was never completely rehabilitated. The freeze changed the whole face of the map of Florida. Few of the old groves were replanted. The frost line, which up to that time had been located somewhere along the imaginary line that divides Florida from her sister state, Georgia, was carried two degrees southward, some of the growers going as far south as Hillsboro, De Soto, Lee and Manatee counties in their endeavor to escape the ravages of King Frost. Thirty years ago the mere suggestion of growing citrus fruits in these counties would have been ridiculed owing to the difficulties of transportation; today, De Soto County, with a yield of four hundred thousand boxes of grapefruit and oranges, produces more citrus fruits than any other one county in the state, while Lee County, with a total of three hundred and twenty-five thousand boxes, and a vast acreage of non-bearing trees, Manatee County with a total of nearly five hundred thousand and Hillsboro County with approximately four hundred thousand are also coming to the front.

It must not be supposed, however, that Central Florida is no longer a citrus-producing section. Indeed, some of the very finest groves in the state are located in Marion County, while Levy and other counties in similarly geographical relation, are all important citrus-producing sections.

THE FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER, HOME OF THE LUSCIOUS INDIAN RIVER ORANGE

Oranges constitute over three-quarters of the citrus fruit crop of Florida at the present time, last year no less than four million boxes of fruit being shipped from the state. These oranges had a net value of over a dollar a box. It is estimated that there are nearly five million orange trees in the state, although only about two-thirds are in bearing.

The chief orange-growing counties of the state are, in order, De Soto, Hillsboro, Lake, Orange, Manatee, Brevard, Putnam, Lee and Volusia.

PICKING ORANGES IS AN OCCUPATION FOR OLD AND YOUNG IN FLORIDA

While the Florida orange is known and relished wherever oranges are consumed, it is perhaps not generally known that there are no less than a hundred and fifty recognized varieties of the Florida fruit. Some of these varieties differ so much in general characteristics as to be in all senses of the word a distinct orange, while others differ only in detail. The merchantable crop, however, is comprised of about eight or ten species. These are the Sweet Native Seedling, Parson Brown, the Pineapple, the King, the St. Nicholas, the Jaffa, the Ruby Blood, the Valencia Late and the Tangerine.

The Sweet Seedling variety comprises at least sixty per cent of the annual crop. The Sweet Seedling is a beautiful orange, sweet and juicy. The famous Indian River oranges are practically all Sweet Seedlings, and some of the largest and best groves in the state are the same, at least seventy-five per cent of De Soto County's groves being of this variety.

Most of the groves now being planted in the state, however, are budded trees. This is due in no sense to any defects in the seedling, but to the fact that a budded tree will fruit in three years as against seven to nine years for the seedling.

ORANGE BLOSSOM

HARVESTING GRAPEFRUIT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

The Parson Brown is a very early variety that can be eaten when almost green. It must be marketed before Christmas, however, as it is not a good keeper. This orange is a budded tree that was once a sport. Sometimes budded orange trees are forty times removed from the parent tree. Most of the oranges are budded on the native sour or grapefruit stock, although the lemon stock is not infrequently used.

THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER AT FORT MYERS
From the home of Dr. Hamilton Miles, of Elkhart, Indiana

The Pineapple is one of the finest oranges grown, both in color and flavor. It is a mid-season orange, ripening in January. It is also a very profitable orange to grow, especially in the far southern portions of the state.

The King orange is comparatively a new variety, and is as yet little known. It has a very rough skin and an unsymmetrical shape, and would not make a very favorable first impression to the uninitiated. Its flavor, however, cannot be excelled, and there is no doubt that when its surpassing excellence has become more widely recognized, it will be one of Florida's most highly prized oranges. The King orange is grown chiefly, today, in Lee, Manatee and De Soto counties, where the soil and climatic conditions seem to be most favorable to its growth. The one drawback to this variety is its poor shipping qualities.

Another profitable orange is the Valencia Late, or Tardiff. Like the Pineapple, this variety is a good shipper and has every quality that constitutes a good orange. It reaches the market after most of the Florida oranges have been disposed of, and, while it comes into active competition with the early California navel varieties, it commands a high price among those dealers who insist upon purchasing a Florida orange so long as they can obtain it.

Whatever may be said as to the relative merits of Florida and California oranges, no one can gainsay that the Florida grapefruit is, beyond all question, the finest grapefruit produced in the world.

Twenty years ago the grapefruit, which was introduced into Florida by old Captain Shaddock from the East Indian Islands, was hardly known to this country. It was a monstrosity, something pleasing to the eye, but not to the taste. The first two car loads that were shipped from Lakeland to Chicago and were purchased from the grower, as a speculation, at a cost of fifty cents a box, against three dollars and a half a box today, not only did not return the original investment, but cost the buyer $225 in freight. The Chicago people did not want any Florida grapefruit—thank you. Last season more than nine hundred cars of the fruit, that has been pronounced by recognized connoisseurs the world over as a food fit for the gods, entered the Windy City, bringing from four to nine dollars a box at retail, according to season.

The chief grapefruit counties of the state are, in order, Lee, Manatee, De Soto, Hillsboro, Dade, Orange and Lake. Lee County, with a total of two hundred thousand boxes last season, and twice the acreage of any other county, probably produces more grapefruit than any other county, although De Soto and Manatee are both close seconds. Lee County has four thousand acres under cultivation, and the acreage is being increased very rapidly.

Another county which is becoming annually more important in the growing of grapefruit is Hillsboro. This county has within its borders the famous Pinellas Peninsula, which is said to produce as fine a grapefruit as can be grown in the state. This section is peculiarly favored on account of its water protection. Winter Haven in Polk County is also a great producing section, although this district is better known as the home of the Tardiff orange. The Indian River grapefruit, like the Indian River orange, is too well known to require mention.

CITRUS FRUIT DISPLAY AT THE FLORIDA STATE FAIR, TAMPA

ORANGE GROVE, NEAR ARCADIA, DE SOTO COUNTY

These trees are nearly fifty feet high. This grove, which has been in bearing for nearly forty years, nets its owner about a thousand dollars an acre yearly.

Near Fort Myers, Lee County, is situated the largest grapefruit grove in the world. This grove is approximately six hundred acres in extent and is owned by Mr. D. A. Floweree, the Montana cattle king. There are a number of other large groves along the Caloosahatchee, most of them owned by Northern capitalists.

Another famous grapefruit grove, probably the best known in Florida, is the Atwood grove at Manavista, near Bradentown, in the Manatee country. This has been the largest producing grove in the state for many years, from seventy-five to eighty-five thousand boxes of fruit being shipped from it annually.

Yet another large grove—the largest citrus fruit grove in the state, most of its fruits being oranges, however—is the Monarch Grove, near Summerfield. This grove is approximately a thousand acres in extent.

At Fort Myers, Florida, there has been erected what is probably the largest and best equipped citrus-packing house in the United States. Two stories in height, this huge packing house has a capacity of twenty car loads of fruit a day. Its dimensions are 132 x 260, and it is a modern warehouse in every sense of the word, all of its equipment being run by electricity, and the fruit being conveyed through the various stages of sizing, selecting, cleaning and polishing by moving belts.

A FIELD OF PINEAPPLES ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA

This packing house was erected by the growers of Lee County and it is expected that it will result, through a more uniform method of grading and packing, in better prices for Lee County's fruit.

The possibilities of citrus fruit culture in Florida are enormous. The demand for the Florida orange is becoming more accentuated every year, while the supply of grapefruit will not be equal to the demand for many years to come, for once introduced into a new market it makes an instant conquest. And the profits are enormous. Some ten-year grapefruit groves are now netting over a thousand dollars an acre annually, and this figure is no uncommon one for the older orange groves. A net profit of five hundred dollars for grapefruit and three hundred for oranges to the acre can be depended upon annually, providing the grower exercises the proper care and attention that a successful grove demands, and providing he is not handicapped by unforeseen conditions, such as frost or pestilence, and with the modern methods of grove-heating there is no reason why frost should be a serious menace to the welfare of any grove.

It has been said that most of the land suitable to the cultivation of citrus fruits has been already taken up. This is not the case. Today there are thousands of acres of available land in Lee, De Soto, Manatee, Dade, Palm Beach, and Hillsboro counties that can be purchased at a ridiculously low price, considering the value of even a three-year-old grove. And in every other citrus-producing county there is plenty of room for expansion.

A grapefruit or orange grove in Florida is just about as safe an investment as can be found at the present time.

In the growing of the pineapple, also, Florida is fast coming to the front, last year no less than five hundred thousand crates of this tropical fruit being shipped from the Peninsula State. The larger portion of Florida's pineapples is what is known as the Red Spanish variety. This species is grown exclusively on the East Coast, where the soil and climate are on even larger acreage peculiarly adapted to it. The lands along the line of the East Coast Railway in Dade, Palm Beach and St. Lucie counties produce over four-fifths of the annual crop. Over a thousand acres are in cultivation to the pineapple in the little village of Delray alone, while the acreage of Stuart, Fort Pierce and Jensen is almost as great.

The largest pinery in Florida is situated on Marco Island, Florida Key, fifty miles from Fort Myers. It is two hundred acres in extent and ships about 50,000 crates annually.

A FLORIDA BANANA PLANTATION

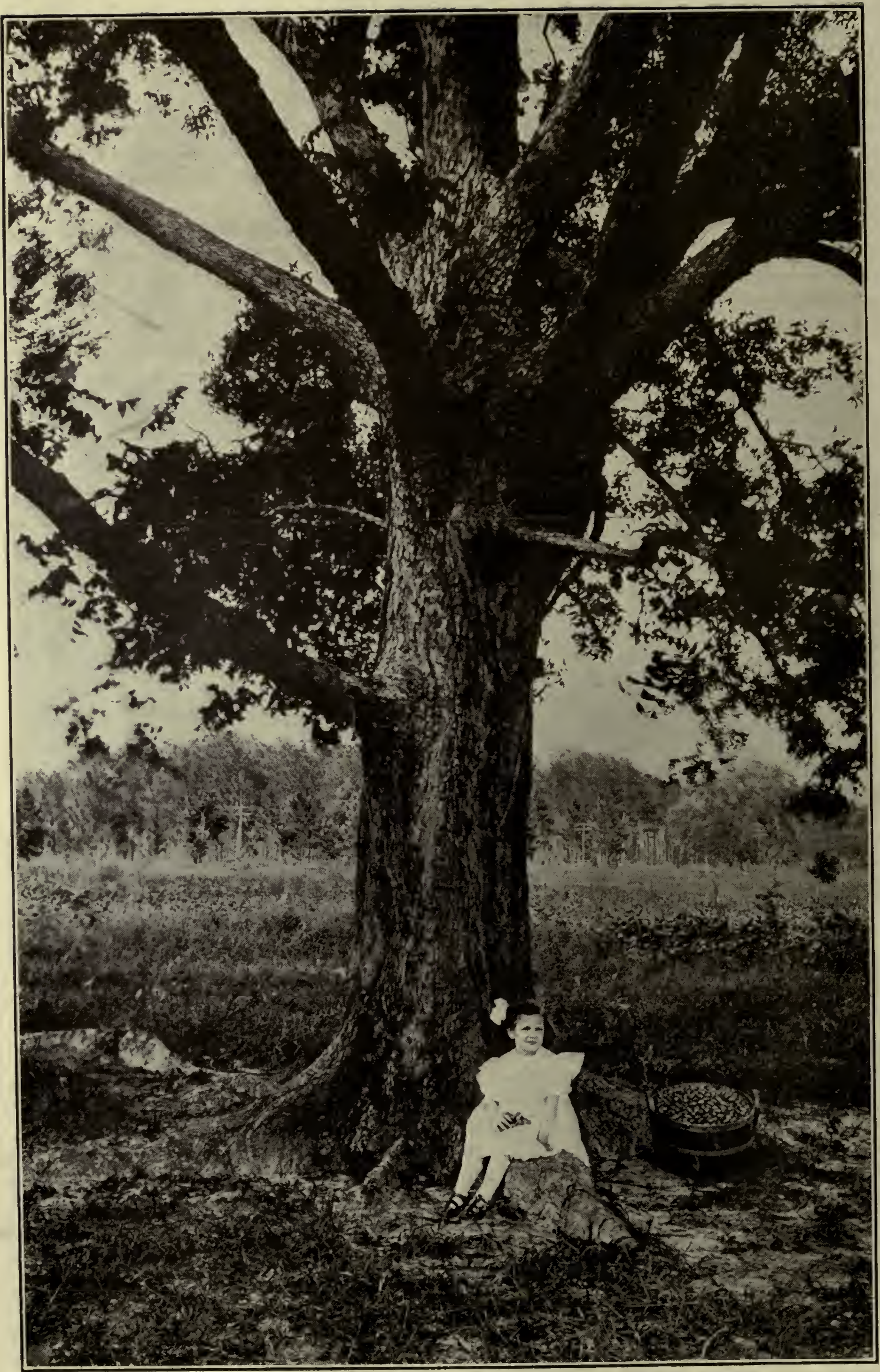
With the opening up of new lands and the more scientific cultivation of those now in use, this industry unquestionably will be greatly extended in the next few years. The great drawback to the growing of pineapples in Florida at the present time, according to the growers, is competition from Cuba, where this fruit can be grown a great deal more economically. As it is, however, the pineapple is a fairly profitable crop, the yield of 250 to 600 crates an acre, according to the fertility of the soil and the amount of fertilizer employed, bringing from $1.50 to $2.50 a crate in car load lots.

On the West Coast of Florida and a small section of the Central portion, is located the largest shade pineapple industry in the world. This is the production of the smooth leaf Cayenne, such as is grown in the Azores under glass. This pineapple was introduced into Florida by the United States Government, from British Guiana about ten years ago. It thrives anywhere above tide water on the low flat lands around Punta Gorda, or other sections having the same general characteristics of soil. Orlando has a hundred and fifty acres of shaded pineapples. The average acre's yield is $1,500, of which about half is profit. About eighteen months is required to mature the pineapple, and the shipping season lasts virtually the entire year, June and July being the big shipping months.

An orange that can be grown very successfully in North and West Florida is the Satsuma, named from the city of Satsuma in Japan, where it is said to originate. The Satsuma orange grows to unusual perfection in the Gulf Coast Country from Florida to Texas. It is a very choice variety, and, commanding a high price, and being practically unsusceptible to frost—that is, of course, the light frost that sometimes visits the citrus-producing sections with such disaster—is a very profitable fruit to raise.

But citrus fruit culture is not the only branch of horticulture that can be successfully carried on in Florida; indeed, a few states can produce in such surpassing excellence such fruits as the pecan, the pear, the peach and the fig.

GROWING PINEAPPLES UNDER SHADE IN WEST FLORIDA



GREAT PECAN TREE ON THE GRIFFIN FAMILY PLANTATION AT MACCLENY, FLORIDA

While pears and peaches are grown very extensively in Middle and West Florida, these branches of the fruit-raising industry have never been developed to the extent of their possibilities, attributable, partly to lack of organization and partly to an inherent inability on the part of the native Floridian to divert himself from the agricultural byways of his fathers. Figs will grow in Florida as well as anywhere in the United States. The great difficulty of the fig, however, is its poor shipping qualities. The great need of the fig-grower in Florida today is pressing plants, conveniently situated in various parts of the belt, which extends clear across the northern part of the state, so as to permit the shipping of the fruit without fear of damage.

FAMOUS OAK TREE IN THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL

With the pecan, however, it is different. The fruit of the pecan can be disposed of at any time, and is, therefore, independent of the exigencies of market.

King of all the nut-bearing trees, the pecan is indigenous to the Southern states, to California, and to Northern Mexico, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the cotton belt, and being found most extensively in the state of Texas.

A tree that will live from three to seven hundred years, that will fruit practically all its life, that will attain to a height of a hundred and fifty feet, that is susceptible to neither drought nor other climatic irregularity, that has no vital enemy, a tree that combines the beauty of the magnolia and the symmetry of the pine with the stateliness of the oak and the fecundity of the walnut, the pecan is certainly one of nature's greatest gifts to the South.

Thirty years ago this beautiful tree was a great deal more plentiful than it is today. Then it had little or no commercial value and, like the pine, it was ruthlessly, remorselessly slaughtered, not, as with the pine, for its valuable lumber, but to make room for King Cotton, the great staple of the South. Texas and Louisiana lost thousands upon thousands of acres in this way; and they have come to realize the extent of that loss, and their vital mistake in destroying a tree that has an intrinsic value of from three to five hundred dollars to raise a commodity that can command at most from five to six cents a pound, and they are doing their best to rectify it.

This movement to restore the pecan forests of the south to their former grandeur received an extraordinary impetus a couple of years ago in the unique death-bed request of the late Governor Fogg of Texas, who said:

Stone Roanoke Va.

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER"

" 'I want no monument of stone nor marble, but plant at my head a pecan tree, and at my feet an old-fashioned walnut, and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas, so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

It was a beautiful prayer, and its fulfillment should do much to beautify the state. But whether this comprehensive attempt at pecan reforestation is successful or not will have little or no effect on the pecan industry of the future, which will depend almost wholly upon the commercial orchard.

It is only within the last few years that any attempt to commercially cultivate the pecan has been made, but the results have proved beyond peradventure that their growing will be as important to the South in the next ten years as the growing of the English walnut is to California at the present time.

The nuts produced in the commercial orchard are called paper shell pecans on account of the ease with which they are broken by the thumb and the forefinger. They grow to an immense size, are of a dark gray color striped with black, and vary much in both shape and color. Each nut has a distinct flavor that is easily recognized by an expert. Forty to seventy of these nuts will make a pound, as against one hundred and fifty to three hundred of the ordinary kind.

Five acres of pecan trees will in time bring a good and permanent income, provided those trees have been either grafted or budded and properly cared for. The superiority of the grafted or budded trees over the seedling is very marked. A seedling rarely produces before the twelfth to the fifteenth year, while a budded or grafted tree will produce in the fifth or sixth, and has been known to bear in even the third. The cost of maintaining a pecan grove is quite considerable for the first five or six years, but requires little attention thereafter.

The wild pecan is found in various sections of Florida—on the hammock lands around Cedar Keys, in Levy County, and also scattered along the northern boundary line of the state, particularly in Nassau, Jefferson, Leon, Santa Rosa and Escambia counties. There is, however, no defined belt, which leads experts to the conclusion that the existing native groves were planted by the Indian aborigines, who regarded the fruit of the pecan very highly.

PECANS GROW TO PERFECTION IN SOUTH GEORGIA, AND NORTH, MIDDLE AND WEST FLORIDA

Showing how velvet beans are grown among pecans successfully

The pecan can be grown in Florida anywhere north of an imaginary line drawn from a point south of Tampa on the west coast to Rockledge on the east, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the northern and western sections of the state, particularly along the Georgia and Alabama lines.

The chief centers of the industry today are Monticello, a beautiful little town in Middle West Florida about twenty-eight miles east of Tallahassee, the romantic old capital, Lake City, and Live Oak, in Columbia and Suwanee counties respectively, and Cokomoka, near Hilliard, in Nassau County, where, by the way, there is a single grove of sixteen hundred acres.

Another large grove, about six hundred acres, is located at Dade City, in Pasco County.

Florida is finding an ever-increasing portion of her wealth in the production of garden produce. Producing at a time when no other section can, she commands a range of prices for her produce that, to the average Northern gardener, would seem fabulous.

Of all of Florida's truck produce, the tomato has the greatest present value. This industry is constituted chiefly on the East Coast, between Palm Beach and Knight's Key. It is also in its infancy, but it is a giant infant. Last year more than a million and a half crates of tomatoes, valued at nearly $2,000,000, were shipped, Dade and Palm Beach counties producing about three-quarters of the entire crop.

Some idea of the immensity of the industry in these counties can be gained from the fact that it required six solid car loads of tissue paper to wrap the tomatoes shipped from this section in a single week.

Second only in value to the tomato comes celery. This valuable industry is comparatively an infantile one. Less than five years ago, practically no celery was shipped from the state. Last year the crop approximated more than $600,000. The chief celery-producing counties in Florida at the present time are Orange, Manatee and Hillsboro, but the tomato can be grown successfully almost anywhere in the state.

In Orange County is located the famous little city of Sanford, the cradle of the industry and, with the exception of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the largest celery centre in the world. The growth of the celery industry at Sanford has been wonderful. Ten years ago it had shipped not a single crate of celery. Last winter more than sixteen hundred crates left Sanford for Western and Northern markets.

Ten years ago, land in the Sanford section could be bought anywhere from two to five dollars an acre; today these lands command anywhere from $200 to $400 an acre, while improved lands bring as much as $2,000.

Manatee is another county that produces just as fine celery as can be grown in Florida. This county, being farther south, and therefore maturing its crop even earlier than Sanford district, receives more per acre than even that famous district.

Last season Manatee County was a close second to Orange County in the production of celery. Celery, inf act, can be grown profitably almost anywhere in Florida, as can practically every other vegetable.

The growing of Irish potatoes is also receiving wider attention every year. Hastings, St. Johns, is the present centre

A FIELD OF FLORIDA LETTUCE, SHOWING IRRIGATION AND SHADING of this industry, producing more than half of the potatoes shipped from the state, but they can be grown with profit anywhere in the state on the right kind of soil. Nearly five thousand acres are under cultivation to the Irish potato at the present time, the value of last season's crop being $500,000.

In the growing of strawberries Florida promises one day to outrival even North Carolina. In a sense she does this already, for her strawberries enter the market before any others, bringing fabulous prices. Last year strawberries grown at Fort Lauderdale and Miami on the East Coast brought the phenomenal figure at the commencement of the season of a dollar a box to the grower, while seventy-five cents was no uncommon price for strawberries grown in other portions of south Florida. The average price last season was twenty-five cents a box net to the grower. Strawberries are planted in August and September and harvested from December to March. Strawberries on Thanksgiving day are no uncommon decoration of the Florida Thanksgiving dinner.

The chief strawberry-growing centers are Orlando, Lakeland, Plant City, Starke, Lawtey and Dade City. Last season Lakeland shipped over 500,000 quarts, while Starke and Lawtey, whose shipments are generally considered as from one district, shipped even a greater amount.

FLORIDA SWEET POTATOES ARE PROLIFIC

The cabbage is another valuable winter crop, as is the egg-plant, squash, cucumbers, watermelons and cantaloupes.

Florida is, undoubtedly, destined to be the great truck-producing state of the Union. Not only are her soil and climate peculiarly fitted for the growing of garden produce, but her whole surface is well supplied with pure water, readily and economically available. One can sink an artesian well at a depth of from ten to three hundred feet anywhere in the state.

Artesian irrigation is nature's greatest gift to Florida, making the grower entirely independent of climatic irregularities. Artesian irrigation has an untold effect on the growing crop, whether it be celery, potatoes, tomatoes or egg-plants, even in a normal season increasing the yield more than twenty-five per cent. And the cost is insignificant compared with the profits. Florida's celery industry has certainly been built up to its present status by irrigation, and what is true of celery is true of practically every other crop that requires adequate moisture to insure its proper growth.

Trucking in Florida holds out certain success to the man with some capital and a degree of intelligence. It will afford an existence to anyone, for it can be said with truth that a single acre will maintain a man and his family for a whole year. Even a half an acre, properly cultivated, has been known to do the same.

And the beauty of Florida's soil and climate is that it permits a rotation of from three or four crops a year, in South Florida at least. Celery can be followed by tomatoes, and tomatoes by cabbage, and each yield an independent profit. A number of other methods of crop rotation, according to the choice of the farmer, though depending also on the section of the state in which he is located, may be followed.

Few states in the Union have more valuable or more diversified fishing industries than Florida, which, with twelve hundred miles of sea coast and numerous fresh water rivers and lakes, is susceptible of producing enough sea food to fill the demand of a large section of this country for all time to come.

AUTOMOBILING ON THE FINE SHELL ROADS OF PALM BEACH COUNTY

Florida's chief fishing industries are at Pensacola, Apalachicola, Cedar Keys, Sarasota, Punta Gorda, Fort Myers, Key West, Miami and Jacksonville, nearly all salt water fish being found. Some of these are the mullet, pompano, red fish, Spanish mackerel, blue fish, sea trout and Jew fish.

Her chief fresh water fish are black bass, pickerel, speckled perch, bream and catfish. More than ten thousand pounds of fish are caught daily in Lake Okeechobee, the second largest body of water completely within the boundaries of the United States, and one of the most beautiful lakes in the universe.

Unlike other sections, where the season is limited, Florida can produce fish of some kind or another all the year round. Last season more than ten million pounds of fish, with an approximate value of $2,000,000, were caught in Florida.

Oysters, too, constitute another growing Florida industry. Oysters have been caught and eaten since the first landing of the white man on her shores, and there is material evidence that they constituted an important article of diet for the red man who preceded him.

The principal oyster beds in Florida are found at Fernandina, the mouth of the Indian River, Mosquito Inlet, Hillsboro Bay, Sarasota Bay, Charlotte Harbor, Cedar Keys, St. Mark's Bay, St. Andrew's Bay and Escambia Bay, most of the oysters being found in the Gulf, the salinity of the waters of the Atlantic not being so favorable to oyster growth.

Approximately a million bushels of oysters were taken in Florida last year, and the value of the industry was estimated at about $500,000.

STRAWBERRIES GROW TO PERFECTION ANYWHERE IN FLORIDA

Florida's oysters are either shipped in authorized carriers and tubs or in hermetically sealed cans. Some years ago, the larger portion of them was shipped in barrels, and it is said that no less than five hundred barrels a day were shipped from Apalachicola alone, during the height of the oyster season.

With the development of transportation facilities to the West and Southwest, it has been found more profitable, however, to ship the oysters in the open state. About three hundred thousand barrels were shipped in this manner from Florida last season.

Canned, or cove oysters, constitute by far the largest portion of Florida's output at the present time, more than six hundred thousand bushels being shipped annually in this way. The chief canneries are situated at Apalachicola, Cedar Keys, Tampa and Fernandina. Most of them are modern buildings, and all the oysters leave the state in perfect condition.

The cardinal necessity of the oyster industry of Florida today is state protection. Probably no state in the Union exercises so little discretion in this regard as Florida. Rhode Island, with only thirty miles of sea coast, derives more than $100,000 a year from her oyster industry, while Florida with her far greater range of coast, nothing. In the conservation of Florida's oyster beds, and in the securing of state protection for private grounds, such an one as one needs in Connecticut and Rhode Island, will lie entirely the salvation of Florida's oyster industry.

Midway between Cedar Keys and Tampa, securely sheltered by nature, from the raging storms without, lies in seclusion the romantic little town of Tarpon Springs, the centre of Florida's sponge industry.

The gathering of sponges has been carried on in Florida for over forty years, ever since, in fact, the native population first discovered that that denizen of the sea had a commercial value. It is only within the past fifteen years, however, that the industry has been of any considerable importance to the state, and only within the past six that it has attained anything like its present magnitude.

For many years the headquarters of the industry was at Key West, but during the Spanish-American War, the sponge fleet fled for safety to Tarpon Springs, and, finding it so admirably situated, decided to remain there permanently.

Within the past few years the sponge

JUST POSING FOR A PICTURE BEFORE CRATES ARE PACKED industry has been completely revolutionized, both in the manner of gathering the sponge and in the marketing of the crop. Up to five years ago, the old hook method of sponge gathering was employed exclusively.

The hook method, which by the way is still used in the Mediterranean industry, is as follows: The man who does the fishing is supplied with a bucket with a glass bottom and a long pole with a hook at the end. These poles vary in length from twenty to fifty feet according to the depth of the water to be fished. In the actual fishing for the sponges, the operator lies face downward, and looks through the glass bottom of the bucket, which magnifies the sponge sufficiently to permit its hooking only those of legal size, the law being very rigid on this point. This method is carried on in rowboats only, manned generally by a single hooker and a man to row.

Five years or so ago one of the big sponge operators conceived the idea of saving time and money by the employment of deep sea divers. To this end he brought out some experienced divers from Greece, and set them to work. The experiment was successful, so successful that in a few months the new had superseded the old method almost entirely. And the effect on the industry was marked, the output being almost doubled the first year. More than three hundred sail-boats and fifteen hundred Greeks are employed in the Florida sponge industry at the present time, and the annual value of the product is over $1,000,000. Most of the boats are fitted with gasoline engines. Some of the boats in the sponge fleet are exact replicas of the early Greek craft.

Besides the sponge beds on the gulf, which extend some three or four hundred miles along the coast, sponges can be found, more or less extensively, all through the

THIS REMARKABLE CATCH WAS MADE BY A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUNG LADY AT FORT MYERS

Florida Keys. In the Bay Biscayne the gathering of sponges is carried on quite extensively, but while sponges are of superior quality, the industry is a very small one compared with the West Coast.

There are some twenty-five sponge packing houses in Tarpon Springs, employing from six to ten men each. Here the sponges are clipped, sorted, classified and baled. The sponges are sold at auction twice a week, when buyers assemble from all parts of the world.

By far Florida's most important single industry lies in the development of her forest wealth. Her resources of yellow pine are larger than those of any other state, and every single one of her counties has a more or less extensive supply of this valuable wood. For many years a large portion of Florida was to all intent and purpose one huge pine forest, and it was not until a few years ago, when the great pine forests of Georgia that were considered, by even the most conservative lumber men, to have untold life, began to show material signs of diminution, that the lumber men in their endeavor to supply the ever-growing demand for yellow pine turned their attention to Florida.

While Florida's vast pine forests are doomed, the day of their ultimate destruction will, necessarily, be delayed for many years to come, for Florida has yet millions of acres of pine that have never felt the axe. It is estimated that there are over sixteen billion feet of pine lumber within a radius of a hundred miles of Apalachicola, and all along the shores of the Gulf can be found huge areas of pine timber, a great deal of which has never even been turpentined.

In Hillsboro County there is a single body of pine timber that is said to contain, at a most conservative estimate, more than three billion feet of lumber that never felt the effects of the woodsman's axe.

AN EXAMPLE OF INTENSIVE FARMING UNDER CANVAS

There are, at the present time, about two hundred and fifty saw mills in the pine region of Florida and the annual output is valued at $12,000,000. And there is every reason to believe that in the next few years this number will be very appreciably increased. A fair estimate of Florida's pine resources would be at least a hundred billion feet, but it would take a thousand saw-mills many, many years to cut anything like the available supply.

In cypress Florida is also rich. In only one body of cypress in Lee County, embracing over a hundred thousand acres, there is said to be over eight hundred million feet of lumber. This timber, owing to the fact that it is served by neither rail nor water transportation, has little intrinsic value at the present time but, when once opened up to commercial development, will be worth at least $4,000,000 in the stump. The cypress industry is still in its infancy, and it is only within the last few years that any material effort has been made to develop it. There are, however, some large cypress lumber plants, notably at Pensacola, Apalachicola, St. Augustine, Loughman and Tampa.

With a production that is more than equal to that of the remainder of the country, Florida's naval stores industry has an annual value of over $12,000,000 to those engaged in it. While this industry has reached the zenith of its possibilities, it is probable that it will be at least ten years before it begins to show any appreciable wane. A few years ago, it looked as though the whole industry was doomed, so wasteful were the methods of turpentining employed. The cup system of turpentining that has been introduced, however, has had a preserving effect on the whole industry, minimizing the damage to the tree and increasing both the yield and the quality of the product. It has lengthened the life of the tree which, under the old method of turpentining, was placed at four years. Government figures show that the use of a cup for four consecutive years would not only pay its cost, but would yield $1,875 per crop more than the antiquated box system, the crop being estimated at ten thousand boxes. There are over sixteen million cups in service at the present time, and their use is being gradually extended.

THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL, A $5,000,000 STRUCTURE, OWNED BY THE CITY OF TAMPA

Another great factor in the economic development of Florida will be the Panama Canal. Whatever the disposition of some people in the North and West toward this great public enterprise, no dissenting voice can be found in Florida, or, for that matter, in any of the Gulf States, And with good reason. By far the larger portion of goods exported from the United States to the western coast of South America and to the Orient at the present time are shipped by way of England or Germany, steel, for instance, being transferred for the most part from the iron fields of Alabama to Norfolk or some other Atlantic port, from there shipped to Europe, and again reshipped to its ultimate point of destination.

WINTERING IN THE LAKE REGION OF CENTRAL FLORIDA

The opening of the Panama Canal necessarily will change all this. No longer will the present method of things be continued, for with the extraordinary advantages enjoyed by vessels sailing from American ports, competition by those sailing from European ports will be out of the question.

And the building of the Panama Canal will not only give the South Atlantic and Gulf port a large proportion of the South American and Oriental trade, but it will place the United States, for the first time, in a position to compete successfully with its great European rival, Germany, for the ever-growing trade of South America; in fact, will beyond question give her a commercial monopoly in that region in all classes of merchandises in which freight rates are an important factor.

Florida, more than any other state, perhaps, is destined to share abundantly in the prosperity so sure to follow in the wake of the completion of this gigantic enterprise. Not only has she more harbors that may hope to derive direct benefit from it, but most of those harbors are in closer proximity to the Canal than those of any other state.

Some of these ports are Pensacola, St. Andrews Bay, St. Josephs Bay, Apalachicola Bay, Cedar Keys, Tampa and Port Tampa, Punta Gorda, Key West, Jacksonville and Fernandina. Chief of these in point of size is Pensacola—one of the finest harbors in the world.

Geographically and strategically Pensacola is the mistress of the Gulf. Her nineteen square miles of protected anchorage are less than eight nautical miles from the open sea. The entrance to her harbor can be negotiated with ease at any hour of the day and any day in the year by any experienced navigator, being over thirty-three feet deep at every point and at one point as deep as fifty-two, and by vessels that can make no other port on the Gulf. She is the nearest developed port of consequence to the Panama Canal, being only 1,344 miles from and directly north of Colon. She is the only harbor south of Hampton Roads in which the North Atlantic Squadron—which makes her its winter rendezvous—can maneuver in perfect safety; indeed, in a recent torpedo practice not a single torpedo missed fire, a record never before accomplished in a land-locked harbor in the United States. As the terminus of the short rail haul between the Gulf of Mexico, the steel and coal fields of Alabama, and the productive Middle West, she is the logical port of entry and export for a large portion of the trade and commerce that the completion of the Panama Canal necessarily will create. She is one of the only harbors in the country that is susceptible to indefinite extension.

A WINTER PICNIC AT TARPON SPRINGS

While proportionately little developed, Pensacola has yet a considerable present commerce. Her exports, which in the calendar year of 1909 reached the handsome total of $21,000,000, were larger than those of all other Florida ports combined.*

In point of value cotton represented over half the grand total of Pensacola's exports, lumber coming next with a value of five million odd dollars, and then naval stores with two. Other products exported were pig iron, copper, cotton seed meal, tobacco, phosphate, and steel rails. Pen-

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*This represents an increase of nearly 250 per cent in the last decade.

IN THE PINEY WOODS OF FLORIDA

A RAFT OF FLORIDA LOGS

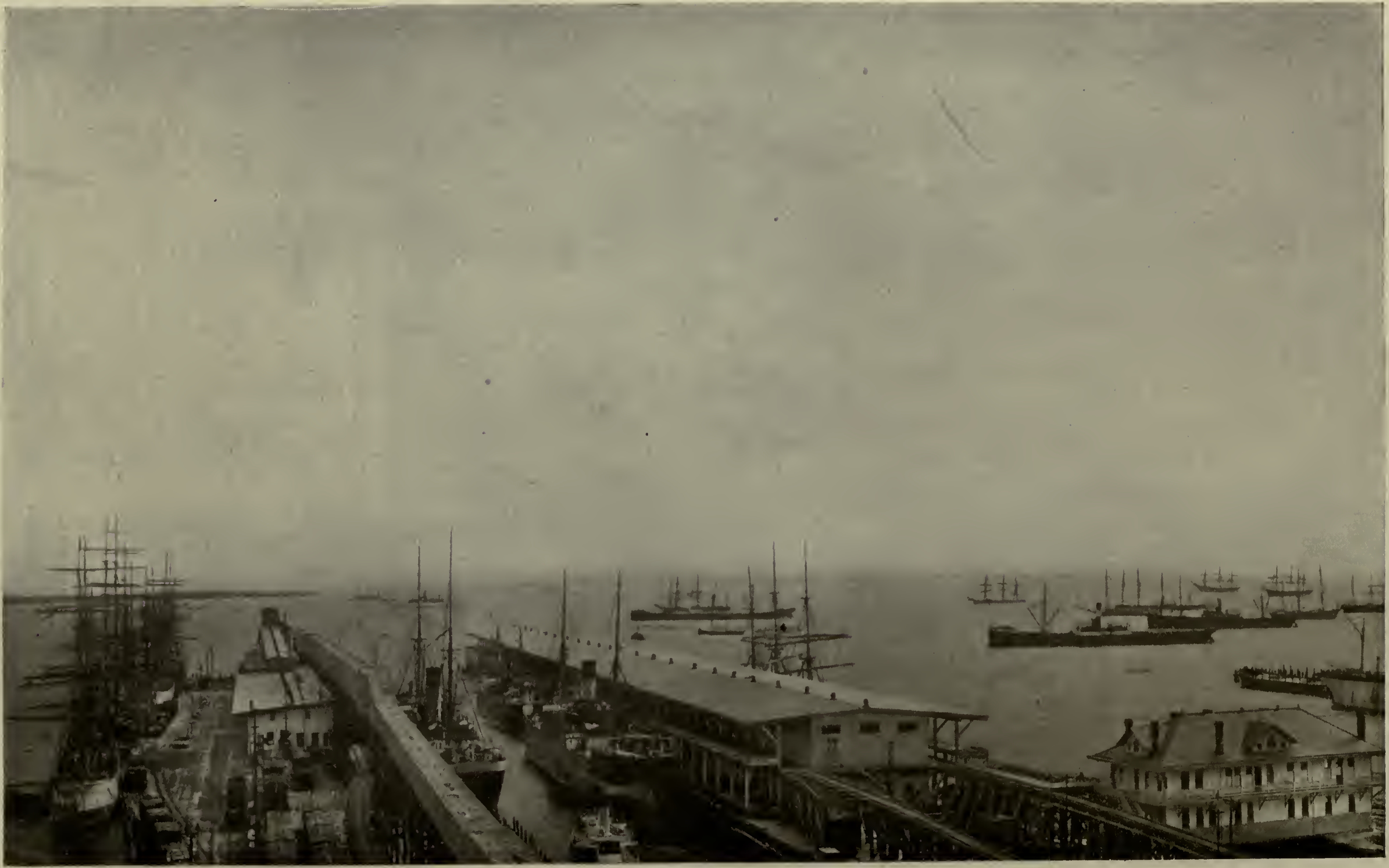
sacola is the largest exporting point for pitch pine in the world.

Pensacola's imports were valued at about a million and a half dollars, the most valuable single commodity being mahogany, in the importation of which Pensacola is now the second port in the United States. Other products imported were fertilizers, sulphate ore, nitrate of soda, copper ore and sisal grass.

Pensacola's harbor facilities are equal to those of any other Southern port, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad having expended between a million and a half and two million dollars in the improvement of its terminals at this point. Most of this money has been expended in the great trunk line's comprehensive system of modern docks, which in point of construction and convenience are the equal of any in the country and superior to those of any port south of Norfolk. The Louisville & Nashville has three main docks, known as the Tarragona and Commandancia Street and the Muscogee wharves. The first two of these are approximately two thousand feet in length, and the last one, used almost exclusively for coaling, about 2,640 feet, a thousand feet being in deep water. So excellent are the facilities for loading and discharging cargoes at these docks that as many as three large vessels can be accommodated on either side of each dock simultaneously, and so deep is the water that it is said that any vessel in the United States can heave anchor at any point along their entire length.

A CITY PARK IS A FEATURE IN EVERY FLORIDA TOWN

In the development of Pensacola's future maritime commerce—and for that matter the maritime commerce of the entire Gulf—nothing is so cardinally essential at the present time as a graven dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat. A graven dock for Pensacola has been talked of for many years, but still vessels needing repairs at any point in the Gulf continue to proceed to



MAGNIFICENT TERMINALS OF THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD, PENSACOLA
Showing general view of Pensacola Harbor. Battleships can be seen in distance

Norfolk. True, Charleston has a large dry dock, but it is about as much use to the Navy and to commerce as a fifth leg to a horse. The strategic importance of a graven dock at Pensacola was realized as far back as 1859, when it was advocated by the Navy Department as a fundamental adjunct to the national defense, and plans for its construction were prepared. The Civil War interfered with its building, however, and those plans still lie neglected in the department's files.

The Pensacola Navy Yard, too, needs to be developed to the position its strategic importance demands. At present it is anything but a first-class navy yard. This is due in no way to the management, however, but entirely to the Government that has refused to expend the money necessary to its development. Since the war the South never has had a fair share of the annual appropriations for the National defence. It is a known fact that the sinking of the Maine had to be condoned for nearly four months because there was not a single round of ammunition for any gun mounted south of Newport News.

Five years from now the Panama Canal will be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and the American Government should see that—as a practical means for its defence—the Pensacola Naval yard be brought up to standard.

Such a navy yard would mean much to Pensacola, which necessarily would derive a large measure of prosperity from the eighteen million odd dollars that would be expended annually in wages to those employed there.

A HEAD OF FLORIDA CELERY

Along the Gulf of Mexico there are a number of other fine land-locked harbors that are being commercially developed. The largest of these is St. Joe, next to Pensacola the finest natural harbor on the Gulf.

A veil of romance and fiction clings to old St. Joe, not the usual veil of sentiment and tradition that is the common heritage of almost every Southern town, but one that reflects peculiarly the pristine greatness and progressiveness of the antebellum South.

THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE

ANASTASIA LIGHTHOUSE, ST. AUGUSTINE

Old St. Joe bears the unique distinction of being the first town in the United States, if not in the world, that owed its existence to a railroad. This railroad, the second in the United States, was constructed in 1836, running from the Harbor of St. Joe to a point on the Apalachicola River, some twenty miles away; this waterway being at that time the great natural highway on which practically all the cotton grown in Eastern Alabama and Western Georgia was floated to the sea.

Another unique thing about St. Joe was that it was a private enterprise operated by a land company.

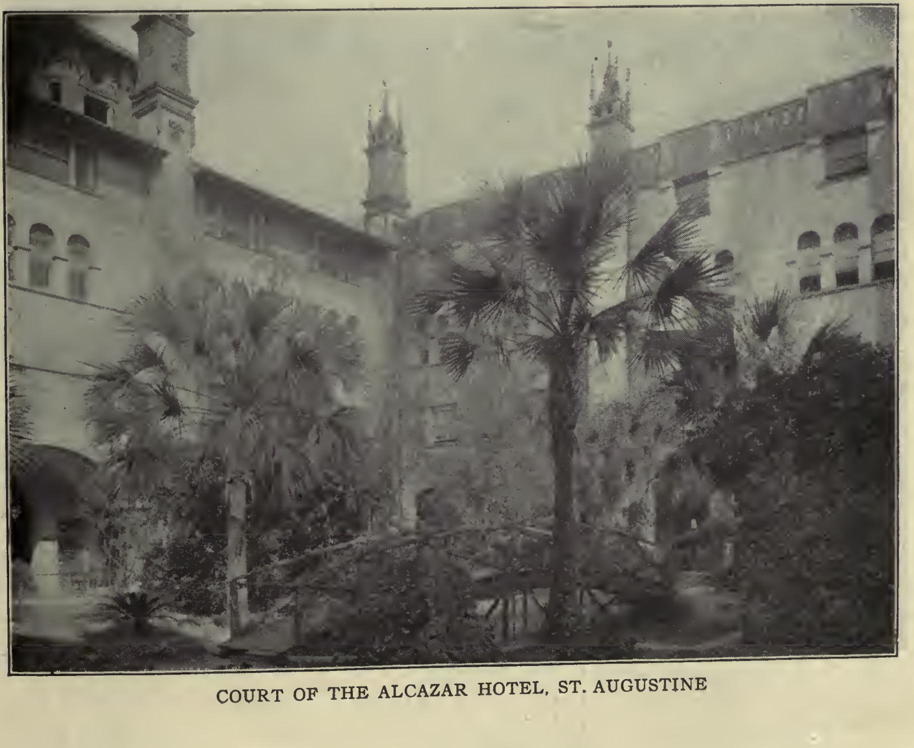
In its most prosperous days St. Joe boasted of a bank, a weekly newspaper, stores, churches, residences and schools, and is said to have had at one time in its career over five thousand people.

An idea of its importance may be gained from the fact that the first Florida constitution was framed within its gates.

St. Joe's prosperity was short-lived. Railroads were then only experiments, and like practically all other early railroads it did not prove the financial success that its promoters had hoped, and its one source of development gone, the town entered on a prolonged period of retrogression. The bank failed; so did most of the stores, and many of its chief citizens moved away, some of them taking their houses with them. It is said indeed that there are no less than

WATER VIEW AT BEAUTIFUL MIAMI

THE SAN CARLOS HOTEL, PENSACOLA
Built by popular subscription, and one of the finest modern fireproof hotels in the South



COURT OF THE ALCAZAR HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE

"And for fifty years no living soul claimed allegiance to old St. Joe * * * * and even its magnificent harbor became merely a convenient haven from the storm without"

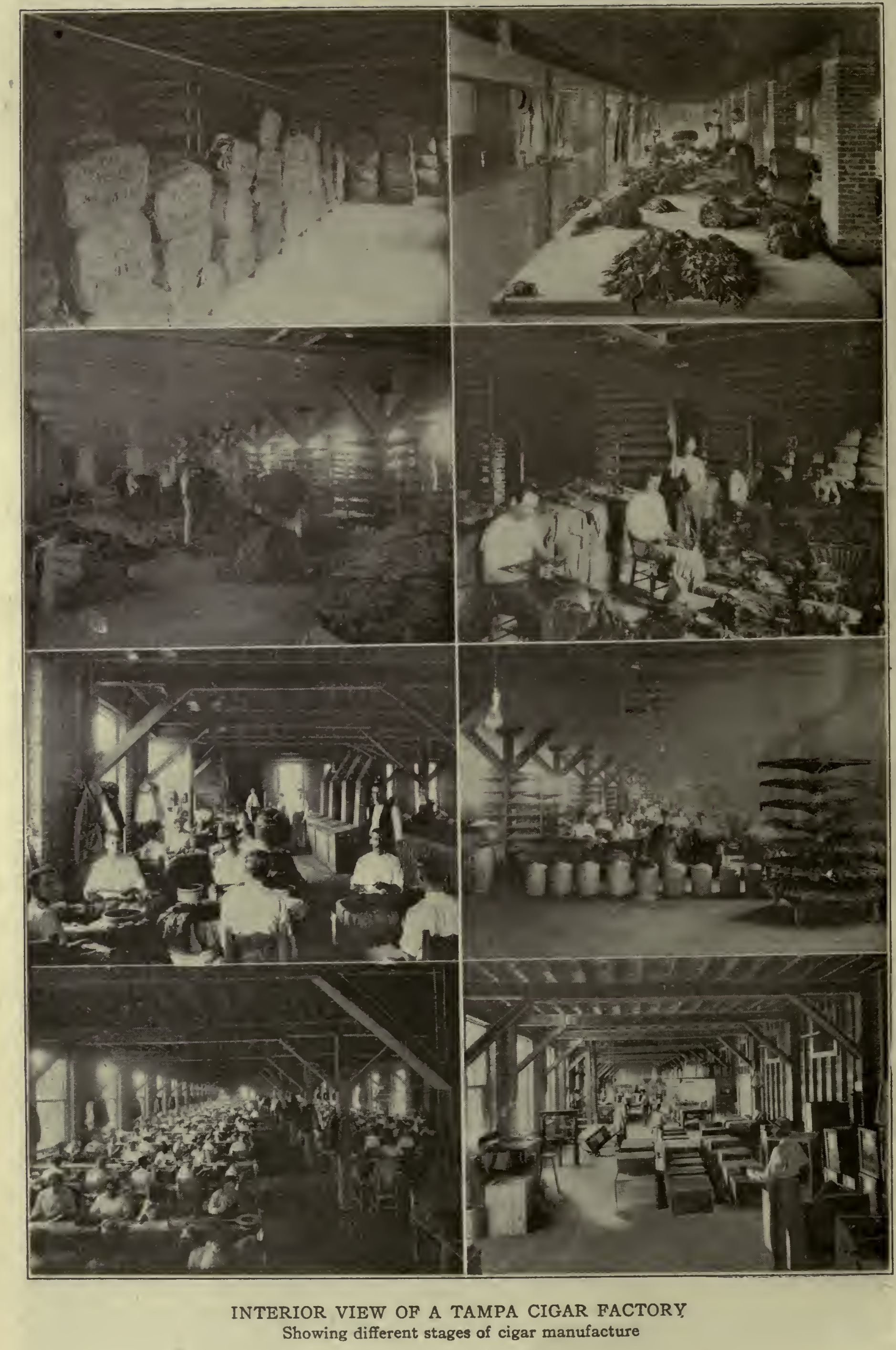
ON THE BEAUTIFUL NEW RIVER NEAR FORT LAUDERDALE

twenty-five residences in Apalachicola today that once graced the streets of old St. Joe.

Soon the exodus became general, and from an important seaport town St. Joe became a little fishing village, which too, was destroyed in the struggle between the States, and for nearly fifty years no living soul claimed allegiance to old St. Joe.

But St. Joe is destined to rise, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes. A new railroad has been extended to its gates and its magnificent harbor, for so long only

CITY PARK, LAKELAND



INTERIOR VIEW OF A TAMPA CIGAR FACTORY
Showing different stages of cigar manufacture

a convenient haven from the storm without is to be brought into touch once more with the commerce of the nation.

A MAGNIFICENT DRIVEWAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF JACKSONVILLE

And there are many reasons why the new St. Joe will not share the fate of its predecessor. It will not have to depend, as did the old town, upon one commodity alone for its commercial upbuilding. The Apalachicola Northern Railroad, of which it is the terminus, penetrates in its course from St. Joe to River Junction, one of the finest bodies of pine timber to be found in the South, which alone will afford St. Joe no inconsiderable commerce for many years to come. Only opened up to development recently, there are now twenty-one saw mills in the territory, with a present daily output of approximately a million and a quarter feet. And other large mills are building or contemplated.

With a rail haul of only twenty miles from the mouth of the Apalachicola River system, Port St. Joe is the logical outlet for the huge commerce that must be necessarily one day carried down this, the third most important system of inland waterways in the United States.

St. Andrew's Bay is another fine harbor on the Gulf that seems to have a considerable commercial future. This harbor is to be connected by water with the Apalachicola River, the government having already appropriated money to that end. This road is the terminus of the Atlanta and St. Andrew's Bay Railroad, and is to have another system shortly.

Apalachicola, one of Florida's oldest towns, has long been a port of considerable size, deriving her chief tonnage from the Chattahoochee and other rivers which converge with the Apalachicola at the Florida line. This town has only had railroad connection for three or four years, and has consequently been very much retarded.

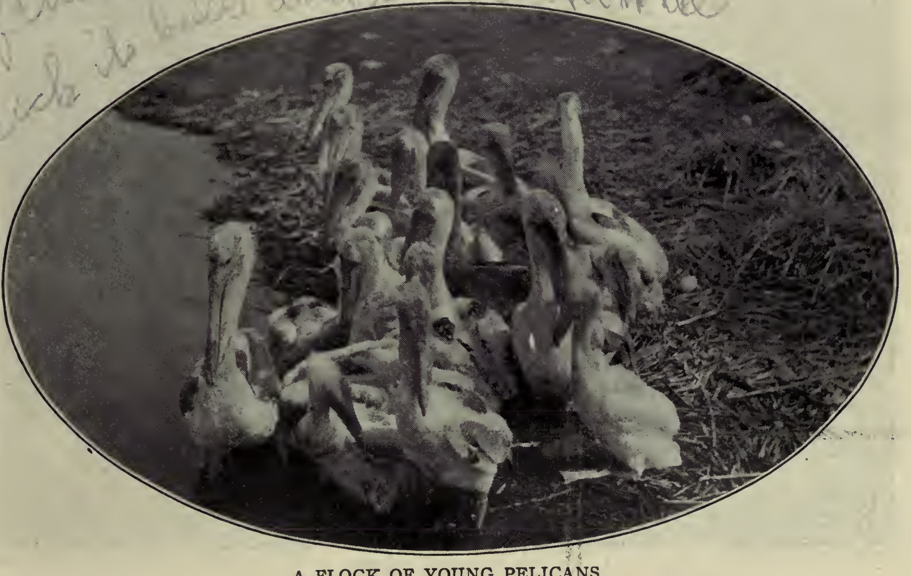
Tampa and Port Tampa are both growing annually in importance. The con-

LOOKING UP FORSYTHE STREET, JACKSONVILLE, COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF FLORIDA

FINE GOLF LINKS ARE TO BE FOUND IN MANY SECTIONS OF FLORIDA

summation of the vast improvements contemplated for Tampa by the Federal Government and the recognized strategic nearness of Tampa to the Canal guarantee this growing city a great maritime future. Tampa is the ninth port of entry of the United States from a customs receipts viewpoint, and has an annual tonnage valued at approximately twenty-five million dollars. As a manufacturing center this city also occupies a very important position. She is the largest center for the manufacture of fine Havana cigars in the world, more than twenty thousand people being employed, and some twelve million dollars being ex-

If this book should [illegible] to roam
kick it back and send it home



A FLOCK OF YOUNG PELICANS

HEALTHY COWS HELP TO NURTURE THE RISING GENERATION pended in wages to expert cigarmakers alone.

Port Tampa at the present time derives practically all her tonnage from the phosphate industry, being the largest export point for this mineral. She has splendid harbor facilities, and there is every reason to believe that she will become an important shipping point for all classes of merchandise in the next few years.

CORN GROWN NEAR TAFT

Key West, known as the Island City, has also a future of great promise, although it has had no railroad communication, and being in a sense cut off almost entirely from the outside world, this city has attained a population of nearly thirty thousand. How it will grow, with the completion of Mr. Flagler's wonderful feat, the over-sea railroad from Knight's Key, can be only predicted. Certain it is that Key West will handle by far the greater portion of the Cuban trade. Cuba is only now beginning to experience an inconsiderable development. Her wonderful resources, however, are gradually turning capital and immigration toward her shores, and before very long she will be enjoying a huge reciprocal trade with this country. Key West also manufactures a large number of cigars.

Jacksonville, the metropolis of Florida, and the only Atlantic port of commercial consequence in the state, is growing at a really marvelous rate. At the present time, with an annual tonnage of over a hundred million, she is by far the greatest port of Florida from a trade standpoint. And her growth is bound to be a sustained one. As the gateway to Florida, she must necessarily share in the development of every portion of the main peninsula, for it is almost impossible for traffic of any kind to enter the state without passing through her gates.

As a shipping port, Jacksonville is also

PEPPER GROWING NEAR ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

FIVE-YEAR OLD FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT TREE, TAKEN IN THE PINELLAS PENINSULA being steadily developed. Congress has spent millions of dollars in developing her harbor facilities and in a short while, with thirty-three feet at the bar, she will be able to accommodate the largest ships.

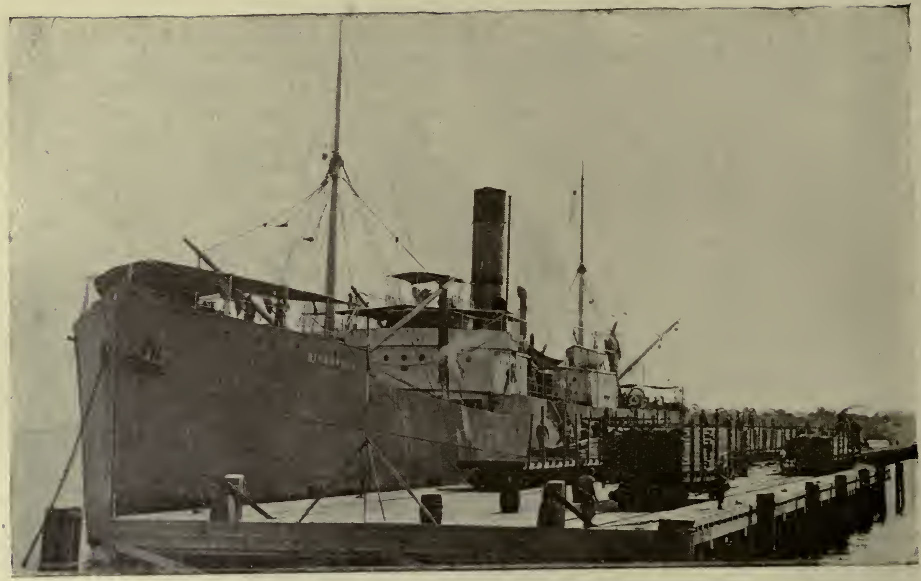
The growth of Jacksonville since the great fifteen million dollar fire of 1901, which wiped out the entire business area of the city, has been the barometer by which the whole nation has judged the progress of Florida.

ROYAL PALMS HOTEL, FORT MYERS

Florida as a winter resort needs no introduction. In the last ten years more tourists have turned toward Florida in the winter time than have ever turned toward any other state. Twenty years ago, Florida, to the tourist, was practically an unknown quantity; today it has become the recognized Mecca of anyone who can afford to absent himself for any length of time from the rigors of Northern and Western climates. Last year more than a hundred thousand people sought rest and recuperation in the sunshine of the Peninsula State. The palatial hotels of the fashionable watering places along the East Coast, the exclusive hotels in other sections receive abundant patronage from the wealthy classes, but a very large proportion of the tourists this year were men and women of moderate means who patronized the smaller hotels and boarding-houses. These tourists went by rail and water, the Clyde Line alone carrying over 35,000 people to Jacksonville and Tampa.

St. Petersburg, which has become the largest tourist point in Florida, had a steady winter tourist population of more than fifteen thousand, while such other places as Pas à Grille, Tarpon Springs, Fort Myers, Tampa, Pensacola, Orlando, Lakeland and Miami also had their share.

As a winter resort Florida stands unchallenged. Its climate is unsurpassed by even the famous Island of Madeira, the sun shining practically every day, and severe cold weather being unknown. Warm days there are, of course, but those



FIRST MODERN STEAMER LANDING AT PORT ST. JOE

days, tempered by cooling breezes from ocean and gulf, are seldom, if ever, oppressive.

The opportunities for winter recreation are greater in Florida than elsewhere. Florida's fishing grounds, both fresh and salt water, are equal to any to be found in the world. Her many good roads, constantly being extended, offer excellent opportunity for automobiling and driving, while her numerous springs offer health and life to those in search of rest and recuperation. As a winter tourist resort Florida is in a class by herself.

FIELD OF SOUP BEANS—A PROLIFIC AND PROFITABLE CROP FOR FLORIDA FARMERS

CONSERVATION—A MINNESOTA SLOGAN

By LEROY BOUGHNER

TO use, instead of hoarding or spending—that is the conservation of Minnesota, as it must be of the nation.

Promulgated in Washington, and first given clarity of outline at the Congress of Governors, the conservation idea was seized upon at once by Minnesota and made her own. Her governor, Adolph O. Eberhart, returned from that congress, and immediately summoned to him the public men of the state—not officials alone, but all who made the state's progress their business.

The conservation idea was carefully considered, with the view of giving it concrete form and introducing it to all the people at the earliest moment. These men added a word to the slogan, and made it "Conservation and Development"; convoked a congress of four thousand leaders of the state, and drove home, by word of mouth and pen, the idea they had appropriated.

From Minnesota the conservation idea has been given back to the nation, enlarged and enriched. In Minnesota it has penetrated every avenue of endeavor, and conservation of the home, of the farm, of the child, are as familiar as conservation of the water, of the land, of the forests are elsewhere. "Everything is for our use; let us use it," is the expression conservation personified would use—and that expression is being carried to the uttermost ends of the country.

The conservation of Minnesota does not consist in holding the lands and the forests and the streams sacred and inviolate, lest they be destroyed. It consists in releasing them to the development that will make them useful, guarding just as jealously against waste as against non-use. The honest homesteader, the upright lumberman, the corporation of integrity is welcome in Minnesota; nay, Minnesota seeks; "Conservation is essential to, but it need not start from the wild lands and forests and streams," is one of the axioms of Minnesota's idea. To conserve the lands now under cultivation, retain the woods near the farms now being tilled, and keep the lakes and streams in their ancient condition, is an essential part of it. "Help us to teach the farmers to produce twice as much per acre, and keep the children at home," was Governor Eberhart's Macedonian cry to the advertising men at Omaha, and in Minnesota every public-spirited citizen has rallied to that cry. Half a hundred experimental farms, to mention but one instance, have been planted throughout the state this year, to show the farmers that their corn production can be doubled—and they are being shown. The doubtful experiment of taking the children from the farms to teach them farming is being supplemented by sending the farm school into the midst of the farmers. Swamps are being drained, woods along railroad tracks guarded against sparks, little lakes dredged, and streams straightened—all to improve the lot of the man already upon the land.

This is half the conservation idea in Minnesota, and the other half—to develop and use the wild resources of the state—is receiving exactly the same attention. An immigration bureau, that will have a hundred thousand dollars to spend next year, is one of the marks of this attention. Small conservation congresses, held at intervals of a month or so throughout the state, are other marks. And the great Conservation Congress, held in the Twin Citys in September, is the culminating tribute of the nation to the soundness of Minnesota's idea. The President, the ex-President, the Governor, and other governors, the great Archbishop, and other prelates, the President of the University, and other educators, and men and women from all parts of the country and in all walks of life, gathered to assist out of their wisdom a great nation to use instead of wasting, is indeed a mighty tribute to this state's idea.

Succeeding to the governorship upon the death of John A. Johnson, Eberhart's chance came within a month. The Congress of Governors gave all who attended the opportunity, but Eberhart, of all the governors, alone seized it. Young and energetic, he typifies the state he represents, and more than all, he typifies the idea he has recreated—the Minnesota Idea—Conservation and Development.

THEIR LAST VICTORY

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER, M.D.

At midnight out on Malvern Hills,
Where the Southern stars look down
A calm, grand, lonely glory fills
The heart's blood-hallow'd ground.

How silent there that slumbering band—
So peacefully still they sleep;
The flowers above them understand,
And the winds blow soft and sweet.

More happy now than we ever deemed—
Far lovelier and more fair—
From death to waken as from a dream
In God's Morning, over There!

Where once welled carnage, crimson grume,
'Mid battle's grime and stains,
The Olive branch and Lily bloom,
And Peace Eternal reigns!

At midnight out on Malvern Hills,
Through dark they wait the Dawn;
While Calvary's Cry of Triumph thrills
Life's Resurrection Song!

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

(Continued from October number)

I WAS perfectly conscious by this time, but very anxious to learn what had become of Ward, since I judged by their conversation they had succeeded in capturing him. I turned over the events of the last few hours in my mind. Of course, that letter from Ward was a forgery, and while I was reading it they managed to overpower me with some drug. But how did they get me away from the hotel? It was a curious thing that the reception room was empty; at almost any time one would usually find people there, and, and, what was that girl with the violet eyes doing there in company with those cads? Lady DeArcey! Lady Brown, Lady Jones—what's in a name? Where was Allison? Where was Dangerfield? These men were strangers to me—some of the gang, though,—I knew that. But where, where was Ward?

"Now you iss vaked up; can you valk?" inquired the man addressed as Leon.

"I could walk better if you took these things off my legs," I answered, still simulating drowsiness, as I made a careful survey of my custodians. There were three of them. The fellow who spoke with the German accent was a short, powerfully-built man. He was the one they called Leon. The other two were evidently English or American—tall and muscular.

"Vell, iss you pleased?" sarcastically enquired Leon, who had been following my inspection with some interest. "You like us? Ve iss fine men—very fine, eh, vot?"

"Where is Mr. Allison?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

The eyes of the German twinkled with grim humor. "Dare iss no names must be spoke; ve are all nemoes here, eh, vot? Number von 'vill like to see you now; he vaits for you."

"Say, boss," one of the other men spoke up, and his speech left no doubt of his nationality, "names don't go here, see. You've got a trip before you, so you better get up and pack your grip; you'll find your mate waiting for you."

"And take my tip," advised the third man, "and make no trouble what—"

"Ach, be quiteness; I vill attend to dis gentleman," interposed the German. "Follow me, most kindly."

I struggled to my feet and began to shuffle after him as well as my fetters would permit. My head swam with dizziness, and I reeled. One of the fellows slipped his arm into mine and assisted me toward the door. A light was burning in the room. I supposed it to be still night, for certainly I could not have been under the influence of the drug very long—an hour or so at the most.

We passed out of the apartment and along a dim corridor. Leon led the way, and a guard attended me on either side. We stopped at a door fifteen feet along, and the German knocked.

"Entrez vous!" cried a shrill voice.

The door was flung wide, and we entered a brilliantly-lighted apartment. I saw Allison at once. He came toward me with the same bland smile on his face. "Mr. Brice," he greeted cordially, as he extended his hand. I ignored it, but the smile never left his features.

"Oh, I trust there is no ill feeling," he purred, as he waved his hand to dismiss the guard, "believe me, what has occurred has been most necessary—you can remain, Leon"—this to the German, who seated himself heavily on a chair, and drawing from his pocket an immense pipe, proceeded to leisurely fill it. There were three or four other men in the room, and I felt myself the focus of all eyes. So far I had not opened my mouth. There was nothing to be gained by speaking; it was for them to lead.

"Pray be seated," politely suggested Allison, pushing forward a chair. "I regret that we deem it necessary for you to wear these little ornaments for the present, but I trust they may soon be removed."

I sat down. Truth to tell, I was glad to. I felt weak and still dizzy.

"Monsieur," said the man whose shrill voice had invited us to enter, "we have a business proposition to place before you, and it will admit of no delay."

The speaker was evidently the man of authority, for I noted that all listened attentively as he spoke; even Allison's smiling face became serious.

"I will be as direct as possible," proceeded the speaker, and the cruel lines around his mouth deepened, as his thin lips formed the words. "You are, I believe, aware of certain plans formed by us, and this knowledge makes it necessary that we should hold you. Your companion, Hugh Ward-Willet, is also in custody for the same reason. I tell you frankly, it would have been easier for us to have got rid of you both by other means than capturing you, but certain events, recently happened, have so altered matters that it would now seem you may possibly be of use to us—both you and your companion. We therefore hold you both."

"Where is my friend—where is Mr. Willet?" I demanded.

"At present that does not concern you. You are, I am sure, man of the world enough to observe that we hold the whip hand at present." He paused a moment, then added: "You are in our power."

He spoke the sentence slowly, deliberately, with a world of meaning behind the words. In spite of an effort, I almost shuddered. He had the most cruel-looking face I have ever seen on mortal man. I pulled myself together. "Go on," I said.

"You were at one time in the navy of the United States. Less than two years ago you were a lieutenant in that service. Your specialty was ordinance, and for one so young you were accounted unusually proficient. I find that as gun-lieutenant of the after pair of twelve-inch pieces on the 'President Grant,' you are accredited with eleven hits out of twelve at a range of seven thousand yards, when your vessel was moving at a rate of twelve knots per hour. You also were in charge of the mounting of these heavy guns at the time of the outfitting of your vessel." He again paused a moment, and then added: "You are a man we can use, and we shall use you."

I admit I was staggered. The man had my record down as pat as the Department at Washington. "Go on," I said again.

"Be silent, sir," he commanded. "I will resume when I think proper."

I was fast losing my temper. The man's overbearing manner and speech did not suit my hot Virginian temperament. I was feeling considerably better, too, by this time. The effects of the drug had completely left me, and if it had not been for those confounded leg-irons, I believe I would have waded in there and then and rough-housed it. I steadied myself with an effort, and said firmly, but politely: "Then kindly cut your speech as short as possible. Say what you have to; make your proposition, and you'll get my answer."

For the first time, something like a smile played about his thin lips. He crowded it out instantly, as he arose and remarked in a bored manner: "There is no proposition; you will be removed to the place we have decided for you—Number one, see that the prisoner is conveyed to A. I. immediately."

He waved his hand to show I was dismissed. Allison arose and stood waiting at my side, while the German started toward the door.

"You will be so good as to follow me," invited Allison.

I was laboring under a considerable strain to prevent myself from breaking out, but I realized the futility of any resistance, so without a word, I arose and following Allison, shuffled out of the room.

"If you do as you are told and make

no resistance, no harm will come to you," the man muttered in an undertone, as we again entered the room I had so lately quit.

"You are a nice fellow," I growled. "I believe I have you to thank for this outrage."

"My dear sir," he remonstrated, "you have merely joined the society of the Lion and Eagle; you will recollect I mentioned it to you in the Park that evening."

"Where is Mr. Willet?" I asked, determined if possible to find out what had become of him.

"I regret that I am unable to say at present, but rest assured you and he will meet soon, and now I must prepare you for this little journey—Leon, send in seven and eight!"

CHAPTER VII

AN ENFORCED TRIP

"You will submit to be blindfolded," suggested Allison—number one, as he was known amongst the men with whom I now found myself.

"Go ahead," I muttered, "the cards seem in your hand at present."

Next moment a bandage was drawn across my eyes. There was a few moments' delay; then someone said: "Tres bien," and I heard Allison saying: "This way, my dear sir." My hands were locked behind my back, and with someone on either side, I was urged away.

I counted my steps—eighteen along, and when a voice advised: "Step down," and I commenced descending some stairs. I counted eight. Then came a landing, I suppose a turn, and then eleven more steps. Seven paces on the level and I heard a door being softly opened.

"We shall spare you the trouble of walking any longer," softly whispered Allison, and as he spoke someone thrust a gag into my mouth, then I was lifted up and borne swiftly and silently along for a full minute, then deposited gently on some soft cushions. I heard a crank being turned, and then the "chunk, chunk," of a motor, and I was speeding through the night. It *was* still night, for I distinctly caught a flash of light here and there—probably from some street lamp—as we sped past. You may readily believe that my ears were keenly alert to catch the slightest information that would be of use to me. Not a word, however, was spoken. I judged there to be three people besides myself in the motor. Allison was there, I was sure, and I fancied I detected the movement of two others climbing in before we started. It was a closed touring car, I presumed, since I felt little or no wind, although I knew by the motion that we were speeding at a good rate.

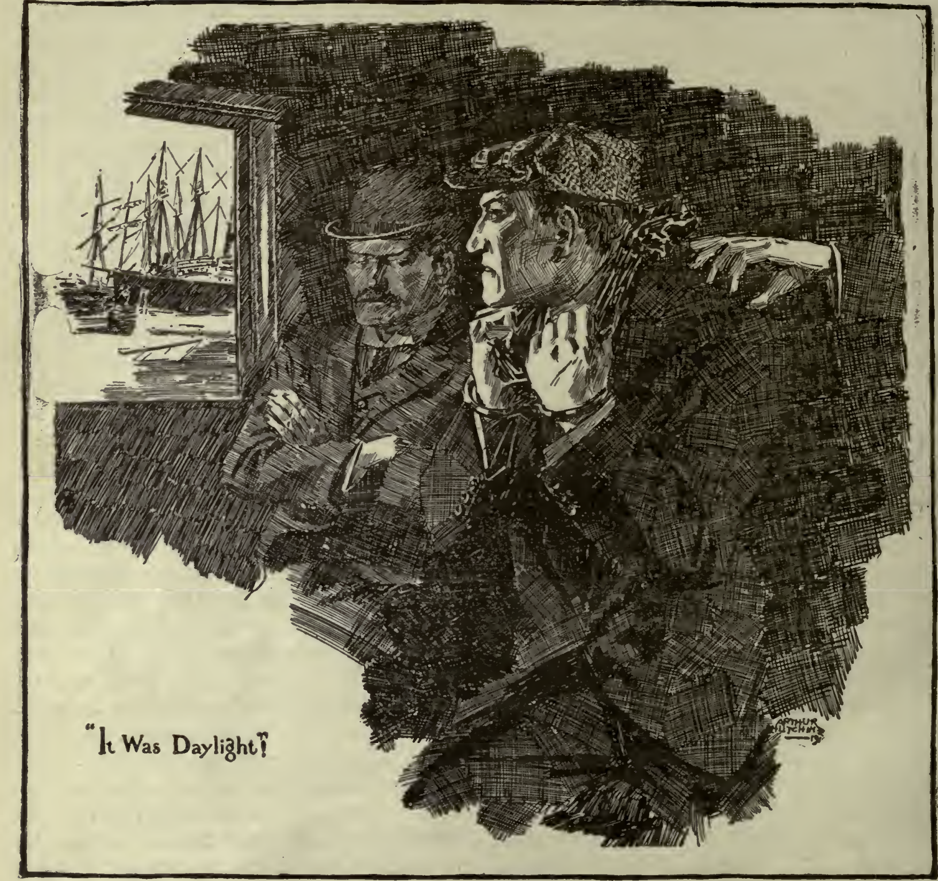
Very shortly after starting the gag was removed, and then my hands were unfastened, but immediately secured again in front. I was thankful, however, for this, for my position had become most uncomfortable.

Knowing well that I should gain nothing by speech, I refrained from asking questions. None of my companions spoke, and only the noise of the motor broke the silence. We were in the country now; I was tolerably certain of that by the motion of the tonneau. Once I was sure we passed through some town or city, for the street lights again shone in under the bandage that blinded my eyes.

An hour passed; two; and then again I knew we were on macadamized streets. I knew, too, the name of the city; I could have sworn to it. The salt breeze of the ocean was wafted in through the window. My companions were speaking now, but always in German, and I, alas, am unable to understand that tongue.

It occurred to me at this time that it would be a good idea to see for certain where I was. I knew that in a few more minutes I should be on the water—best make certain of my starting point.

I suddenly raised my fettered wrists and tore away the bandage from my eyes. My prolonged apparent acceptance of my fate had lulled my escort into a false sleep of security, and for a full ten seconds I had an uninterrupted view out through the window. Then, with a snarl of anger, a man on either side of me hurled themselves upon me and forced back the cloth, but that ten seconds had told me my conclusions were correct. I had caught a vision of a forest of masts; of huge smoke stacks, a waterfront with men hurrying along it—and IT WAS DAYLIGHT!



"It Was Daylight"

That was the real surprise I received. The rest I had almost known. We were at Gravesend!

"My young rooster, if you play tricks like that again it may go hard with you," threatened a voice at my side, and I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my forehead.

"Best fasten his hands behind him again," advised a second voice, and then I heard Allison's soft, purring tones from the seat in front: "Mr. Brice, I am really surprised. After our handsome treatment of you, you reward us in this uncalled for manner; now it will be necessary to again make things uncomfortable for you."

"Oh, go to the devil!" I snarled. Somehow the fellow's urbane voice annoyed me more than all the rough treatment I had received.

"Most unparliamentary," he murmured.

"Rather guess there'll be a little taming done here," drawled the voice on my left. This seemed to be a cosmopolitan crew with which I was flung: "Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn, Yank, Dane, and Portugee."

I was turning over in my mind how these fellows would get me aboard. It was daylight; there would be plenty of people abroad, and they must remove me without seeming resistance from the motor to the craft. How were they going to do it?

I was not left long in doubt. There was a whispered conference between my guard, and then came Allison's polite tones again:

"Now, Mr. Brice, we shall again save you the trouble of walking," and then I found myself being secured to some sort of an upright—a litter or plank—I was unable to determine which. A cloth was flung over me, and then in a few moments the car came to a halt. I was aware of my escort alighting—probably taking a look around to see that the coast was clear. Evidently it did not suit them yet, for there was another short delay, and then someone announced: "All right."

I was hoisted up quickly and carried out from the conveyance.

But a few steps, and I knew I was going over the gangplank. I was aboard! My last chance seemed gone! I was kidnapped! Down the companionway I was hurried, and I was below decks. I knew it all; I felt every short stage of the rush, although I could neither see nor speak. When it comes to the sea, the men who go down to it, and the craft that sail it, I am in my element.

I was in a stateroom aft on the main deck. I knew that by the turn I felt them making and the number of steps they carried me down. Oh, for one moment's freedom during that short rush. Every muscle, every nerve in me was timed and ready, but I could not move a limb. If I could only have wrenched that confounded gag from my mouth, if I wouldn't have made the vicinity ring with a shout that would have raised old Davy Jones.

They were getting up steam; we were on the eve of casting off. I could hear the orders from the deck, the trampling of feet, the coiling of rope and tackle. The gangway was run in; the screws commenced to revolve—triple screws. They used the centre one first—her engines were reciprocating. Then as we cleared and gathered headway the port and starboard propeller commenced to run with the smooth, even action of the turbine. They were losing no time. She was, as I thought, built for speed. Even in the predicament in which I was placed, I discovered myself taking a keen interest in the boat. They must have a fine artificer force in the engine room; everything was running with the smoothness of a well-broken in engine-room force; this was not their trial trip by a long way. How smartly she answered her helm. I almost longed to get on the bridge and see her show her heels. She was long—aye, she was beamy, too—I could swear to that. She smelt of Scotch yards to me. I was left to myself now; not a soul was in the stateroom, or if they were, they made no sign. Then I turned savagely on myself. What was I speculating and surmising about this flyer for? I would soon see her. Better make up my mind as to my line of action. Where was Ward? Aboard, undoubtedly. How had they trapped him? Ward, so crafty and cunning himself, how had they lured him into their clutches? There must be some smart men in this society of the "Lion and Eagle." Yes, I could understand why they wanted me, but Ward, what did they want with him? Had they got him? I had only their word for it. Perhaps they were lying. Yet, why should they lie? No, they either had him, or he was dead. He knew too much to be out of their clutches. Of course, he would come in useful if their scheme went well. He was a lawyer—yes, they had reminded me of that. Yes, they had him; I knew why they wanted him now. They intended to—

My thoughts were suddenly disturbed by hearing the door of the stateroom opened. I heard a rustle of skirts; a very faint perfume was wafted toward me, and then a woman's voice—a soft, musical voice—a voice I had heard before—a voice I knew said authoritatively:

"There is certainly no reason for keeping him in this uncomfortable position any longer. Unbind him and take out that gag."

"It was orders, Madamaselle," objected a man's gruff tones.

"Eighteen, do as I say," peremptorily ordered the soft voice. "In the absence of Number Two, you will take my commands."

"Oui, Madamaselle."

A key was fitted to my fetters; they were removed, and I stretched myself. I did not wait for them to take off the bandage and gag, but snatched them away with a single movement. Then I sprang up, and stood looking into the face of my lady with the violet eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

MY LADY OF THE VIOLET EYES

She was garbed in white yachting suit and cap, and seemed to be rather enjoying my very evident astonishment. For a full fifteen seconds we two stood facing each other, and neither spoke a word. She remained with her back to the open door, and I eyed her from the end of the couch from which I had sprang. In the corridor outside I could hear hurrying feet.

She spoke first. I was determined she should. With the prettiest of smiles—a smile that showed the even whiteness of her teeth—she held out her ungloved hand, in unassumed frankness.

"Mr. Brice," she greeted, just as if she had met me in the Strand. "We appear fated to cross one another; this is the third time this week, isn't it?"

"I can assure you, madam," I retorted, "that the crossing is none of my seeking. The first time, when I was so unfortunate as to stumble against you, I believed you to be a lady; since then I have been undeceived. You will pardon my rudeness, but you can scarcely expect me to be polite after the treatment I have received, and I am forced to believe after seeing you twice in the company of these villains, that you are a party to their schemes, though what a woman should want to mix up with these skunks for is more than I can tell." I was hot, and I sent in hot shot. Apparently my outburst neither angered nor annoyed her, nor did she shrink from it. She stood watching me, the smile still lingering about her features, one elegantly-shod foot tapping the carpet, waiting for me to finish. When I stopped, she said:

"Now really, Mr. Brice, I think that is not a bit nice of you, when you consider that but for my interference you would still be lying there in that uncomfortable position; but then, man is ever ungrateful, isn't he?"

"Really, madam, I am in no mood for pleasantry. Yet I will thank you for prevailing upon the powers that be to release me, and for one thing more will I yet be thankful to you—that is if you will inform me where my friend Mr. Willet is—is he aboard?"

"He is, sir; you shall very shortly see and speak with him."

"Thank you."

"That is the first civil word you have spoken to me."

"It may very easily be the last, madam. There is no use beating about the bush; you and I are on opposite sides; your people apparently intend to give no quarter, and neither Mr. Willet nor I are men to ask it."

"You are terribly tragic, are you not, Mr. Brice? My father and I were both looking forward with pleasure to this little trip, and I was hoping you would be sensible, and enjoy yourself with us."

"Your father! Pray who is your father—Mr. Allison?"

She laughed gaily. "Oh, dear, no. Have you forgotten my name already? I am Lady DeArcey, and my father is the Count of that name. You have met him, and the name is still remembered in our own country, even though France has forgotten her duty."

"In God's name, madam, who is your father, then—the tall, thin man before whom I was brought, and who condemned me to this trip?"

"Yes, my father is tall and thin; he has even been called distinguished-looking. In the society in which you now find yourself he is known as 'The Chief'; Mr. Allison is his second in command; he is known as Number One. We are terribly mysterious here, you see."

"I surmise there is need for both mystery and deception, madam."

"Mr. Brice, we are fighting a powerful enemy, and must use the best weapons we possess."

"You appear to have grabbed up a fine collection, but tell me, my lady, why is it that your father and you both bear titles, and yet I find you in this company? Surely that is illogical, and you speak of France forgetting her duty—surely you would not again wish her a monarchy?"

"Of course not, Mr. Brice. My meaning was that she has forgotten her duty as a Republic—she is that in name only, and, of course, our titles are by courtesy only; there are no nobles in poor France now—only in name. Pray call me Miss DeArcey in future; I am sure I have no desire to be 'my ladied.'"

I could see my words had hurt her. Her face was flushed and her violet eyes snapped with suppressed annoyance. I had told her she was no lady, and she laughed at me. I twitted her regarding her title, and she was visibly angered. What had la belle France done to my lady?

We were interrupted by steps outside, and a moment later Allison's smiling face appeared at the door, and behind him towered the form of the tall, thin man—"The Chief"—my lady's father.

"Ah, I see you are already commencing to feel at home," greeted Allison. "I told the Chief my lady would see that our guests lacked for nothing—you will find Mr. Brice a most entertaining gentleman, my lady—ah, and here is his most particular friend, Mr. Willet."

As he concluded, Ward, clean cut, and looking as faultless as ever, strolled into the room. He nodded in everyday fashion to me, as he muttered: "Do."

I really believe Ward would say "Do" if he met you in the bliss of Heaven or the torture of Hades. It is his way of enquiring "How are you, my dear fellow? I hope you are feeling fine; I'm delighted to see you."

"How do?" I responded, and then the "Chief's" cutting voice rasped: "Bon jour, monsieur. Comment vous portez vous?" he added a moment later.

"Mercie, Monsieur le Count, je suis tres bien," I responded, mentally adding to myself, "No thanks to you or your gang, though."

He started and stared at his daughter, as the title slipped from my tongue. "Ma fille, you have been talking again," he accused, still speaking in the French language.

Then, turning again toward me, he said: "Monsieur, to you and all aboard this vessel I am 'The Chief.' You will in future address me as that."

I shrugged my shoulders. "What's in a name?" I rejoined.

"Everything," he snapped tartly.

"Vous parlez Francais," cried the lady, with evident pleasure.

"It is my only lingual accomplishment," I replied.

"I am so glad," she cried. "One can express oneself so much better in that tongue."

"Enough, Mademoiselle; you will leave us now; I have business to discuss with Mr. Brice," ordered the Count, sternly. "Mr. Willet, kindly be seated."

"Au revoir!" cried my lady gaily, as she tripped away. "Make haste, mon pere; it is dull here, and I wish companions."

"She is but a child," muttered the Count, half explanatory, as he closed the door and seated himself upon the couch. "Now, messieurs, to business!"

I was endeavouring to catch Ward's eye during this conversation, but his face was expressionless—oh, Ward was truly British now, I can tell you.

"Monsieur Willet, be so kind as to explain to your friend the use I anticipate his being to me," requested the Count.

"Monsieur, be so kind as to do it yourself," snarled Ward between his teeth. "I might possibly misrepresent it, you know," he added, with grim British humor.

There was a silent conflict of personalities for a brief moment, but the best man won—Ward remained silent, and the Count was forced to take up the thread.

"So be it," he acquiesced, "but you gain nothing by the line of conduct you are taking," he advised, giving Ward a sinister glance. Then, addressing me: "Monsieur, it is now nine a. m. Tuesday, July 17th. At midnight at a point about Long. 78, Lat. 54 my vessel will be hove to. The night will be dark; the sea will be smooth; the—"

For the life of me, I couldn't help bursting out into a loud guffaw. "Monsieur," I roared, "I grant that the night may be dark, but let no man prophesy what manner of sea may be on—recollect that you are in the German Ocean, where the wind veers as frequently as a woman's love."

"Be silent, sir," he ordered, evidently nettled by my mirth.

"Then make no more foolish statements," I retorted.

The lines tightened around his mouth, and his steely-blue eyes seemed to fairly eat me up, as he turned away from me, and addressing Allison, said crisply:

"This man must be gagged if he persists in interrupting me."

"Oh, go ahead," I said, magnanimously, "I'll hear you out."

"It would be as well," he hissed threateningly.

CHAPTER IX

THE CRISIS

"As I stated, at midnight my vessel will be hove to."

"At eight bells in the first watch," I suggested.

"Exactly. Now follow me."

He wheeled about abruptly, and left the room. I slipped my arm into Ward's as I said: "Come along, old fellow, let us see what the Count wishes to show us."

Together we followed him along the corridor, up the main companionway and onto the upper deck. I glanced around as I walked. It was an elegantly appointed craft. Mahogany, plate glass mirrors and polished metals were everywhere. Two white-clad seamen passed us as we gained the deck, saluting smartly, like men-o'-war's men. Their appearance pleased me. I was taking a keen interest in all around; I had almost, in fact, forgotten the circumstances under which I was placed.

Away off to port I could plainly see the low-lying coast of Essex. The water between us and the land was clear. To starboard three or four sails were in sight. She was steaming evenly, getting through the short, choppy waves without fuss or show, but slipping along at an easy eighteen knots, I should judge.

"This way, Mr. Brice, if you please," suggested Allison, as I leisurely took in my surroundings.

"What do you think of her, Ward?" I inquired, as I followed the Count and his second along the port side.

My companion smiled and nodded. He was silent, as usual, and probably doing some tall thinking. As we passed the deckhouses, and came out on the open bow space, I was astonished to note a great armored barbette, without either guns or turrets protruding from the forward deck. It had evidently just been uncovered, for the tarpaulins lay stretched about, and a working party were stowing them. Like a flash I understood why I was needed, and I probably had that need to thank for my life.

The Count was by my side now. With one long, bony finger he pointed toward the barbettes.

"As I was remarking, Mr. Brice, at midnight this vessel will be hove to. Another ship will be alongside. She will carry a pair of fifty calibre twelve-inch guns, and it will be your duty to see that they are removed and properly mounted on this support. Your life will answer for it if anything goes wrong. You understand?"

He clipped his words off in an unpleasantly suggestive manner, then waved his hand forward, to indicate I was at liberty to examine the support for the guns. Without a word, I stepped forward and scrambled up the barbette. It arose perhaps a matter of five feet from the deck. I bent an interested gaze upon it. Forward and to port and starboard it was armored with nine inches of Krupp. Its massive walls descended into the interior. An ammunition hoist, protected by a hood and armored walls came conveniently up in the rear. The whole mechanism was on an immense turntable. Evidently, there was to be no turret—the breeches—in fact, the gunners themselves would be exposed to the fire of an enemy, but the gun positions were so high that a splendid all-round fire could be obtained, barring aft. I was still intent on my examination, when I heard the Count's voice again in querulous tones: "Well?" he interrogated, "what do you think of the homes for 'Whip' and 'Lash'?"

"A very nice mount," I replied, "but I would like to go below decks and take a look at the hoists and mechanism." I was honestly interested, and in any case, no harm could come of being posted.

Without a word, he again led the way down, and in a few minutes I was busily at work inspecting the hydraulic and hand-turning machinery. Everything appeared to be in good working order, and I had no criticism to make except in regard to the ammunition hoists, which were perfectly straight, without trap or other safeguard. I would dislike to be behind those guns in a close-fought action, when speed of delivery was requisite, and the gun crew were getting in fast work. I said not a word, however, but made my way again on deck, followed by the Count, Allison and Ward. I had noted that the ship was unusually high by the head;

evidently left so that the heavy twelve-inch guns might not depress her too much.

"I will tell you frankly, Mr. Brice," resumed the Count, "that it was not my intention to rely on a stranger for this important work, but the man on whom we depended met with an accident two days ago, and I really have no one to whom I could trust this getting aboard of the monster guns. Necessity makes the man, you see, and I am sure we are fortunate in acquiring an ex-naval officer of the United States—especially one so renowned as yourself." He bowed, gravely, as he offered me the compliment.

"And who, sir," I demanded, looking him squarely in the eyes, "has been good enough to vouch that I will undertake this important duty?"

"It is a matter on which you will not be consulted. You will do it, and do it SUCCESSFULLY, OR YOUR LIFE WILL PAY THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE. The same remark applies to your companion here; he will, when the time arrives for him to be of service, either do what we require, or—" He snapped his fingers, and the action was most suggestive; it reminded one of the snuffing out of a candle.

I think I deserve no great credit for the words that formed on my tongue—words that almost passed my lips—words that would have done so, had I not happened at that exact moment to glance at Ward. Any man would have done as I proposed to have done, any true man, at least. But those words were never uttered. I think Ward by sheer force of will compelled me to look at him. I will never again say that the British face is not expressive; I had always thought Ward incapable of feeling, or at least of showing it, but if ever a man's features spoke, his did then. "You seven different kinds of an idiot," his eyes blazed, "agree to anything he wants now," and then a sharp contraction of his left eye plainly winked, "Wait."

I turned toward the Count. "Have you all the tackle required for this undertaking?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," he assured sharply, "we have the heaviest and strongest machinery, the same tackle, as you call it, as used in George's navy; you will have no fault to find with that. You can commence any time you desire to make the necessary arrangements. Number One will give you a list of what the 'Assist' will bring us. As I mentioned to you before, sir, she meets the 'Revenge' at midnight. I would suggest that you obtain some sleep between now and then, for, as I understand it, it will take at least twelve hours' arduous work before all is completed."

"I will get that rest now," I said, "and examine the tackle later. I have your permission to retire to my stateroom?"

"Most certainly, sir, but one thing I have to say to you before you go. It is this. I have not required you to give me your word that you will undertake this position, because it is not a matter in which you have any choice, and an oath given under such circumstances amounts to but little. From now on, however, you will be attended—guarded, if you prefer the word, by two men—both good comrades of mine—men who thoroughly understand the work you will do, and they have orders to this effect: that if in their opinion you are playing us false, if your actions even give rise to suspicion they are to shoot you down like a dog; you understand, I am sure, Mr. Brice."

"That is scarcely fair," I remonstrated. "I may be about something that is absolutely necessary, yet something these men may not understand, and my action may, in their opinion, give them the right to shoot. I say that if they become suspicious they should take me to you, and there let me make answer."

"Not at all—not at all!" he snapped, walking away. Then halting and turning for a moment, he cried back: "You will not be shot down unless you deserve it, but rest perfectly assured that they will fire without any consultation with me or anyone else; such are their orders, so be careful, Mr. Brice—very careful—for the sake of your own skin, sir."

Ward and I wheeled about and started for the companionway, when we were aware of four armed men in close attendance.

"Each one to his own room, if you please, and no conversation," politely murmured Allison.

(*To be continued*)

The Author of "There Is No Death"

JOE M. CHAPPLE, Esq.,

Dear Sir: In your very interesting collection of "Heart Throbs," I find on pages 255–257, a version of that very beautiful poem, "There is no Death," which you have attributed to Bulwer Lytton, as it is generally.

Some years ago, finding the poem so variously given, I turned to Bulwer's volume of poems, to see how he had written it. But, after a diligent search, I failed to find it there, which seemed to me strange.

Not long after my brother, writing to a friend in St. Paul, quoted some of these stanzas of "Bulwer's"; in his reply the friend wrote:

"The poem 'There is no Death,' is wrongly attributed to Bulwer. The author is J. L. McCreery, who wrote it when a student at college, and who is still living or was not long ago. The poem, as it appears in the author's writings, contains sixteen stanzas, only four of which are identical with those as commonly quoted."

I send you a copy of his version of it, which I think you will find much more beautiful even than the version in your "Heart Throbs." Though perhaps, even this version may not be quite correct.

But it seems to me, and this is why I write you, that if Mr. McCreery be the author, if *he* has given to the world a poem that touches the heart of everyone who has suffered, certainly he should be credited with it. Could you not help him to his own?

Yours very truly, TAYLOR HATFIELD.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear..

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth,
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long.
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead"—

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have but wandered far away—
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here; and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen.
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

First Aid to the Injured

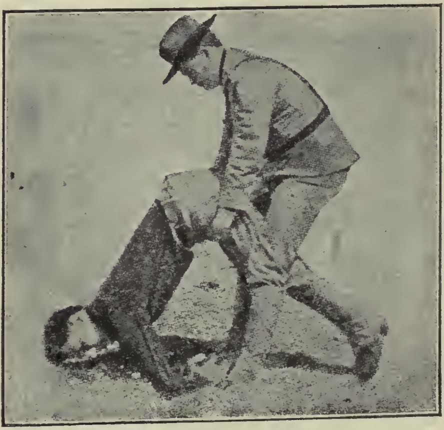
By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.
Boston, Mass.

Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department.

PART II

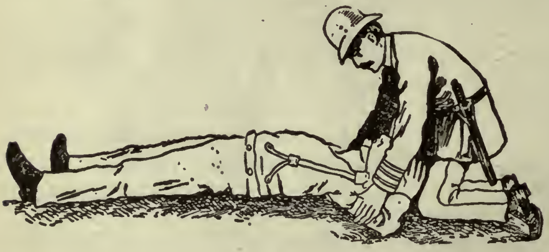
Respiration, suffocation and artificial respiration. Respiration or breathing consists of the alternate expansion and contraction of the chest by means of which air is drawn into and forced out of the lungs. We breathe on an average of sixteen times to a minute. Anything which interferes with breathing will cause suffocation. This may be due to external or internal causes. The following are some of the most frequent causes of suffocation: foreign bodies in the windpipe, such as a piece of meat, buttons, coins; foul gases, such as sewer gas, illuminating gas, fumes of charcoal, smoke, vapors from various chemicals; drowning, hanging, being buried in a cave-in, landslide of earth or snow. Next to being able to stop bleeding, I believe that knowing how to properly apply artificial respiration, in a case of drowning or suffocation from gas, is the next most important thing in first aid to the injured. Many people are suffocated, either accidentally or intentionally every year, and if artificial respiration was properly applied in many cases lives could be saved that are otherwise lost.

Artificial Respiration. As the method of artificial respiration in all cases, whether used for gas-poisoning or drowning is the same, and as it is perhaps used more often for cases of drowning, I will illustrate the method used for resuscitating an apparently drowned person. Probably the best method used by the life-saving stations, police and others is known as the Sylvester Method. The first thing to do after removing the person from the water is to get the water out of the mouth, throat, lungs and stomach. This is best accomplished by turning the person over on their stomach, stand over the body, grasp around the waist and raise the body up, so that the head and the feet hang down (see illustration number 2). This position and the pressure of the hands on the abdomen, force the water out of the stomach and lungs. This is a better way of getting the water out than the old-fashioned way of rolling the body over a barrel, and avoids the danger of bruising the body and even the possibility of breaking one of the arms. Now place the person flat on the back. In warm weather, the best place to apply artificial respiration is out of doors in the fresh air; in cold weather, this should be done indoors in a well-ventilated room. Unloosen all tight clothing about the neck and waist; in fact, it is well to remove all wet clothing so that there will be no interference with respiration or the circulation. Place a pillow or blanket, rolled up, under the shoulders, permitting the head to fall backwards. This position permits the windpipe to open up. Never place a pillow under the head. Next force open the mouth and pass the index finger around the mouth, sweeping back to the throat, so as to clear out all mucus



No. 2

and grit which may have collected there. Almost always in cases of suffocation, the tongue is found way back in the throat. It is absolutely necessary, in order to render artificial respiration properly, to see that the tongue is drawn forward and kept forward, either by means of a tongue forceps or by tying a handkerchief around the tongue and the lower jaw, or by using a strong rubber band in the same way. Now kneel at the patient's head, if working on the ground, or stand if the patient is on a lounge or table. Never stand over the body, as this interferes with the proper motions of artificial respiration. Grasp the arms about at the wrist and raise them upward and backward until they touch the ground behind the patient's head and wait a few seconds, or until one, two, three can be counted, slowly (see illustration number 3). This movement raises the chest and allows the air to rush into the lungs, and might be called artificial inspiration. Now double up the arms at the elbows, and bring them down slowly upon the sides of the chest and press firmly (see illustration number 4). This movement forces the air out of the lungs, and might be called artificial expiration. Now rest a few seconds, the same as after the first motion, and then repeat the same movements regularly and persistently, at the rate of sixteen times to the minute, corresponding to the natural rate of breathing. This should be continued for at least an hour or an hour and a half before giving up, or until a physician has pronounced the person dead. During the application of artificial respiration the body should be kept warm by the application of hot water bottles and blankets. With the return of natural breathing and the beating of the heart, friction and rubbing should be applied to the arms and legs; and as soon as the patient can swallow, hot drinks, such as hot tea and coffee, whiskey or brandy may be given. As soon as regular breathing is re-established, the patient should be put to bed and kept quiet in order to recover from the shock.



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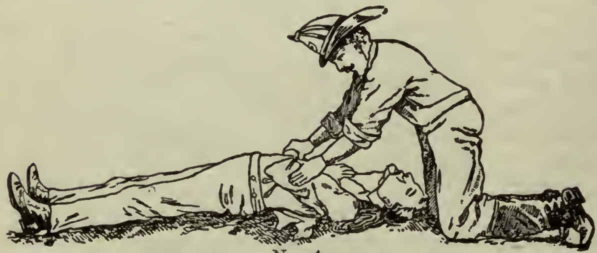

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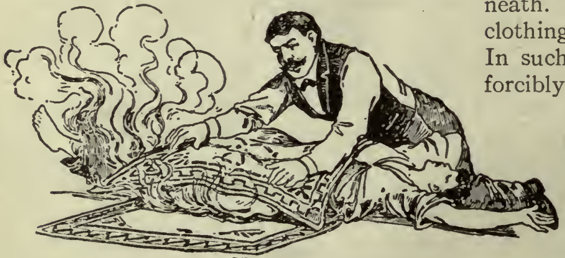
One of the most recent advances made in the scientific world with regard to resuscitating person overcome by suffocation, drowning and the effects of ether, etc., is by means of a mechanical apparatus, known as the Habberley Resuscitator, an invention of Superintendent Albert N. Habberley of the Metropolitan Park System of Massachusetts, manufactured by The Randall-Faichney Company, Boston. As a result of years of careful experimentation, he has perfected an apparatus by means of which artificial respiration may be applied, in the above mentioned cases, filling and emptying the lungs without any injury to the delicate air cells and resuscitating persons overcome, in a much better and more scientific way than by any other means yet known. Such an apparatus should be a part of the equipment of all hospitals, life-saving stations and places where artificial respiration is required.

Breaking through the ice. To rescue a person who has broken through the ice, it is not wise to attempt to walk out to them on the ice, as it is liable to give way, and the would-be rescuer finds himself in the same predicament. In the first place, always tie a good strong rope around your own waist and see that it is firmly attached to a tree or post on shore, so that you may be sure of getting back to shore yourself in case the ice gives way. If you spread your weight on the ice by creeping on your hands and knees, or better still, working your way, flat on your abdomen, you can go where the ice would not bear your weight standing up. If obtainable, push a long board, pole, tree or ladder out in front of you, and this will lessen the danger of getting in the water too. The treatment of a person who has become apparently drowned from breaking through the ice is artificial respiration as already described.

Various kinds of wounds. Wounds are injuries to the outer surface of the body, in which an opening is made in the skin and more or less of the deeper tissues, depending upon the severity of the injury. The different kinds of wounds are: cut or incised, torn or lacerated, bruises or contusions, pierced or punctured, and poisoned.

Cut or incised wounds, as the name indicates, are the result of injuries caused by sharp-cutting instruments, such as knives, razors and pieces of glass. The edges of such wounds are clean cut and can be brought together and sewed up (by the surgeon), so that when healed there is practically no scar left. Torn or lacerated wounds are the result of tearing of the tissues, caused by crushing accidents, machinery and explosives. Such wounds, on account of their extent and the irregularity of the edges, cannot as a rule be sewed up, and when they heal they leave bad scars. Bruises or contusions result from blows and falls. The skin is not cut or torn, but some of the small blood vessels under the skin are ruptured and as a result we get the well-known black and blue marks. Pierced or punctured wounds are produced by daggers, knives, bullets and all sharp pointed instruments. Usually the opening in the skin may be small, but the wound may be deep and liable to involve some of the internal and vital organs. Poisoned wounds are the result of bites of venomous reptiles, animals or insects, where at the time of the injury some poisonous substance has been injected into the tissues. Snake bites, mad-dog bites and mosquito bites are examples. In the first aid treatment of all kinds of wounds, always remember where they are at all serious to send for a surgeon at once. The treatments of cuts and lacerated wounds consists in first stopping the bleeding by either direct pressure on the wound with an antiseptic first aid dressing, or by the use of a tourniquet, and second by keeping the wound absolutely clean, so as to prevent infection and blood-poisoning. This means that if you are obliged to handle the wound, be sure and see that your hands are made absolutely clean by scrubbing them with plenty of hot water and soap and a stiff brush. If an antiseptic solution is used, there is nothing better than Lysol, one teaspoonful to a quart of hot water. This makes a clean, soapy, antiseptic solution, and is not injurious to the hands or to any wounds. Do not use carbolic acid or bi-chloride. They are too powerful, dangerous and poisonous for indiscriminate use, except under the direction of a physician. Bruises or contusions are usually very slight, and require very little treatment. Hot or cold applications generally relieve the pain and swelling, and the discoloration clears up in a few days by absorption. Equal parts of witch hazel and water, either hot or cold, is good treatment for bruises. The first aid treatment of punctured wounds is very limited, because of their dangerous nature, especially where they involve the chest, abdomen and brain. They require the skilled services of a surgeon as soon as possible. The danger from such wounds of course is internal bleeding, infection and blood-poisoning. If any first aid treatment is used at all, the only thing to do is to cover the wound of entrance and exit with a clean antiseptic first aid dressing, so as to prevent dirt and germs getting into the wound, and get the person to a surgeon or hospital as quickly as possible. The treatment of poisoned wounds, such as snake bites and mad-dog bites, is to prevent the poison from getting into the circulation, and then destroying the poison. This can be done, where the hands, fingers, legs and feet are involved, by using a tourniquet or by binding a piece of string or a rubber band above the bite, so as to stop the circulation—then the poison can be removed by several ways. If you are absolutely certain that there are no cuts in the mucous membrane of the lips and mouth, the poison can be sucked out, but the best way is to take a red hot poker and cauterize the bite, so as to destroy the germs, which cause hydrophobia. This should be done preferably by a physician, and if absolutely certain that the dog was mad, the patient should be sent to a Pasteur hospital for treatment. The treatment of a snake bite is practically the same as mad-dog bite, with the addition that the person may be given considerable whiskey, and it can also be used locally on the snake bite.

Burns are injuries due to the action of heat in various forms, caused by contact with fire, steam and various chemicals. They are divided into three varieties, according to their severity. Burns of the first degree are where the skin is reddened. Burns of the second degree, where blisters are formed, and burns of the third degree, where there is charring and destruction of the skin and underlying tissues. Burns of the first and second degree, unless of great extent, are not as a rule serious; where, however, a large portion of the skin of the body is burned, say one-third or one-half, results are always serious, and frequently fatal. Burns of the third degree are the most severe and dangerous. Such burns are usually attended by severe nervous shock, and death frequently follows in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Pain accompanies burns of all degrees, and in some cases is very severe.



No. 5

Treatment of burns. The first aid treatment of burns is to keep the parts as clean as possible and to exclude the air. The application of any clean, oily substance is all that is required. Olive oil, sweet oil, butter, lard and carron oil are frequently used. Carron oil is a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and limewater. A solution of baking soda in water is a very soothing application. The burned parts should be bathed in any of the above preparations and then covered over with compresses soaked in the solutions and then bandaged. In burns of the second degree, where large blisters are formed, these should have the serum or water removed from them, as follows: take a clean cambric needle that has never been used, pass it several times through the flame of an alcohol lamp, so as to be certain that it is sterilized, then enter the blister by passing the needle through the healthy skin about a quarter of an inch beyond the edge of the blister, then gently press out the water. In this way the blistered skin forms a natural protection to the new skin underneath. In burns of the third degree, the clothing frequently adheres to the flesh. In such cases never remove the clothing forcibly, but cut it away as close to the burn as possible. Burns caused by strong acids, such as nitric, sulphuric, etc., should not have water applied to them, as this simply spreads the acid and causes a larger burn. Such burns should first be neutralized by means of an alkali of some kind, such as sodium bicarbonate or chalk. When acids are splashed into the eyes, solutions of the above alkalies should be applied in order to neutralize the acids. In the same way burns caused by strong alkalies, such as caustic soda or potash, should be neutralized by the application of some acid preparation, such as a solution of vinegar and water or lemon juice and water.

Some of the severest cases of burns result from the clothing catching fire, especially those of women. As a rule under such circumstances, they become confused and run about the house and even out into the open air, which is really the worst thing they could do and makes the clothing burn all the more rapidly. The thing to do is to grasp them and force them to the ground or floor, wrapping them up in a blanket, rug or overcoat and rolling them over the floor. (See Illustration No. 5.)

(*To be continued*)

THE SONG OF THE SOUL

By Ora Lee Bargamin

AT THE STUDIO—ROSARIE SOULE

SHE was late. For the third time Manetti drew forth the heavy Swiss watch. Just then faintly, very faintly, it chimed the seventh hour of an April evening.

He turned back to the window with an impatient ejaculation. She had never been this late before. Six-thirty was the hour for her lesson, and Manetti would never have waited even this long, but she had always been at the studio with unusual punctuality—for a woman.

Rosarie Soule entered. She glimpsed his face as he swung around suddenly from the window, "Oh, don't lecture me, please," entreated Rosarie, seating herself wearily. "I couldn't stand it after all—all this afternoon." She felt her courage about to melt into tears; she sat up very straight and pressed her lips firmly.

"No, Little Lady, it is not a lecture we shall call it; rather an explanation. Come; I perceive you are troubled."

"I am fired," said Rosarie simply.

"Fired?" echoed Manetti.

"Fired. Turned out; in other words, informed that my services are no longer valuable to the firm, Messrs. Crossers and Jacobs.

"Fired on the grounds of neglecting my duty. Not Christian duty by any means; duty! Merciless tattling they compel you to when you sign their papers."

"How now?" queried he.

"I attended the counter of a pale, weak droopy little thing while she escaped to the park for a few minutes to relieve a terrific headache. She only took up fifteen minutes after the lunch hour. My counter was right next to hers, so I told her to go on and enjoy herself. Floor walker nosed around and reported it. We both got fired. 'Twasn't that—'twasn't that—"

"Eh?" encouraged Manetti.

Rosarie shifted about in her seat, then faced him with eyes blazing from her thoughts.

"'Twasn't that alone he fired me for; or rather reported me for." She hesitated. Manetti waited.

"He tried to kiss me last week, and I—slapped him!"

Silence for a moment.

"He said then he'd get even!"

"Beast!" ejaculated Manetti. "But surely you can interview the manager and justify yourself?"

"Ah, how little you know about it, my friend. He will not even bother to see me. And if he should, what chance would I stand after such a report and after it had been passed up through such a source?" She shook her head slowly. "Ah, you don't know. Others have failed. The girls told me a few things."

"Poor child," said Manetti, "poor child. It's an outrage!"

"I am so late because I've been trying for other places, but it's a hard thing to find when you have no more flattering a recommendation than I have! Fired!" She spoke bitterly now.

"Here's my music! You know how I've worked with that!" Her eyes looked appealing. "You know! And now—now even that has got to stop. And I have staked so much on it, too! I thought—oh, do you think it's going to be anything with me? Do you?"

"Miss Soule, you have only been my

pupil a little over a half term, and progress in voice is slow, my dear, very slow and sure, if the singer would master her art. I think I may encourage you this much, however: you have a capable ear, a wide range and above all, the most necessary—a sympathy of expression. With these accessories I feel quite justified in saying that you will win—some day! Some day, Miss Soule.

"But you must have each note upon the scale at your command; to place and color at your will. To make it quiver with tears or bubble with laughter! It is a language of the soul that God gives but few the real power to interpret. Ah, Little Lady, you are only in A B C. There is much more to know. Much more."

Rosarie had leaned forward with eyes intent upon his face as he talked. Talked! Ah, no. It was far too insipid a word to express it, as he sang her lesson in low, vibrant notes that rose and fell, rose and fell—like the sound of soft waters soothing a troubled spirit to rest. So Rosarie thought as she listened and forgot her own present state of misery.

All was silent for a little, and he was about to speak again, when she said:

"Ah, if I might be one of the—chosen—interpreters!"

"You may. Attend. Today—this morning—I received word from Mrs. Astor-Raeburn to send one of my best pupils for her concert which is given in honor of her daughter who has just returned from the Notre Dame in France. It is to be tomorrow evening; and, as you may know, it is a fad among the rich nowadays to seek out and promote a promising young celebrity. Perhaps—well, I shall not flatter or encourage you yet. She likes the unusual; and often in preference to some well-known singer will find an 'unknown' in some studio and delight in having discovered the hidden violet."

Manetti studied his pupil a moment, then continued:

"You shall go to her, even though I have told her I should send Eileen Ashton. Miss Ashton, as you are aware, has been my pupil for three years, and it is no doubt obvious to you, as to me, that she is without question my 'best' as far as advancement in the voice is concerned. But you—" he held up his hand, "poor child, shall have your chance!"

Rosarie saw in an instant the bigness of his heart. She understood why he was sending her.

"Oh, you are so kind! I am as grateful as a poor girl can be," she held out her hand. "It will help, oh, so much!" she said. Her heart rose from the depths to which it had sunk and bobbed up and down in ecstasy of anticipation.

"Now come," said he, releasing his hand from the strong friendly clasp of her fingers. "Let us see what will suit your voice best." He swung around to the piano.

THE SELECTION—THE INTERPRETATION

"Ah! here," taking an "Arab Love Song" from the top of the cabinet nearby. He struck three or four preliminary chords. They went over it together once, twice; and even a third time.

"That will never do!" cried Manetti finally. "Never!—You do not seem to—Ah!" Suddenly he dived down into the stack of music and drew forth another selection.

" 'The Song of the Soul!' This is better in your power for interpretation! Attend. I shall tell it to you and play it afterward, for the music is but the setting and you will have to learn your part before rehearsing with the former!"

His pupil seated herself opposite him. "I am ready," she said. Manetti turned so that he could face her and yet glance occasionally at the music on the piano.

"This is a song of your soul, Little Lady. It must be—intense," choosing the word after a second or so of deliberation.

"'Ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine; ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine.' Repeated for emphasis. 'Rising to ecstasy—and so hath mine!' Declare it! 'And so hath mine!' 'Ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine, Rising to ecstasy . . . . . . to ecstasy! And so hath mine!' That is all you can think of; all in your heart—your mind! As ev'ry soul has its song, so has yours. Now if you have a song you want to sing it, as, if you have a secret, you long to tell it. Ah, I know! 'Tis a woman's way!

"'Just let me sing my song, my song divine; Let me sing, let me sing, let me sing my song divine!' Plead it; beg with tears in your voice! For it is a divine song and as the flower must breathe forth its fragrance and drink the sun and dew, so must you sing your song and *live* on its spell! If not? Then: 'ah, let me sing my song divine, or I shall die of sorrow!' If you may not breathe the song from your soul you will die, you will die—of sorrow! Here, take this. Follow me." He handed her a copy from the piano.

The notes rose and fell in peaceful cadence throughout the still room in the opening of the song. And then, as if the very soul of the instrument were just awakened, it leaped and bounded to climatic heights in clamoring richness asserting itself. Then—as suddenly did it fall back to a gentle throbbing which sank to almost silence.

When it seemed nearly lulled to slumber, it stirred, leaped again and soared to the heights of some paradise invisible, coming back in whispering sweetness, and passing away into space.

Her teacher turned. Rosarie still held rigidly to the song, staring mutely at its ended theme! Suddenly she rose and took her place at the side of the piano. With trembling hands she raised the copy.

"Let me sing the song," she breathed. "I understand."

Once more he turned to the instrument. His fingers sought the keys, and she began her song.

Who can describe the power, passion, and tenderness Rosarie Soule wove into this rendition? Not even the poet who has fluent, beauteous thoughts at his command, and words in abundance to color it with! This description!

The last note came back sweetly, softly, from the bare walls. The girl's face was transfigured by the power of her song. The soul which she sang of lay in her eyes; the fragrance of "its melody divine" still played about her lips which were slightly apart as if they had yet a little more to tell—a little more to beg!

Manetti was a true artist, and he sat under the spell fully aware of the charm he thought she might possess, but never knew of until now—the gift of interpretation!

"Do you know what you have done?" he said to Rosarie.

"I only know I have sung my song," she replied.

"You have interpretated your song! . . I shall be with you tomorrow evening. Until then—adio! Or you might come in the morning for one more rehearsal. Adio!"

He rose, went to the door with her and bowed as she passed out.

AT THE ASTOR–RAEBURN'S—THE REVELATION

Mr. Raeburn stepped into his wife's boudoir.

"My dear, you must forgive me for leaving you at the critical moment, but I must go. Weymouth's man has telephoned that Budgie Weymouth is ill and calling for me every minute. I shall not be gone long. I cannot understand it; I left Weymouth yesterday after supper at the club, and he was in perfect health. He isn't far from here—in his bachelor quarters, you know. Poor old chap!"

Mrs. Astor-Raeburn lay down the string of pearls she had been trying about her throat, and turned away from the mirror.

"Poor Budgie! Yes, you must certainly go to him. But do try to return in time for the musical, won't you? Where is my bracelet? Oh, dear—that careless girl!" She rang for her maid. Mr. Raeburn turned to go.

"Telephone if you have to remain very long; I shall delay for you as long as possible."

"All right!" called Raeburn passing out. "I shall."

In the wide and long and elegant parlors of the Astor-Raeburn's beautiful old home a swarm of people buzzed and hummed and moved to and fro.

In the music room at the rear of the back parlor was an inprovised stage for the performers; in front were seats placed here and there in no particular position. Palms and tall lilies graced the room, and the very surroundings indicated ease and comfort. Though the stage was well lighted with soft, mellow lights, about the ceiling bulbs peered forth from green and yellow flower shades. The parlors were pink and white, and green and yellow. The flowers in these rooms were fragrant tea roses.

Manetti and Rosarie had arrived together. When the latter was presented to Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, she was somewhat surprised at the plain black satin gown cut very modestly from the throat where a single string of pearls was twisted; on her arm she wore a single bracelet. No more display. A simple attire worn with matchless grace and dignity. It truly was a contrast to some of the gowns present.

She had expected to see a willowy figure in billowy lace and encased in diamonds! She welcomed the friendly clasp her hostess gave her hand, and at once felt almost at ease. But as soon as Rosarie moved away into the midst of the guests, she became a stranger again. She longed to have the singing over with and be once more within her humble little room, planning for the future. She had an idea to try the stage. But this was early spring, and she would have to study until the fall at least. Well, she might do as she pleased. There was no one to say her "yea" or "nay."

Long ago with the passing of her dear mother whose name she had only been old enough to call "Muver," she had known no home save another's—her aunt's home, in Boston. Of her stepfather Rosarie knew very little and heard less. Leaving her in Boston, he had gone somewhere away out West to try his luck in the mines. When last heard from he was in Denver. All this was told Rosarie when she grew old enough to understand.

Two years ago Aunt Betty died, leaving her niece memories—inherited memories—and a small sum of money; barely enough to keep and clothe Rosarie throughout a single year.

Manetti piloted her about and never left her side for an instant. For this she was very thankful, for in these surroundings he had suddenly become an old friend to her and she found herself conversing more fluently with him than she had ever done before. They talked alternatively to many people and as the evening wore away, Rosarie's nervousness ceased altogether.

"It is kind of you not to leave me," whispered Rosarie to Manetti when they found themselves on the edge of the crowd and a little apart from the others. Manetti smiled.

"I want to keep you composed for your song," he said.

"Ah, here you are, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, sweeping down upon the pair. "We are ready for you; I've waited as long as I dare. They are becoming impatient." She looked back over her shoulder at a laughing, fanning throng. "So suppose we start now." She looked to the singer to open the program.

An audience seated languidly about the music room with upturned faces beheld a tall, fair-haired girl with large, soft brown eyes. She wore a simple white silk mull with a single red, red rose at her breast. No flowers, no ribbon in the simply arranged hair, and no ornaments about her lovely person.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Billy Raeburn to his sister, Millicent. "She looks dead swell under those lights! Doesn't she?"

They were seated very near the stage. Millicent turned to her brother.

"My dear Billy, how inappropriately you choose your adjectives. I should say how sweet and charming. Your comment rather suggests a 14th street soubrette! N'est-ce-pas?"

Her brother was about to reply when Millicent whispered: "Hush. Listen."

The prelude had been played, and Rosarie opened her lips to let her soul-song escape.

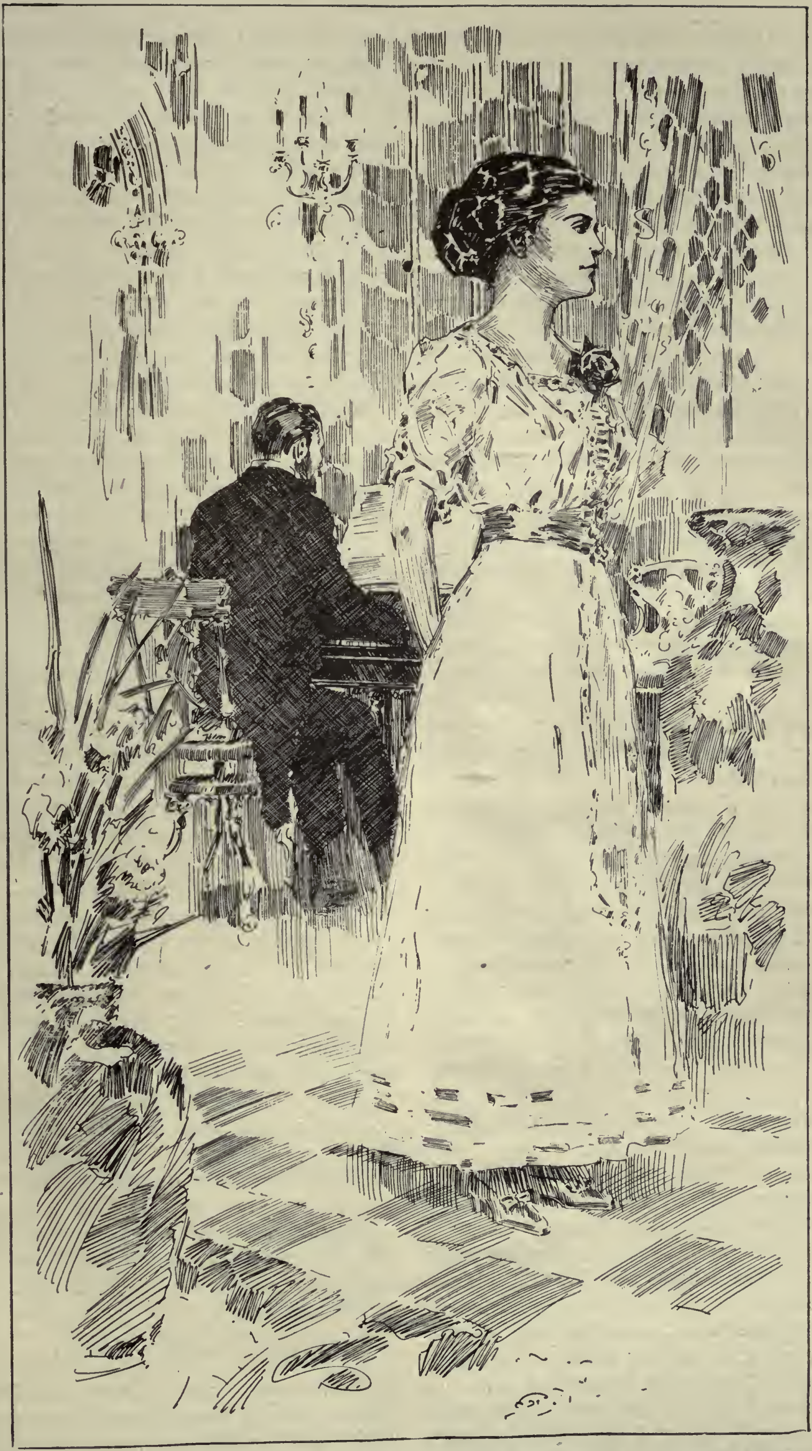
Whispers ceased. The room suddenly grew very quiet. Even fans were closed and lay forgotten in their owner's laps.

"Rising to ecstasy, and so hath mine!" The air seemed surcharged with electrical sweetness which sent little thrills throughout the audience. The song found a place in the heart of every one present and in some manner was manifest in their faces.

No one of the audience noticed Raeburn as he stole softly in and stood up at the rear near the entrance of the music room. No one noticed him but the singer whose eyes fell upon his conspicuous figure, then travelled to his gray head and at last to his blue eyes. Looking into them she sang.

"Just let me sing my song—my song divine! Let me sing, let me sing my song divine!!" High the last note ended—high and sweet, and ringing.

"Ah, let me sing my song divine," she pleaded, looking back to Raeburn again—and pleaded as if he had held the song from her lips, her heart all these years! Suddenly Raeburn started.



She wore a single white silk mull with a single red, red rose at her breast

Those eyes—hair—face—form! He saw before him a revelation!

"Let me sing my song divine!" rang high and sweet again. "Or I shall die—" sinking lower and softer, "of sor—" sustained and low—"row!" ending in high G, full and rich in color and tone.

Rosarie Soule bowed to her audience and smiled dazedly as she stepped back from the stage. This action seemed to bring her listeners from under the spell. The room was filled instantly with noisy applause.

Raeburn leaned over the back of his wife's chair and said:

"Is that Miss Ashton?"

"Oh, you startled me! No, Miss Ashton is substituted by Miss Soule. When did you come in? I didn't hear you."

"Soule? Soule?" cried Raeburn.

"Yes; Rosarie Soule. Did you miss much, dear? I—"

"Don't you know who Rosarie Soule is?" exclaimed Raeburn.

"No. Who?" mildly queried Mrs. Astor-Raeburn.

"Don't you remember my telling you years ago that I married Rosarie Soule? Mrs. Soule?"

"Yes—yes," spoke his wife somewhat vaguely. "Then this young woman is—"

"Her daughter," finished Raeburn. "My daughter—my stepdaughter!"

Rosarie had appeared again upon the stage in response to the tumultuous encore. Even as he spoke Raeburn moved forward with white face and eyes strangely aglow, seeing in the sweet child-face the wife and ardent love of his youth!

He stepped upon the stage and took her by the hand.

"Allow me to introduce my step-daughter, Rosarie Soule!" he said.

"Twenty-two years ago at the death of her mother I placed this child, a mere toddling tot, in charge of her aunt in Boston, and myself turned to the West in search of fortune. When I returned North I learned of the death of Mrs. Bradford, her aunt. I searched Boston for Rosarie, and finally discovered she had left there, but no one seemed to know where she had gone. I made many inquiries since, but they resulted in nothing, so at last I abandoned all hope of ever seeing her again. Least of all here in New York! And here," he turned to Rosarie, "an Unseen Hand has guided her to me!"

If the guests were astonished, amused and delighted at this announcement and little sketch of Mr. Raeburn's career, Rosarie Soule was all these in the superlative degree!

"Call me dad, father—any old thing!" cried Raeburn to the look of bewilderment in her eyes.

"Father," murmured Rosarie, with more of question rising in her tone than any expression of sentiment.

Raeburn kissed one of the flaming cheeks and led his step-daughter down the center of a chattering, congratulating crowd pressing very close about the two as they proceeded toward Mrs. Astor-Raeburn.

"One can never have too many daughters," said Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, welcoming the girl with a kiss. "You will stay with us now. Tomorrow we shall kill a fatted calf for you! Do you hear, friends? I extend an informal invitation to as many of you as can come to dinner tomorrow evening!"

They did hear, and accepted happily the unique diversion this entertainment would afford. Mrs. Astor-Raeburn was always doing the unusual. They owned that this was half her charm. She did the unusual and defied criticism.

"Dinner at eight—prompt! After that cards, games, anything you may suggest. And oh, of course—singing!" She looked at Rosarie, who was very highly colored in excitement. Her heart hopped and skipped about in her breast. Sometimes she felt it tight in her throat.

She could only nod happily in assurance to this announcement from Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, her—what? Oh, this was getting to be too much for Rosarie's brain, which was all muddled now in a head spinning around like a top to the tune of—"Let me sing my song, my song divine! Let me sing my song divine—or I shall die—of sorrow!"

THE STUDIO—MANETTI

It was about a month later that Manetti sat in the early twilight running his fingers listlessly over the keys. It was Rosarie Soule's hour which had never been filled in by any other pupil since she had left. It was usually long past Manetti's hour for giving lessons that Rosarie used to come, but he had always waited for her because she could not be present at any other time, save very early in the morning. And Manetti was a late riser.

After a while he walked over to the open window and looked out upon the busy life below. He saw an electric brougham drive up to the door and there stepped out a vision of elegance.

Presently a tap at his door. He crossed the room, but before he had gone half way the door opened and a face peered cautiously in.

"Ah, you *are* at home, then," said the visitor, coming forward with both hands extended. A little silver bag dangled from one arm.

"Miss Soule!" exclaimed Manetti. "You are the illustration of my thoughts."

"Why, were you thinking of me?" asked Rosarie as she took the chair he placed for her.

"Yes; this is your hour, you know."

"I know that," she answered. "What were you doing?"

"Playing—and thinking."

"Thoughts set to music!" laughed Rosarie.

"So. You are going to study in Europe. Soon?"

"I leave in September," she answered.

"Well, ah, well . . . We all must try our wings. Sometimes we fly very far and grow very weary, then we are glad enough to creep back to our forsaken nests! Sometimes, we stay so long away—some of us—that there is no nest when we return! You will learn much in traveling, Miss Soule," said Manetti.

She sat silent, looking down at the vanity bag in her lap. He studied her—his former pupil.

She wore a black striped taffeta, effectively trimmed in black velvet. On her head, and tilted to the right, was a large black picture hat graced by a single willow plume. Rosarie Soule was indeed good to look upon. Suddenly she looked up.

"Money doesn't make the nest after all, does it?" she asked, smiling.

"No; indeed, no. Each little strand is woven around with the care of love and feathered with patience and faith. But sometimes a storm comes and whirls the nest away!" He was becoming reminiscent.

"How do you know all this?" demanded Rosarie. "Have you perchance ever had—"

"No; oh, no," he hastily assured her. "Once I started building one but—the storm!" With a shrug and gesture.

"Oh," said she, rising. "Oh!" Which might mean any number of things.

"Let me sing my song!" She took her place a little away from the piano and crossed her hands behind her.

Manetti obeyed; touching the keys softly and lingering a second upon her chord, she began the song. Memories flooded through the music and glistened in her eyes.

"Let me sing my song, my song divine!" was borne upon the deepening twilight through the open window. "Ah, let me sing my song divine!" The last word rang through the room to its utmost vowel; then, very softly, as she clasped her hands at her breast, "Or I shall die of sorrow."

Not until its echo had passed away did either move. There was some sort of communication going on between them which both were aware of, yet neither dared to interrupt. Manetti presently turned from her. Rosarie laughed, somewhat abashed. She was about to drop back to her chair when he suddenly swung about.

"Sing 'Promise Me,'" he demanded, rather than entreated.

"No. *You* sing it for me, please. It sounds so much better in a man's voice, anyway. Sing it!"

"Sit down," he said.

She moved her chair a little so that she could see his face as he sang. Manetti's rich baritone went straight to the heart of Rosarie Soule. As she sat there wrapped in the charm his voice had cast upon her, she looked at his handsome features and wondered about the man. He had been so kind, so patient with her many mistakes; and had helped her up many a time when she had stumbled in her "A-B-C's" of music. She had found him ever ready to sympathize with her petty trials, and more than once had helped her by his kindly advice when she had come in for her lesson in a low-spirited, troubled mood. He had indeed been her benefactor in many things.

"Sweet violets of early spring, which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing"—Rosarie met his eyes—"of love unspeakable that is to be. Promise me; oh, promise me!" Something awakened in her breast; stirred, tried to be free, then sank to rest again. "Ah, the power of his song!" she thought.

"No love less perfect than a life with thee. Promise me; oh, promise me!" How his voice lingered over "promise!" And as if the word were scarcely to be spoken, he whispered "me."

Manetti, all unaware of his boldness, had stretched out a hand to her. But she lowered her eyes and did not see this gesture. He was glad. He murmured something self-condemning, then arose and took another seat further away.

"That was beautiful!" cried Rosarie. "Beautiful! I love it so!"

He smiled. "The *song* is beautiful," he answered simply.

"I was wondering where your thoughts were while you were singing."

"Once I might have told you," said he. "But not now."

"Why?"

"The storm has swept the nest away, and I cannot show you what I was building."

"Can't you build again?"

"I fear not. No, it would be of no use now. It is too late."

"How now!" exclaimed Rosarie. "Where is all that fine courage you used to administer me?"

"The best doctor cannot save himself."

"But you are not ill?"

"Only of the heart," replied Manetti.

"Ah, some woman! I see. And will she have none of you?"

"I do not know."

"Then ask her."

"Will you?"

"Will I? Will I what?" asked Rosarie, contracting her pretty brows in a troubled manner.

"Have aught of me? My heart, for instance! Take care! You will trample upon it! It is at your feet!"

Rosarie had risen. She laughed nervously, looking down as if she actually expected to see it.

"Surely you are not serious!"

"No; of course not. I often jest this way. Forgive my dry humor, Miss Soule. I am dull." He bowed low and mockingly.

This hurt her. She wished she had not spoken at all. Ah, that he could treat love so lightly!

"It must be very late. I had not meant to stay so long," she said.

"I think it must have seemed long to you. I am a poor entertainer." He rose and pushed a button flooding the room with light.

"You know I didn't say—didn't mean that!" stammered Rosarie, giving him her hand at the door as she was passing out.

"Oh! I have forgotten something!" withdrawing her hand and entering the room. "My purse; there it is; over on the piano!"

"Is that all?" he asked, covering the hand with both of his as he returned the purse. "Haven't you forgotten your song?"

"My song?" lowering her eyes to the bare floor.

"Yes; it is here in my heart. The one you nearly trampled upon; the other you left with me—to stay always. They are inseparable. Rosarie! Rosarie!"

"I am glad it is so. I am glad. 'Or I should die of sorrow!' Oh, my dear—my dear!"

She raised her eyes. No fear that he should read them now. In his arms she raised her face, and when she felt his kisses and knew the sweetness of good, strong love, she realized as never before how empty her whole life had been; how lonely! It was this she had waited for. It was this she needed.

"My little wife, aren't you? My little wife!"

"Yes, ah, yes!" happily she whispered.

·THE·LETTERS·

by L·M·Montgomery

JUST before the letter was brought to me that evening I was watching the red November sunset from the library window. It was a stormy, unrestful sunset, gleaming angrily through the dark fir boughs that were now and again tossed suddenly and distressfully in a fitful gust of wind. Below, in the garden, it was quite dark, and I could only see dimly the dead leaves that were whirling and dancing uncannily over the roseless paths. The poor dead leaves—yet not quite dead! There was still enough unquiet life left in them to make them restless and forlorn. They hearkened yet to every call of the wind, who cared for them no longer but only played freakishly with them and broke their rest. I felt sorry for the leaves, as I watched them in that dull, weird twilight, and angry — in a petulant fashion that almost made me laugh — with the wind that would not leave them in peace. Why should they— and I — be vexed with these transient breaths of desire for a life that had passed us by?

I was in the grip of a bitter loneliness that evening — so bitter and so insistent that I felt I could not face the future at all, even with such poor fragments of courage as I had gathered about me after father's death, hoping that they would, at least, suffice for my endurance, if not for my content. But now they fell away from me at sight of the emptiness of life.

The emptiness! Ah, it was from that I shrank. I could have faced pain and anxiety and heartbreak undauntedly, but I could not face that terrible, yawning, barren emptiness. I put my hands over my eyes to shut it out, but it pressed in upon my consciousness insistently, and would not be ignored longer.

The moment when a woman realizes that she has nothing to live for — neither love nor purpose nor duty — holds for her the bitterness of death. She is a brave woman indeed who can look upon such a prospect unquailingly; and I was not brave. I was weak and timid. Had not father often laughed mockingly at me because of it?

It was three weeks since father had died — my proud, handsome, unrelenting old father, whom I had loved so intensely and who had never loved me. I had always accepted this fact unresentfully and unquestioningly, but it had steeped my whole life in its tincture of bitterness. Father had never forgiven me for two things. I had cost my mother's life and I was not a son to perpetuate the old name and carry on the family feud with the Frasers.

I was a very lonely child, with no playmates or companions of any sort, and my girlhood was lonelier still. The only passion in my life was my love for my father. I would have done and suffered anything to win his affection in return. But all I ever did win was an amused tolerance — and I was grateful for that — almost content. It was much to have something to love and be permitted to love it.

If I had been a beautiful and spirited girl I think father might have loved me; but I was neither. At first I did not think or care about my lack of beauty; then one day I was alone in the beechwood; I was trying to disentangle my skirt which had caught on some thorny underbrush. A young man came around the curve of the path and, seeing my predicament, bent with murmured apology to help me. He had to kneel to do it, and I saw a ray of sunshine falling through the beeches above us strike like a lance of light athwart the thick brown hair that pushed out from under his cap. Before I thought I put out my hand and touched it softly; then I blushed crimson with shame over what I had done. But he did not know — he never knew.

When he had released my dress he rose and our eyes met for a moment as I timidly thanked him. I saw that he was good to look upon — tall and straight, with broad, stalwart shoulders and a dark clear-cut face. He had a firm, sensitive mouth and kindly, pleasant, dark-blue eyes. I never quite forgot the look in those eyes. It made my heart beat strangely; but it was only for a moment, and the next he had lifted his cap and passed on.

As I went homeward I wondered who he might be. He must be a stranger, I thought — probably a visitor in some of our few neighboring families. I wondered, too, if I should meet him again, and found the thought very pleasant.

I knew few men and they were all old, like father, or at least elderly. They were the only people who ever came to our house, and they either teased me or overlooked me. None of them was at all like this young man I had met in the beechwood nor ever could have been, I thought.

When I reached home I stopped before the big mirror that hung in the hall and did what I had never done before in my life — looked at myself very scrutinizingly and wondered if I had any beauty. I could only sorrowfully conclude that I had not — I was so slight and pale, and the thick black hair and dark eyes that might have been pretty in another woman seemed only to accentuate the lack of spirit and regularity in my features. I was still standing there, gazing wistfully at my mirrored face, with a strange sinking of spirit, when fathercame through the hall, his riding whip in his hand. Seeing me, he laughed.

"Don't waste your time gazing into mirrors, Isobel," he said carelessly. "That might have been excusable in former ladies of Shirley whose beauty might pardon and even adorn vanity; but with you it is only absurd. The needle and the cook-book are all that you need concern yourself with."

I was accustomed to such speeches from him, but they had never hurt me so cruelly before. At that moment I would have given all the world only to be beautiful.

The next Sunday I looked across the church, and in the Fraser pew I saw the young man I had met in the wood. He was looking at me with his arms folded over his breast and on his brow a little frown that seemed somehow indicative of pain and surprise. I felt a miserable sense of disappointment. If he were the Frasers' guest I could not expect to meet him again. Father hated the Frasers; all the Shirleys hated them; it was an old feud, bitter and lasting, that had been as much our inheritance for generations as land and money. The only thing father had ever taken pains to teach me was detestation of the Frasers and all their works. I accepted this as I accepted all the other traditions of my race. I thought it did not matter much. The Frasers were not likely to come my way, and hatred was a good satisfying passion in the lack of all else. I think I rather took a pride in hating them as became my blood.

I did not look at the Fraser pew again, but outside, under the elms, we met him, standing in the dappling light and shadow. He looked very handsome and a little sad. I could not help glancing back over my shoulder as father and I walked to the gate, and I saw him looking after us with that little frown which again made me think something had hurt him. I liked better the smile he had worn in the beechwood; but I had an odd liking for the frown, too, and I think I had a foolish longing to go back to him, put up my fingers and smooth it away.

"So Alan Fraser has come home," said my father.

"Alan Fraser?" I repeated, with a strange, horrible feeling of coldness and chill coming over me, like a shadow on a bright day. Alan Fraser, the son of old Malcolm Fraser of Glenellyn! The son of our enemy! He had been living since childhood with his dead mother's people; so much I knew. And this was he! Something stung and smarted in my eyes. I think the sting and smart might have turned to tears if father had not been looking down at me.

"Yes. Didn't you see him in his father's pew? But I forgot. You are too demure to be looking at the young men in preaching—or out of it, Isobel. You are a model young woman. Odd that the men never like the model young women! Curse old Malcolm Fraser! What right has he to have a son like that when I have nothing but a puling girl? Remember, Isobel, that if you ever meet that young man you are not to speak to or look at him, or even intimate that you are aware of his existence. He is your enemy and the enemy of your race: You will show him that you realize this."

Of course that ended it all—though just what there had been to end would have been hard to say. Not long afterwards I met Alan Fraser again, when I was out for a canter on my mare. He was strolling through the beechwood with a couple of big collies, and he stopped short as I drew near. I had to do it—father had decreed—my Shirley pride demanded—that I should do it. I looked him unseeingly in the face, struck my mare a blow with my whip, and dashed past him. I even felt angry, I think, that a Fraser should have the power to make me feel so badly in doing my duty.

After that I had forgotten. There was nothing to make me remember, for I never met Alan Fraser again. The years slipped by, one by one, so like each other in their colorlessness that I forgot to take account of them. I only knew that I grew older and that it did not matter since there was nobody to care. One day they brought father in, white-lipped and groaning. His mare had thrown him, and he was never to walk again, although he lived for five years. Those five years had been the happiest of my life. For the first time I was necessary to someone—there was something for me to do which nobody else could do so well. I was father's nurse and companion, and I found my pleasure in tending him and amusing him, soothing his hours of pain and brightening his hours of ease. People said I "did my duty" toward him. I had never liked that word "duty," since the day I had ridden past Alan Fraser in the beechwood. I could not connect it with what I did for father. It was my delight because I loved him. I did not mind the moods and the irritable outbursts that drove others from him.

But now he was dead, and I sat in the sullen dusk, wishing that I need not go on with life either. The loneliness of the big echoing house weighed on my spirit. I was solitary, without companionship. I looked out on the outside world where the only sign of human habitation visible to my eyes was the light twinkling out from the library window of Glenellyn, on the dark fir hill two miles away. By that light I knew Alan Fraser must have returned from his long sojourn abroad, for it only shone when he was at Glenellyn. He still lived there, something of a hermit, people said; he had never married, and he cared nothing for society. His companions were books and dogs and horses; he was given to scientific researches and wrote much for the reviews; he travelled a great deal. So much I knew in a vague way. I even saw him occasionally in church, and never thought the years had changed him much, save that his face was sadder and sterner than of old and his hair had become iron gray. People said that he had inherited and cherished the old hatred of the Shirleys—that he was very bitter against us. I believed it. He had the face of a good hater—or lover—a man who could play with no emotion but must take it in all earnestness and intensity.

When it was quite dark the housekeeper brought in the lights and handed me a letter, which, she said, a man had just brought up from the village postoffice. I looked at it curiously before I opened it, wondering from whom it was. It was postmarked from a city several miles away and the firm, decided, rather peculiar handwriting was strange to me. I had no correspondents. After father's death I had received a few perfunctory notes of condolence from distant relatives and family friends. They had hurt me cruelly, for they seemed to exhale a subtle spirit of congratulation on my being released from a long and pleasant martyrdom of attendance on an invalid, that quite overrode the decorous phrases of conventional sympathy in which they were expressed. I hated those letters for their implied injustice. I was not thankful for my "release." I missed father miserably and longed passionately for the very tasks and vigils that had evoked their pity.

This letter did not seem like one of those. I opened it and took out some stiff, blackly written sheets. They were undated and, turning to the last, I saw that they were unsigned. With a not unpleasant tingling of interest I sat down by my desk to read. The letter began abruptly: "You will not know by whom this is written. Do not seek to know — now or ever. It is only from behind the veil of your ignorance of my identity that I can ever write to you fully and freely as I wish to write — can say what I wish to say in words denied to a formal and conventional expression of sympathy. Dear lady, let me say to you thus what is in my heart.

"I know what your sorrow is, and I think I know what your loneliness must be — the sorrow of a broken tie, the loneliness of a life thrown emptily back on itself. I know how you loved your father — how you must have loved him if those eyes and brow and mouth speak truth, for they tell of a nature divinely rich and deep, giving of its wealth and tenderness ungrudgingly to those who are so happy as to be the objects of its affection. To such a nature bereavement must bring a depth and an agony of grief unknown to shallower souls.

"I know what your father's helplessness and need of you meant to you. I know that now life must seem to you a broken and embittered thing; and knowing this I venture to send this greeting across the gulf of strangerhood between us, telling you that my understanding sympathy is fully and freely yours, and bidding you take heart for the future, which now, it may be, looks so heartless and hopeless to you.

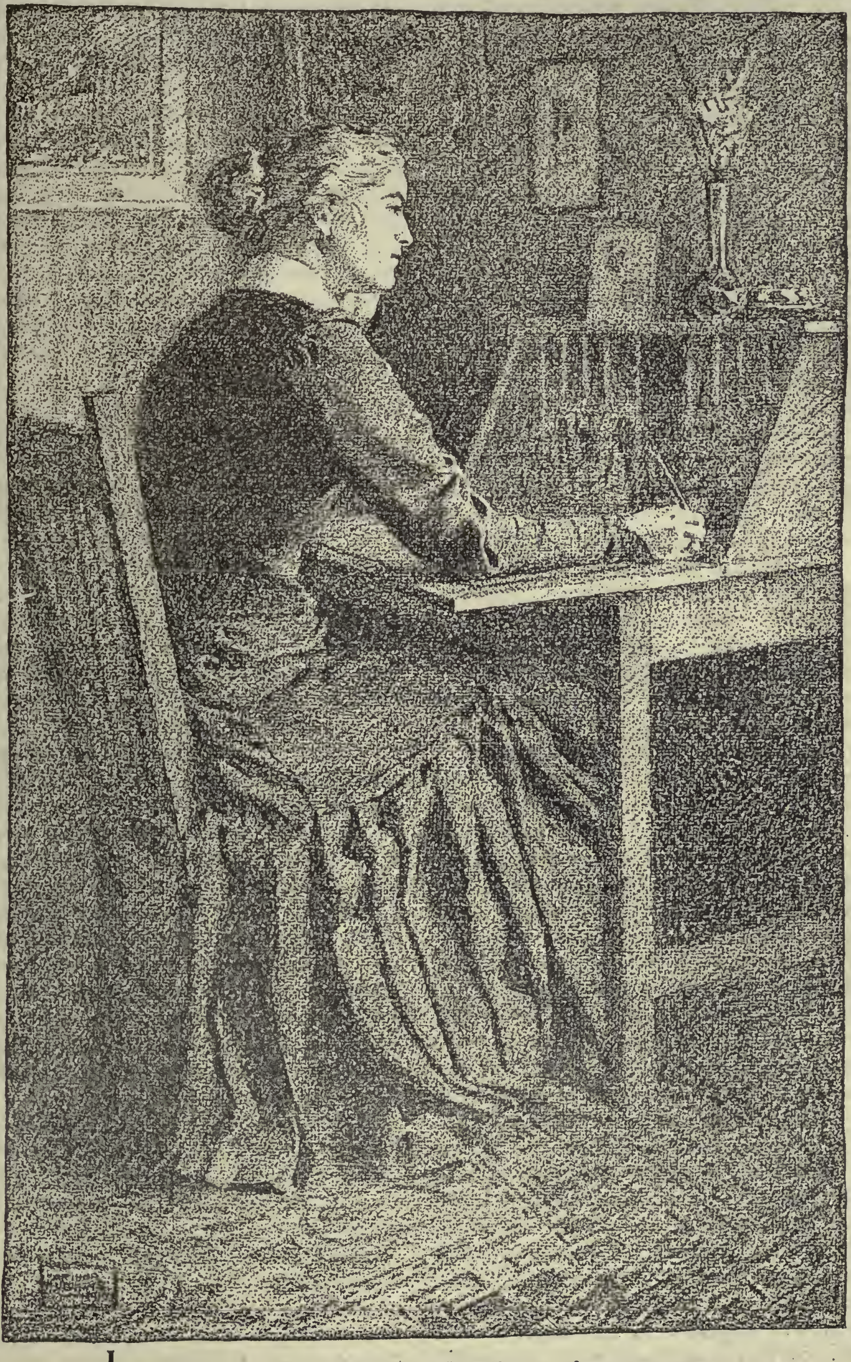
"Believe me, dear lady, it will be neither. Courage will come to you with the kind days. You will find noble tasks to do, beautiful and gracious duties waiting along your path. The pain and suffering of the world never dies, and while it lives there will be work for such as you to do, and in the doing of it you will find comfort and strength and the highest joy of living. I believe in you. I believe you will make of your life a beautiful and worthy thing. I give you Godspeed for the years to come. Out of my own loneliness I, an unknown friend, who has never clasped your hand, send this message to you. I understand — I have always understood — and I say to you: 'Be of good cheer.'"

To say that this strange letter was a mystery to me seems an inadequate way of stating the matter. I was completely bewildered, nor could I even guess who the writer might be, think and ponder as I might.

The letter itself implied that the writer was a stranger. The handwriting was evidently that of a man, and I knew no man who could or would have sent such a letter to me.

The very mystery stung me to interest. As for the letter itself, it brought me an uplift of hope and inspiration such as I would not have believed possible an hour earlier. It rang so truly and sincerely; and the mere thought that somewhere I had a friend who cared enough to write it, even in such odd fashion, was so sweet that I was half ashamed of the difference it made in my outlook. Sitting there, I took courage and made a compact with myself that I would justify the writer's faith in me — that I would take up my life as something to be worthily lived for all good, to the disregard of my own selfish sorrow and shrinking. I would seek for something to do — for interests which would bind me to my fellow-creatures — for tasks which would lessen the pains and perils of humankind. An hour before, this would not have seemed to me possible; now it seemed the right and natural thing to do.

A week later another letter came. I welcomed it with an eagerness which I feared was almost childish. It was a much longer letter than the first and was written in quite a different strain. There was no apology for or explanation of the motive for writing. It was as if the letter were merely one of a permitted and established correspondence between old friends. It began with a witty, sparkling review of a new book the writer had just



I Was in the grip of a bitter Loneliness that evening :

read, and passed from this to crisp comments on the great events, political, scientific, artistic, of the day. The whole letter was pungent, interesting, delightful—an impersonal essay on a dozen vital topics of life and thought. Only at the end was a personal note struck.

"Are you interested in these things?" ran the last paragraph. "In what is being done and suffered and attained in the great busy world? I think you must be—for I have seen you and read what is written in your face. I believe you care for these things as I do—that your being thrills to the 'still, sad music of humanity'—that the songs of the poets I love find an echo in your spirit and the aspirations of all struggling souls a sympathy in your heart. Believing this, I have written freely to you, taking a keen pleasure in thus revealing my thought and visions to one who will understand. For I, too, am friendless, in the sense of one standing alone, shut out from the sweet, intimate communion of feeling and opinion that may be held with the heart's friends. Shall you have read this as a friend, I wonder—a candid, uncritical, understanding friend? Let me hope it, dear lady."

I was expecting the third letter when it came—but not until it did come did I realize what my disappointment would have been if it had not. After that every week brought me a letter; soon those letters were the greatest interest in my life. I had given up all attempts to solve the mystery of their coming and was content to enjoy them for themselves alone. From week to week I looked forward to them with an eagerness that I would hardly confess, even to myself.

And such letters as they were, growing longer and fuller and freer as time went on—such wise, witty, brilliant, pungent letters, stimulating all my torpid life into tingling zest! I had begun to look abroad in my small world for worthy work and found plenty to do. My unknown friend evidently kept track of my expanding efforts, for he commented and criticized, encouraged and advised freely. There was a humor in his letters that I liked; it leavened them with its sanity and reacted on me most wholesomely, counteracting many of the morbid tendencies and influences of my life. I found myself striving to live up to the writer's ideal of philosophy and ambition, as pictured, often unconsciously, in his letters.

They were an intellectual stimulant as well. To understand them fully I found it necessary to acquaint myself thoroughly with the literature and art, the science and the politics they touched upon. After every letter there was something new for me to hunt out and learn and assimilate, until my old narrow mental attitude had so broadened and deepened, sweeping out into circles of thought I had never known or imagined, that I hardly knew myself.

They had been coming for a year before I began to reply to them. I had often wished to do so—there were so many things I wanted to say and discuss; but it seemed foolish to write letters that could not be sent. One day a letter came that kindled my imagination and stirred my heart and soul so deeply that they insistently demanded answering expression. I sat down at my desk and wrote a full reply to it. Safe in the belief that the mysterious friend to whom it was written would never see it I wrote with a perfect freedom and a total lack of self-consciousness that I could never have attained otherwise. The writing of that letter gave me a pleasure second only to that which the reading of his brought. For the first time I discovered the delight of revealing my thought unhindered by the conventions. Also, I understood better why the writer of those letters had written them. Doubtless he had enjoyed doing so and was not impelled thereto simply by a purely philanthropic wish to help me.

When my letter was finished I sealed it up and locked it away in my desk with a smile at my middle-aged folly. What, I wondered, would all my sedate, serious friends, my associates of mission and hospital committees think if they knew. Well, everybody has, or should have, a pet nonsense in her life. I did not think mine was any sillier than some others I knew; and to myself I admitted that it was very sweet. I knew if those letters ceased to come all savor would go out of my life.

After that I wrote a reply to every letter I received and kept them all locked up together. It was delightful. I wrote out all my doings and perplexities and hopes and plans and wishes—yes, and my dreams. The secret romance of it all made me look on existence with joyous, contented eyes.

Gradually a change crept over the letters I received. Without ever affording the slightest clue to the identity of their writer they grew more intimate and personal. A subtle, caressing note of tenderness breathed from them and thrilled my heart curiously. I felt as if I were being drawn into the writer's life, admitted into the most sacred recesses of his thoughts and feelings. Yet it was all done so subtly, so delicately, that I was unconscious of the change until I discovered it in reading over the older letters and comparing them with the later ones.

Finally a letter came—my first love letter; and surely never was a love letter received under stranger circumstances. It began abruptly as all the letters had begun, plunging into the middle of the writer's strain of thought without any preface. The first words drove the blood to my heart and then sent it flying hotly all over my face.

"I love you. I must say it at last. Have you not guessed it before? It has trembled on my pen in every line I have written to you—yet I have never dared to shape it into words before. I know not how I dare now. I only know that I must. What a delight to write it out and know that you will read it. Tonight the mood is on me to tell it to you recklessly and lavishly, never pausing to stint or weigh words. Sweetheart, I love you—love you—love you—dear, true, faithful woman soul, I love you with all the heart of a man.

"Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. I can never come to tell you so in spoken words; I can only love you from afar and tell my love under the guise of impersonal friendship. It matters not to you, but it matters more than all else in life to me. I am glad that I love you, dear—glad, glad, glad."

There was much more, for it was a long letter. When I had read it I buried my burning face in my hands, trembling with happiness. This strange confession of love meant so much to me; my heart leaped forth to meet it with answering love. What mattered it that we could never meet—that I could not even guess who my lover was? Somewhere in the world was a love that was mine alone and mine wholly and mine forever. What mattered his name or his station, or the mysterious barrier between us? Spirit leaped to spirit unhindered over the fettering bounds of matter and time. I loved and was beloved. Nothing else mattered.

I wrote my answer to his letter. I wrote it fearlessly and unstintedly. Perhaps I could not have written so freely if the letter were to have been read by him; as it was, I poured out the riches of my love as fully as he had done. I kept nothing back, and across the gulf between us I vowed a faithful and enduring love in response to his.

The next day I went to town on business with my lawyers. Neither of the members of the firm was in when I called, but I was an old client, and one of the clerks showed me into the private office to wait. As I sat down my eyes fell on a folded letter lying on the table beside me. With a shock of surprise I recognized the writing. I could not be mistaken—I should have recognized it anywhere.

The letter was lying by its envelope, so folded that only the middle third of the page was visible. An irresistible impulse swept over me. Before I could reflect that I had no business to touch the letter, that perhaps it was unfair to my unknown friend to seek to discover his identity when he wished to hide it, I had turned the letter over and seen the signature.

I laid it down again and stood up, dizzy, breathless, unseeing. Like a woman in a dream I walked through the outer office and into the street. I must have walked on for blocks before I became conscious of my surroundings. The name I had seen signed to that letter was Alan Fraser!

No doubt the reader has long ago guessed it—has wondered why I had not. The fact remains that I had not. Out of the whole world Alan Fraser was the last man whom I should have suspected to be the writer of those letters — Alan Fraser, my hereditary enemy, who, I had been told, cherished the old feud so faithfully and bitterly, and hated our very name.

And yet I now wondered at my long blindness. No one else could have written those letters — no one but him. I read them over one by one when I reached home and, now that I possessed the key, he revealed himself in every line, expression, thought. And he loved me!

I thought of the old feud and hatred, I thought of my pride and traditions. They seemed like the dust and ashes of outworn things — things to be smiled at and cast aside. I took out all the letters I had written — all except the last one — sealed them up in a parcel and directed it to Alan Fraser. Then, summoning my groom, I bade him ride to Glenellyn with it. His look of amazement almost made me laugh; but after he was gone I felt dizzy and frightened at my own daring.

When the autumn darkness came down I went to my room and dressed as the woman dresses who awaits the one man of all the world. I hardly knew what I hoped or expected; but I was all athrill with a nameless, inexplicable happiness. I admit I looked very eagerly into the mirror when I was done, and I thought that the result was not unpleasing. Beauty had never been mine, but a faint reflection of it came over me in the tremulous flush and excitement of the moment. Then the maid came up to tell me that Alan Fraser was in the library.

I went down with my cold hands tightly clasped behind me. He was standing by the library table, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the light striking upward on his dark, sensitive face and iron-gray hair. When he saw me he came quickly forward.

"So you know — and you are not angry — your letters told me so much. I have loved you since that day in the beechwood, Isobel — Isobel — "

His eyes were kindling into mine. He held my hands in a close, impetuous clasp. His voice was infinitely caressing as he pronounced my name. I had never heard it since father died — I had never heard it at all so musically and tenderly uttered. My ancestors might have turned in their graves just then — but it mattered not. Living love had driven out dead hatred.

"Isobel," he went on, "there was *one* letter unanswered — the last."

I went to my desk, took out the last letter I had written and gave it to him in silence. While he read it I stood in a shadowy corner and watched him, wondering if life could always be as sweet as this. When he had finished he turned to me and held out his arms. I went to them as a bird to her nest, and with his lips against mine the old feud was blotted out forever.

PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

—*From "Heart Throbs."*

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By Frederick Hulzmann

WITH late fall the birds of song soar southward in search of a warmer clime; but not so the "song-birds" of musical records. Their pilgrimages have been made months before in order that their new songs may be ready in the season of "fireside evenings." It was in sultry August that Madame Melba, the far-famed opera soprano, left her abode on the continent and took up a residence at a little inn near Philadelphia, for convenience in preparing the winter roles for the Victor public. Nor was this an unique situation; most of the records for the winter must necessarily be made during the summer, and vice versa. Except on special occasions, from four to six months are required to put a new record on the market. The selection must be sung into the recording machine satisfactorily, and pass a severe criticism on the part of an efficient musical board before being placed in the mould for record-making. Furthermore, there is the gigantic problem of distribution; and the arrangement whereby every phonograph owner in every part of the country is able to have the new records at precisely the same moment, requires time and some hard planning.

* * *

A really good piano record is an achievement, on the phonograph. Emilio Murillo, the South American composer, has entered into a contract with the Columbia company that promises to set a new pace in this field of endeavor. "Leonor," a polka, and "High Life," two-step, are his own compositions, and he plays them with a master hand.

One of the old "Sunday night singers" at the Manhattan, Francesco Daddi, has made his initial bow to the Columbia audience in one of the old Neapolitan songs that did so much to pave his way toward Grand Opera.

It is some time since I have heard the Archibald Brothers, the peerless Indiana quartet, who sing so exquisitely without accompaniment. The Columbia people, discovering their talent, engaged them for a series of selections. I hope that those to come will be as well rendered as "Juanita" and "The Two Roses."

Among the stage favorites, Miss Grace La Rue is one of the latest to join the ranks of "phonograph singers." She made her great success last season in "Molly May," from which two selections this month are taken. "Clap Hands," and "Does Anybody Here Know Nancy?" of the "Kelly" variety are recorded in excellent shape.

Kitty Cheatham has a following all her own—and it's universal at that. "Scandalize My Name," "Sat'dy Night" and "Georgia Buck" (with top-notch banjo accompaniment) are charming little negro songs. Miss Cheatham can recite, too—Dunbar's "When Malindy Sings" proves it conclusively.

No. A897 is one of the records you are sure to buy. One can't deny that "Any Little Girl, That's a Nice Little Girl, is the Right Little Girl for Me," and "I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place, But It's Hard to Find the Girl," are "the" songs of the day; and they go very well on double disc—catchy words, airs, elongated titles and all.

Lawrence Public Library
Lawrence, Mass.

The "semi-high class" ballad has made a host of friends since its advent not so long ago. This shouldn't convey the impression that our tastes are deteriorating, either; for the "semi-high class" is quite in a field by itself, and should be accorded a more dignified and adequate title. Ball and Ingraham have been largely responsible for its success, and "You are the Ideal of My Dreams," Mr. Ingraham's latest ballad, is featured by the Victor people, along with its singer, George Carre, who is new to the Victor ranks.

Fifty-five measures to the minute, decided the National Association of Masters of Dancing at their annual meeting, is the correct waltz tempo, and the edict will be generally observed throughout the country at "correct" affairs. The Victor company has put out a ten-inch double-disc in the new time especially to put folks in practice with the proper speed, and they're to be thanked for it. Two of the most popular dance waltzes have been chosen—the "Cupid Astray" and "Garden of Dreams," and the Victor Dance Orchestra, with Walter B. Rogers conducting, have done admirable work.

A novel creation is that "Humorous Variations on a German Folk Song," by Wollweber. A little German folk song has been rendered according to the much varied styles of the greatest composers—Bach, Gounod, Strauss and Wagner. An educative novelty is this; in getting an exaggeration of the different styles of the famous four, you can't help but gain some knowledge of their characteristics. The record is numbered 31796, and played by Arthur Pryor's Band.

Of course, when Edmond Rostand's "Chantecleer" was heralded far and wide, most people prepared for scores of "rooster" compositions from the agressive American song-writer. Only a few of them, fortunately, have found any favor at all with the publishers. Lampe has put forth a "Chantecleer March" which is really good—quite as high class, in fact, as any of the Lampe compositions.

The Victor people are particularly "sot up" this month over the "Second Chausseurs March" by the famous Garde Republicaine Band of France. The organization is about a hundred strong, and it ranks among the best bands in the world. Personally, I don't think they have anything "on" our own United States Marine Band, but their work is certainly magnificent.

The two Ring records, the violin numbers by Kreisler and Miss Powell, ballads by McCormack and Mme. Alda, not forgetting George Hamlin's two new records, are all deserving of more than passing mention. There are songs, too—any number of good ones; in short, the Victor list for October furnishes a genuine treat.

* * *

Rostand, some people forget, *has* composed real drama. "L'Aiglon" is such, and the Edison people have very aptly selected its thrilling climax, "La Plaine de Wagram" as an amberol record for the month. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is the artist, and the recording is admirable.

The grand opera list is especially replete—the mere mention of Carmen Melis, Karl Jorn, Marie Delna, Giovanni Polese and Florencio Constantino awakens an expectation of all that is sublime in the operatic world.

One never tires of the old songs, and the Edison people have faithfully listed one or two every month, often introducing their new singers in this way to ensure for them a cordial reception. Here, then, is "Auld Lang Syne," as a soprano solo by Miss Marie Narelle, whom the Edison people have secured under exclusive contract. The number is 525.

Jere Sanford doesn't wait for any sort of introduction; he goes through a series of whistles, yodles and snatches from patriotic songs so fast one has to put the record on again half a dozen times.

The Knickerbocker Quartet has made an enviable name for itself in the rendition of inspiring music. October lists both an amberol and a standard record—"Fading, Still Fading" and "Oft in the Stilly Night."

Billy Murray, Edward M. Favor, Collins and Harlan and the other artists on whom we depend to keep us lively, are all listed in popular songs; Len Spencer has gone in for sustained work and has himself arranged a record on the illustrated song idea, "Mamma's Boy."

THE MAN WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

By C. L. ANDÉ

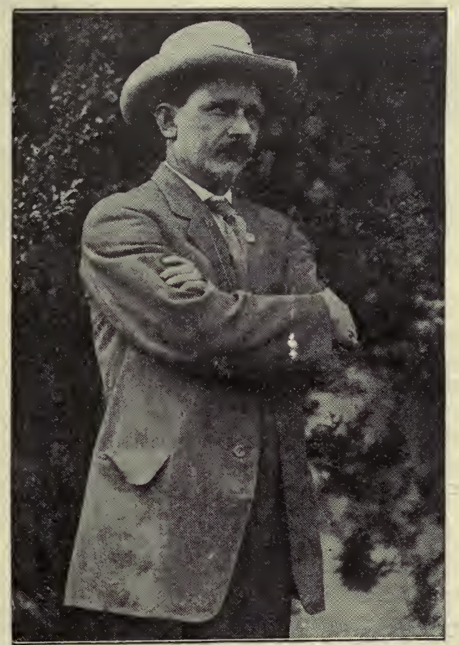
THE world at large, interested in the romantic development of Florida in a way the world perhaps has never before been interested in the development of any single State, is prone to give the entire credit for the wonderful upbuilding of the beautiful land of flowers and sunshine to such men as Flagler, Plant, and those other early pioneers who laid the steel rails of industrial conquest across the limitless expanse of the Peninsula State.

And these men certainly deserve all the credit they receive, for without the railroad the Florida of today would still be a picturesque paradise, abounding in all manner of fish and game, and with a climate surpassed nowhere in the world, but a land withal that would occupy no important role in the great empire of commercialism that has been built up on the new continent.

But there are other men—the men who have paved the way for the great stream of immigration that is now turning to Florida from all corners of this great land—who must be given their share of credit for what has been and is being accomplished in Florida's economic upbuilding—the men who have converted Florida from a teeming wilderness to a veritable empire of small farms. One of these is Senator George W. Deen.

As the first real estate operator to turn his attention to the Florida field, Senator Deen is truly the pioneer of Florida development. He has been called, indeed, "the man who sold Florida," because of the tremendous work he has accomplished in laying out and peopling with sturdy settlers thousands upon thousands of acres of Florida lands.

It was Senator Deen who first realized that Florida, with her limited population, could be developed only by peopling her vast areas of tillable land with people from the North and West. And Senator Deen put this theory into practice with no trepidation or hesitancy, for he had an abiding faith in the possibilities of Florida, and like all true pioneers he could look into the future and realize the ultimate. And the ultimate to the Senator was the Florida of today.



SENATOR GEORGE W. DEEN, "THE MAN WHO SOLD FLORIDA"

The success of Senator Deen's initial experiment was as pronounced as it was immediate. In a little over a calendar month he had sold thirty thousand acres of land to eighteen hundred people throughout the United States. This was the famous colony of St. John's Park, which is now the recognized prototype of successful Florida development.

Senator Deen, having played his part in laying the foundation for the future Florida, last year determined to turn his attention from that State to fulfil what had been the dream of his youth—the peopling of his home state, the state which he and his fathers had loved and served so well. In leaving Florida, however, Senator Deen made no marked change in his plan of operation, for the part of Georgia in which he lives has everything in common, both as to climate and topography, with the part of Florida in the upbuilding of which he was so closely identified.

The scene of Senator Deen's present operations is Waycross, Georgia, one of the Empire State's most prosperous manufacturing towns, and a town in the development of which the Senator has played an important part.

With a present population of over fourteen thousand inhabitants—an increase of nearly three hundred per cent in the last decade—with established manufacturing industries that include the largest railroad shops in the United States and represent an investment of five million dollars; with two of the largest cypress plants in the South; with a single railroad system that pays over two million dollars annually in wages; with a splendid system of education, embracing normal, high and public school instruction, and possessing, in the Bunn-Bell Institute, one of the finest denominational colleges in the South; with well-paved streets, up-to-date water and sewerage systems, electric lights, churches of all denominations, daily and weekly newspapers, and all those other conveniences peculiar to the American city of today, it seems almost impossible of belief that Waycross less than thirty years ago was to all intents and purposes an indefinable part of the great pine belt of Georgia that at that time had little value even for its magnificent supply of timber.

CORNER OF PACKING HOUSE OF A. F. MOOR & SONS, WAYCROSS, GA.
These farmers shipped entire crop of 50 acres of cantaloupes at net profit of over $200 an acre

And the only explanation for the remarkable transformation can be found in the work of such men as Senator Deen, Captain H. H. Tift, and other pioneers, who, prompted by no selfish motive, have lent their fortunes and their best efforts to the development of the country they loved, knowing that in the end their labor would not have been in vain.

As has been said Senator Deen's one great ambition is the peopling of the lands of Ware County and the upbuilding of an even greater Waycross.

With this end in view, the Senator put on last November, and is just closing the sale of, Deenwood Farms—a 40,000 acre tract of ten acre truck farms.

Next month he will open for development 60,000 acres of land south and east of Waycross. This development is known as Deen Land Farms.

With the true spirit of helpfulness, Senator Deen is selling his land on monthly payments covering a number of years, so that a home in sunny Georgia is now in the reach of every man.

In selecting Waycross as the site of Deenwood and Deen Land Farms the Senator made no mistake. He knew that in all the South no other place was better adapted for rapid development. He knew that Waycross was the strategical gateway to Florida, every train from the Middle West and most of those from the North passing through its gates. He knew that no less than seven different trunk lines iced their refrigerator cars at Waycross. He realized the enormous advantages that would be enjoyed by the trucker and the farmer, not only on account of a good home market, not only on account of its contiguity to Savannah, Jacksonville, and other good trading points, but more especially on account of the extraordinary freight-rate advantages that it enjoyed over other points to the country's great centres of consumption.

In the creation of Deen Land Farms, however, Senator Deen realized that cheap and ready transportation to the great markets of the country, contiguity to a thriving manufacturing center, ideal location, and an unsurpassed climate were not the only essentials to the success of

DEMONSTRATION DAY AND OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIA BARBECUE

At Senator Deen's Deenwood Farm home "Maryland," on May 19, 1910, given especially for Deenwood Farm purchasers and homeseekers. Over 1,000 guests were present his great undertaking. Above all must come the quality of the soil.

And in selecting the site of his great colony the Senator had this cardinal requisite—the quality of the soil—always in view. That is why Deen Land Farms is as fertile a tract of land as can be found in the entire South, and that is why every Deen Land colonist will be assured success from the outset.

Deen Land Farms is situated in the most favored section of Ware County, the banner county of South Georgia, commonly known as the heart of the Wire Grass country, an agricultural acre that has been defined by the United States Department of Agriculture as having one of the best futures of any section of the entire United States.

Ware County, on account of its regular rainfall, delightfully equable climate, lack of noxious insect life, and above all its fertile soil is indeed the garden spot of the empire state of the South. Its lands can grow in luxuriant profusion, all of the chief staple crops that have made the South famous throughout the world. Sea island and short staple cotton will produce as well as anywhere in the South; corn that would do credit to Indiana, yielding from 60 to 120 bushels as one of two crops on the same land in the same year, grows to a special advantage; oats that might grace a Vermont farm, velvet beans, peanuts, sugar cane, all manner of market produce, such as Irish and sweet potatoes, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and tomatoes, peaches, pears, plums, strawberries and all the other small fruits; in fact, practically every fruit of the earth, except those of an essentially citrus nature, are numbered in the harvest that Lady Bountiful brings to Ware County.

The future of Deen Land Farms is assured beyond peradventure. Their fertility of soil, their nearness to Waycross, their peculiar position in relation to the great markets of the East and West, all combine to make it the Holland of America. Indeed one has to be no prophet to see that the time is not far distant when the vision of Senator George W. Deen will be no longer a dream to be realized but a dream come true.

"LADY BOUNTIFUL" AT THE DEEN LAND FARMS OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIA BARBECUE

A concrete example of the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of Ware County

THE OPEN DOOR TO FLORIDA

MAKING A HOME MARKET FOR THE TRUCKER

By R. T. STEARNS

OF the many problems that confront the new settler in Florida no one is more vital than the successful marketing of his crop. Florida's soil and climate will produce as good crops as can be grown anywhere in the United States, and maturing at a season when a great portion of the country is under a blanket of snow and the remainder agriculturally dormant, should be eminently more profitable than those of any other section.

But good crops do not necessarily spell success in Florida. The difficulties of transportation—embracing long hauls to market, high freight rates and avaricious commission men—all help to make the problem of profitable crop disposal a more intricate one. A profitable market for all he can produce is the great desideratum of the Florida trucker.

An innovation that seems destined to fill this longfelt want has recently been introduced in one of Florida's small farm colonies. This colony is known as Magnolia Springs, and is a subdivision in Clay County, on the St. John's River, four miles from the little town of Green Cove Springs, and eighteen miles from Jacksonville.

The innovation referred to is a new process of vegetable evaporation, which will utilize all that portion of the trucker's crop that he cannot profitably ship to distant markets and will permit him to continue the operation of a farm throughout the year.

This new process of vegetable evaporation is the discovery of Mr. A. F. Spawn, a chemist of note and for seven years a scientific expert for Australia. Mr. Spawn has done much to further agriculture, both in this country and in the antipodes.

When he went to Australia that country was importing practically all the butter it consumed; when he left that land to return to his native soil, America, Australia was exporting hundreds of thousands of tons of this commodity to foreign markets —the direct result of Mr. Spawn's work in the field of irrigation.

The Spawn process of vegetable evaporation is one of the most revolutionary discoveries of the age. It differs radically from the old methods now in use, in that while taking out all of the eighty odd per cent of water that is contained in every vegetable, it does not destroy either its texture or flavor. All the housewife has to do is to soak the dried vegetable in water for a few hours and it will return to its former condition and be in practically every sense a new vegetable.

Mr. Spawn has also discovered a method of manufacturing a first-class flour from the sweet potato in combination with wheat, but using only about one-third of the latter. This will be of peculiar advantage to the trucker, because the manufacturer will be able to pay him at least forty cents a bushel for his sweet potatoes and make a good profit.

As a third crop sweet potatoes will produce from two hundred to four hundred bushels an acre, which, at the rate referred to, would net the trucker more to the acre than the most prolific wheat field of the West. He would still have the first two crops on the same land.

The first vegetable evaporation plant is now in operation at Magnolia Springs, and the president of this colony, Mr. J. J. McNamara, is arranging for the erection of other plants at an early date.

The experiment will be watched with interest.

The Land of the Manatee

SOME TIME ago the Florida–Manatee Company, which is incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, purchased sixteen thousand acres of land near the Manatee River, known as the Covington tract. For many years this has been turpentined and, therefore, has not been available for colonization purposes. The new company proposes, however, to make up for lost time and has cut the property up into 1,600 tracts of ten acres each. These they propose to sell on an unique and very economical basis. In fact the plan is absolutely new so far as it affects the general public and as for the development of Florida, no plan has been suggested which will do as much to popularize the state as the plan contemplated by the Florida–Manatee Company.

For approximately $580 cash outlay, spread over four years, anyone can own a bearing grapefruit grove under the plan adopted by the Florida–Manatee people. Their proposition is so different from the average proposition that it is worth giving in detail, for under this basis of operation, for what one would pay for raw land, one gets a bearing grapefruit grove in four or five years. The plan is as follows: Those who can visit the land, personally, can select a ten-acre tract for one hundred dollars down and one dollar an acre a month thereafter. For those who cannot personally select the land, the company will make allotments. The company takes the money received from the sale of the land and invests it in clearing the land, plowing it, fencing it and planting eight acres with the best grapefruit trees, sixty-nine to the acre. This will be done as soon as possible for the very good reason that the quicker the groves are in bearing, the quicker the company gets its money as will be seen presently. On the basis outlined above, each of the groves will contain 552 trees. During the third year, planting these trees should produce one-half box of grapefruit each, which at two dollars a box would bring $552. The fourth year, on a conservative estimate, 552 trees should produce two boxes each or 1,104 boxes, which at two dollars a box should produce $2,208. Therefore, it will be seen that the grove will produce the third and fourth years a gross of $2,730. Allowing for fertilizer, labor and expense for caring for the fruit, the amount credited on the land will be certainly not less than $1,500. As the grove is sold for a total of two thousand dollars and in the four years mentioned the purchaser has paid one hundred dollars down and $120 for each of the four years, or a total of $580, the grove would then produce in that time enough fruit to complete the payments and turn the property over to the purchaser with a clear title fully paid and unencumbered. In all probability, although the company does not guarantee it, there will be in addition to this an amount of cash for the customer equal to the difference between the total amount realized and the amount credited on the balance due for the land less the cost of raising and caring for the crop.

One of the strongest and most carefully managed banks in the State of Florida, The Citizens Bank & Trust Company, is trustee for the funds paid in for the land of the Florida–Manatee Company. All payments are made to this trustee, and on the first payment, a warranty deed is deposited with the bank by the Florida–Manatee Company. When the payments are completed, this deed, giving clear title without encumbrances, is turned over to the purchaser of the property by the Citizens Bank & Trust Company. The plan is so carefully guarded, so far as the purchaser is concerned, that no one need hesitate to invest in this proposition.

At the Company's offices in Tampa thousands of inquiries regarding their plans have been received. Nearly everyone that knows anything about Florida wants a grapefruit or orange grove. The trouble has been, heretofore, that many were not in a position to leave their business and found it impossible to buy the land and have it developed for them at a reasonable figure while they still remained in their places and continued to receive an income from their labor until the grove was producing an income. Under the plans of the Florida–Manatee Company that is absolutely obviated and hundreds upon hundreds of people throughout the country are signifying their desire to embrace an opportunity that they have looked for for many years but have never seen before.

Everyone who knows anything about Florida knows the wonderful success of the grapefruit culture in Manatee County, particularly the Atwood grove of 230 acres, which has made a phenomenal record as an earning property. The editor of the *Fruit Grower*, a publication of national circulation of St. Joseph, Missouri, who was in Florida recently, wrote of Manatee County:

"While more attention has been given to planting oranges than to any other branch of fruit culture, other citrus fruits do especially well here and are very profitable. Grapefruit, for instance, grows to perfection, and finds ready sale at very profitable prices. Lemons have been planted to some extent, and the culture of pineapples is increasing very rapidly. Protected as it is, as has been explained, Manatee County offers exceptional advantages for growing these tender fruits. The soil and the climate are right, and trees which have been planted have been so profitable that the success of the industry is assured. The quality of the fruit produced is not surpassed by that grown anywhere."

The Florida–Manatee Company's tract runs well up toward the Hillsboro County line and is about thirty-five or forty miles by automobile south from Tampa, lying north of the Manatee River. The ground is all high, being from thirty to thirty-five feet above sea level, and perfectly drained. All of the land is underlaid by artesian water and the original tract consisted of something like twenty thousand acres and has given abundant demonstration of the value of this land for grapefruit and orange culture. There are something like fifty groves in bearing on this property, all of which are either adjoining or surrounded by the property of the Florida–Manatee Company. One of the principal groves in this section is that owned by Mr. M. V. Huyler of New York who has four hundred acres completely surrounded by the Florida–Manatee property. The great advantage, of course, of this section in Manatee County is that it is below the frost line and free from all danger of this sort.

A few years ago, F. W. Fitzpatrick, a government employee at Washington, visited Manatee County and published the following:

"In 1895 and again this year, the citrus crops of northern Florida—those not protected by their owners—were frozen and turned out a complete failure. The Manatee District, being south of the twenty-eighth parallel, escaped those chilling blights, and in fact, as well as in theory, it is in the frost-proof zone."

Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, in a letter written to Charles H. Davis, Petersburg, Virginia, under date of August 16, says:

"No part of our country has seen such progress as the South has made in the last twenty years along material lines; and I believe the next twenty years will see a greater progress.

"For long, the eyes of this nation have been set steadily westward to watch its great and typical growth. From now on I think the South will share with the West in rapidity of growth. This leadership will be hastened by the completion of the Panama canal; the East has the Atlantic and the West, the Pacific; the South even more than the East, and West will have the Panama canal, and will, therefore, stand at the distributing point of all the great oceans of the world."

For further information address the editor of the National Magazine, or the Florida–Manatee Company, Tampa, Florida.

A MODERN ARCADIA

By MITCHELL MANNERING

LESS than fifteen miles from the beautiful city of Jacksonville, the gateway to Florida and its commercial metropolis, and some twenty odd miles from quaint old St. Augustine, just where the stately St. John's turns with one long, last sweep toward the mighty Atlantic, there lies in picturesque seclusion the fertile, beautiful valley of the St. John's.

Mr. Sidney C. Wood, by purchasing twenty thousand acres of its lands, and opening up to settlement Sidwood Farms has made possible for the first time a comprehensive development of this fertile valley.

Mr. Wood is no stranger to Florida. Born in Polk County, and educated in his native state and in Georgia, he has been identified for years with the various movements to develop the great inherent wealth of Florida. Although he has been an exile from his state for some years, he has never lost touch of its affairs, and much of this labor as president of the Wood-Loudon Company, of New York City, one of the representative real estate corporations of that city, has been in the direction of attracting capital and immigration to the shores of Florida.

Mr. Wood, by the way, is still a comparatively young man, and will, therefore, be well able to carry to successful consummation the great work he has undertaken.

In an interview with the writer in his palatial offices in the Bisbee building, Jacksonville's most modern sky-scraper, Mr. Wood, president of the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation, spoke as follows concerning the great enterprise he has in hand:

"While I am a Floridian by birth, I have been in the North for a number of years, and during my sojourn there I have had many occasions to see the evolution of the small farm idea in the great Eastern centers of population.

"It was the success of the small farm idea in Long Island that first directed my attention toward the possibilities of

ON .THE WAY TO SIDWOOD FARNS

a similar, if not a more profitable, development in my own state—Florida. I knew that, producing at a time of the year when Long Island and for that matter, the entire North and West was under a blanket of ice and snow, Florida would offer a far greater measure of success than any other section of the United States.

"I chose Jacksonville for the immediate scene of my operations because I realized that as the metropolis of and the gateway to Florida, as one of the first maritime harbors of the country, as the terminus of eight great transportation systems, as the most rapidly growing center of the entire South, and as an important winter tourist resort, it was bound to offer a ready and profitable market to the trucker, who, with such an important home field, would be entirely independent of the exigencies of market.

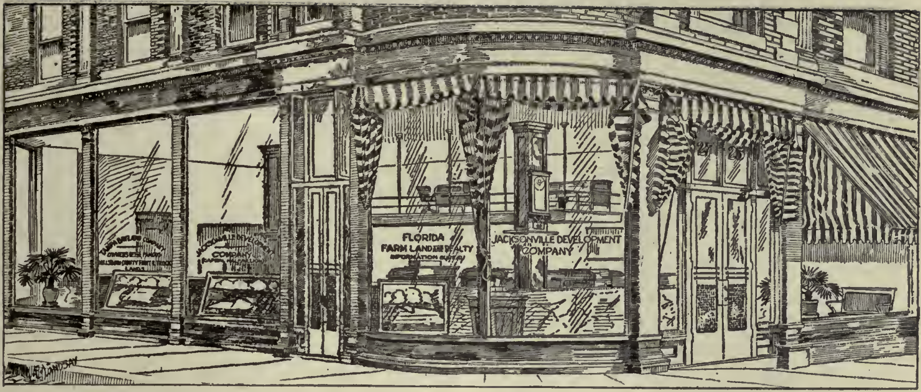
SIDNEY C. WOOD
President of the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation

"In selecting the site of Sidwood Farms, I know that our company has made no mistake. I was born in Florida, and I speak with no egotism when I say that I am thoroughly acquainted with every actual existing condition in the state. I have visited practically every agricultural community in Florida, and, for that matter, almost every state in the South, and have personally examined the soil conditions of thousands upon thousands of acres of land, and can say with truth and confidence that I know of no better soil in the state of Florida for general farming and trucking purposes than is found in the body of land that the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation has selected for its big colony."

"Upon what lines does your company intend to develop Sidwood Farms?" asked the writer of Mr. Wood.

"That question is a little difficult to answer. I may say, however, that Sidwood Farms will be developed along conservative and permanent lines. Our first consideration will be the future success of the settler. We do not want to be classed among that class of real-estate promoters whose one object is the disposal of their land. We believe that any man who has it in him to make good can find certain success in Florida, but we are not one of those concerns who pretend that a man can find success in Florida without a dollar. Who would think of going to the Northwest or any strange community to court success on the farm with merely the purchase price of that farm in his possession?

"Among the plans that we hope to evolve for the comfort and welfare of the settlers on Sidwood Farms," continued Mr. Wood, "and the general upbuilding of the colony, are a truckers' association, to look after the harvesting and marketing of the crop; an experimental farm, which will be conducted solely for the benefit of the settlers and will be a free institution; an automobile truck system to the city of Jacksonville, which will permit the settlers to readily market their products, and the foundation of a number of other permanent institutions which will make for the success and happiness of every resident on our land."



MONUMENT TO FLORIDA PROGRESS

By F. L. STANLEY

IN analyzing the remarkable economic and industrial transformation that Florida is now undergoing, one is bound to recognize the great factors that have made this transformation a living possibility, and, in so doing, to concede to them their due measure of recognition for the vital part they have played in the upbuilding of their state.

An institution that has been a very important factor in this transformation is the Jacksonville Development Company, the largest realty corporation in Florida, and one of the strongest in the entire South.

Founded only five years, and starting in a modest way, this company has gradually extended its operations until today, with total assets of over a million dollars, a surplus of five hundred thousand, and a clientele that embraces nearly five thousand people in all parts of the United States and Canada, it has become a recognized hallmark of Florida success.

In interpreting the remarkable success of the Jacksonville Development Company, one finds that that success has been conditioned on two things—a progressive policy of management, and an honest regard for the welfare of its patrons.

When the company was organized few believed that its success would be so certain and rapid as its founders predicted, for there were many older and stronger companies in the field. But the doubting Thomases were soon silenced. Not content to follow in the wake of the older companies, no matter what success might have attended their efforts, the Jacksonville Development Company proceeded to hew out its own way to success, conducting its business along lines that though conservative were revolutionary compared with the then accepted order of things.

At that time comparatively little real estate in Jacksonville or vicinity was owned by the small property holder, and the company, recognizing the possibilities that this field, properly developed, offered, bought up a number of large tracts of land in and around the city and commenced to develop them for the benefit of the wage-earner, inaugurating a monthly installment plan of payment, waiving claim to interest on deferred payments, and undertaking to assume all taxes until the passing of title.

This was certainly a startling departure for a Southern institution, but its success was instantaneous, and that it has been sustained is shown by the fact that since its organization the Jacksonville Development Company has developed no less than fifty different suburban properties, and assisted over a thousand wage earners to become property owners.

Some of these developments, such as Grand Park, Murray Hill Heights, Seminole Gardens, Highland Estates, Riverside Gardens and Riverside Villas, are well known far beyond the limits of Jacksonville—have, indeed, become the recognized prototypes of the successful suburban development in many Southern cities—and all have become well-developed sections of Florida's chief metropolis.

For three or four years the Jacksonville Development Company confined its efforts to the upbuilding of its home city, and it was only when the management had satisfied itself that there was a substantial economic reason for a comprehensive broadening out of the company's policy that it entered the field of colonization.

In the few years that have intervened, however, this company has done more, perhaps, than any other single institution to advertise the resources and economic advantages of the Peninsula State to the people of the world. It has truly lived up to its name; indeed, its efforts have been so pronounced and so successful that it might well lay claim to the title—the Development Company of Florida.

And in advertising the resources of the state, the Jacksonville Development Company has not resorted to any of the methods of exaggeration or misrepresentation that are supposed to be part and parcel of the land promotion business. They *have* told the story of Florida to the world in an instructive and interesting way; *have* pictured glowingly the wonderful climate and the beautiful scenery of the State; *have* done all in their power to attract the settler to the land of flowers—but in so doing it has been always conservative, always moderate, always frank; warning the prospective buyer that success in Florida was conditioned upon hard work as it is everywhere; pointing out the pitfalls and difficulties; doing everything possible to promote the welfare of the settler.

The welfare of the settler, that truly has been the keynote of the constructive policy of the Jacksonville Development Company. "Come and see for yourself," it has said, "and if you are not satisfied, then we will refund every penny you have paid into the coffers of this company." In addition to this, the company has carried out the same policy with the farm settler in regard to easy payments, non-interest on deferred payments, and no taxation until the land has been paid for in full and the title passed, as it has in the case of the wage-earner of Jacksonville who purchased land in one or other of its suburban developments. It has also made it a rule to share its profits with its patrons, and it is to this progressive and upright policy that must be attributed the fact that today it has not a single dissatisfied patron.

The officers of the Jacksonville Development Company are all men of integrity and standing in the state.

The president, Judge W. B. Owen, is one of the leading jurists of the South, and a prominent financier, being vice-president of the Commercial Bank of Jacksonville, and a stockholder and director in a number of other Florida corporations.

The secretary and treasurer, and the real inspiration behind the remarkable success of this company is Mr. James A. Hollomon. Mr. Hollomon is one of the best business men in the South. Commencing life as a newspaper man, he gradually worked himself up in that profession until he became editor in turn of a number of leading papers, including the *Atlanta Journal* and *The Jacksonville Times-Union.* Mr. Hollomon is a man who has a wonderful insight into the future when it comes to making an important move. Like the scientific chess player, he can very easily see sixteen to twenty moves ahead—that is why the Jacksonville Development Company stands where it does today among the business institutions of the country.

No better illustration of the intelligent and successful management of the Jacksonville Development Company could be adduced than the fact that during its whole term of life it has paid an annual dividend of ten per cent to its four thousand stockholders.

The Tampa Bay Land Company, of Tampa, Florida, with branch offices at Chicago and Minneapolis, is a subsidiary corporation to the Jacksonville Development Company, and Mr. Hollomon is its president.

ONE YEAR OF TAFT PROSPERITY

By C. L. ANDÉ

THIS is not, as its title might indicate, a review of the first year's administration of President Taft, but the story of the marvelous growth and development of a beautiful little town in the fertile Kissimmee Valley of South Florida that bears the name of the chief executive of the United States.

Less than a year ago an undefinable part of the great pine forest of South Florida, its site unmarked, its existence barely dreamed of, Taft today—with its many fine residences, its up-to-date electric lighted hotel, its two-story schoolhouse, its large saw-mill, and its substantial stores—is the happy home of nearly a thousand people.

And the growth of Taft is as permanent as it has been marvelous. Not one of those towns that spring up today to disappear tomorrow, with no excuse for its having been, Taft—the capital town and strategical center of Prosper Colony—is erected on the solid foundations of permanence and thrift.

Beyond question, Prosper Colony is the most substantial development in Florida, the fertility of its lands, their perfect natural drainage, its contiguity to the markets of the world, its perfect topography, its abundant supply of cool, sparkling water, and, above all, its unsurpassed climate, all combining to make it an ideal home for the man who desires to succeed.

A PROSPER COLONY RESIDENCE

In selecting the site of Prosper Colony, its builders chose well, and in the interest of the settlers.

Situated on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line, and extending to within three miles of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, it affords the colonists adequate facilities for the rapid transportation of their crops, and at competitive rates, while its nearness to Orlando, the picturesque seat of Orange County, and to a number of other important towns, ensures a ready market for the overripe fruit that would not carry to distant markets. The number of magnificent lakes that are to be found within its borders and its unlimited supply of deer, turkey, quail and other game, will afford the gunner and angler genuine and profitable sport for all time to come.

As nature's greatest gift to Florida is her salubrious and even climate, so in all Florida no spot has been more greatly blessed in this regard than Prosper Colony, which, situated in the very center of the Peninsula, and on the highest point of the Kissimmee Valley, is fanned day and night by the cooling and health-bearing breezes of the Ocean and the Gulf.

In the success of any enterprise nothing is more important than the personnel of its management. In this regard Prosper Colony is singularly fortunate. Unlike most other colonies, whose destinies are controlled from a distance, and by promoters who have no real interests in the state, Prosper Colony is owned and managed by Florida men, who have a patriotic desire to assist in its upbuilding.

The President of the Prosper Colony Company is Mr. B. Beacham, of Orlando. Coming to Florida about twenty-six years ago from Georgia, a mere boy, and with a very limited capital, Mr. Beacham purchased a few supplies and some tools and started into the woods to clear twenty acres of land and set out an orange grove. Today Mr. Beacham is one of the largest citrus-fruit growers in the state and has accumulated over a million dollars.

The secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Prosper Colony, the man upon whom all the practical work has devolved, and who is chiefly responsible for its wonderful development, is Mr. W. L. Van Duzor.

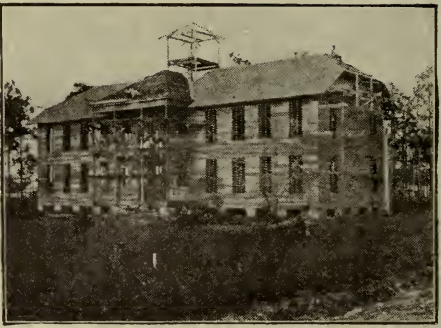
Mr. Van Duzor came to Florida from Chicago in 1883, when only nineteen years of age. Like Mr. Beacham, he too engaged in orange culture, and today points with pride to the fact that he is still one of the large producers of citrus fruits.

But Mr. Van Duzor's chief work has been in other fields. Four years after his arrival in Florida, he was engaged by the Atlantic Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Company—the great drainage company fathered by Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, an immortal name to all Floridians—as general superintendent of its work, and he remained in control of its destinies until the completion of its contract with the State of Florida—in 1893.

Enthused, as were all others associated with Hamilton Disston, with the tremendous possibilities of a developed Florida, Mr. Van Duzor has continued in the field of Florida development, a worthy pioneer, and Prosper Colony is his latest effort to assist in the upbuilding of his state, and in carrying to effectual completion the life work of Hamilton Disston.

One thing that impresses the mind with the fact that Prosper Colony and Taft are established on a lasting foundation, are the elaborate preparations that are being made by the settlers to develop the colony along permanent lines.

For instance, the colonists have formed a co-operative company among themselves to develop the manufacturing possibilities of Taft, and at the same time create an immediate market for the Colony's standing timber. Their big sawmill is already in operation, a shingle and lathe mill is in course of construction, the machinery for a sash, door and blind factory has been ordered, and a large plant for the manufacture of barrels, crates and orange boxes is to be erected in the immediate future.



NEW SCHOOL, PROSPER COLONY, TAFT

A visit to Prosper Colony and to Taft is a revelation of what American citizenship, prompted by an honest purpose, can accomplish in even one short year. On every side is to be heard the buzz of the saw and the tap of the hammer, new settlers are arriving daily, houses are going up as if by magic, farms are being cleared and fenced, and active preparations for placing the land under cultivation are being made.

Strangers in a strange land, these sturdy settlers of Prosper Colony are nevertheless all quite at home in their new surroundings. This new land spells prosperity to all of them, and they feel it. No voice of disparagement, no word of discouragement, no whisper of doubt can be heard anywhere—all love the new state in which they have planted their destinies; all are happy and contented; all look into the future with an optimism that bespeaks well for the future of Prosper Colony and the future of Taft.

* * *

THE EXPERT AND FLORIDA SUCCESS

By H. B. MILLER

TODAY is the day of the expert. In every walk of life there is an insistent demand for the man who has made a particular study of one thing, whether it be in science, medicine, architecture, agriculture, horticulture, or, in fact, any other field of human endeavor.

In the few short years, however, that the soil expert has been a recognized factor in the success of American agriculture, he has demonstrated beyond dispute that he is, of all the experts, the most valuable, for upon him, as upon no one else, depends the success or failure of America's most important citizen, the farmer.

It was with the hope of gaining a few facts as to the part the soil expert would play in the new Florida, that the writer called upon Mr. C. M. Griffing, one of the best horticulturists and soil experts in the South.

Mr. Griffing is an enthusiastic believer in the future of Florida and of the South.

"Knowing the agricultural conditions of the South and of Cuba, as I believe few do," said Mr. Griffing, "I recognized two or three years ago the enormous field that presented itself to the man who would be willing to study scientifically the soil conditions of this the most favored section of our land, and I immediately devoted my attention to this branch of horticulture. No land is more responsive to proper treatment than the soil of the South.

"More wonderful results have been attained by people of moderate means in fruit and vegetable growing in the South than in any other section of the globe. Men with merely enough to live on a few months have rented lands on a share crop basis and made from one thousand dollars to three thousand dollars in a season's work.

"Mistakes are expensive even to those who after a few years of disappointment and failure ultimately succeed. Planting the wrong crops or trees costs time, labor and money. Possibly not all, but the majority of mistakes may be avoided by proper counsel and advice from one having a range of knowledge of soil, climatic conditions and crop results over a wide range of territory, who can advise the kinds of crops, trees and fruits best suited and most likely to prove profitable for the particular location selected, and who can point out to the settler the pitfalls that beset his path.

"Let the settler *start right* and his success will be assured, and the only way to *start right* is to employ a recognized soil expert and horticulturist of integrity and standing."

C. M. GRIFFING
Soil expert and horticulturist

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE football season is on, and the summer baseball fan has resigned himself to watching the struggles of the gridiron, and cheering as enthusiastically at the "goal kick" as when the baserunner landed "home."

Baseball will probably always hold its own as our great national sport, but the new football rules going into effect this fall will do much to make the struggle "within the lines" less dangerous and a close second to baseball in popularity.

* * *

COMING through Southwest Pennsylvania on the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad, one passes an ambitious looking little depot, that seems to have a certain aggressiveness coupled with its newness. "Red Raven" says the sign above the door.

"Where's the works?" asked a fellow-passenger of the brakeman as he called the name in passing.

"Oh, they're up town a mile and a half out," he replied. "They use motor trucks to connect with this road."

"Why don't folks with a business like that get on a railroad line?" queried the fellow-passenger disdainfully.

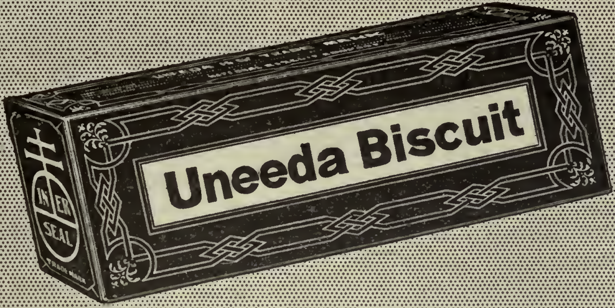
"Oh, they are, but they've 'passed it up' for this road." And as the train sped along to the southward, the story was told of the establishment of the new town of Red Raven. Located in a little hamlet some twelve miles distant from Pittsburg, the townsfolk wanted to call their village Red Raven after their leading industry. So they applied to the local railroad, asking that the freight and express offices at that point be given the new name, which was denied.

But the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad passed within a mile and a half of the town and the resolute villagers petitioned its officers for the establishment of a station called Red Raven. In return they promised to ship over that road, and a line of heavy motor trucks was installed to convey their product from the village to their new station. The railroad accepted; the sign for "Red Raven" was duly hoisted on the Bessemer & Lake Erie road, and the little depot was put up without delay.

In keeping with the plan, an office of Wells, Fargo & Co. was opened in the village, using the line of motor trucks to handle the business between the new station and the little depot.

News of the transfer of a town's business from the local railroad to another a mile and a half distant reached Pittsburg business circles; it was a novel situation. The attention of motor truck and automobile manufacturers was attracted, and the different railroads learning of the undertaking, awaited developments with a keen interest.

It seemed almost an anomaly for a town so situated on the line of a big railroad to do practically all its shipping over another line a mile and a half away, but the business interests of Red Raven say that the experiment is successful, and they are thoroughly satisfied with their new departure. Today fully nine-tenths of all the freight and express arriving at or leaving the village is carried by the motor truck line through the new station of Red Raven.



Real Food
Clean and Fresh

DON'T think of Uneeda Biscuit as a mere lunch necessity, or as a bite between meals.

Uneeda Biscuit are the most nutritious food made from flour, and are full of energizing, strength-giving power.

Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and fresh and delicious when you buy them. Their sensible, dust tight, moisture proof packages prevent the unclean, tough condition so common to ordinary crackers.

(Never sold in bulk)

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

5¢
for a package

AN advertiser who says the National Magazine is exceedingly interesting to himself has got it into his head that the magazine cannot possibly be, and, therefore, is not of any considerable interest to women.

This man handles the advertising appropriation for a favorite food company's product—something that should be regularly advertised in the National.

There are other doubting Thomases who "have got to be shown" that women read and like the National; so let's have a letter from every appreciative woman reader, telling how much she thinks of the publication and saying what departments are particularly interesting. Many of our women readers have expressed special regard for the "Affairs at Washington" department, the travel sketches, and the descriptions of states, which some men folks think are written expressly for themselves, and are of no interest to women.

We want to have such a deluge of letters from our loyal women subscribers that we may prove to advertisers that the National is read and appreciated by both men and women—yes—and by the children, too. Let's have a loyal word from everyone.

* * *

A LARGE sight-seeing automobile was rumbling down Broadway, its raised seats filled with eager sightseers. In front, with megaphone in hand, the announcer pointed out the places of interest, supplementing his remarks with curious bits of history. They were passing the corner of Duane Street, where the street numbers on Broadway were under 300 and rapidly going down-scale.

Waving a hand to the left, he called the passengers' attention to the figures "4711." The reason for the appearance of this number among the smaller ones was interestingly explained: It is the trade-mark of Mülhens & Kropff toilet preparations. Back in 1792 the business was started at 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, Germany, and the reputation of the goods grew until the street number became a household word in the minds of the public.

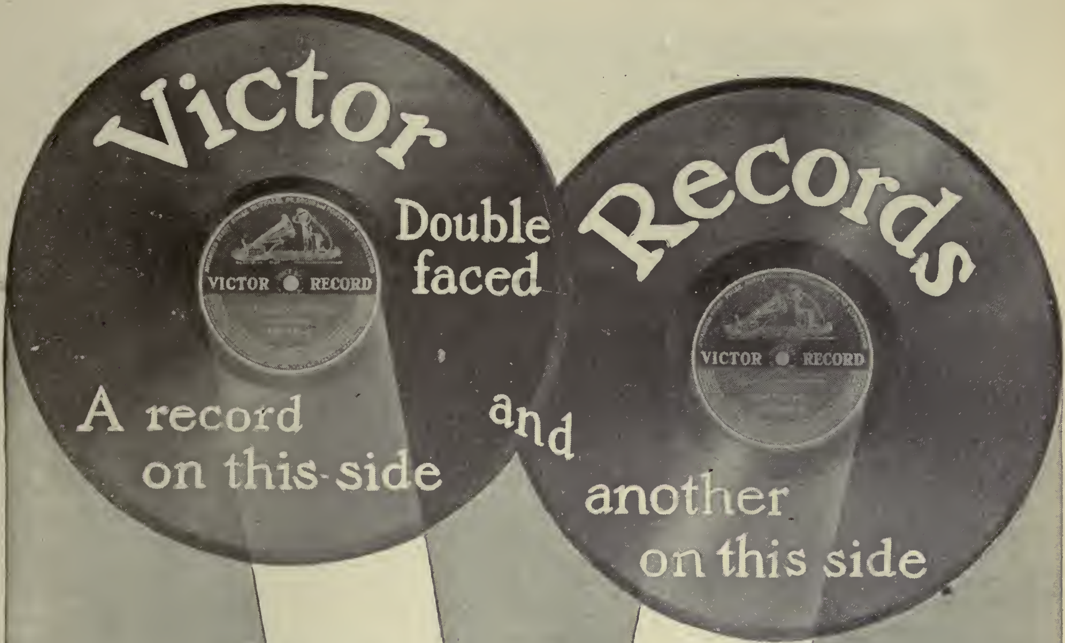
"Go to 4711," said a host of enthusiastic customers, whenever the conversation turned to choice soap and perfumery, and in this way the simple number of the street became the trade-mark of a familiar and much-appreciated line of toilet preparations.

Many NATIONAL readers have doubtless wondered why the trade-mark "No. 4711" is made so conspicuous on the Mülhens & Kropff advertisements, and the explanation throws an interesting little sidelight on the growth of a great business.

* * *

ON July first the Bureau of Mines was established in the Department of the Interior. It was originally planned to transfer the entire Technological Branch of the United States Geological Survey to this department, but an amendment assigned the investigation of the structural materials to the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce and Labor. Analyses and tests of all explosives and reports theron will be made to prosecute the development of mining operations in all parts of the country. Every coal mine accident that has occurred in the past two years has been carefully investigated, and the work of the Bureau of Mines will be of special interest as a part of the general conservation of all coal and ore deposits on government lands.

The special railway cars fitted up as portable railway hospitals for the victims of mining accidents have been already placed on duty by the new Bureau. They will be stationed at central points of the country, ready for emergency calls. One will be located at Billings, Montana, to cover that state and northern Wyoming. The second car has not been definitely assigned as yet, but it doubtless will cover the coal fields of Colorado and Utah. The cars are fully equipped with rescue apparatus, and have air-tight rooms at the end for use in training the men to oxygen helmets. These rooms are filled with poisonous fumes but the miners are trained to remain inside two hours in an atmosphere that would be fatal in two minutes without the protection of the helmets. The Bureau at Washington plans to cover the country thoroughly with these branch rescue stations.



Victor Double-faced Records give you more music, better music and cheaper music than you ever had before.

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THE growth and development of the 5 and 10 cent stores in the United States, inaugurated by Mr. F. W. Woolworth, have played a prominent part in the revolution of retail trade. There seems to be nothing under the sun in the way of little necessities for the house and person that is not included in these 5 and 10 cent shops with their striking red fronts and characteristic and modern methods of doing business. The installation of these stores in England is one of the American enterprises that has met with immediate success; sixty thousand people inspected the rooms of the Woolworth Company on the opening day of the first stores in Liverpool.

The whole proposition was a novelty in England, where the custom is not to expose the variety handled—the customer is supposed to know what he wants before he goes shopping.

Five Woolworth Stores have been opened there, selling their goods at one penny, three-pence (6c.) and sixpence (12c.), a slight advance over the prices in this country, so consequently greater values are given. The throngs who daily visit the stores grow enthusiastic as they find on the counters all the little things which are needed for everyday life rather than those things which it is impossible to possess. The English people appreciate the right given them through the Woolworth plan to enter a shop and look about without being obliged to purchase, and doubtless their advent will revolutionize shopkeeping in Great Britain.

All the stores are centrally located, and are large and roomy, and will soon give the English housewife the same delight in shopping which is enjoyed by her American sister.

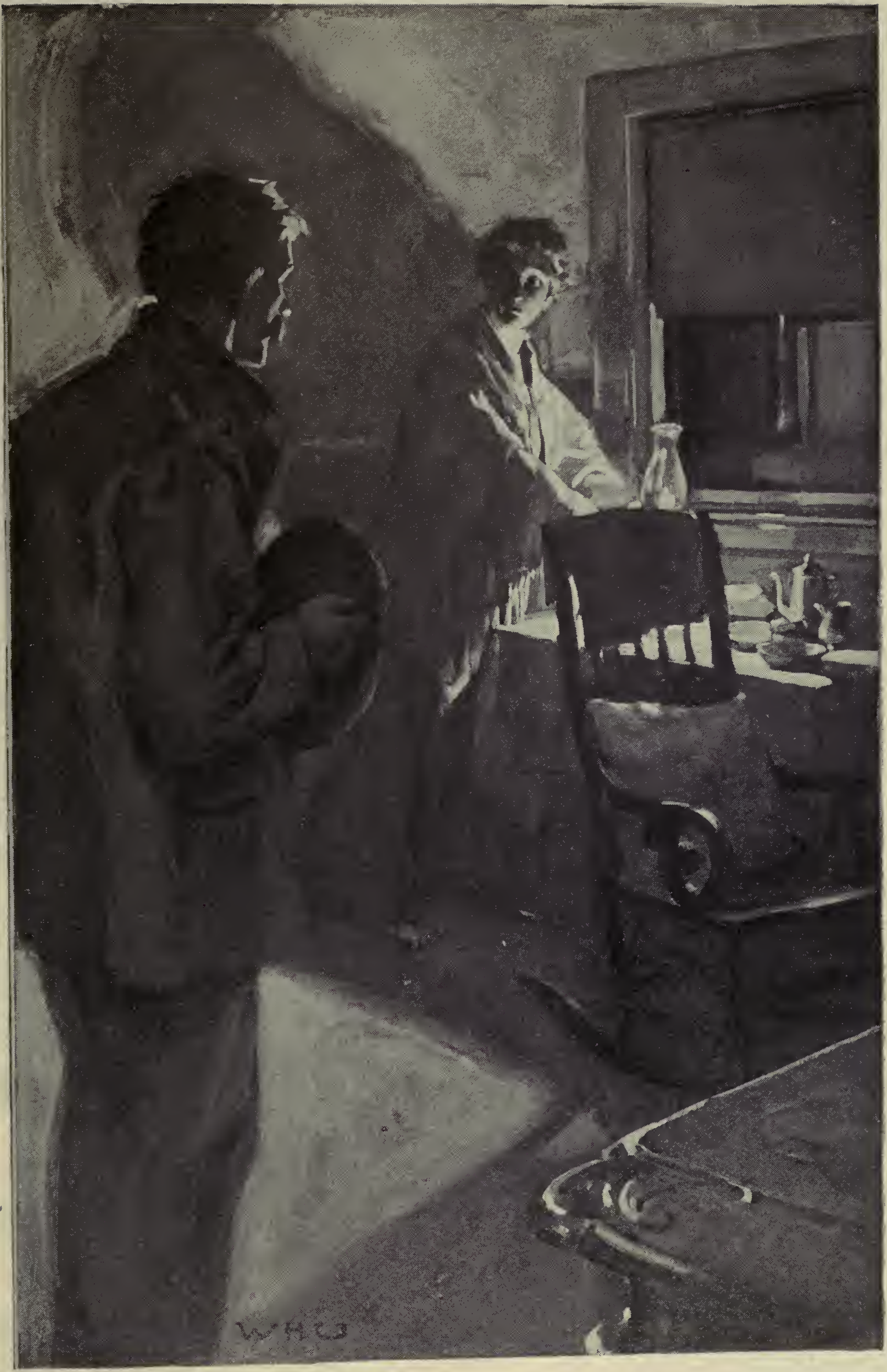
* * *

"IF you want to grasp the meaning of 'artistic' watch the right kind of Italian workman laying a stone wall, or making a plaster cast," said a well-known architect. "You would think at first that both these processes are merely mechanical—but they need not be. There are untrained Italian laborers who will build a masonry wall that is a delight to the trained eye because of the arrangement of the stones. The same thing is true of making casts. The competent Italian workman treats casting as an art. At every step in the process from building the mold around the model, through the operations of pouring the plaster, removing the mold, finishing and putting on the ivory tint, the Italian is inspired by the artistic sensitiveness that has made his country the Mecca of all artists."

There is no place so good as the workrooms of the Boston Sculpture Company, in Melrose, for seeing and feeling the value to the final quality of plaster casts of artistic good faith in the workman. Teachers are of course familiar with the general idea of plaster reproductions of famous—and sometimes of infamous!—sculpture; but a visit to the workrooms of the Boston Sculpture Company will make doubly significant to them thereafter every fine line and every beautiful detail in a plaster cast. They will realize, after watching an Italian at his task of "finishing" a cast, how utterly at the mercy of his sense of artistic obligation is the final truthfulness of the completed cast. Naturally, all casts of the Minerva Giustiniani look much alike to those who do not understand how a little too deep-cutting here, a little lack of cutting there, may subtly falsify the true proportions, and weaken the true expression of the original sculpture.

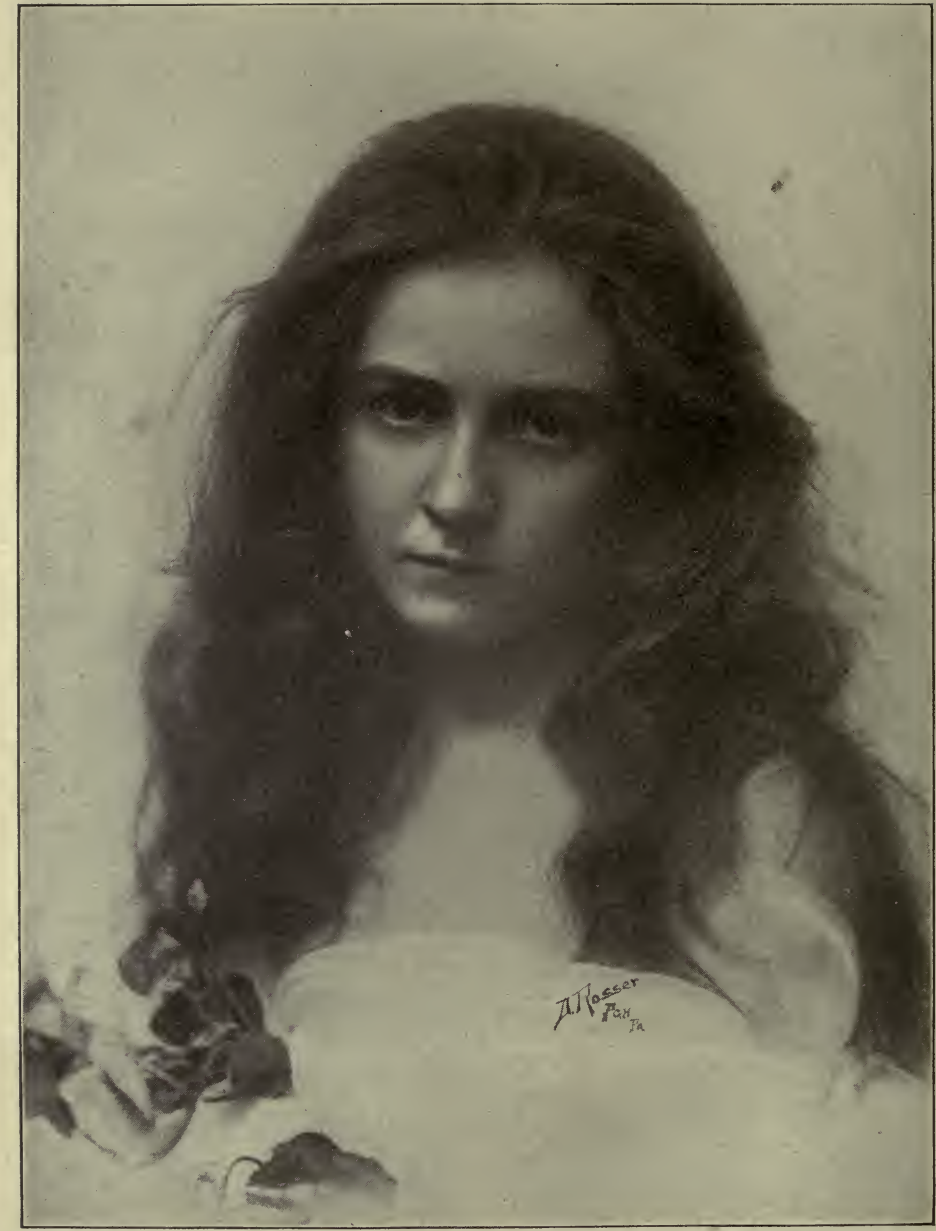
The Boston Sculpture Company will gladly show to visiting teachers all the details of the processes carried on in its workrooms, up to the hundreds of pieces in its studios and storerooms. These range from the Winged Victory of the Greeks to Louis Potter's new busts of President Eliot and "Mark Twain," which have just been received from the sculptor, and are now in the process of casting. The Boston Sculpture Company takes great pains to secure faithfulness in its reproductions, and has used the greatest care in selecting its Italian sculpture workmen, on whom excellence finally depends.

The Melrose Studios of the Boston Sculpture Company occupy a large building standing in the angle between Main and Green Streets, Melrose. Through cars from the lower level at Sullivan Square will take the visitor to them in thirty minutes. Teachers are especially welcome.



"*From the struggling rays of the lamp, she looked upon the stranger*"

(See page 201)


A. Rosser
Pgh
Pa

REVERIE "LA PENSEROSA," THE PENSIVE ONE

December

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1910

A Merry CHRISTMAS to YOU

FROM THE EDITOR

IN the glow of Christmas greeting and merriment our hearts become suffused with the Christ-like impulse of kindly, gentle greeting, and respect for the rights of others, obedience to the most lofty ideals of human intercourse, and deference to our fellow-beings as life seems illumined by the ineffable and softened light of the Star of Bethelem.

Somehow, even the strident tone of the business man, giving crisp command and terse reproof, has a kindly resonance never heard at other times in the few days that precede the world's great universal holiday, when the spirit of consideration for one's fellow-men seems infectious.

Joys of Christmas are recalled—the days when as children we looked upon the Christmas tree and wondered if that drum and this doll were to be really our own. Even Uncle Sam has joined in the little secret of Christmas anticipation, and now holds packages until the great day, to bring happy surprises, and the postman has become a busy envoy of Santa Claus even to the grown-up children.

Let us sit down, in the twilight, by the flickering firelight, and think over for a moment just how much we owe to others for whatever happiness we enjoy. Think a moment—think reflectively, as did Sidney Lanier when he said:

"I shut myself in with my soul,
And the shapes came eddying forth."

Think tenderly and lovingly—and forms and faces crowd upon the vision that perhaps have been long forgotten in the tumult of life. Among the first are those of mother and father, from whose ideals, years ago, were gained the impulses that led to honorable achievement. Here is a vision of the passing friend, whose memory is only preserved in a yellow bundle of letters—letters from whose fading sentences came the inspiration that influenced a life career.

Nor are all faces those of the dead:—many, indeed, are still seen in everyday life. Our friends—the people we meet in business or join in pleasure—how many have helped to mould our lives as we reckon them up in the fading light of the dying Christmas fire!

* * *

The Yuletide bears in floodtide the sentiment of co-operation, the blending of hopes and aspirations, the thoughts and ideals, the welling up of emotions that are inborn—God-given. Even the egotist intermits the proclamation of his ideas and gives a passing moment to the hopes and fears of the little family about his hearthstone, who may be hungering for that word of cheer, which he feels belongs to the world rather than to his own fireside. Who can conceive of a nation which will ever fulfill its own destiny unless it is made up of loyal units—of individuals whose consideration and respect for the majority is evolved into family ties from the same rudiments which make cities and communities and great nations?

As the scientific advancement of the year blends with the vision, we can well imagine the fluttering aeroplane transfigured as the white Dove of Peace. For of what avail are the great leviathans of the seas when the heavens will bear into the final wager of battle aeroplanes and dirigible balloons? As the terrible engines of destruction are improved, the likelihood of war becomes more remote, making the message of Peace something more than a dream. It reminds me of the famous painting which hangs for universal inspiration in Watts' room in the Wallace collection, on the Thames embankment in London. A great world circling through infinite space is represented—surmounted by a harp with but one string; but that string vibrates with the spirit of Hope, and underneath is a motto especially appropriate for Christmas-tide—

"*To give is to gain.*"

And unless Christmas can be kept as a time of giving; unless that giving means some sacrifice and some radiance of joy and comfort and hope to a human being, it will indeed be a dull and cheerless Yuletide.

* * *

The popular note which touches humanity at every corner has been the "square deal." We hear it on the stump, on the street, in the business house, in the pulpit—everywhere. The "square deal" is a lofty and noble sentiment, but its true interpretation is "fair play." The American sense of justice is deep-rooted. "Fair play" is the necessary complement of the "square deal." The deal may be square, but there must also be fair play in the great game of life. Christ repudiated the sentiment of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" in bringing to the world the great message of fair play and charity for all human kind.

The fruitage of a truly noble life finds its greatest recompense in that fellowship and friendship to which Blair paid the charming apostrophe:

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!"

The cultivation of friendship is a true mission of love—the little factory girl who eats her luncheon alone may have a heart hungering for a word from the associates who merrily group about for their noonday meal. The lonesome soul has a gentleness, which, if understood, could be developed into a disposition far from melancholy.

Would it not be possible to conceive of a nation in which man could see in a fellow-man not only his failings, but give him credit also for all his virtue? Can we not say with Browning

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides"?

Think well of your fellow-men—let the Christmas spirit enter your heart, and every reader will, in perusing these lines, feel the Christmas spirit as I feel it, sitting by the hearthside and wishing a Merry Christmas for every individual and family gathering. Let Christmas of 1910 be one of happiness, and the new year will be radiant with hope and filled with the impulse of doing *something* for *somebody* every day. The books will balance if the impulse be actuated by fair play—fair play to every fellow-being.

With this sublimation will come the great consciousness of peace and benediction from Him who having lived a perfect life on earth now reigns over that universal kingdom toward which the heart and soul of man have ever turned for the "peace that passeth understanding" and the good will whose primal chord vibrates the harp-strings of Hope.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

The Queen of the Year

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

WHEN suns are low, and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train—
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But O the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1910

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE is a rush in departmental Washington to gather together the memoranda and tabulated records for the final proofs of the various reports which are prepared, ready for the opening of Congress. The busiest time at the departments at the Capital comes when the last of autumn's gorgeous leafage has fallen, and the winter season is fast approaching. The heads of the various departments, and their clerks and messengers, are busy seeing that the final figures are tabulated and the deductions made on which are based the appropriations for the coming year, to say nothing of the many plans for legislation which are suggested by these summaries and forecasts.

The "Busy Day" card is now prominently visible, and vainly do the announcements of great football matches, aviation contests, races and like attractions greet the eye of the department employe as he hurriedly scans the morning paper. Long into the night the visitor to the various offices finds the clerks and officials at work making up estimates for the annual budget of Uncle Sam, with enthusiastic hopes of appropriations to come.

An official visitor from Switzerland who was being shown about remarked that the most interesting current literature that he could obtain from America was contained in the reports of the government offices at Washington. "You have no idea how the magnitude of your plans and the wonderful system which prevails in this country impresses the visitor from a smaller nation," he said. "Where we deal in dollars, it seems that you deal in millions."

In his bulky portmanteau he had many current reports of the various departments in Washington, insisting that these records were becoming veritable textbooks with the students of civil government the world over. Many translations are made of the more important features and suggestions embodied in these same government reports, which for the most part are unread and unused by an overwhelming majority of the ninety millions of people for whom they are issued.

* * *

IN the rambling low-studded brick building known as the Census Bureau, Chief Durand was busily preparing the last data for announcing the result of the decennial census for 1910. The Director was tugging hard at his stubby mustache, and firmly meeting the perplexities developing from the padded census reports of certain cities in the West. Backed by a letter from the President he took hold of these irregularities with a firm hand, and it is gratifying to know that the discovery of census frauds was not general to any extent. The Division of Population, the largest in the Census Bureau, was pushing along the work at a lively rate after the census figures came in, employing more clerks than any other division in the building.

Copyright 1909, Harris & Ewing

E. DANA DURAND

The census of manufactures is taken every five years, and the returns of vital statistics are made up every year, but the population is numbered and the crop statistics secured only once every decade. The statistics and information incorporated in the Census of 1910 are by far the most comprehensive ever collected by any nation, and have more than merely governmental importance and value; for through these figures accumulated by the Census Department the financier, manufacturer, business man, merchant and the farmer can make calculations tending to preclude over-production, congestion or panic. Business is becoming more and more a matter of simple, mathematical calculation, based to a great extent on official government reports.

* * *

One of the interesting features explained to me by Mr. Durand was that in spite of the fact that fifteen or twenty millions of names are added to the roll each census, the cost of operating the Bureau for the 1910 census is but very little more than when the population was smaller by twenty millions or more, for the labor-saving devices and new systems introduced, especially since the establishment of a permanent census bureau, have effected a tremendous saving, and the celerity and accuracy with which the large volume of work is handled and the details analyzed and segregated, is little short of marvelous. Counting our immense and ever-growing population almost seems like counting the drops of water in a rushing river.

A vigorous effort was made in the taking of the last census to eliminate political influence of every description. Some insist that this has been to the disadvantage of the census, because it did not secure a staff of efficient enumerators who were personally known to the various congressmen. Taken altogether, it must be admitted that the census, as taken under the present methods, will inspire a confidence in the minds of people that would have been impossible if gathered under purely political auspices. The taking of the census of 1910 was as free from political influence as possible in a government that encourages party organizations.

* * *

In the corridors of the Census Bureau were clerks "grown gray in the service"—clerks who had been identified with the census for the past forty or fifty years, many of them—and to observe their care and anxiety lest some one figure in the multifarious collection of tables should be incorrect was an inspiring example of devotion to their work.

The clerks passing to and fro between rooms with papers and bundles, consulting and revising, are making up the history of an important decade.

While the census may not make as fascinating reading as the "Six Best Sellers," it must be realized that the census

MISS HELEN HOLMES, WHO MADE A DECIDED HIT IN "THE AVIATOR WHEN PLAYING IN WASHINGTON."

is the veritable encyclopedia on which all calculations for the future are made in the progress of the nation. Tariff-making, all manner of legislation and appropriations, find in the census reports a reference book of the last resort.

* * *

IT was indeed impressive to witness that the acknowledgment at Washington of a radical change of government in an ancient monarchy was made with as little apparent formality as the signing of a business letter. The transition of Portugal from a kingdom to a Republic was accomplished with scarcely a ripple on the diplomatic "depths profound" at Washington. Foreshadowed by the correspondence of the State Department, the result had been long anticipated, and when the final word came, it seemed to occasion scarcely enough surprise to provoke the lifting of an eyebrow. The change was announced while Assistant-Secretary of State Adee was in personal charge of the Department. Secretary of State Knox, who was called to the telephone at Valley Forge, took his place at the helm in a few hours' time, and the birth of the new Republic of Portugal was made known in Washington through the dispatches to the State Department.

Photo by Lorecy, Albany

WILLIAM F. BARNES, JR.
Of the New York Journal—"The Albany Boss"

President Braga, who has been elected the first chief executive of the new republic, has long been an enthusiastic advocate of independence, and is said to have a special admiration for American ways and methods.

The disintegration of the army and navy of Portugal ensured the comparatively brief and pacific revolution, for upon the loyalty of his army and navy largely depends the security of a King and his monarchy.

The trend of events in Portugal has been sympathetically reflected in many other monarchies, and the spirit of unrest in 1910, now being analyzed by sociological students, seems to be worldwide. This was the case during the years of the struggle for independence of the American colonies (1775–1783), so closely followed by the French Revolution.

It does not seem to require telegraph cables or any of our twentieth century advantages of quick communication to discern a universal feeling of interest among the human race, but modern methods have done much toward eliminating the horrors of massacre and bloodshed which in the past have attended the success or defeat of revolutions.

King Manuel, a resident of England in exile, will have opportunity to reflect, if he lives to an old age, on the futility of trying to rule in the twentieth century without a government where the people must be first considered. His downfall is simply the culmination of events that have been taking place in rapid succession in Portugal.

The sentiment among the Portuguese in America seems to be that their love of monarchs as mere monarchs has been outgrown; they want a man—a practical man of the world, familiar with and capable of a business-like administration—as their chief executive.

The last crown of the many that have been worn by princes of the Portuguese blood has become a relic of the past. Beginning with the deposition of Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, who was dethroned soon after his visit to America at the

Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, the decline of Portuguese royalty has been rapid and inevitable.

* * *

A HURRIED trip from Panama in order to discuss with the President the important subject of fortification has resulted in Colonel Goethals' persuading President Taft to make another trip to Panama. There are few great subjects in connection with the work of the Chief Executive with which the President is not personally familiar. His knowledge of the details concerning the locks and gigantic construction work at the Canal shows what an infinite mass of information has been mastered. The old habit of "collecting the evidence" and getting his facts has had much to do with his success in securing prompt legislation and adequate appropriations. His long and varied travels have broadened his vision and brought him in touch with all sorts of temperaments in tropic and temperate zones—even those incident to barometical changes in political typhoons.

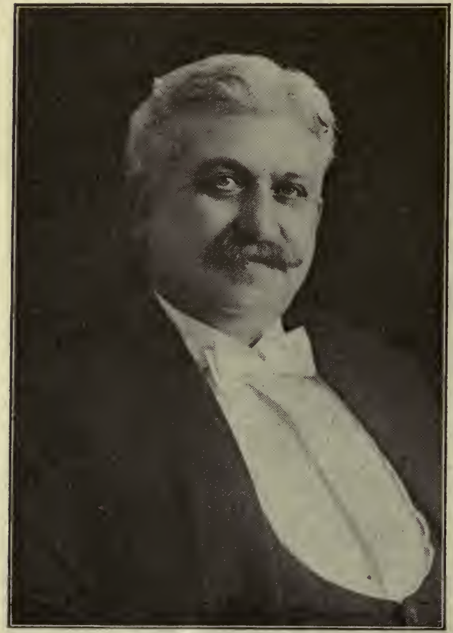
When the President returns from Panama, Congress will have some information on the fortification proposed that will probably result in favorable action. The rainy season has no terrors for the former War Secretary, and the workers on the canal seem to make the dirt fly just a bit faster after the reports of the Presidential parting salute of twenty-one guns have echoed down Limon Bay.

Photo by The Picture Syndicate

SENOR BRAGA

The first President of the new republic of Portugal, in his office at Lisbon

WHAT sweetly sad memories are awakened of my last visit to Julia Ward Howe at her Beacon Street home in Boston. It was approaching her natal day in May, and all the floral charm of the Public Gardens and green of the old Common seemed abloom as we found our way to the home of America's uncrowned queen. In the reception room on the second floor, while waiting, we were startled when a tiny elevator descended from the ceiling, from which, unattended, Julia Ward Howe stepped forth and closed the door in her positive little way as I approached to lend my arm and to lead her to the little white chair toward the window. The impulse to kneel and kiss her hand in veneration could not be restrained.



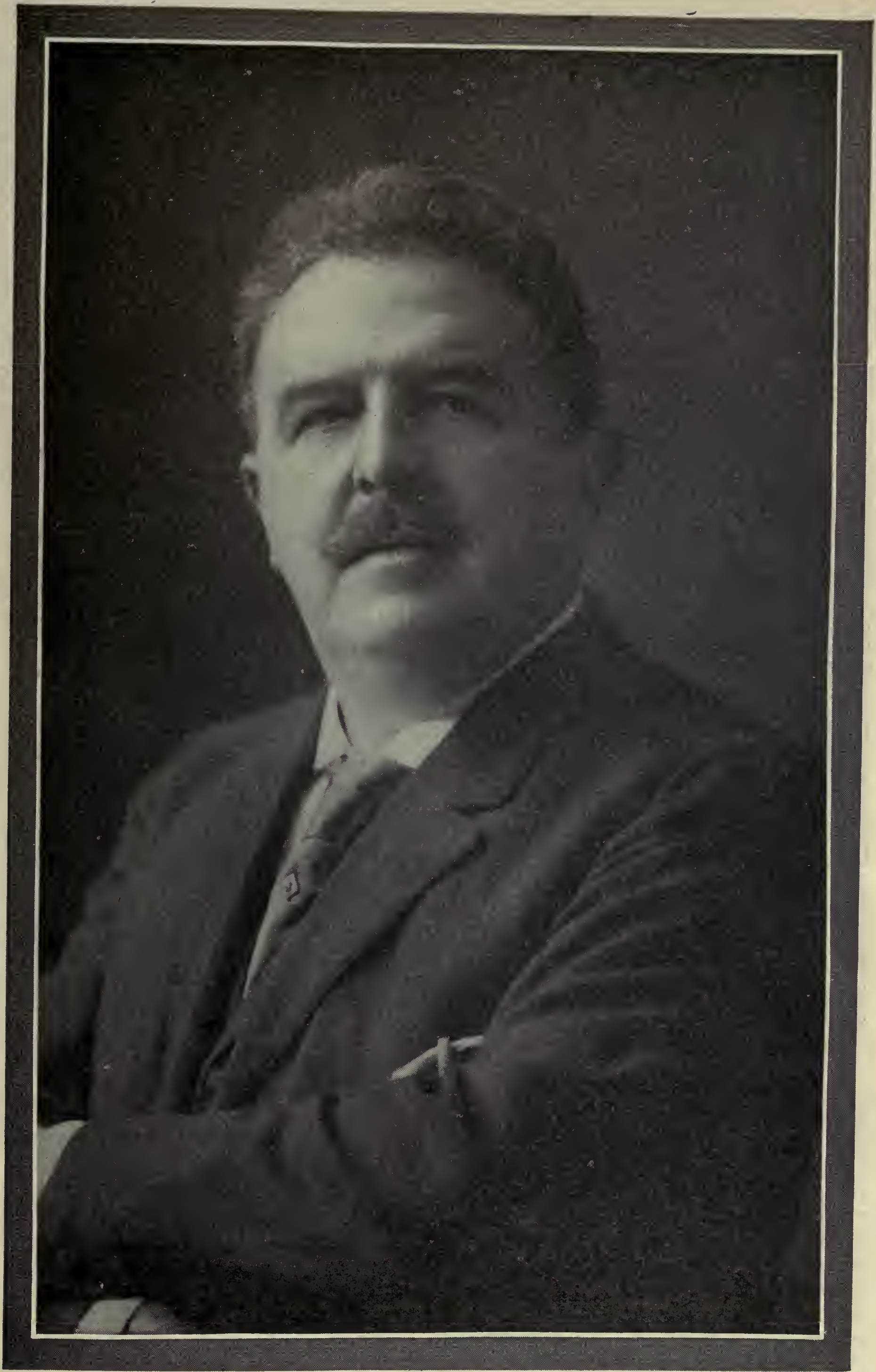
DAWSON MAYER
Publisher and managing editor The Jewish Times, San Francisco (see article in Publishers' Department)

Her bright blue eyes sparkled under the little lace cap and her cheeks flushed as she told us of her girlhood days in New York, and her wit and humor in discussing the events of the passing day, although she was then past her ninetieth birthday, seemed almost supernatural.

She repeated for us the story of her first and only meeting with Lincoln, and her eyes moistened as she spoke of the sad expression in the President's eyes that made his homely face handsome with the shadow of the burden of a people's destinies.

The time passed all too quickly. As we rose to take leave, we were invited to see the drawing-room where our hostess proudly displayed the portraits painted by her son-in-law. There was a charm, a homeliness, a sweetness about it all that never can be forgotten. When I spoke, while looking at the portrait of her distinguished husband, of her assistance to him in his work, she promptly disclaimed any credit: "Why, I had my babies to care for in those days," she laughed, "and it is never fair for a woman to claim credit for her husband's success." This was a frank protest of one of the most renowned of American women suffragists. But how her eyes sparkled when I told her that President Roosevelt had stated that his favorite poem was her own "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

RABBI M. S. LEVY
Editor The Jewish Times, San Francisco (see article in Publishers' Department)



VICTOR HERBERT
The composer and conductor who conferred the awards for the judges in the "Heart Songs" book. His new opera "Natoma" is to be given its first production in New York next February (see article "The Musical Season in America," on page 249 of this issue of the NATIONAL)

In the schools of Boston, on the day of her funeral, her poems were recited and her songs sung while tributes were delivered that will make the memory of Julia Ward Howe ever-enduring in the history of her country.

* * *

THE lights have been kept burning long and late in the Post Office building at Washington, and Postmaster-General Hitchcock has been giving arduous attention to his work. He cut down the postal deficit over $10,000,000 last year, which of itself might seem notable in the career of the young Cabinet officer. But his heart is centered in the belief that, by gradually changing the old systems, he will be able to present to the people of America, as a Christmas gift sometime before the close of the Taft administration, the achievement of one-cent postage on all first-class matter.

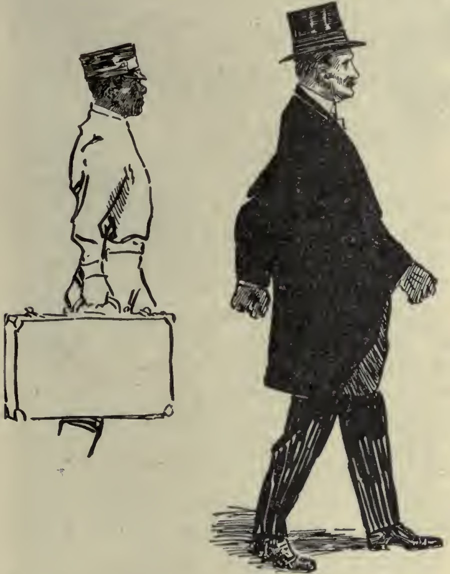
This has been the dream of nearly every postmaster-general since the days of Benjamin Franklin. Under the inspiration of the portrait of Franklin, which hangs conspicuously in the outer office, General Hitchcock has introduced many of the economies and virtues recommended by "Poor Richard." He seems to be determined upon results, and carries out in his department the old Franklin maxim: "Take care of the pennies [for one-cent postage] and the dollars will take care of themselves." His policy for the past year has been to take excellent care of the pennies, in order to work out the equation of penny postage. He began his economies in the executive offices at Washington, and despite the increase in the volume of business, with over two hundred thousand employes in the postal service, the expenses were held down.

THE COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE COMMITTE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS OF THE SENATE IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING, WHICH IS PRESIDED OVER BY SENATOR WARREN

The forthcoming of the postmaster-general's report will be read with interest, as his department, perhaps more than any other, comes in direct contact with the homes of all the people. Mr. Hitchcock has the distinction of organizing the first Postal Savings Bank under the new law. Interest in the establishment of the Postal Savings Bank system is increasing daily, more especially in the West.

* * *

AT one of the early social dinners of the season, a prominent Washingtonian was bewailing the fact that women today take so little interest in political affairs. He recalled the days of Kate Chase Sprague, daughter of Chief Justice Sprague, who was a reigning influence, socially and politically, in the White House receptions, and during the war started in with a resolute purpose of securing her father's nomination for the presidency to supersede Lincoln in 1864.



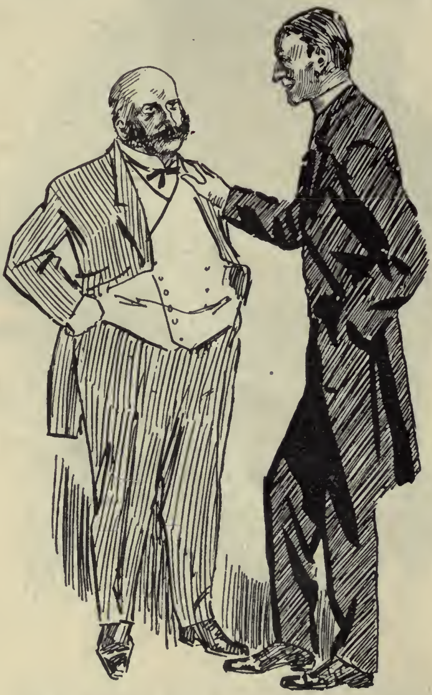
The "M. C." resplendent in long-tailed coat dashed forth

It is said that she is the only woman who ever became a powerful political force in Washington.

She never quite forgave Lincoln for shelving her father in his appointment to the Supreme bench, and pursued very clever plans to secure for Chief-Justice Chase a formidable representation of delegates in the National Convention of 1868. Washington is not Paris, and has never since known a woman who was so astute, active and tactful in political intrigue.

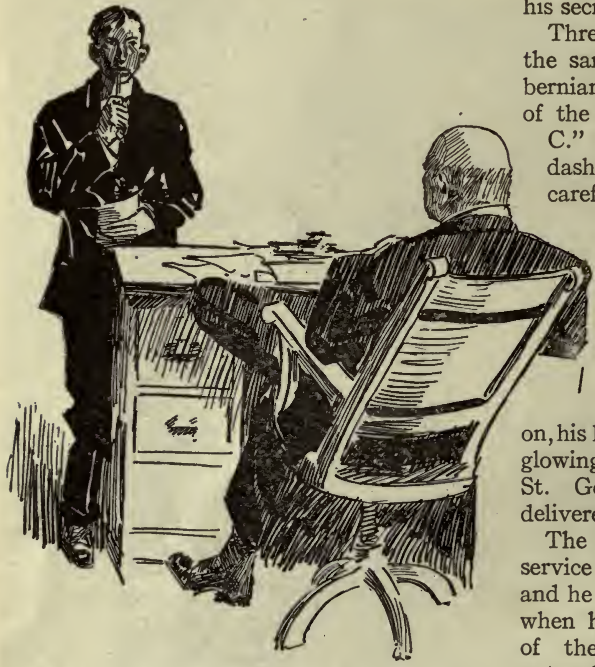
* * *

ONE of the busiest men in the Capitol every year, just before the opening of Congress, is Superintendent Elliott Woods. He was busied with going over little details to please a thousand different minds and the same number of temperaments, and making every nook and corner ready for twelve o'clock on the "first Monday following the first Tuesday."



Bewailing the fact that women today take so little interest in political affairs

The accommodating superintendent is puzzled just now on account of the aviation craze—he fears that the eaves of the dome may yet have to be utilized as an aero-landing for Senators and Congressmen. Some time ago, as carriages became fewer and fewer, he had some trouble with automobiles, but the difficulty was eventually overcome. A vision of Walter Wellman circling around the Capitol Dome in his dirigible balloon with aeroplanes flying hither and thither over the rich green foliage of the Mall and Capitol grounds is a picture that barely lacks reality, now that the trolley car has advanced the outposts of the Washington residence district as far as Rocky Creek. One can easily imagine the days when every distinguished Congressman may slip into his aeroplane and land at the Capitol in a few moments from a home as far distant as staid "Sleepodelphia," as the cynic calls the city where the Declaration of Independence was signed.



The secretary who mixed up those speeches has gone away—secured a foreign mission

IT seemed a revival of the old Rooseveltian days at Washington, when a number of mounted army officers dashed down the Avenue, preparing to enter the riding test. Ever since this contest was instituted by Mr. Roosevelt, the army officers have been careful to take part in it every year. As the years of their service grow to a close, the long rides taken daily are rather wearing on the veterans of many seasons' battles. Later they gather at the Army and Navy Club and recall incidents of these rides as well as many adventures and happenings of the Spanish-American War, for there are now but few if any officers or soldiers in the army who served in the War of the Rebellion, and "Sheridan's Ride" is the popular poem recited at the Army and Navy Club as the time approaches for the official dash ahorse to prove worthy of the commissions they hold.

* * *

MANY are the woeful tales told of the strenuous campaign days. A certain congressman explains the absence of his secretary as follows:

Three speeches were to be delivered the same day, at a luncheon of the Hibernians, a German picnic and a banquet of the Brothers of St. George. The "M. C." resplendent in long-tailed coat, dashed forth with all three manuscripts, carefully typed, under his arm, ready to make quick connections by auto—now an indispensable feature of the hurricane campaign.

When the festive board of the gallant sons of Erin was reached, he pulled out his notes and thrilled his audience with a flowery introduction. But as he went on, his hearers became a bit uneasy over his glowing tribute to the sturdy Brothers of St. George, which he enthusiastically delivered before realizing his mistake.

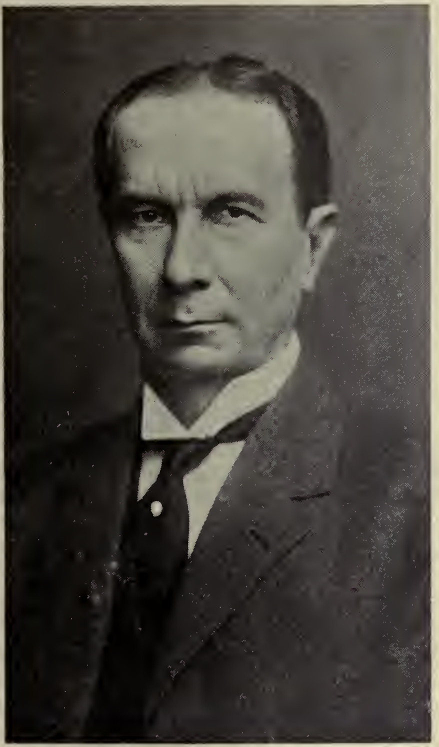
The automobile was called into quick service in whisking him from the place, and he had not recovered from his chagrin when he was responding to the welcome of the picnickers. Spreading out his notes, he launched forth into sentences of unstinted praise for the aggressive British spirit which had made mince-meat of the Germans in the markets of the world. "And that isn't all."

He paused. "No, I didn't read the Hibernian notes for the Britishers. But when I arrived, had been introduced as the speaker for the evening and said a few opening words, I examined my two rolls of manuscript and realized that the papers for the Brothers of St. George had been torn to ribbons in my exasperation, after I discovered my fatal mistake at the Hibernian dinner.

"The secretary who mixed up those speeches," he added emphatically, "has gone away—secured a foreign mission."

ON his return from a trip to the Philippines and around the world, Secretary Dickinson feels that he is better than ever equipped to give the War Department a vigorous administration. He followed the suggestion and advice of his chief, and has familiarized himself with conditions in the Orient. The party of tourists, which included Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, was given a most enthusiastic reception when they arrived in the far-east countries.

No sooner had Secretary Dickinson returned than the military journals were busily debating the problems of the defence of the Pacific, through the fortification of the Panama Canal, although it is recognized that it is now too late to have the defences ready by the time the Canal is opened, since it requires years to set up a battery of disappearing guns similar to those now being made for Honolulu and Manila.



JUDGE ROBERT SCOTT LOVETT
The successor of E. H. Harriman (see page 157)

THE usual genial and hearty greetings which characterize the re-assembling of Congress after the long vacation had an undertone of sadness and genuine regret, because Senator Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, the greatest of America's orator-statesmen, had joined the Great Majority. It seems only yesterday that I watched his tall, stoop-shouldered figure striding down the steps of the Capitol, in the full prime and vigor of his manhood, after his arduous fight in Congress, although his brow was pallid and his eyes seemed to have an unnatural luster.

C. C. GLOVER
President Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C. and an authority on banking

Imperial old Iowa will never have an orator to fill his place, for throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever his voice penetrated, he delivered a never-to-be-forgotten message, whether it voiced a prepared oration, flashed forth in the Senate Chamber in a rough-and-tumble convention debate, or genially amused in an impromptu after-dinner talk.

The legion of stories told of his life promise to rival in number the anecdotes of Mark Twain. In tracing his career, his success seems to have had its start from one incident—and in meeting public men I have learned that a career is often determined by a single speech or a single shining epigram, assuming, of course, that there is ability to back up the "hit," as the stage folk call it.

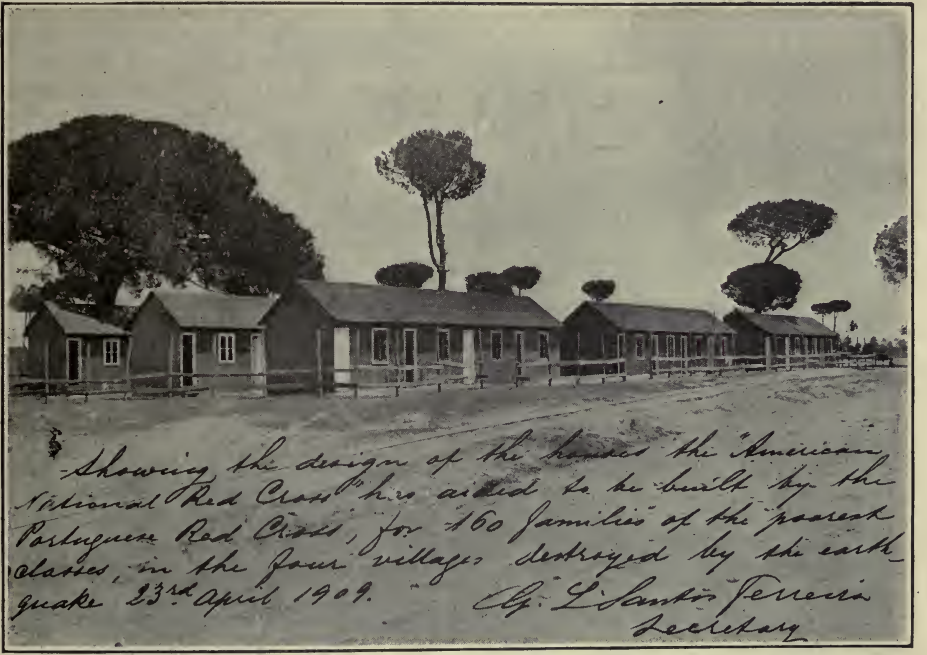
Senator Dolliver first came into prominence when, as a young attorney of Fort Dodge, Iowa, he attracted the attention of the Clarkson boys of Des Moines, who, with their father, ran the old powerful Des Moines *Register*. "Rett" Clarkson published in the *Register* a synopsis of a Fourth of July speech which young Dolliver delivered at a small place near Fort Dodge. It was replete with epigrams, and attracted Clarkson at once. After reading proof on the article, he gave orders that young Dolliver should be made temporary chairman of the Republican state convention. At that time the Clarksons were supreme in Iowa politics. This gave Dolliver his chance; the Fourth of July speech in the little grove before a couple of hundred farmers near Fort Dodge brought Dolliver into public life, just as a Fourth of July speech made Kyle of South Dakota a United States Senator. Dolliver "made good" at the state convention as temporary chairman, and Clarkson featured the address, bringing out the epigrams.

THE LATE SENATOR J. P. DOLLIVER

At that time, in the early eighties, Major Holmes was congressman from the Fort Dodge district. The major was a good Republican, but no speaker. Dolliver made a try for Holmes' seat. Holmes made his campaign among the farmers—about 1884—quoting Shakespeare's "I am no orator as Brutus is." The farmers nominated Holmes on the "no orator as Brutus is" platform. Dolliver was in a barber's chair getting shaved, when a friend informed him that Holmes had just beaten him to a frazzle. Dolliver jumped up half-shaved, and rushed to the convention hall. Somebody saw him enter the hall, and a shout was made for him to make a speech. Dolliver mounted the platform, and in a dramatic speech captured the delegates, and made himself solid forever with the farmers of the Fort Dodge district. He pictured himself as the man that Dante saw in Purgatory, carrying his head under his arm, and continually moaning, "Woe is me." Holmes had just cut off his head, and the only thing remaining for him to do was to take the advice of his political associates, put his head under his arm, and tramp through the Purgatory of Politics, crying, "Woe is me." On second thought, however, the speaker said he would adjust his head as well as he could and marching under the banner held by his erstwhile opponent, he would cry, "Woe to the Democrats." Two years afterwards, Dolliver beat Major Holmes to a frazzle, and represented the Fort Dodge district until he was sent to the United States Senate. His tall form in the rear row on the right of the Senate floor will be missed, for when Dolliver spoke, everyone listened.

* * *

THERE was trouble down at the Agricultural Department when Professor Merton B. Waite, horticulturist, biologist and "pestologist," as he is called, found himself baffled in one of his cherished experiments. The professor has a model farm in Maryland where all sorts of fruits are grown and developed by the most scientific methods. But it was impossible to treat one important phase of tree culture on this farm—destructive experimental work. So the professor selected a stretch of land on the banks of the historic Potomac, and planted it with all kinds of trees known to the bug or worm world. Here he intended to breed all the pests that would reveal the process of destruction. But after preparing this paradise for Bugdom, the buds bloomed and the fruit came despite the germs. The fruit ripened and the trees were laden, and the small boy and his club came along —and did the rest. It was one of those paradoxes of nature; perhaps there were just enough hostile bugs of one tribe to kill enough bugs of another so that the Insurgents and Regulars of Bugdom left the fruit to grow and thrive.



Showing the design of the houses the "American National Red Cross" has aided to be built by the Portuguese Red Cross, for 160 families of the poorest classes, in the four villages destroyed by the earthquake 23rd April 1909.

Ag. L. Santos Ferreira
Secretary

HOUSES IN THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PORTUGAL WHICH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY ASSISTED THE PORTUGUESE RED CROSS TO BUILD FOR EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS SOME TIME AGO

When one meets a real government scientist thus absorbed in his particular branch of research, the ardor with which details and obstacles are met is inspiring, and the pity is that more of the work of this world is not concentrated upon results and achievement rather than upon mad desire for immediate profit.

* * *

SOME light has been thrown of late on a vexed question, by a report from a committee on railway mail pay, representing one hundred and thirty-nine railroads. The compensation for railway mail service has been of late reduced as follows:

First, in 1907, pay was reduced on all routes moving more than five thousand pounds per day, as was the rate for furnishing and hauling railway post office cars; this act produced an annual loss to the roads of six per cent of the total received for both classes of service.

Another act in 1906 withdrew empty mailbags from the paid tonnage, and certain supplies to be sent by express or freight, say one million dollars annually, while the space and facilities continued to be the same as furnished under the original conditions. In 1907, changes in computing average weights resulted in a reduction of four million five hundred thousand dollars a year, and another order reduced railway postal car pay $345,287 per annum. These reductions aggregated $8,600,000 per annum, or seventeen per cent of the total railway mail expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1909. During that same period there had been a large increase in the cost of labor and material used in railroad operation.

AMPAIGN HEADQU TERS
AGUE OF REPUBLICAN STATE CLUBS

WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE CLUBS

The outcry that the deficit in the Post Office Department is due to the increase in second-class mail matter has naturally suggested close examination, with the following results:

In 1907, when the railroads were having the higher rates for service, the postal deficit was $6,653,283. Two years later, in 1909, despite the decrease in railway mail pay, the deficit went up to $17,441,711. Although the railroad service had increased fourteen per cent the pay to the roads was the same as two years earlier. The increased deficit can hardly be laid to this cause in the face of such statistics, which will bear the closest inspection. To have every fact down in black and white, giving opportunity to make a few comparisons, is a sure way to get at the facts.

The especial care required in mail transportation is little understood. The postal car is practically a post office on wheels, run for the benefit of the public. It will, no doubt, surprise many to learn that the rate per ton, a mile, earned in moving these cars is 1.1 mills, a much lower rate than would be received for ordinary empty freight cars, while the cars required are much more costly than those needed for any merchandise. Then, too, where mail cars have to be brought back empty free of charge, being used only one way, the earning capacity is simply cut in two. It is more profitable for a railroad to move empty freight cars in freight trains than to move postal cars in passenger trains, while the difference in payment for moving a loaded freight car, as compared with the rate for moving mail cars, is nearly three to one; post office cars are built according to government estimates and requirements, made regardless of the cost, which is paid by the roads.

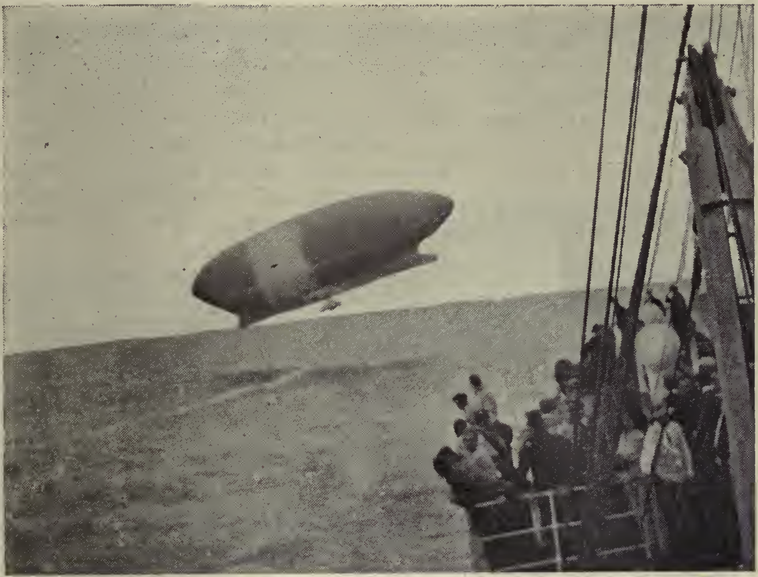
* * *

HE lives in Peoria, does Joe Graff—"Honorable Joseph V. Graff, of Peoria, Illinois," is the way it reads in the Congressional Record. In a recent visit to the city, I was interested in noting the extraordinary popularity of this representative from Peoria among the boys. And it's all on account of the Scout Law.

The Scout Law aims to make men. A bill was introduced by Congressman Graff asking for a charter to incorporate the boys of America from twelve to eighteen and is the echo of a movement that is already widespread in England.

The purpose of the Scout Law is to organize the boys of the United States into units and systematically to teach them patriotism, discipline, obedience, courage, self-reliance, self-control, gallantry, courtesy, thrift—usefulness, helpfulness and cheerfulness, in order to supplement existing educational advantages for boys.

The movement was brought to this country through Mr. W. D. Boyce of Chicago, who relates a pretty little inci-



THE LAST GASP OF WALTER WELLMAN'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON AS IT SANK INTO THE SEA AFTER THE CREW HAD BEEN PICKED UP BY A PASSING STEAMER

MELVIN VANIMAN AND THE CAT SHORTLY AFTER THE RESCUE OF THE WELLMAN BALLOON PARTY dent of his first meeting with a Boy Scout.

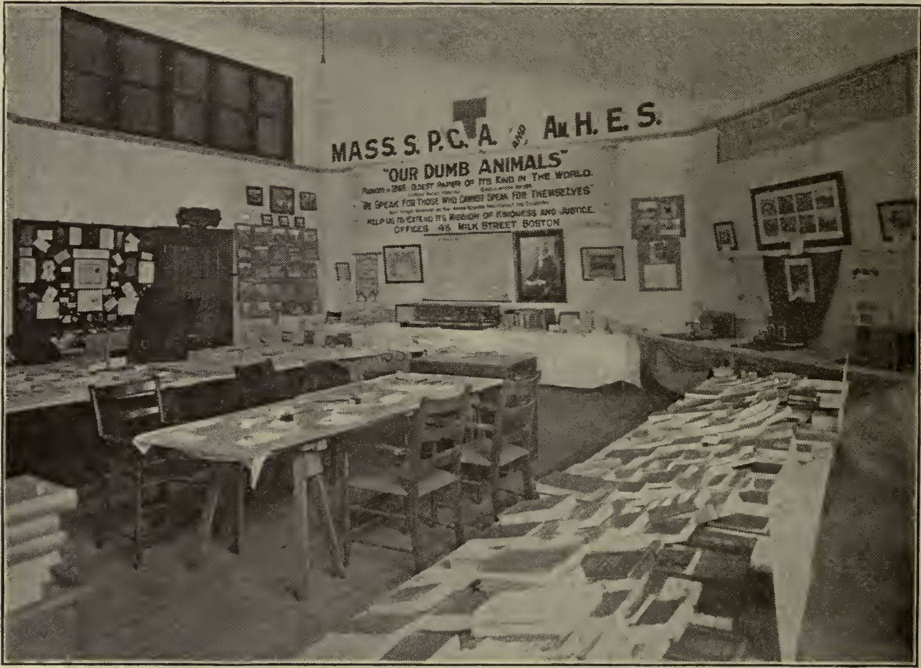
"A little lad of twelve noticed my futile efforts," said Mr. Boyce, "and led me with a lantern in the right direction. I thanked him and offered him a penny. But he said: 'Thank you, sir, but I am a Boy Scout, and we never take tips for doing kind acts.'

" 'What are the Boy Scouts?' I asked him in surprise. Then he told me that all Boy Scouts were in honor bound to do one kind act every day, without reward or hope of personal remuneration."

The movement is not one of hazardous reform, but simply approves organizing the clean-cut, red-blooded boys so that they will help others and be loyal to their country.

* * *

THE first International Humane Exhibit, held in the New National Museum last October in connection with the International Humane Conference, occupied five rooms and attracted unusual attention from delegates and hundreds of visitors, including many pupils from the normal and public schools of Washington. The societies represented included the Royal S. P. C. A. and the Dumb Friends' League of London, as well as many in America from Boston to San Francisco. A collection of over two hundred books on humane subjects, and countless pamphlets, cards, posters, etc., told of the work for protection of children and animals. Badges, diplomas, medals, banners, maps, and thousands of photographs brought this mission of kindness visibly before the spectator. Models of drinking fountains, ambulances, animal and child shelters, and even cattle cars were shown; while the display of lethal chambers, humane harnesses, feed-bags, horse-shoes, dog-kennels, and instruments of torture that had been taken from cruel drivers, illustrated the practical work of societies here and abroad. At the request of the Smithsonian Institute, samples of all the literature exhibited were given to that institution for permanent exhibition.


MASS. S. P. C. A. AND AM. H. E. S.
"OUR DUMB ANIMALS"
OLDEST PAPER OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES"
HELP US TO EXTEND ITS MISSION OF KINDNESS AND JUSTICE.
OFFICES 45 MILK STREET BOSTON

VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AT THE CONVENTION RECENTLY HELD IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

AS Superintendent of Streets in Boston, Mr. Louis K. Rourke has made a record of which any officer might be proud. But while his new work is of keen interest to him, Mr. Rourke still has a soft spot in his heart for Panama and the progress of the "big ditch." "Larry" Rourke likes to see folks let alone and do things as they should be done without interference, and his stand on the Panama question is decisive. "If Washington will let Colonel Goethals alone," he declares, "the work at Panama will go along all right." Indeed, he ventures to predict that the canal will be opened a year earlier than that promised by Colonel Goethals, 1915, and he speaks with real enthusiasm of the advantages to come when the waterway has at last been opened.

A car load of apples coming from the Pacific Coast will be transported on the opening of the canal for about one-tenth of the present cost. Mr. Rourke believes in fortifying the canal: "If we don't it'll be taken away from us." Fifteen million dollars' worth of great guns down there would put the government in shape to ward off invaders, he suggests, and would "save us twice that amount later."

Anyone who has ever seen him in action at Panama realizes that it is just this spirit of energy that has made the immense project possible. Since coming North, Mr. Rourke has gained some of his weight, and the "bean diet" of Boston promises to give him those shapely proportions that become a dignified official in a cultured city.

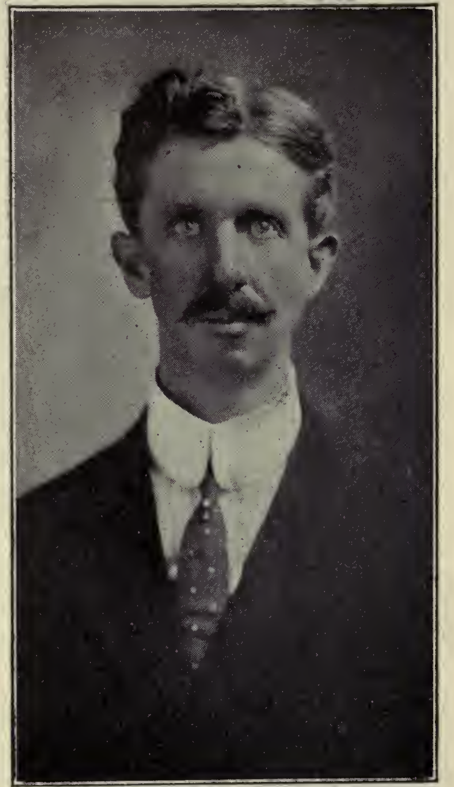


Photo by Conlin, Boston

SUPT. L. K. ROURKE

* * *

THE raging forest fires in Idaho, Montana and Washington have concentrated attention on the Forestry Department, and the report of Henry S. Graves, United States Forester, indicates how little the damage by such fires is realized outside of the territory devastated. The vital parts of the tree are not so sensitive to intense heat in the fall as in the early part of the growing season, when active cell division is taking place. Forest fires, reports Mr. Graves, are deeply injurious to the soil as well as destructive to the trees.

Nothing seems quite so full of horror as the devastation wrought by forest fires, which, spreading mile after mile, leave in the place of gigantic trees and luxuriant foliage charred stumps and black stubble. Few things can compare with this desolation and waste; the atmosphere for weeks after seems hot and oppressive from the smoke, beneath which beautiful tracts of timber have been laid low by the ravages of the flame.

The causes of these fires are being thoroughly investigated, and jealousies between the sheep-herders and the farmers in the Northwest are said to have awakened suspicion.

* * *

THE opening of Congress reminds us that, of the thirty-four thousand bills introduced last session, one hundred and twenty-two affect railroads exclusively.

The bills cover a wide range—regarding rates, operation and in many cases making laws of certain customs already observed by the railroads.

One bill provides that fifty thousand dollars be appropriated for the investigation in certain colleges of the value in railroading of certain mechanical devices.

JOSEPH FELS

Another limits the hours of a railroad man and imposes a penalty for permitting any employe to work more than eight hours without an intermission.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been given the authority to appoint three hundred local inspectors without the intervention of the civil service, and they can for cause withdraw from service at any time locomotives that are considered unsafe.

AN active figure in the recent British budget campaign was Joseph Fels, an American merchant who has for some years resided in England. He is an ardent champion of the single tax, and one of those wealthy men who feel keenly the responsibility of the possession of money. He has said: "A man has no right to be rich unless he uses his money to make mankind better and happier." Mr. Fels has been very active in the recent campaign, and it is a curious fact that both American methods and American music were used in this movement. "The Land Song" is set to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." The first verse runs:

"Sound a blast for freedom, boys, and send it
far and wide!
March along to victory, for God is on our side!
While the voice of nature thunders o'er the
rising tide!
God made the land for the people."

"Land Monopoly Must Clear" goes well to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." The English champion of the single tax theory bears the same name as Henry George, the American who wrote "Progress and Poverty." There is a very decided connecting link between the economics of Henry George and the principles of Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, involved in the British budget fight. Mr. Joseph Fels has been a close student of social questions, and years ago was convinced that the proper solution of the problem of the unemployed in the British Isles was to help the poor to help themselves, by providing them with land to cultivate. This could only be done by taking measures to force those owning idle lands to place them under cultivation—hence the land tax.

In his beautiful home in Kent, Mr. Fels has devoted himself to a careful study of all these matters, and he is convinced that the single tax is the best means of providing for the unemployed, rather than charity, public or private. He is devoting every spare moment to the cause, and some have not hesitated to ascribe to his aid the success of the land campaign. Real American banner posters were a prominent feature in sustaining the interest of the stirring meetings. During

FEDERAL CEMETERY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS
Established and cared for by Federal Government

the recent campaign the writings and speeches of Henry George and other writers were sold at meetings, and were even disseminated in the colonies, for it was thought advisable to bring colonial influence to bear upon the vital question at home.

* * *

STATISTICS accumulate every year to prove that Great Britain remains the best customer of the United States. Nearly one-half of our exported manufactures go into British territory, and form one-third of the total imports received by that nation. This is most gratifying in view of the fact that Great Britain is the greatest manufacturing country of Europe. It also speaks well of the aggressive policy of the American manufacturer and the quality and price of his goods. Germany follows Great Britain closely in American importations, but the more statistics are studied the more closely allied appear the trade relationships between the British Empire and the United States. Mr. O. P. Austin, the famous government statistician, has a way of arranging these reports that makes dry figures thrill with the interest of one of the latest "best sellers."

IN the work of the Monetary Commission Mr. Abram P. Andrew is doing valiant service. Mr. Andrew is an economics writer of distinction. He was educated at Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and later attended Harvard; he also studied at the universities of Halle, Berlin and Paris, and in 1906 received a diploma as *"officier d'Academie"* from the French Minister of Public Instruction. In 1900 he was made instructor in the department of economics at Harvard University; three years later he became assistant professor, which position he occupied until 1909. In 1908 he joined the Monetary Commission and was given two years' leave of absence from Harvard to visit every important financial centre in Europe with Senator Aldrich, chairman of the commission. They collected information relating to the prevention of financial crises.

Since his return Mr. Andrew has been busy editing the reports of the Commission, contained in almost forty volumes, being the most comprehensive monetary reports ever published and dealing with the banking systems of the whole world. His numerous articles on currency and banking

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS
Cared for by the loving hands of Southern women, through the Southern Memorial Association

ROYAL PALMS AT ANCON HILL IN PANAMA

have always attracted widespread attention, and his published studies on currency questions are regarded as text books. His recent publication of information on the panic of 1907, and the substitutes for cash used in that crisis, is the most up-to-date book of its kind yet brought out. In this he describes two hundred different substitutes for money used at that time. Mr. Andrew was born in La Porte, Indiana, and is the grandson of Abram Piatt Andrew, a pioneer surveyor who settled in Indiana in 1818.

TROPICAL GARDEN
First work of Mr. Schultz on the Isthmus

* * *

IN the present administration, it has been evident to any close observer that President Taft threw aside all the old-time methods of politicians and devoted himself exclusively to the duties of chief executiveship. Called to office when the country was passing through a period of supreme hypocrisy, in which the men who are responsible for whatever political corruption exists cry aloud against the President, the cabinet, the administration and the country in general, his position has called for firmness, judicial and executive ability and dispatch.

An illustration of his possession of all three attributes is shown in a single incident: When the Philippine Tariff was being considered, the President directly consulted the Tobacco Trust and asked if the importation of three million cigars free of duty would affect them. They said it would. Four million, then? They thought perhaps it would not. "Well," he said, "suppose we make it three million." The result was that the Philippines have prospered with a virtually open market in the states. Everyone got what they wanted and little was heard about the good results.

Thus by going directly at the proposition and all the parties directly concerned without playing on passion and sentiment, President Taft accomplished legislation which was of inestimable advantage to the Philippines, though he did not disturb the industries of this country. President Taft never attempts to play on public sym-

TRAINING GAME COCK AT SANTIAGO

pathy. There is no protest when the front pages of the press glow with reports of the glories of Roosevelt and his concrete achievements are overlooked; no envy of the pilgrimages made to Oyster Bay; affairs at Washington are quiet though busy—the executive machinery is directed by a steady, firm hand.

A TYPICAL ISTHMUS BUILDING

When President Taft wants to get at a railroad proposition, he talks with a railroad president and the railroad men — in other words, he goes to get evidence direct from the people who are vitally concerned, and then the matter is closed with the consciousness that a duty is performed to the advantage of all closely interested.

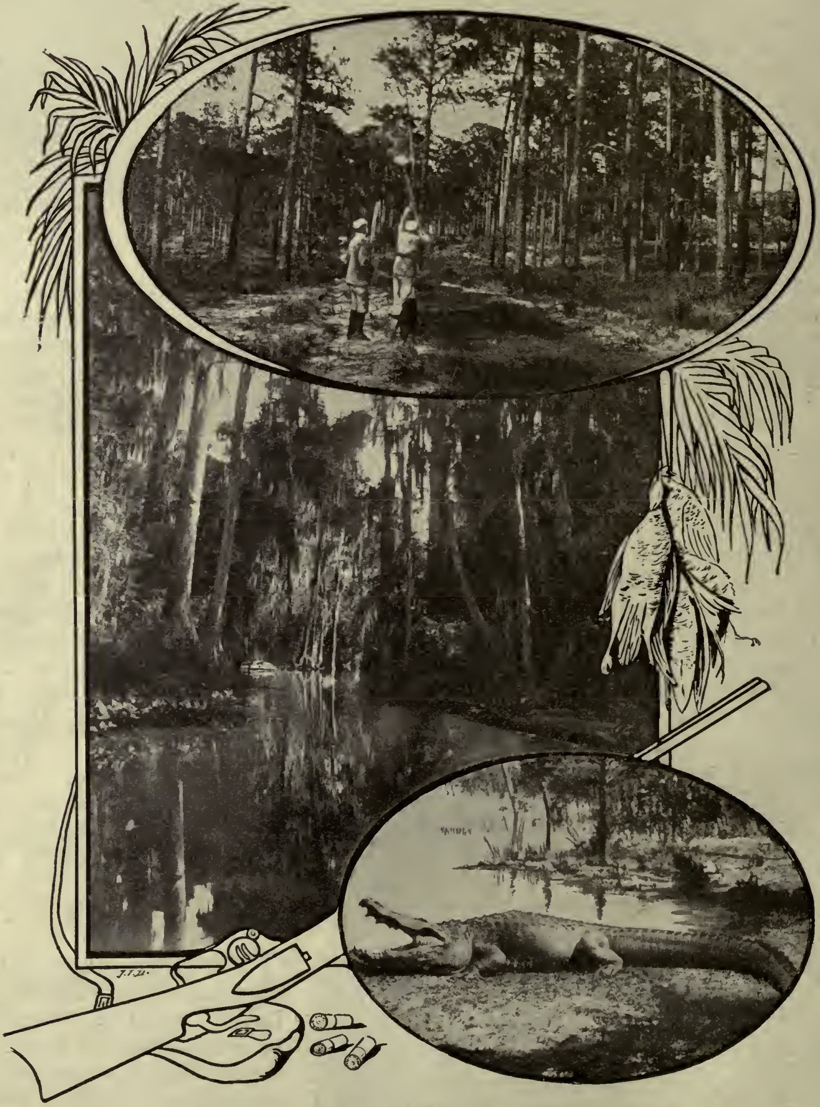
The President has played the role of arbiter in no end of cases which have never appeared in public print, and when a pledge has been made to the people, he feels that it is imperative to carry it out. When he goes at a thing, he follows the methods enacted by the Constitution and tested in years gone by. President Taft has first, last and always a legal and judicial mind. His Cabinet, appointed on the day of inauguration, remained intact after over a year of bitter and invidious assault on some of its members, and has been altogether one of the most harmonious bodies of public men that ever gathered around a presidential cabinet table—but the indications are that, as Alger was sacrificed — one member of Taft's cabinet at least must be offered to assuage the rising temper of insurgency.

GRAFTED MANGO
Bearing at 2½ years instead of 5 years for regular mango. Ancon Hills in background

* * *

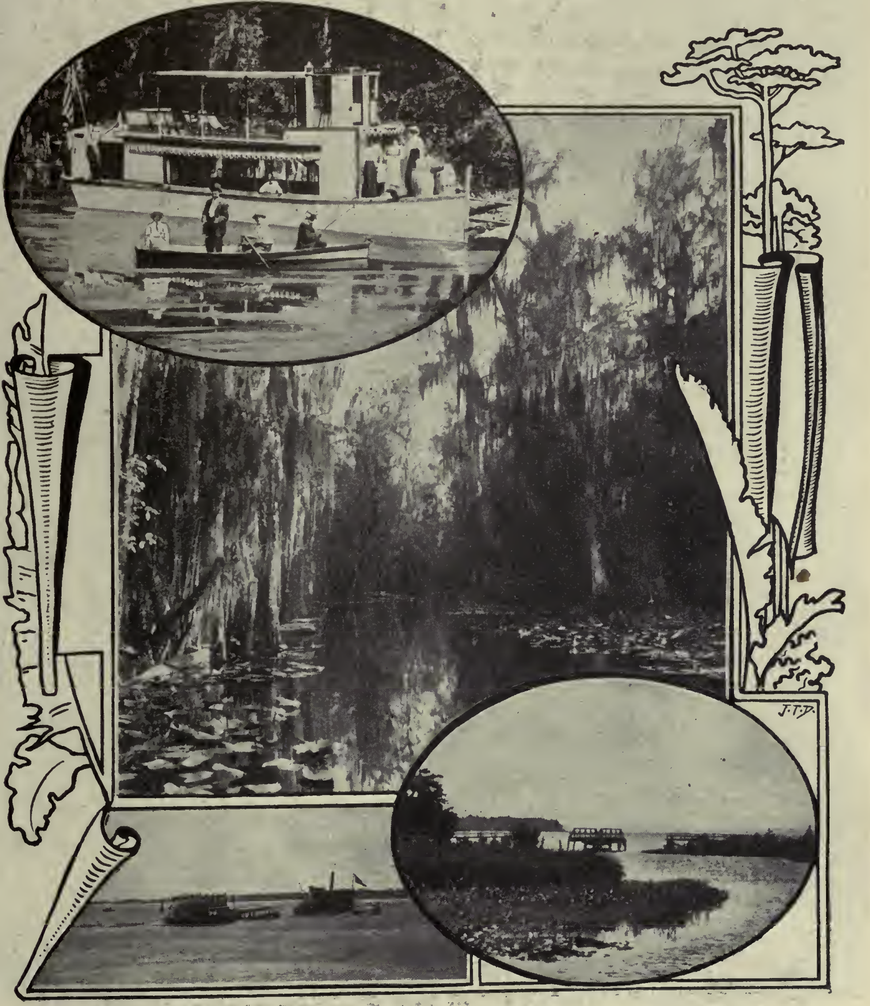
ON THE ROAD—SANTIAGO TO AGUADULCE—45 Miles

THE successor of E. H. Harriman, Judge Robert Scott Lovett, began life on a farm; he was born in Texas, and despite the losses entailed upon his family by the Civil War, his father desired to educate the boy for a doctor. The son had no taste for the medical profession but desired to be a lawyer. His father had gone through some unpleasant experiences with legal gentlemen and was somewhat prejudiced against the craft, and classed them root and branch as "polished rascals." Father and son were equally positive, it would seem, in their opinions, and when a contractor came along with his mules and tents all ready to undertake railroad construction, the lad hired as a common laborer, at the age of fifteen. Saving his money while working on the West Texan Railroad, Robert Lovett contrived to pay his expenses at Houston High School, and later went to Shepherd, a small hamlet which had sprung up on the railroad, near the home town. At this time he was a lively salesman and good accountant, and earned the princely salary of ten dollars a month and his board.



THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE IN FLORIDA

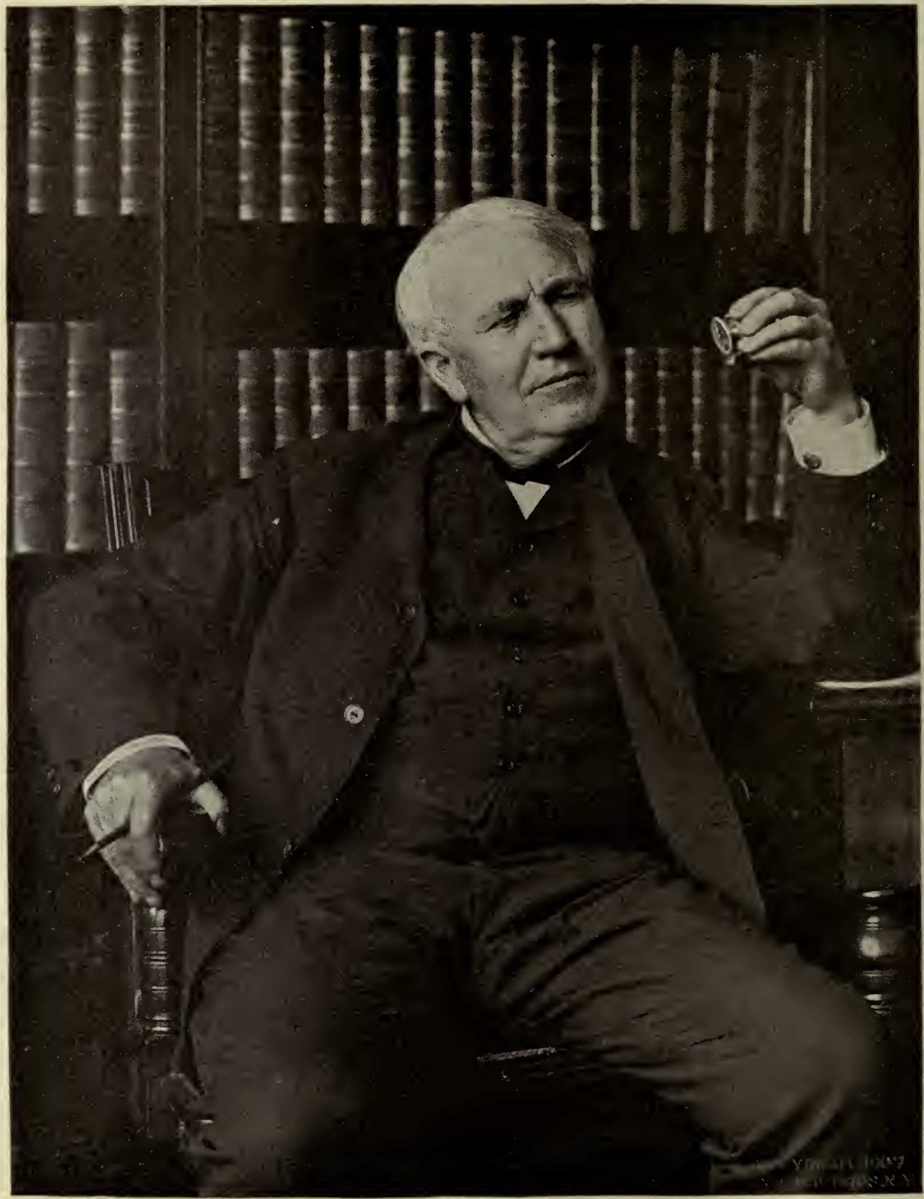
Finally the young man was promoted to the position of station agent. He was considered especially good as a billing clerk, and with his other labors at night he studied law and Latin; like many self-taught students, he was thorough, and today a better educated man does not exist. In a biography published some years ago, it is said that he received "private instruction" after leaving the high school at Houston. At the age of skilful questioning elicited the fact that in the opinion of the owner the dog was worth fifty dollars. On this evidence the favorable verdict for the owner of the dog was reversed, when the case was carried to a higher court and won by young Lovett.



JUST A BIT OF FLORIDA SCENERY EN ROUTE TO OKAHUMPKA

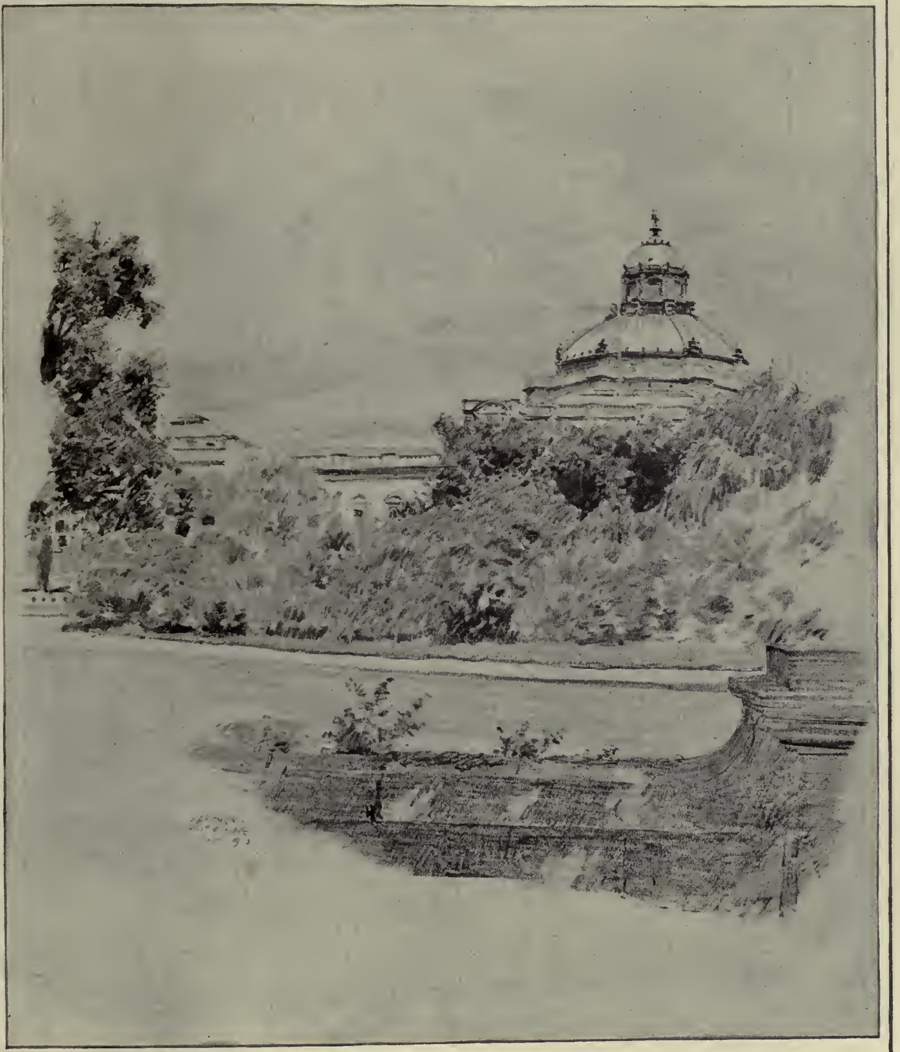
twenty-two, he began the practice of law, and he soon became one of the attorneys for the railroad. His first case dealt with a dog killed by a freight train. The owner sued for $19.50; the case was brought before the justice, because had it been over twenty dollars it must have gone to another court. On the witness stand

IF ever there was a fertile brain that works intensely, seeming to evolve a new idea every hour of the day, it is that of Thomas A. Edison. No sooner had his plan been made for the concrete house, which he believes to be the most sanitary of all habitations, than his casual visit to a modern department store suggested



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

the possibility of an "automatic store" in which there will be no clerks, no counters, no waiting for change and none of the unpleasant features of shopping. The whole thing is one complete mechanism so simple, says Mr. Edison, that one will wonder when it is in operation why it has never been discovered before. He believes that the adoption of the automatic store will revolutionize modern shop-keeping. No wonder that Florida is proud of him as a winter citizen, for he, too, finds time to enjoy the winter in "the land of enchantment"!



"The Congressional Library, which speaks a great achievement in modern American architecture."

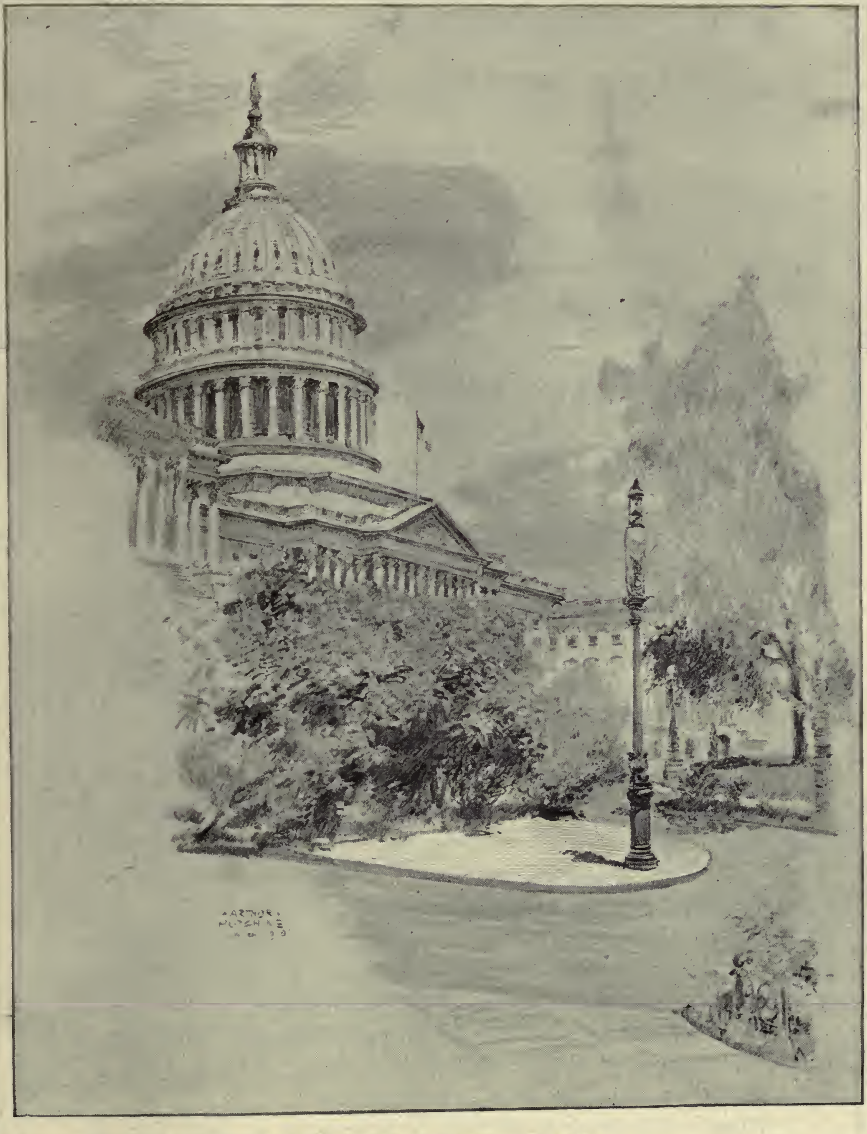
The INSPIRATION of WASHINGTON

by Arthur Hutchins

IT IS no idle sentiment to acclaim the National Capital the city beautiful of the United States. No one has ever visited Washington without being mightily impressed and delightfully surprised at the natural and architectural beauty of that majestic city.

If any American citizen feels that his patriotism needs a stimulant, if the political turmoil and petty strife of the times make him cynical and doubtful of the certainty of this great nation's future success and prosperity let him spend a week at the Heart of the Republic and he will come away a new man, knowing that while there is yet great work to be done that which has been accomplished has been blessed with all the sincerity and squareness of which mortal man has been capable.

While contemplating the charming vistas of Washington the visitor is probably most greatly thrilled by the massive Capitol. Walking about the grounds which carry a decided atmosphere of mid-century architecture he is sure of a startling surprise at the sky-filling capacity of the great dome. Looking down Pennsylvania Avenue, viewing it from the surrounding country, this impression of great size still obtains. He gazes on it with the sure conviction that



"He is sure of a startling surprise at the
sky-filling capacity of the great dome.

this great white mass standing out against the blue is a most fitting and appropriate figure-head for these United States.

Directly opposite and facing the front of the Capitol stands the Congressional Library, which forms a charming supplement to that great white edifice. Both the interior and exterior of this wonderful building display a richness and harmony of design and execution that speak the great accomplishment of modern American architecture.

Furnishing a striking and pleasing contrast in form yet standing in perfect ethical harmony with the rest of this great city, Washington monument shoots upward to meet the heavens. Located near the Smithsonian grounds and the national museum, casting its shadow across the bank of the historic Potomac, this pure white shaft stands like an immovable sentinel overlooking the country for miles around. Depending on the ever-changing sky for a background and catching cloud shadows gives a pleasing variety of effect that is very beautiful and surprising for a structure so simple in design.

Among the other interesting buildings is the White House with the feeling of its public significance, yet conveying the impression that it is a home; the Treasury building, with its immense granite pillars giving the fundamental idea of strength and security which is so satisfying; the War Department Building of rather complex architecture and guarded at its many entrances by giant cannon. All seems to be harmony and unity. Everything is working together and above all it is *American*.

No American citizen can look upon these scenes without a feeling of pride; a feeling of partnership with the ninety millions who built and own this great government. As he pauses and allows his fancy to dwell on the great men and events of the past that have made Washington their base of operations he cannot but feel that these rugged, rock-bottom men were the makers of this greatest nation. He cannot help knowing, as a great wave of patriotism surges through him, that the future of this republic depends on the big truth-loving men who fight for squareness and who spurn littleness and wrong.

This is the spirit of Washington.

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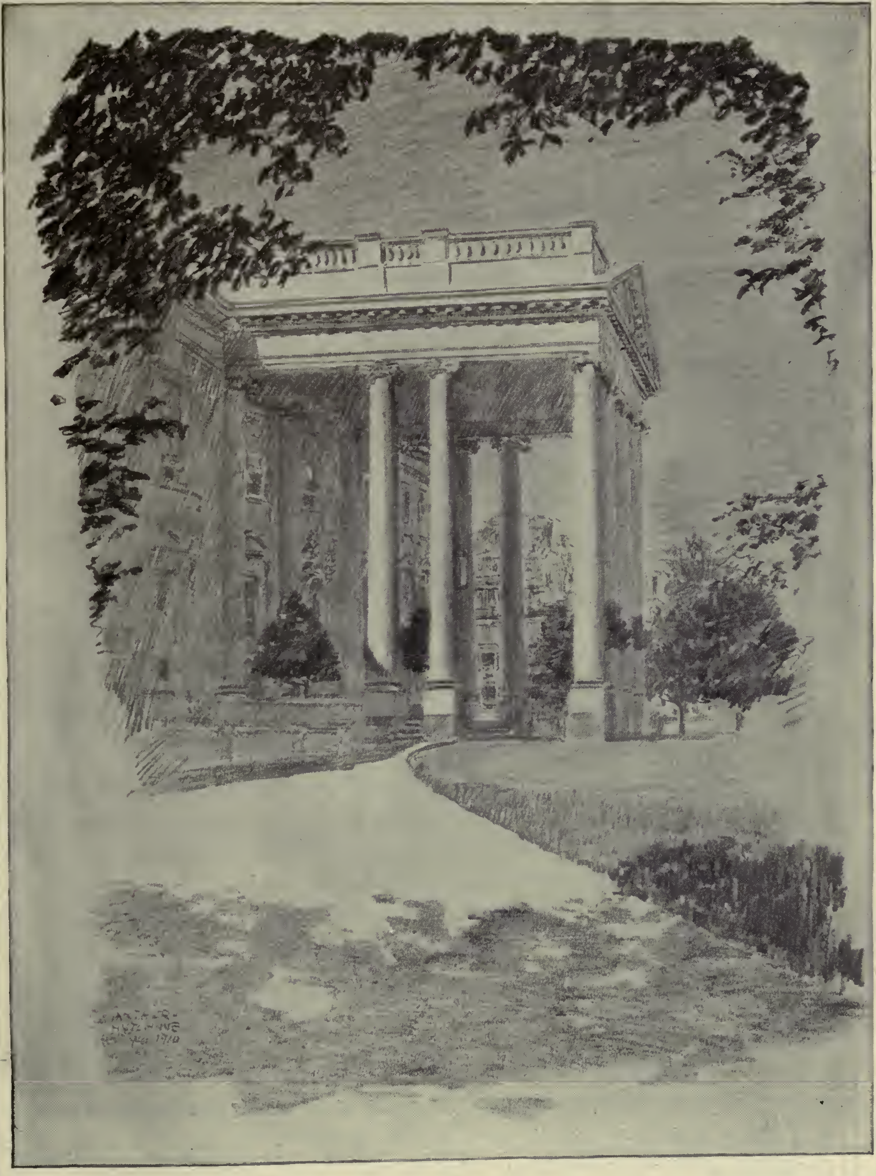
What a wide range of emotions is experienced in one's first impression of Washington! If all these varied impressions could be collated from the thousands who every year visit the national Capital



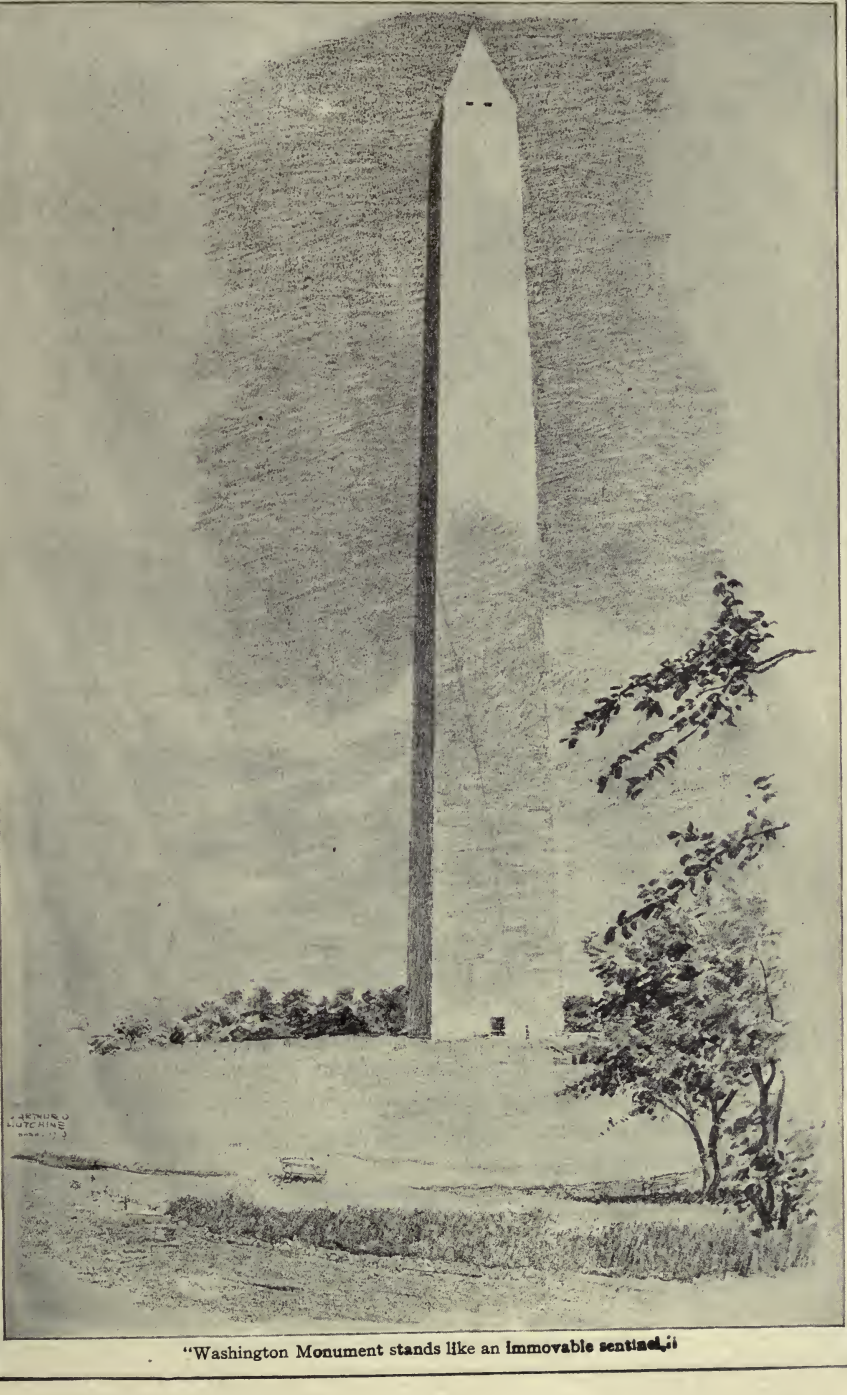
"The White House—although not the true front, it is the side most familiar to the public."

for the first time they would furnish a symposium of fascinating interest.

Every trip calls forth a different feeling: arriving during the rush and turmoil of an inauguration when there is probably a most representative gathering of patriotic Americans; arriving while Congress is in session with its feeling of dignified routine stirred up by occasional outbursts of oratory and insurgency; or arriving in the middle of the quiet summer when Washington sleeps and taking on its most beautiful aspects in color and brilliancy seems to coquettishly beguile the men and events that make Washington so stirring in other seasons to return and be near her when she is at her best. A native of Washington very aptly said in his fascinating Southern drawl: "I tell you right now, suh, the winter may be all right when you want to see the big fellers, like Bill Taft, swingin' down the avenue on his morning hike, or Joe Cannon duckin' in to his ten-cent breakfas', but, ma friend, if you want to see us when we're right pretty come along in the summer-time."

This first impression is associated with the rush, suit-case in hand, to find a hotel, without more than a fleeting glance at the striking beauty of the new station. But when the giant dome of the Capitol lifts its massive form before your gaze you are handed a thriller for a surprise. "Good Heavens!" you exclaim, "Is that the Capitol? Well, the photographs don't do it half the justice it deserves."

In the hotel there is the hurly-burly rushing to the desk and into the elevators, as in any other hotel in any other city, save that you are continually touching elbows, here and there, with some notable, who may be smoking in the lobby, talking with some colleague, or leaning over the registry desk in conversation with the clerk. The whisper about of "That's he!" "See that tall fellow leaning over the cigar counter? That's M——. Look, there he is," wakes you up to the fact that you are among as fine a group of big men as you could hope to see in any similar place in the world. They certainly look the part. Their rugged, big-boned virility is all the more enhanced by the occasional appearance in their midst of a dandy member of the "leisure class" picking his way daintily across to the candy counter in his never-to-be-forgotten neck-tie and immaculate glove-fitting-suspicion-of-corsage suit. Here you will see a tall distinctive Southerner in black frock-coat and black soft hat. There you see a white-


ARTHUR O
HUTCHINS

"Washington Monument stands like an immovable sentinel."

haired Senator in tall hat and square-toed boots every inch breathing of power and decision. Everywhere are these firm-mouthed, big-brained leaders of government that call forth the convincing impression that you are among *men*.

The impressions which one has on first seeing and coming in personal contact with the big men at Washington is far from being disappointing in any respect. One of the most striking pictures to be found in the Capitol is that of Uncle Joe Cannon at his place in the House, standing, gavel poised in air, his white head in strong relief against the silk flag which hangs behind him. Everyone is familiar with this scene on paper, but to see it in reality is to feel very deeply the imposing significance of it. When a person has become somewhat interested in the various happenings and scenes which are contained in magazines and newspapers his imagination usually embellishes the facts to such an extent that when he is thrown in contact with these things he is usually somewhat disappointed, and is inclined to be chagrined at the comparatively commonplace aspect of his objects of fancy. But this is very seldom the case with regard to the personalities about the National Capital. At the White House, for example, when the President in his jovial, thump-you-on-the-back greetings at a White House reception stands in the blue room, now laughing boisterously at some witty sally, then changing suddenly when a more earnest subject is under discussion, always carrying the idea of bigness, mental as well as physical, the student of men's characters is sure to remark that here for once is where his man comes up to expectations. And so it is with all of these men.

It should be the privilege as well as the duty of every young man in America to visit Washington during the formative period of his life. This is what he gains: as is mentioned above, he cannot but feel the thrill of pride and sense of joint ownership with his fellow-countrymen that will drive through him; he will see some of the good work that is being done in this government with sufficient force to displace his false impression of graft and politics as manufactured by yellow newspapers and radical periodicals; and above all he will receive a strong impetus to take a personal interest in the affairs at the Capital; he will be supplied, while reading of events that take place there, with a tangible and practical picture of familiar scenes and men to aid him in judging these affairs with an enlightened mind.

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

(Continued from November number)

CHAPTER X

STRATAGEM

THERE was no chance to say a word, of course. We parted, and a minute later I found myself in my own stateroom, with an armed guard inside and one posted at the door.

"I shall lie down and get some rest, now," I observed, looking at my watch, which I had set by the ship's chronometer, "Be so good as to call me at two o'clock—it is now four minutes to ten."

The man nodded, as he answered in an Irish brogue: "Sure."

In spite of the position in which I found myself—in spite of my troubles, I had scarcely touched the pillow before I was asleep.

I was awakened by the guard rapping me sharply on the shoulder.

"It's two o'clock," he said.

I propped myself up on my elbows and glanced around. There was a slight swell on. My watch hands pointed to half a minute past two. I addressed the man, as I slipped into my clothes: "I wish to be taken to inspect the tackle and gear," I said.

"Very good," was the reply, and he thumped with the grip of his six-shooter on the door. Instantly, it was flung open, and my wish was repeated to the outside guard. With one of them on either side I was conducted along into one of the bow compartments, where I commenced to examine the cables and heavy chains. I had noted that a massive crane had been erected on the deck, and I now called for a working crew to rig it up. "And," I remarked, "I should like something to eat while they are getting out the gear."

I did ample justice to the rather elaborate meal that was served—it was well served, too, and refreshed in body and mind I returned to superintend the task allotted to me.

I saw nothing of Ward, and I was informed, on inquiry, that he was engaged in his stateroom with some duties.

My working crew was a willing, but inexperienced one, and it was not until six o'clock that I had the crane rigged up to suit me. My every move and action was closely watched. Once the Count came out and eyed me for half an hour. He did not speak, neither did I. Allison was hovering around a great part of the time, and twice my lady of the violet eyes came to look at us as we toiled. She chatted in friendly, unassumed manner as she stood by, but I had to excuse myself, as my gang required all my attention.

"Oh, certainly," she cried, in answer to my apology; "you must not allow me to stop you; I am only curious to see how you are going to lift those great heavy cannons onto the ship. What would happen, Mr. Brice, if one of them should slip?"

"Slip where?" I inquired—"into the sea or onto the deck?"

"Well, of course, it would sink if it fell into the sea—I meant the deck."

"It would stave it in, my lady."

"Would it sink the ship?"

"She is too well divided by bulkheads for that, but she would be so crippled that she would have to make for the nearest dock-yard."

"You will be very careful, won't you?"

"Oh, very careful, my lady."

"We dine at eight, Mr. Brice; my father and I will be very pleased if you will honor us with your company," she invited, as she walked away.

"I shall be delighted," I responded.

My words were light and careless, but God knows what a tempest was raging within me. How much—good God, how much hung upon the actions of a single man. I have not Ward's skill in concealment of feeling; I am of a hotter temperament, and I fancy some of my excitement was visible when I took my seat in the revolving chair at the Count's dinner table.

My lady presided. The Count was at the foot of the table. Ward and I sat opposite to each other, and Allison was on my right. I received a shock as I discovered his neighbor to be the man with the scar on his face—the fellow who had shot at me that night when I was so unexpected a visitor to the lodge room of "The Lion and Eagle Society." I was introduced to him, and he bowed, gravely, as he heard my name.. I owed that fellow one, and only prayed that I might get a chance to repay it.

Ward had dressed for dinner. Where on earth he obtained the suit from I don't know, but I know that he would not have attended unless he was supplied with black. I think Ward has never in his life eaten dinner unless he was in black—he may have neglected it when a baby, but certainly not since he had been his own master. My lady had changed her white suit for an elaborate dinner gown of soft, creamy material. She wore a massive gold band between the elbow and shoulder of her left arm, and a jewelled collar glistened around her white throat.

It all seemed very unreal to me. Here I was playing at a game of life and death, and yet chatting, and saying pretty nothings to the charming girl at my side. Less than twelve hours ago I had insulted her. I felt like a churl and a thousand times wished the words unsaid. She might be—she probably was—playing her part, but what man does not chide himself for being ungallant. And she was so young—and—and so beautiful.

"I am coming on deck, Mr. Brice, to see you lift those great cannons on the things," she said.

"I shall be charmed, mademoiselle," I replied.

"I am afraid Mr. Brice is not truthful, Hortense," laughed the Count, who seemed capable of making himself very agreeable when he wished. "I have heard that sailors detest nothing so much as having women around when they have work on hand; is not that true, Mr. Brice?"

"There are exceptions to every case, Count," I evaded.

"Mr. Brice is, I am sure, too much of a lady's man not to desire to be in their company at all times," purred Allison.

Suddenly Ward's sharp tones cut into the conversation: "What time will it take you to get these things placed, Milton?" he inquired, his keen gray eyes fixed on my face.

"Six, at least."

"And you start at midnight?"—this to the Count.

"At midnight, sir."

"That will bring it six a. m. before you get it done, then, Milton. What's the next move after that, Count?"

I could see the chief was startled at the somewhat frank turn the conversation had taken.

"It would scarcely interest you, Mr. Willet, to know; we shall not call on you until some days later, I expect."

"Oh, mon père, tell the gentlemen *something* at least; how can you expect them to be interested unless they know?" remonstrated his daughter.

"Hortense, there are matters for men and matters for women—this is for men—refrain from endeavoring to force my hand," chided her father.

"Oh, it doesn't concern me in the least," disclaimed Ward, "but I was merely thinking that perhaps after it was all over you might have wished you had taken me a little more into your confidence."

"Eh, what is that?" demanded the Count.

"Nothing, sir, nothing of importance; I intend to retire early this evening and sleep through the entire bustle. I understand nothing whatever about guns or any other dangerous implement."

"You will be on deck, and be very much awake during the entire bustle, as you call it, sir," snapped our host.

"Outrageous," murmured Ward. Then he added quickly, and aloud: "I am your guest now, sir; let us drop the subject—at least while we are dining."

"Exactly," agreed the Count, and the conversation changed. I am sure now, after I come to look back on it, that it was Ward who started an animated discussion regarding airships, or some other subject of interest. To me, who knew my friend so well, it was very obvious that he had angered the Count into an assertion that he (Ward) should be on deck at midnight, fearful lest he would be kept in his room during that momentous period. Now he would allow himself to be apparently unwillingly forced on deck.

It was ten o'clock when we finally withdrew from the table. Another hour was passed in aimless chatter, and then as six bells sounded from above, I advised our host that I must retire in order to make some preparation for getting my working gang ready.

"I expect you are acting wisely, Mr. Brice," he acquiesced. "Allow me to conduct you to your room."

"I will go, too," muttered Ward. "Since you are determined that I shall get no sleep tonight, Count, I would like to change for some more suitable clothes."

I was two paces behind the Count, and as many in front of Allison when Ward came hurrying along behind me. "Oh, Milton," he called, "can't you manage to put that thing off until one? I certainly would like to get a little sleep tonight; I have had no rest to speak of for the last forty-eight hours—how about it, Count?" As he brushed past me, apparently intent on securing the ear of the Chief, I felt a little scrap of paper thrust into my hand. Instantly, my fingers closed on it, and the next second I had palmed it. I heard Ward arguing with the Count before me, endeavoring apparently to make him reconsider his order. I heard the Chief snarl: "No, sir, not a moment; do you think this is an affair which can wait because a man happens to be tired?" Then came Ward's voice again, and finally the Count's, loud and angry: "Once and for all, *no, sir*, you will be there under guard."

"Au revoir, gentlemen," gaily called my lady from the dining saloon, and we made our way along the corridor toward our own stateroom.

My guard was awaiting me, but under pretext of the door sticking, I fumbled with it for a brief moment—long enough to glance at the scrap of paper in my palm. It read: "Follow my lead on deck tonight."

CHAPTER XI

AT MIDNIGHT!

I was scarcely inside my room, when a seaman appeared in the doorway. He touched his cap respectfully:

"Skipper's compliments, sir, and he reports 'The Assist' signals herself by wireless three miles nor'-east of us. He would like to see you in the pilot house before you start work."

"Very good," I replied. "What's it doing outside—kicking up some?"

"Just a swell, sir, but coming on."

I hastily changed, and in another five minutes was on deck, attended by my ever-watchful escort.

"What's the skipper's name?" I inquired.

"Captain St. Lislie," growled the man.

"He wants to see me in the pilot house."

"Go ahead; we're behind you."

I climbed up on the bridge and made my way inside the chart house. A trim, slight man of middle age met me.

"Mr. Brice?" he inquired. Then without waiting for a reply: "I am captain St. Lislie. We shall be alongside the 'Assist' in twenty minutes. I presume you wish me to keep steam enough to hold headway. The Chief informs me you estimate the time required for the work at about six hours. I look for the sea to increase somewhat. Do you anticipate any difficulty from the swell, sir?"

"It will make work more difficult, and will very probably increase the time required for the operation. What tonnage is the 'Assist?' "

"Four thousand, two hundred—there's her flare on the starboard bow! You'll find me here if you require me at any time."

I wheeled about and left him, with my guards close at my heels. I chuckled as I recollected the Chief's words: "The night will be dark—the sea will be smooth." He was correct in part—the night was dark—black as ink, but the sea—well, it was certainly not smooth. The swell was kicking up with increasing violence.

It was not a pleasant night to shift a couple of forty-ton guns.

Eight bells clanged out as I reached the forward deck. I discovered my working crew lined up ready for me. Close in—a few cable-lengths away, a dark mass was rolling in the swell. A tiny light danced astern of her. Even as I watched the light came rapidly down on us, and in a few moments I was able to make out a small power boat—a twenty-footer—no greater. There was a hail, and she was alongside of us. At that moment the Chief, Allison and my lady, accompanied by two other men, walked up to where I was standing. Number One handed me a pair of night glasses: "You will probably need them," he explained.

I directed my gaze upon the stranger. She was all of four thousand tons. Someone touched me on the shoulder. I swung around, and discovered Ward at my side. "She—" he commenced, but the gruff command of his guard ordered: "This way, sir," and my chum was hustled away to the port rail.

The Chief and Allison, with my lady at their side, strolled up to me. "Everything promises well, Mr. Brice, does it not?" questioned the Count.

"It's a little rolling for the transfer, but I guess we'll make it," I responded.

"I guess we will," he repeated, emphasis on the "guess."

From the power boat a short, thick-set man climbed up on our deck. There was a rapid exchange of words in German between him and the Chief, and then he turned to me, evidently directed there.

"Ve're all ready; I haf dem slung, but not hoisted."

"You must run in close alongside and grapple," I said. "My crew will make fast; we'll make her tight fore and aft and ride together on the swell; all my booms and light work are run in; get yours the same, and no damage will be done. Tow your power boat astern out of the way. Where are your two guns—forward or aft?"

"Both forward."

I got my crew stationed along all ready for the impact.

"You had better not stand so close to the rail, my lady," I advised Miss DeArcey, as I found her leaning oversides, an interested spectator.

"Your orders shall be obeyed, Monsieur le Capitaine," she answered, courtesying with mock humility.

The big, dark mass of the approaching ship was slowly drifting down on us from windward. I put away my glasses and grasped my trumpet:

"Stand by! All ready, there!" I warned.

She was coming in stern first by a lot, and I hurried aft to see connections made there first. The little power boat bobbed and leaped astern. I heard the sound of hastening feet close behind me, as my guard and the interested spectators followed me.

"Hang tight, there, all!" I yelled, "there'll be a shock."

Ward went tearing past me, evidently intent on observing all; a guard was on either side, and I heard one of them order: "Not so fast, there, not so fast." He slowed up just as he reached me.

"Stand ready!" he hissed.

I knew the supreme moment had arrived. High up on the swell rose the oncoming vessel. Down, down she came! With a swirl of water, and a churning of her screws, as she endeavored to reverse she rode in with tremendous force. I saw the little knot of onlookers grasp involuntarily at supports, as they braced themselves for the shock. My two attendants, with the impulse of self-preservation, for a second relaxed their vigilance, as they caught at some stanchion irons. Swirl—swirl—in she rode—crash—crash! and she ground her sides. There was a jumbling of humans, a few cries of dismay, and I waited for no more.

"Now!" yelled Ward, close at my elbow.

With all the pent-up strength and indignation that was in me, I wrenched myself away from my guards. Right and left I gave it to them like lightning, and they dropped like logs. For one brief second our plans were threatened, but only for a second. One fellow hung onto Ward. I uppercut him with such force as I hope I may never again strike man, and he crumbled up like a smashed eggshell. Almost simultaneously Ward and I, like a single man, sprang and went oversides. There was a slight splash, and the waters closed over my head. I dived as shallow as possible, and as I came to the surface, Ward bobbed up a yard away.

"Dive—power-boat," he spluttered, and I went down again.

Twenty strokes and we were there. Desperately, I clutched at her gunwale. I saw Ward's hand grasp it at the same instant. I raised myself to climb in. I was almost oversides, when a fellow scrambled over from the stern and brought his fist down with a crash on my bare head. I saw a thousand stars, but I clutched at him, madly. He tried to shake me off, but I hung on like a leech. Ward was over—he was in the boat—he had the fellow around the belt. He lifted him up with a strength I never gave him credit for, and hurled him overboard. He grabbed me by the collar and commenced to haul me in. There was a flash of fire from the great ship. A ball sung past and splintered the steel sides. Then another flash. Then another, but I was in. Ward was already in the bows. I heard him fling the lever down and whizz the wheel round. A chunk—chunk—and we were under way. I was beside him in a moment.

"Give me the wheel!" I yelled. I kicked the lever back to the limit, and we shot out into the black night. I headed her round the tall stern and flew past on the starboard side. The glaring beams of a great searchlight were already flashing over the waters. I could hear the confusion of many shouts.

"Crawl over and get that painter in," I ordered.

Ward leaned over and began to pull it.

"It's—it's stuck—why, good God, there's someone on it!" he shouted.

"Hit 'em over the head," I cried.

He had raised his fist to bring down the smash, when he suddenly stopped.

"My God, Milton, it's a woman!" he exclaimed.

The boat was heeling over with their weight. There was not a second to lose. Speed was everything now.

"Get her in or knock her off," I ordered.

For a second he hesitated. Then he leaned over and lifted, wet and limp, into the bottom of the boat the lifeless form of my lady of the violet eyes!

CHAPTER XII

A YARMOUTH SKIPPER

"Hell!" cursed Ward wickedly under his breath, as he gazed at the face of the unconscious girl.

"Thank God!" I muttered. "She is saved from this thing."

There was no time for more. Next moment the searchlight swept past us groping out into the inky night like some giant hand seeking for its prey. Back and forth, up and down it swept. I put the helm hard down and doubled on our track for two minutes. Then over it went again and we were headed past the ship on the port side—the smaller steamer between us and our enemies.

I could hear the boats being launched; a searchlight sprang up on the "Assist." If once that beam of light fastened upon us, I knew we were lost; it would never lose us again. Twice it came within an ace of getting us, but our luck held. If they had made a systematic search we were discovered, but they were excited, and flashed it here, there, up and down, without any sure method, and while they blundered about we ran on swiftly into the darkness.

"Look to her, Ward," I whispered, fearfully, half afraid, even at that distance, to speak aloud, and unable to leave the helm for a moment. "Is she dead?"

"No, coming to," he growled back out of the blackness. "What in the dickens made her fall over side; I should think we had trouble enough without her loading in—confound it."

"She didn't come on purpose, you idiot," I retorted. "The shock probably knocked her overboard. Do your best there, for God's sake; get the water out of her lungs, then wrap her up in this coat." I flung my short pea jacket over to him, as I spoke.

He growled, but I heard him working over her. From astern I could plainly hear the rattle of oars in rowlocks, and the voice of the coxswain directing; then a short blast of the whistle; several lights sprang up on the "Assist," and I knew she was getting under way.

"Ward—" I commenced, but a faint voice interrupted me: "Where—where—am I?" it inquired faintly.

"You're quite safe; don't worry, mademoiselle," I reassured.

"But where am I—where are we?" she persisted.

"We've got away," muttered Ward, shortly.

"Oh, I remember—I—I fell—I—I—Oh, Oh!" and she almost screamed, at the recollection of the disaster.

"Never mind; you are quite safe now; don't think about it," I said, and even as I spoke, a blinding shaft of light swept down on us. I ported my helm and ran from it, but by pure luck it followed, and the next instant we were enveloped and shown up as clear as in brilliant sunshine. A yell arose from the vessels astern. The light lost us for a brief moment; then fastened once again like a leech on us. In vain I sent her about; shooting to port and starboard in rapid succession; that cursed ray followed.

"The game's up, Ward, unless we do something smartly—what's it to be?"

"Overboard and swim for it," was his sharp response.

"They'll pick you up, mademoiselle," I whispered, bending over the girl. "You'll be quite safe; have no fear. Come on, Ward. No, stop! Steady—ahoy—ahoy—ahoy—steam cutter, ahoy, there—port your helm, run down, there—ahoy!" I had suddenly caught sight of a small steam cutter on the port bow not more than ten cables away, and I made the water ring again with my hail.

It was a heaven-sent opportunity. If once we could get aboard that craft, we should yet have a fighting chance.

"Wot the bloody thunder's the trouble over there?" roared a gruff voice.

There was no time for explanation. I threw on all power and shot toward her. "Look out, you lubber, you'll stave yourself in," warned the voice on the craft, but I swung around under her starboard gangway; made fast to some overhanging tackle. "Get up, Ward!" I commanded, as I seized the girl in my arms, and almost threw her on deck. A seaman caught her. I cast loose and scrambled up after her. "Cut your cables and get under way unless you want your throats cut—every man of you," I roared; "there's some devils over there that'll stop at nothing."

" 'Ere, wot're you givin' us" growled the skipper of the unknown craft. "This 'ere's the 'Homer,' eighty-ton steam cutter o' Great Yarmouth herrin' fleet, hand Hi'm the Second Commodore o' the fleet—now who's a-goin' ter cut our bloody throats—Hi'd like ter see 'em! Who be ye, anyway? Wot's ye do, scuttled yer little toy boat?"

He was a big, six-footed, deep-sea fisherman from the Norfolk county, and I saw at once I had my work cut out to persuade him to run from his fishing ground. I'm a big man myself, and I ran my arm into his and walked him aft at a rapid gait. "Look here," I said, and right there, with the two vessels coming down on us at a twenty-knot clip, I poured into his ear the story of the Great Coup. I did more than that. In less than sixty seconds I made him understand and believe the fearful game we were up against. He stopped short in his walk. He wrenched his arm away from me, and by the light of the forward deck lantern I saw his honest, storm-scarred old face peering into mine, in an endeavor to read my naked soul.

"You be foolin'?" he accused.

"Before God, I'm not!" I swore.

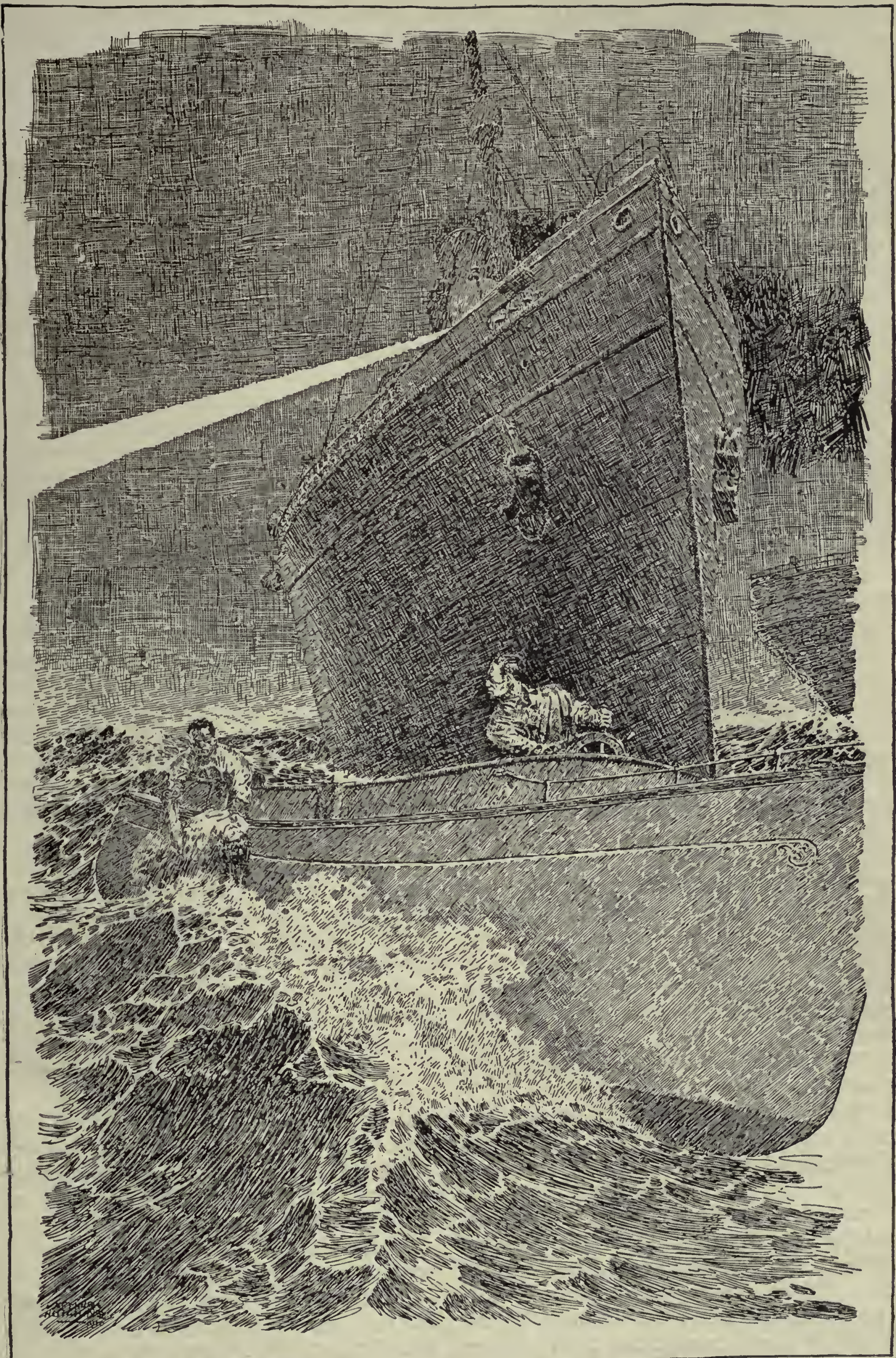
"Will ye swear as ye're a-tellin' the hull truth an' nothin' else?"

"So help me, God, I am!" I affirmed.

One more sharp, keen glance he shot at me. I gave it to him back, and I saw I had him won. He believed me.

"Get yer pal an' the lady below, an' stay there yerself," he ordered, briefly, then wheeled about.

They breed sailors there on the east coast of old England. I had not reached the companionway, before they had the two anchors up. There was a tinkle of bells, and as I stumbled down into the fish-reeking depths of the craft, leading mademoiselle by the hand, I felt the cutter getting under way, and jostled against eight or ten burly forms tearing up out of the dim cabin. Overhead there was a running of naked feet, and the bustle of work being done in seamanlike style; below the engine was pounding with rhythmatic motion, and the noise was music to my ears. And then came a whistling and crash overhead, and a



Lifted, wet and limp, into the bottom of the boat the lifeless form of my lady of the violet eyes second later the sharp, powerful report of a six-pounder.

I had laid my lady on a small bunk aft in the cuddy, and Ward had gone in search of some brandy, at my request, but as the report of the discharge died away, she propped herself up on her elbows and gazed into my face. Her eyes were almost agonized, as she wailed: "Oh, they'll get you again, I know they will; you don't know them as—as—as I do."

"There'll be something doing before they do get us, or I've very much misjudged our skipper," I comforted.

CHAPTER XIII

A NIGHT BATTLE

As I glanced around, I caught sight of an old woman just entering the cuddy.

"Now leave the lady with me, sir, and get you on deck; the master wants ye." she said.

I turned the spirits, which Ward at that moment brought to me, over to the old woman, and followed by my chum, hastened on deck again. The skipper had the wheel, and from the squatty funnel amidship great clouds of black smoke were pouring. He hailed me loudly, as soon as he caught sight of me. "Over 'ere; over 'ere!" he roared; then, as I squeezed myself in between him and the after decklight, "Hi'll give those bloody devils a run fur their money," he promised me.

"What can she do?" I questioned.

"Oh, she ain't what you may call speedy," he grinned—twelve's 'bout her best, but—"

"Twelve!" I exclaimed. "Why, man, that craft's running easy at twenty knots; she'll overhaul you in fifteen minutes."

"Wot's she a-goin' ter do when she does?" he demanded.

"Do! Why, take us off, of course, and likely enough sink you."

"Will, eh?"

"Why not?"

"She's let go with a pop gun just now, an' I see some chap knock down the bloke as fired it. Don't you make no mistake, mister, they don't want no noise in this 'ere North sea; not much, with Flamborough Head nor more than twelve miles west o' us, an' the hull sea alive with craft likely ter turn up at any moment—no, there'll be no waste o' gunpowder ternight if they can get wot they wants any tother way."

"They'll run you down, then—they'll ram you."

"Will, eh? Well, I cal'late Hi'll 'ave somethin' ter say 'bout that too; this 'ere 'Homer' ain't no bird, but I reckon she's a darn sight more handy than that long slob o' a craft. Easy, now, keep out o' sight side o' that light and don't do nothing 'less I tells ye, but I wanted ye on deck 'case of emergencies, as ye might say—lie down there, too, you mister" (this to Ward).

We had scarcely crouched down before a hail came over the water:

"Fishing craft, ahoy, there!"

"Ahoy, there, then, you swallow-tailed dandy, wot do ye want?"

"Lie to; we'll send a boat aboard."

"Not much, ye won't; Hi'm due at Scarborough in an hour—stand off from 'cross my bows, or ye'll get a hole put in 'em—Hi ain't waitin' fur no one ternight—look out, there, ye lubber!"

The long steamer, which had taken a position ahead of us, sheered off. The "Assist" was some twenty cables astern, and coming slowly, rolling badly with her heavy load in the long swell. Away off toward the Dutch coast the first gray lines of morning were commencing to appear. I can remember well that scene. As the fishing boat went wallowing past on the port quarter of the "Revenge," a hail again sounded from the big steamer:

"If you don't lie to, I'll sink you."

"There better be no sinking of a British craft in these waters, or ye'll 'ave the hull o' the King's navy after ye," roared back our skipper.

For a couple of minutes the larger boat manoeuvered, then she ranged up again on our starboard quarter, scarce a cable way. The "Homer" sheered off, but the "Assist," which had come up to port of us, crowded us in. There was a nasty roll on by this time, and I well understood that we were dangerously close together; so did the skipper. He ran full speed ahead, and the "Homer" wallowed along at her best speed. She actually outfooted the "Assist," and in three minutes was clear of her, but the long, speedy "Revenge," of course, easily held her.

Suddenly, the Yarmouth skipper relinquished the wheel to his quartermaster; he raised his hands to his mouth and roared out:

"Give me more sea room, or I'll ram you, you lubbers!"

There was no answer from the big craft, and peering across the short space between us, I distinctly saw in the increasing light that her port rail was lined with, at least, a score of men; I even saw, or thought I saw, the glint of cold steel.

"Look out there!" I warned, "he's called for boarders away—don't ram her, or she'll spew a score of them on your decks."

My cry was too late! The skipper had shouted an order; the quartermaster jammed the wheel down, and the "Homer" drove in at a good twelve knots. She struck the big vessel fair and square just aft the engine-room, and the shock flung us all into confusion. The skipper had his plans. He gave full speed astern, and his staunch craft tried to back out of the rent she had made. Too late! Too late! I saw a dozen men armed with cutlasses leap on her forward deck. A gang of men on the "Revenge" were grappling her bow on. I waited for no more. "Come on, boys!" I yelled, and seizing a cutlass from the nearest man, I sprang forward.

It was fortunate the Yarmouth master had the foresight to arm and call his men on deck. There was a good baker's dozen of them—big, husky fellows, and they followed me like the true blues they were. The skipper grabbed up a mighty hatchet, and with a roar of rage, flung himself into the melee.

It was bloody work. We cut down or drove oversides the first party, but they swarmed down on our deck a good fifty strong. I am no stranger with the seaman's weapon—they teach you the cutlass at Annapolis—and I made the best play I knew. Not a shot was fired; it was cold steel work. Once they drove us back down the ladder into the waist of the cutter, but we rallied and chased them back again. I never saw a man so enraged as was that Yarmouth captain. His great hatchet was everywhere, and he shouted as fast as he fought.

"Give it to 'em, lad! Give it to 'em—the bloody devils!—Take that, you lubber—oversides with 'em, over with 'em! You'll all swing for this—every mother's son of ye—blast ye!"

In a towering rage, he led us on to the bows. With his own good hatchet he cut the tackle they were grappling us with.

"Back her, Bill—full speed astern!" he roared, and the "Homer" wrenched herself free as the engines reversed. Her bow was a wreck, and she left a gaping hole in the side of her enemy. A dozen of our foe remained on our deck, but they jumped for it, as we parted. Then a couple of rifle shots rang out in quick succession. I heard the lead sing past my left ear, and as I wheeled about and sought cover, I saw Ward curl up and sink on the deck. In an instant I had caught him up and borne him to the companionway, and as I ran with him another and yet another ball sung past me, but I gained the shelter and sank down with my chum in my arms. The red blood was gushing from his mouth.

"Done—for—I—think," he gasped, and at every word, the crimson stained his mouth.

Mad with anguish, I rushed with him below deck into the cuddy. I tore the coat and shirt away, disclosing a big, blue, blood-ringed hole in his chest.

"I understand this; let me have him," a soft voice whispered in my ear. I turned about, and beheld my lady of the violet eyes standing by my side. "Some soft linen—water, as cold as you can get it—no, don't lie down, Mr. Willet," she continued. I dashed away to obey her command. I could hear the hubbub still going on above. There was no one to whom I could apply for help; there was no time to search them out. I whipped off my coat and vest; I tore my shirt from my body, and ripping it up into lengths as I ran, I dashed back. She had Ward supported on her arm; the old woman whom I had seen before, was by her side with a vessel of water, and coolly, skilfully, tenderly, my lady of the violet eyes set about her work of saving my chum.

"Hold his head up, Mr. Brice," she commanded, and I forgot everything else, as I waited for her look or nod to tell me what to do, as for an hour she fought out that fight, and held death at bay, while poor Ward lay with closed eyes, with nothing but a feeble gasp now and again to indicate that the candle of life still flickered. It was an entirely new light in which I beheld that beautiful girl. Heretofore, I had seen her only as a light-hearted, thoughtless butterfly. Now she shone out as a woman. I forgot all about the great peril through which she herself had just passed, as, fascinated, I watched her skilfully wage the fight with the arch-enemy. She had cast aside the cloak she was wearing on the deck of the "Revenge" when she fell oversides, and now worked in that marvelous dinner gown which she wore in the saloon. Her hair was in picturesque disorder, and the band of gold still clasped her arm, sliding up and down as the muscles played under the white flesh.

Presently she looked up quickly.

"You really can help us no more just now, Mr. Brice. Had you not better go on deck and see how things are there?" she suggested.

"You think he—he—" I commenced.

She nodded, and that indescribable smile lighted up her face. "Yes," she whispered, "he will live. I will take every care of him. Now, go."

And I turned, with my heart beating like a sledge hammer, and my pulse on fire, and stumbled up that narrow companionway, while her smile, her glance, her gesture, was pictured before me in lines of fire.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SKIPPER LAYS A COURSE

I had been below perhaps half an hour, and during that period things had happened on deck. As I swung myself up out of the main hatch I noticed that the sea had increased considerably. The "Homer" was hove to, and wallowing comfortably in the heavy swell. Forward, the skipper and a gang of men were at work patching up the injured bows. They had a big tarpaulin out, and had apparently succeeded in lowering some improvised kind of a collision mat. It was quite light, and I looked around for some signs of the "Revenge" or "Assist," but they were nowhere to be seen. A couple of miles away off on the starboard bow a small fleet of fishing vessels was visible, but the morning had broken squally, and presently they were lost to sight, as the heavy clouds settled down on us.

I walked briskly forward and hailed our captain. "Good-morning," I called out.

He turned about and looked me hastily over. "Morning' ter thee," he replied, "How's thy mate?"

"He's going to pull through, I think."

"Good fur him; I was afeared when they said as he was plugged in the lungs."

"Any of your boys hurt?"

"Two on 'em, but only cuts; there's more nor two on 'em with cuts over there," he added, chuckling.

He gave a few parting orders to the men, and then rolled toward me: "Come on up aft," he suggested, "I wants a word or so with ye."

He bit off a vast quantity of tobacco, stowed it snugly away in his left cheek; flung one huge leg over a capstan bar and balanced himself cleverly, as he linked one horny finger to the lapel of my coat, and nodding his lion's head with conviction, announced:

"Hi'm a-goin' ter see this 'ere thing ter the finish, see!"

"Yes, that's the sort of man I sized you up as being," I said.

"Hi wants that yarn spun again, and a little slower-like than ye did it last night—not as I doubts ye, mind, but so as I can sorter get the hang on it, see? Now first, what might yer name be, mister.

"Milton Brice," I said, "and yours?"

"Harvey Cassel, master and honer on the eighty-ton steam cutter 'Homer,' o' Great Yarmouth—you be a Londoner, bain't ye?"

"I've lived there many years, but I'm an American."

"Han Hamerican!" he exclaimed, and repeated the words several times to himself, "Well, now, that do beat hall—but Hi thought ye was rather a swift 'un, hand from the way as ye come aboard last night, I put ye down as a Navy man."

"I am," I said, "U. S. N., though, not R. N."

"And yer pal—the gent as is below?"

"He's a Londoner born and bred—a lawyer."

"Hand the young lady?"

I glanced at the steersman, not five feet away, then leaned forward and whispered three words in his ear.

"Aye, aye, just so, just so," he muttered. "Now, listen, mister," he continued. "Hi've bin a-thinkin' some the last hour, an' Hi figures as we'll have ter transfer our crew. Them two crafts has a good start on us, but it'll take 'em twelve hours smart work ter patch up her side, fur I reckon as the 'Homer' put a right smartish dent in her. Look ye, now, this is what I figures on doin': 'The Scout,' old Captain Jimmy Davis, will be 'longside in less than an hour with supplies and other tack; Captain Jimmy supplies the fishin' fleet with grub and tack, ye knows, and he and me knows one 'nother right smartish-like—he'll take me word fur a thing, will old Captain Jimmy, an' if Hi says ter him, 'Jimmy, this 'ere thing's so, an' the course is laid so,' he'll 'low as 'tis. So Hi'll say ter him when he come 'longside: 'Captain Jimmy,' Hi'll say, 'Hi wants yer 'Scout' fur a spell, 'cause she's a good twenty-knot boat, an' Hi want's ye ter run the 'Homer' in fur me and see her put in Nixon's dry dock'—that's wot Hi'll tell him, and he'll say, 'Right and well, Captain Harvey,' and won't ask no questions. Then we'll transfer ter 'board the—"

The Captain stopped and glared around, as a seaman stepped up, and interrupting him, reported: "The 'Scout's' just standing in, sir."

"What, so soon? Why, she ain't due fur an hour yet."

"There she is, sir."

We both gazed in the direction indicated, and beheld close in a long, narrow, smart-looking boat. She was painted black, with the exception of her lofty funnel. Her tonnage I should place at about a hundred and fifty tons—no more.

"By Jinks, she's on time; old Capt'n Jimmy always was a stickler for time," ejaculated the skipper of the "Homer." "I cal'late he'll be some surprised when he hears how the land lies, but I reckon he knows as when I lays a course I'm pretty apt ter stick ter it."

The "Scout" was close in by this time, and in another minute her captain was climbing aboard our craft. He was old, all right. He well deserved his name of "Old Capt'n Jimmy," for I think I never saw a more ancient-looking sailor aboard a ship in my life.

There was a hearty hand shake between the two skippers, and then Captain Cassel got at once down to business. It took him fifteen minutes to explain to the ancient mariner what I had conveyed to him in sixty seconds a short time previously.

"Then why don't ye put into Scar-b'rough?" demanded Captain Jimmy, amazed and almost incredulous.

"There's no use on it now. 'Tis too late, anyway. There's naught on the east coast 'twix North Sunderland and Great Yarmouth as is faster than yourn 'Scout.' The hull King's Navy's down in the Channel at their blasted maneuvers an' children's play. They'd never round North Foreland afore nightfall, even if we got word ter 'em in an hour, an' by that time that bloody slippery craft'll have got her two barkers fixed and be steamin' past the Shetlands, with naught 'twix her and the Lofodens but a Danish gunboat or so. There ain't a German ship as can be got at; their hull North Sea fleet passed through the Skager-Rack into the Cattegat, bound fur the Baltic yesterday—aye, Jimmy, boy, don't ye see as this 'ere thing's bin planned by bloody artful rogues; they've timed their run ter the hour almost, an' all as 'as upset 'em is the 'scape of these 'ere two gents. They was determined ter get 'em, an' if I hadn't rammed 'em an' shook their blasted cut-throats off, they'd a-got 'em, too; as 'tis they've nigh done fer one on 'em, fur all they was a-feard on makin' a rumpus, they spit lead a dozen times tryin' ter bring 'em down."

Old Captain Jimmy pulled off his sou'-west cap, and scratched his scant locks, as he gazed in bewilderment at his friend, while his ancient face was puckered up into a hundred lines. "Capt'n Harvey Cassel," he muttered, "this 'ere thing's most past all believin', ain't it?"

" 'Tis an' hit ain't," admitted the skipper of the "Homer," "but look ye 'ere, Capt'n Jimmy, Hi takes stock in't.

Come ter look at it bow on, 'tain't so mighty improbably a'ter hall, now, be hit?"

"By Jinks, hit ain't, but Hi never thought on such a thing," admitted Captain Jimmy.

'An' that's where they gets in their work—no one never thought on it—just like me an' you, an' belike if this 'ere gent hadn't got hon ter it, no one never would, an' they'd have run in their devilish scheme, but, Capt'n Jimmy, we'll stop 'em, God helpin' us, yet—ye be in with us, bain't ye?"

"Ye well knows I be, Capt'n Harvey, but, by Jinks, Hi'll skipper me own craft. Hi'll not sleep easy in my bunk a-knowin' as t'other hands was grippin' the spokes on her wheel. Ye lay the course, an' Hi'll follow ye. Ship yer boys aboard the 'Scout,' an' Hi'll put Bronson in charge on the 'Homer' and have her taken in ter Scarb'rough. Say, though, Capt'n Harvey, think ye there's no chance on these rogues a-coming back ter—"

"Not they—not they," muttered the "Homer's" skipper. "They're twenty good knots from 'ere by this time; they got no time ter loaf; they must be off the Shetlands. by nightfall. We've no time to lose; put Tim Bronson aboard this craft, an' we'll get away on the 'Scout'—by Jinks, Jimmy, 'tis dead plum lucky as you had her bottom scraped less'n a week ago, an' with the hover'aulin' you gave her engines, Hi cal'late she'll show her best pace, eh?"

"Hi'll wager on her makin' twenty-two flat every hour on the twenty-four—Lay yer course, Capt'n Harvey, lay yer course, an' old Jimmy'll follow it."

(*To be continued*)

THE LIGHT BEFORE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

OH, who art thou that goes with light
  Before my shadowed way,
A cloud of purple mist by night—
  A fire of leaves by day?
Lo, I the Autumn old and sere,
  I dread the chilling breath
Of winter, and the summons drear
  Of my impending death!"

"Nay, neither death nor winter I;
  But one more true and strong—
The beauty that can never die,
  The dream that blooms in song.
I am the Soul of coming Spring,
  And through the gloomy dust
I lead you in a magic ring
  Back to the May august!"

Everybody Works BUT FATHER

by Gertrude B. Millard

THE front gate banged, squawking protest from its uneven hinges, and the still afternoon air shrilled suddenly from its brooding peace, pricked by a high sweet pipe. The battered wreck, sunk in the deep-bottomed splint rocker that stood perpetually on the back porch, stirred from its apathy, and a haunting expectation grew into its sombre gaze.

Quick heels clattered on the low front stoop, twice-hard to his morbidly awaiting ears; there was a thud as Tommy's strapped books missed the sitting-room table, landing upon the floor, and the clear notes were eclipsed for an instant as the boy wrestled with his school shirt, and projected himself joyously into his sweater. Then that happened from which the derelict shrank in half-assured anticipation; the whistle leaped into a keen boyish treble, and the chorus of an evanescently popular street song filled the hollow space behind him, floated accusingly from the open window, and beat vibratingly upon a brain which for weary months past counting had refused to answer every stimulus lovingly anxious hearts could suggest.

"Mother takes in washing,
So does Sister Ann:
Everybody WORKS at our house,
But my Old Man!"

warbled the youngster at the top of his voice. Then he stopped with his mouth wide for the repetition. "Gee!" he said, "Mam told me to cut it out—hope she ain't anywheres 'round." The man on the back porch heard that, too, and a spasm of recognition crossed his haggard countenance. She was so tender of him, so patient—that stayed with him always, a rift in the fog enveloping his faculties. She had even seen the possibility of this. And he—he was a hulk! It had shadowed him dimly since first he heard that hateful tune: but now, without warning, his soul had come to life, and realization choked him.

The boy darted through the kitchen, instinctively avoiding that nearer door giving upon the sheltered crook of the ell where the invalid dragged out his slow days, and the swinging crash of an axe, the rending of pine, and thump of the thrown stick came successively from the old shed just out of his vision. Tom was a little fellow to have kept the fires going for a year. It had been a year since he, Jackson Gelett, had swung an axe; and for the first time it hurt to hear his son raining quick strokes like a veteran while he sat helpless.

To the man's new, strangely sharpened nerve, every blow carried a message, and he winced when the blade failed to fall true—he who for a twelvemonth had been dead to all save the most direct personal address.

The grapes over the tall trellis had been turning, he remembered he had stopped to gloat over their abundant promise on his way to work that very morning upon which Old 1010 had blown him out of the roundhouse, a senseless mass of scalded flesh and broken bone. And now they were purpling again. Yes, he had been dead for a year!—And better, far better, he had been in his grave than a lump like this, fed, clothed, and cared for, out of Mary's earnings. He shook in his weakness as he pictured to himself her struggle. The Company Doctor would have come, and the Doctor from his lodge—his assessments had all been straight; and the boys always stood by for night-nursing when a man was bad. But there had been next to nothing in the bank. Thank God the cottage was paid for! She had not had to worry about rent. His unsealed eyes wandered woefully over the once trim little garden. Mary had been so proud of her spick and span posy beds. But how could she tend to them sewing, sewing, all day long? He remembered now how he had seen her sewing, through the fog; and the grass tufts in the pathway, the tall mallows flaunting among the asters mocked at his springing pain.

Just out of sight around the kitchen corner the whistle recommenced; he fitted the words to it himself.

> "Everybody WORKS at our house,
> Everybody WORKS at our house."

The accent caught the axe stroke every bar. He gripped hard at the arms of the old rocker, and pulling himself up a hand's breadth, called querulously, "Tommy, ain't it time for you to go get them papers?"

There was a final crash and silence. Then a round face white with surprise bobbed up before him. "You call, Dad?" demanded the younger scion. "I thought I heard you call!" Gelett fell back before the boy's breathlessness. "Time to go for your papers!" he tried to repeat matter-of-factly, huddling into his place—his gorge rose in unreasoning wrath at the lad's wide eyes and startled tone—but the words would not come. "Did you want something?" the eager voice asked again very earnestly; but he only shook his head and motioned the questioner away. It was a relief to hear the gate bang once more, and receding footsteps on the hard walk beyond.

God, but his suffering was just begun! The long days and nights of agony merging into his lethargy were a dream. Was it weeks, or months, it had continued? But now his soul was alive; alive to face a horror of uselessness—He who had been a man of might among men!

Down the street a hand-organ took up the same accursed strain:

> "Mother takes in washing,
> So does Sister Ann—"

His Ann was in the candy factory, when she ought to be in school—that, too, came back to him out of the mist—and she, like the boy, would stare at him strangely if he spoke to her; her face, too, would go white. He was a thing apart, an incubus, to his own children!

Only Mary, who had wed him "for better, for worse," Mary kept always her old smile when her eyes met his. Dear heart! Was there mercy in Heaven, that she should be burdened like this?

He cowered away from his anguish in the pillowed chair, and oblivion closed about him as before. His eyes were blank when they brought him in to tea, and no one of those who had prayed for it knew of that brief interval when he had been aware.

He could not have told whether it was hours, or days, had passed, when he woke again. He fancied there was a purpler blush on the grape clusters climbing almost within reach of his nerveless hand. The sun lay warm and encouraging on his lifeless knees. And that same lilt rang insistently at the gateway of his consciousness. The connection did not come at first, and it called to him like the distant voice of a friend.

It had been afternoon when he last tasted the bitter fruit of knowledge; but now it was golden morning, and the whir of Mary's machine in the room behind mingled pleasantly with the grinder's far-off tune. He was minded to speak her name, as he had been wont to do in times gone by, drawing her attention to the new day; but a gust brought fitfully the refrain:

> "Everybody works at our house,
> Everybody works at our house."

And he kept silent for very shame. He had not changed. He was a hulk. His breath caught as he thought of the shops—his shops—where he had worked, boy and man, for thirty years—ever since the Company had put them into the town. His own engines would never have treated him to such a trick—Old 1010 was a Hoodoo from down the line. It was a good thing they got her housed before she blew her head off; she had been running passenger, and on the road it would have meant ditching the whole train. Just what had she done to him, he wondered. In the fog he could put one foot before the other if an external force set him in motion; but his body felt flaccid as he sat, and he recalled with a sort of terror the tremendous effort he had made to lean forward on that day that seemed like yesterday. The draw bar must have loosed between his brain and brawn. He shuddered over the sarcasm of "brawn" applied to this pitiful beef of which he had once been master. It was nightmare unbelievable that he, full-possessed of his senses, could never again control that length of big-boned frame stretching below his vision. What had the doctor said?—the doctors?—he was sure there had been two. But neither had been to see him for a long, long time. That meant they had given him up. He had been too overwhelmed to think it all out the other day—but nevertheless he had known. Once more the hurt of it dissolved his very vitals. Then suddenly he ceased to care. The music melted farther away as the player moved around the block, and the old vacancy crept into those hollow eyes turned toward the garden. Only his faithful wife caught a flicker in their depths as Tommy came whistling home at noon, and she threw the lad a warning glance that hushed him half inside the door.

"Yes, ma'am! He takes a deal more notice than you'd think, to see him settin' there," she said soberly, later, to a customer evincing interest in the stolid figure of the chair. "Doctor Evans, he don't think he'll ever be different—but sometimes I don't know."

"Doctor Evans, he don't think he'll ever be different." The words registered themselves somewhere on the retina of his numb brain, just as a hundred other incidents of the daily life had done during the six months since his physician had bidden them to get him out of bed; and afterwards he remembered—authoritatively confirmed in his sick intuition.

The last time his shroud lifted before the change, it was evening—Sunday evening, for Ann was at the organ. That his daughter should learn to play had been a luxury upon which he had insisted, although he had long denied himself both pipe and glass to that end.

Music had been his soul magnet from boyhood; and the sounds evoked by her little fingers from his dead mother's well-worn instrument had epitomized his pleasure since first he could come home, toil-stained and weary, and toss her up on the high stool to "play for Pap" while he cleaned up. And in those terrible days when his pain-racked form had writhed deliriously in its bandages, her hand on the keys could often still his groans when the medicine was of no avail.

It had been his dearest wish to buy her a true piano when the house payments were completed. The utter futility of that hope pounced upon his awakening, as she slipped, momentarily forgetful of its text, into the melody so bound up with his recurring resurrections.

The air tingled through his sullen body with prick and sting, as does one's life blood after pressure upon an artery has temporarily checked the flow. The voice of his best beloved seemed to tax him despitefully with his idiotic present, and his good-for-nothing future. With each return the pangs of consciousness grew worse. And the doctor had said he would be like this forever.

How should he school his hot heart to untold years of inexpression? While Mary, Ann, and even Tommy, not yet in long trousers, bled their natural lives to comfort his worthless carcass—not even knowing that he knew. It had been more merciful of the Almighty to have left him as he was. The wrecked uselessness of this human machine, which had run like a well-oiled locomotive for nearly fifty years, would drive him mad.

"Mary!" he managed to enunciate—concentrating the supreme energy of his soul on an effort to arise unaided. The memory of her brave smile held out to him a straw of hope. He would break with this bondage or die.

The room swam around him with the strain. Great beads of sweat welled out upon his corded forehead. Wife and daughter sprang to his side at the unaccustomed sound of his tongue. "Jackson! Jack? My dear!—What is it?" Mary cried, stooping to encircle him with her arms.

Cut to the quick by the fear reflected on her face from the agony in his own, he tried vainly to bring forth a reassuring word; even his speech, which had come readily enough when Tommy was out of sight in the shed, failed to respond at this determined test. He felt that his veins were bursting from the violence with which he struggled, yet he lifted himself scarce an inch from his chair.

Then something gave. The darkness wrapped him again. He sensed dimly that the life-giving pressure of Mary's arms increased, and supported, as always, by their beloved band, he was led away to his couch—all unrealizing that the worst of his battle was won.

He woke in the morning to the keen reveille of Tommy's pipe, and the axe, stroke on stroke, as upon that first unforgotten afternoon, and a fierce hatred surged up within him for the persistent, Satan-taught tune that called him back, and ever back, to impotence and pain.

He turned his face to the wall, and waited in bitterness for the mists to gather and blot out his suffering. But a curious sensation of inner warmth permeated the limbs that had been so dead, and he stretched insensibly to its inspiring glow. The long fingers of the late September sun caressed his pillow, and slid softly to his averted cheek, and the boy's merry ditty broke out unguardedly. His father most likely still slept, and the effervescence of youth must vent.

"Mother takes in washing,
So does Sister Ann,
Everybody works at our house,
But my Old Man!"

Jackson Gelett's temper flared. The notes tingled through his blood like new wine. If he could reach that saucy young rooster he'd teach him to crow. He lifted back the bedclothes. The doctor had said he would never be better; but Mary was not so sure. Then he shrank—quivering—with a quickened recollection of the night.

Slowly, by inches, palsied with dread lest the muscles again refuse, he drew out one knee, and then the other, from its white nest, and the sun played over his great thews, grown flabby from their year of disuse. The whistle struck with the axe:

"Everybody WORKS at our house,
Everybody WORKS at our house,"

and cautiously, knotting his forehead with the stress, he shifted one foot, and then the other, to the floor. A sudden triumph shot through him at its chill touch; Mary had always dressed him in the bed.

Slowly, wrenchingly, he leaned forward, and tried his weight on the bare feet's shaking support.

The shrilling under his window ceased abruptly, and a choking sob from the door turned him swayingly about. The fatal blackness clutched him, but he fought it as a man fights for life.

Slowly, slowly, the fog swept back, and his wife's bright face beamed upon him through her tears. "'Everybody works at our house,' Mary woman," he muttered, with a sheepish, forgotten grin. "And it's me for the old repair shops before the month is out."

HE SILENCED THE DEVIL

IF YOU find yourself getting miserly, begin to scatter, like a wealthy farmer in New York State that I heard of. He was a noted miser, but he was converted. Soon after, a poor man who had been burned out and had no provisions came to him for help. The farmer thought he would be liberal and give the man a ham from his smoke-house. On his way to get it, the tempter whispered to him:

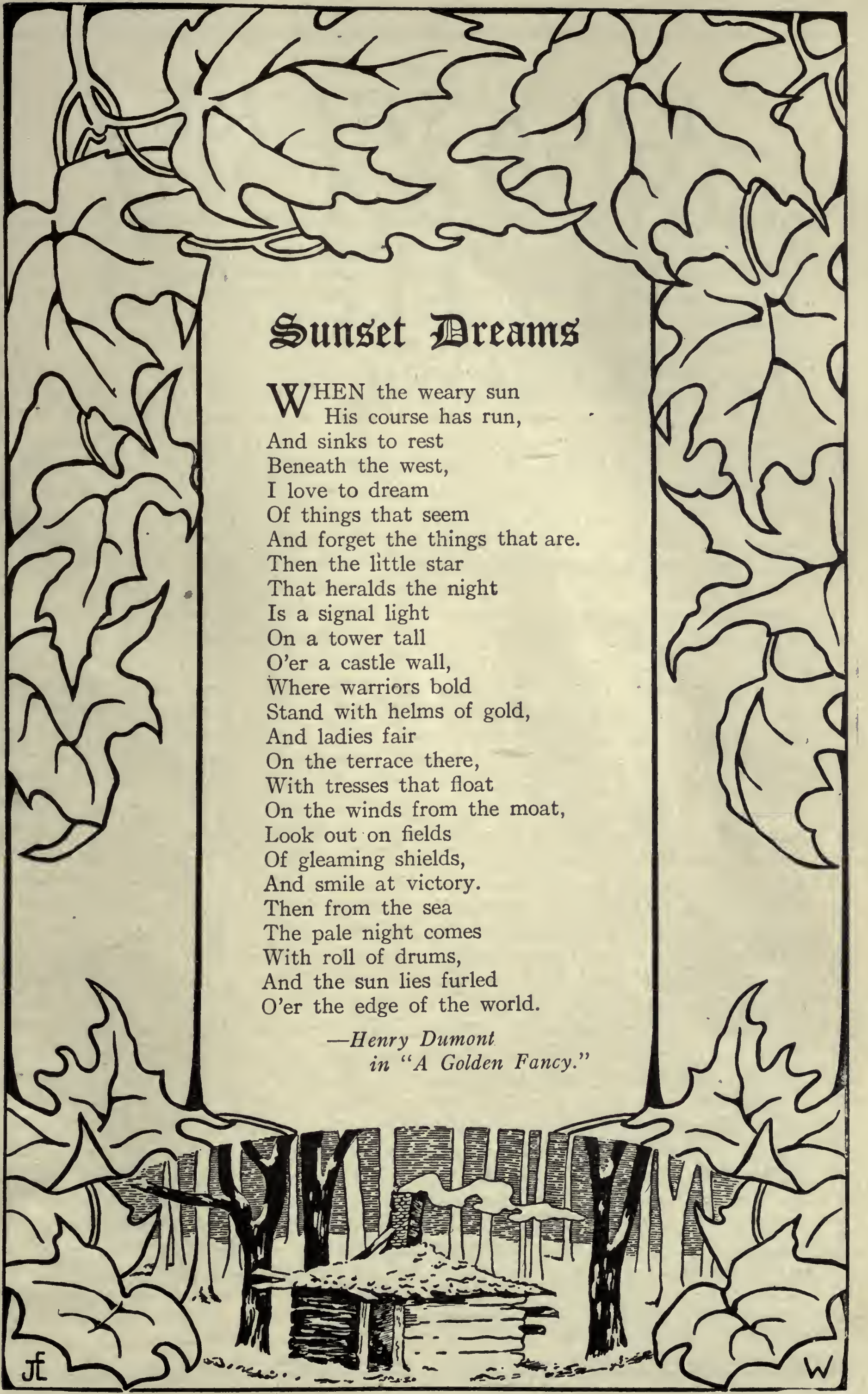
"Give him the smallest one you have."

He had a struggle whether he would give a large or a small ham, but finally he took down the largest he could find.

"You are a fool," the devil said.

"If you don't keep still," the farmer replied, "I will give him every ham I have in the smoke-house."

—*From the book "Heart Throbs."*



Sunset Dreams

WHEN the weary sun
His course has run,
And sinks to rest
Beneath the west,
I love to dream
Of things that seem
And forget the things that are.
Then the little star
That heralds the night
Is a signal light
On a tower tall
O'er a castle wall,
Where warriors bold
Stand with helms of gold,
And ladies fair
On the terrace there,
With tresses that float
On the winds from the moat,
Look out on fields
Of gleaming shields,
And smile at victory.
Then from the sea
The pale night comes
With roll of drums,
And the sun lies furled
O'er the edge of the world.

—Henry Dumont
in "A Golden Fancy."

VICKSBURG

THE siege of Vicksburg was one of the most spectacular engagements of modern warfare, as well as one of the most important in its decisive results. When Vicksburg fell, the knell of the Confederacy was sounded, and the reputation of a great general established. Moreover, the immediate effect of the news of its downfall was the confusion of a rapidly growing anti-war party in the North, and the strengthening of Union sentiment. When Grant, early in November, 1862, began his campaign against this apparently impregnable Confederate stronghold, the situation in the North had become desperate. The elections of 1862 had resulted in the fostering of sentiments inimical to the further prosecution of the war. Voluntary enlistments had nearly ceased. Desertions were frequent. The draft had been resorted to in order to fill the depleted ranks of the Union army. The Northern press was uttering thinly veiled and sneering criticisms of those in charge of the conduct of the war. The patient Lincoln, goaded and criticized by those who should most strongly have upheld him, with prescient wisdom called Grant, a man he had never seen, out of the West and set him a superhuman task. In that one act Lincoln proved the greatness of his judgment. Such things do not come about by chance—the great leader is he who most wisely chooses the instruments of his will. Grant, having been set the task, began its accomplishment, and moved forward irresistibly to the end, regardless of obstacles, regardless of advice, regardless of all military precedent. During this campaign, which extended over a period of eight long, weary, toilsome months, Grant violated all the existing traditions of warfare, disregarded the advice of competent military experts, disobeyed the orders of his superiors—and in the end justified amply by the results he attained the unusual methods to which he had resorted. When Sherman pointed out the seeming folly of his course, Grant said, "I must go forward—it is too late to go back." Up to that time it had been regarded as an axiom in war that large bodies of troops must operate from a base of supplies which they always covered and guarded in all forward movements. When he found he must uncover his line of communication in moving against Jackson, he cut himself off entirely from his base of supplies and moved his whole force eastward, foraging upon the country as he advanced. When he received orders from General Halleck to return to Grand Gulf and co-operate from there with General Banks against Port Hudson, and then return with their combined forces to besiege Vicksburg, he told the officer who brought it that the order came too late, and stopped all discussions of the question by mounting his horse and riding away. When he found that General McClernand had issued a fulsome, congratulatory order to his own troops (the 13th corp) which did injustice to the other troops engaged in the campaign, Grant summarily relieved him of his command and ordered him back to Springfield. The news of the fall of Vicksburg lifted a great load of anxiety from the minds of Lincoln, his cabinet, and the loyal people of the North. A less steadfast man than Grant, one less sure of himself and his purpose, would inevitably have yielded to the immense pressure brought to bear upon him by both friends and foes, and the apparently insuperable difficulties to be overcome, and have either abandoned the campaign or bungled it. The grass-grown mounds that mark the trenches of Vicksburg remain an enduring monument to his fame. The following pages give an account of the visit of the National Editorial Association to the battlefields of Vicksburg.

On the VICKSBURG BATTLEFIELD

by the EDITOR

THE reception of the National Editorial Association in the historic old city of Vicksburg will never be forgotten. The National Park was the especial attraction for the editors, who represented every state in the Union. National memorials in the park do not commemorate the defeat or victory of either army, but rather the valor of all soldiers who fought in that great siege. The trenches may still be seen that marked the terrible advance of Grant's legions in furious charge, their repulse and the merciless ring of fire which day by day narrowed its circle and forced surrender. Under the leadership of Captain J. F. Merry and Captain Rigby, chairman of the Park Commission, the great battle picture was presented to us. The trenches of both Confederate and Union armies are well preserved, just as they were when the armies faced each other for four months in that memorable siege, which began in March and was not closed until July 4, 1863. General Grant conducted the siege and founded his fame as a great commander on its success. This is the only battleground in the world which remains exactly as it was when the combatants left it, and each maneuver may now be followed.

The grass-covered mounds of the old trenches, lying parallel on the crest of the hills, suggested that underneath them was buried forever the enmity between the North and South. Looking at the trenches and approaches by which the fire of musketry and artillery and the work of the military miner were gradually brought close to the Confederate defences, the deafening roar of battle seemed to sound in our ears:

> "A clash of arms, and death, a hush
> Of horrors of which death is least."

* * *

The siege of Vicksburg and its strategic results may be said to have decided the fate of the Confederacy, for General Pemberton's surrender on July 4, 1863, not only necessitated the immediate surrender of Port Hudson, but the eventual loss of those steady supplies of men and material from Missouri, Arkansas and Texas which had hitherto made Trans-Mississippi Secessia an invaluable resource of the Confederacy.

It had also demonstrated the indomitable courage and military genius of Grant, who, in defiance of military precedent, had boldly flung his army between the defences of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and the Confederate armies of the Southwest, and exposing his forces to both flank and rear attack, marched rapidly upon Jackson, defeating the Confederates at several minor points and near Jackson; then, turning westward, defeated Pemberton in the field, forced the passage of the Big Black River and shut in an army of at least thirty thousand men.

The siege which followed was prefaced by several assaults on the works, which were made with headlong courage and repulsed with steadfast bravery. It was found to be impossible to break the Southern lines, and the herculean task of enclosing the defences with impregnable siege-works and irresistible batteries of siege guns was accomplished; all the more readily, that sorties, or attempts to destroy important positions, were not a salient feature of General Pemberton's defence. The Federal lines of investment aggregated ten miles in length, mounting about 220 guns of various calibers and description.

The Confederate line of defence, eight miles long, mounted about 130 guns (exclusive of thirty-eight on the river line) and was defended by about 30,000 officers and men, present for duty at the beginning of the investment. After a gallant defence of forty-seven days, 29,491 officers and men were surrendered with the city. Reported casualties during the investment, May 18 to July 4: Union—killed, 766; wounded, 3,793; missing, 276; total, 4,835; with 107 officers killed or mortally wounded. Confederate, river batteries not included, killed, 873; wounded, 2,141; missing, 158; total, 3,172; of the 29,491 officers and men surrendered, 5,496 were in hospitals.

Twenty-six heavy and light-draught gunboats took part in the Union investment under Rear-Admiral David Porter and General Alfred W. Ellett of the Mississippi Marine Brigade; eight gunboats and nine transports ran the gauntlet of the batteries at the beginning of the movement; two transports were sunk, but divisions were ferried over the Mississippi by those that escaped injury. The courage, endurance and resourcefulness displayed by both forces have never been exceeded in ancient or modern times.

It was thus especially fitting that the National Government with the several states and commands whose valiant soldiery had consecrated with their life-blood the broken plateau on which Grant and Pemberton had thrown "the wild, grim dice of the iron game" should join in beautifying and preserving for all time the arena in which the River City had striven against fate to hold back the lower Mississippi from the war-fleets and armies of the Northmen. Sacred ground it is still to many loving and sorrowing hearts; and thousands more have thrilled with anguish at the mention of "Vicksburg," to whom death has brought surcease of sorrow forevermore. No unworthy hatreds are now left to alienate true and gallant souls, and only a loyal rivalry in illustrating and immortalizing the gallant soldiery who died and suffered here remains of the fiery and fatal enmities of the Great Siege. Splendid and fitting it is that at the beginning of the Twentieth Century public and private munificence should combine to enrich "with storied urn and animated bust," monument and statue, obelisk and portico, the Vicksburg Military Park.

To me the scene recalled especially sacred memories, for here my own father, then a soldier of the 21st Iowa Infantry, had taken part in the siege. Here was the site of the old encampment; there the spring to which by turns each man at the risk of life and limb carried the canteens of his mess, as David's mighty men went to bring water from the outposts of the Philistine. Here he had taken part in that merciless rifle-fire in the trenches, or stood sentinel at night to "guard 'gainst southron guile or force," and watch the huge shells of the mortar boats ascending in fiery curves over the devoted city and seemingly hovering for a moment, like fiery dragons of old, as if to choose their victims. Here, in the ravine before the Railroad Redoubt, he had joined with his comrades in that luckless assault of May 22, only to fall wounded in the head and senseless, to be overwhelmed by a mass of fallen comrades, so great as to leave him crippled and helpless for weeks after.

Can you wonder that the Vicksburg Military Park was to me an inspiration and a delight, or that that dear old father, once the boy-soldier from Iowa, now passed on to join the Greater Grand Army of the Republic, left his sons a nobler legacy than gold or titles—the memory of a soldier, true and tried, of the Great Republic?

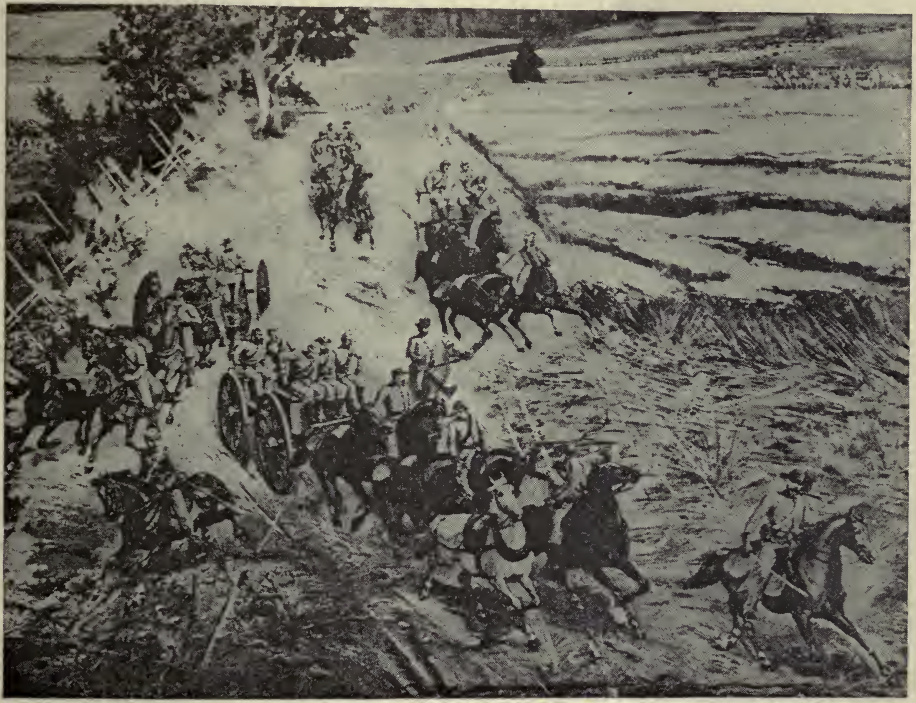
Here, too, was stationed the famous Lunette, held by Texan and Alabama infantry and Missourian and Arkansan light horse against the desperate and long-continued assaults of May 22, when not only infantry brigades and regiments charged and volleyed on the works, but the artillerists of the renowned Chicago Mercantile Battery actually manned their prolonges and drew one of their guns to a position within thirty yards of the enemy's work, where it was served until the assault failed and then was safely brought off after dark. The Adjutant-General of Illinois has thus favorably commented on the services of this gallant artillery command.

"The Mercantile Battery of Chicago has been credited with heroic work at the siege of Vicksburg. This battery was recruited under the auspices of the Mercantile Association of Chicago. It was mustered into the United States service on the 29th day of August, 1862, and mustered out July 10, 1865.

"All of the survivors of the famous battery have gained positions of trust, honor and respect among their fellow-men in the business world of today.

"Captain Patrick H. White of the Battery lately celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. He has always been held in the highest esteem by the men of the Mercantile Battery for his bravery, kindness and solicitude for the welfare of his men in camp or in the field.

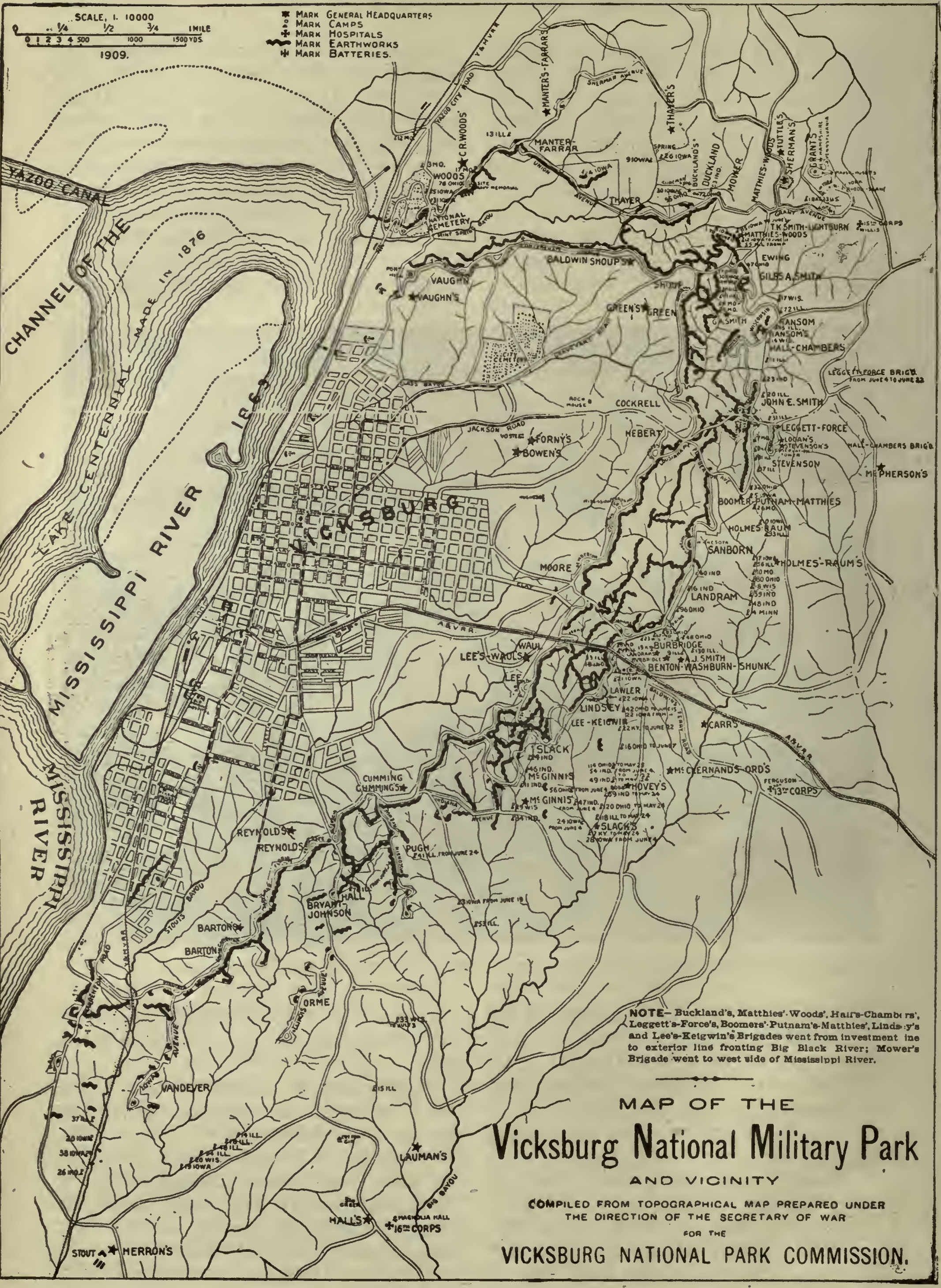
"On the 15th of April, they led out with the Thirteenth Army Corps, under the command of General John A. McClernand, and took part in the glorious campaign which finally culminated in the capture of Vicksburg. Crossing the Mississippi at Bruinsburg on the night of the 30th of April, they were in time to take part in the battle of Magnolia Hills, on May 1st, and were actively engaged, and performed splendid service during the entire day.



MERCANTILE BATTERY GOING INTO ACTION AT MAGNOLIA HILLS, MAY 1, 1863

"Continuing its march toward Vicksburg, it again encountered the enemy on the 16th of May, at Champion Hills, where it had a fearful artillery duel with an eight-gun battery belonging to the First Regiment of Mississippi Light Artillery. The fight occurred at the short range of three hundred yards.

"General Tilghman was killed by a well-directed shot from No. 2 gun of this Battery. The fighting was severe and the


SCALE, 1. 10000
0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1 MILE
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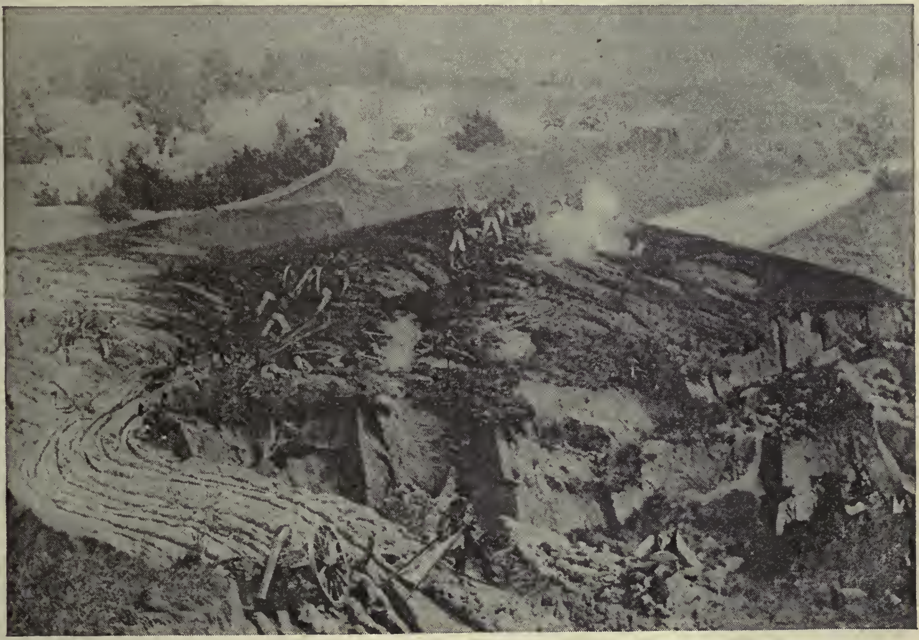
1909.
Mark General Headquarters
Mark Camps
Mark Hospitals
Mark Earthworks
Mark Batteries.
YAZOO CANAL
CHANNEL OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
LAKE CENTENNIAL
MADE IN 1876
MISSISSIPPI RIVER 1863
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
VICKSBURG
YAZOO CITY ROAD
Y&M V R R
MANTER'S-FARRAR'S
C.R. WOODS
WOODS
MANTER-FARRAR
THAYER'S
THAYER
BUCKLAND'S
BUCKLAND
MOWER
MATTHIES-WOODS
TUTTLE'S
SHERMAN'S
GRANT'S
GRANT AVENUE
UNION AVENUE
SHERMAN AVENUE
NATIONAL CEMETERY
MINT SPRING BAYOU
T.K.SMITH-LIGHTBURN
MATTHIES-WOODS
15TH CORPS
EWING
GILES A.SMITH
G.A.SMITH
BALDWIN SHOUP'S
SHOUP
VAUGHN
VAUGHN'S
GREEN'S
GREEN
CITY CEMETERY
GRAVEYARD ROAD
RANSOM
RANSOM'S
HALL-CHAMBERS
LEGGETT-FORCE BRIG'D. FROM JUNE 4 TO JUNE 22
JOHN E. SMITH
LEGGETT-FORCE
LOGAN'S
STEVENSON'S
STEVENSON
HALL-CHAMBERS BRIG'D
MCPHERSON'S
ROCK HOUSE
COCKRELL
HEBERT
JACKSON ROAD
FORNY'S
BOWEN'S
BOOMER-PUTNAM-MATTHIES
HOLMES-RAUM
SANBORN
HOLMES-RAUM'S
MOORE
LANDRAM
A.&V.R.R.
LEE'S-WAULS
WAUL
LEE
BURBRIDGE
A.J. SMITH
BENTON-WASHBURN-SHUNK
LAWLER
LINDSEY
LEE-KEIGWIN
CARR'S
SLACK
MCGINNIS
MCGINNIS'
HOVEY'S
SLACK'S
MCCLERNAND'S-ORD'S
13TH CORPS
CUMMING
CUMMINGS'
INDIANA AVENUE
REYNOLDS'
REYNOLDS
PUGH
HALL
BRYANT-JOHNSON
STOUTS BAYOU
BARTON'S
BARTON
ORME
VANDEVER
LAUMAN'S
BIG BAYOU
HALL'S
16TH CORPS
STOUT
HERRON'S

NOTE—Buckland's, Matthies'-Woods', Hall's-Chambers', Leggett's-Force's, Boomers'-Putnam's-Matthies', Lindsey's and Lee's-Keigwin's Brigades went from investment line to exterior line fronting Big Black River; Mower's Brigade went to west side of Mississippi River.

MAP OF THE
Vicksburg National Military Park
AND VICINITY
COMPILED FROM TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP PREPARED UNDER
THE DIRECTION OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR
FOR THE
VICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK COMMISSION.

Battery lost heavily. The following day more laurels were won at the battle of Black River Bridge. Participating in the pursuit of the retreating foe, they came within sight of the heights of Vicksburg on the afternoon of the 18th of May.

"On the 22nd of May, an assault was ordered along the whole line, and one section of the Battery literally charged a bastion, pulling their guns by hand up to within twenty feet of the works. Here they remained for eight long hours in the face of a fearfully heavy fire.



MERCANTILE BATTERY IN ACTION IN THE REAR OF VICKSBURG, MAY 22, 1863

"Hand grenades were tossed over from behind the works, and were as quickly thrown back to explode among the enemy. When night set in they ran their guns down into the ravine below and saved them. For this and other acts they were especially mentioned by General McClernand in his dispatches."

* * *

President McKinley signed the Act of Congress authorizing the establishment of the Vicksburg National Military Park in 1899. The Secretary of War appointed Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee of the Confederate Army, Captain William T. Rigby of Iowa and Captain J. G. Everest, commissioners. Captain Lewis Guion of Louisiana was appointed to succeed General Lee. The park includes 1,288 acres of fighting ground of the famous siege and defence of Vicksburg, lasting from May 18 to July 4. The operations and five battles preceding the siege of Vicksburg are described by historical tablet inscriptions.

The park picture furnishes definite and exact boundaries, and the visitor follows every detail of the great siege from point to point. Every position occupied by the two opposing armies is marked. Along the Confederate line of defence are 150 markers. The Union trenches and approaches are indicated by 363 markers, and a drive over the thirty miles of road-way covering the two principal avenues, Confederate and Union, presents a stirring and vivid picture.

There are nearly nine hundred tablets of all kinds in the park, besides 127 guns mounted at the old battery sites, similar to those used in active service at the siege.

The total appropriations made by Congress are $1,175,000, and fourteen states have also made appropriations for the twelve memorials and monuments.

Two handsome portrait bronze statues are in place, one of Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee, given by his son and friends in twenty-seven states, and one of General I. W. Garrott, also of the Confederate army, given by his sons. Five more are assured for the park: Union, a full length figure of Colonel William F. Vilas, contributed by his wife and daughter, and a full length figure of Captain Andrew Hickenlooper, contributed by his family; Confederate, Brigadier General Lloyd Tilghman, equestrian, given by his sons Sidell and Frederick B.; Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton, equestrian, given by his son Frank R.; Colonel James H. Jones, bust, given by his family and friends.

Four portrait tablets are in place; Union—Colonel Joseph J. Woods, given by his family; Confederate—General Francis A. Shoup, Colonel Edward Higgins, Colonel Robert Richardson, given by Louisiana parish police juries. Five more are assured: Union—Colonel James R. Slack, given by Sculptor Adolph A. Weinman; General Mortimer D. Leggett, given by Sculptor Henry H. Kitson. Confederate — General Louis Herbert, Colonel Leon D. Marks, Colonel Allen Thomas, given by Louisiana police parish juries.

It is anticipated that in the near future statues of General Grant, and of Generals Logan and Forney of the Confederate Army will be given. In fact, there seems to be scarcely a state in the North or South that does not have some officer whose heroism on the battlefield of Vicksburg does not merit due commemoration.

The Commission is now hard at work to secure an appropriation for the construction of a memorial in Louisiana Circle and Warrenton Road, commemorative of the service of the Confederate Navy during the Civil War.

The map of Vicksburg, showing the earth works, camps and batteries is interesting in connection with the study of this great siege, and to be fully appreciated one must walk over the very ground itself that shook with the terrific cannonade of the summer of '63.

* * *

In the hills within the city, known as "the excavations," may be seen the caves where citizens lived when the city was being bombarded. Beautiful homes now occupy the eminences which cannon balls riddled during the siege. Here and there in the park rise stately and artistic memorials, indicating that various states have recognized the bravery and devotion of their heroic sons. Every state in the South is represented, and every state in the North, with the exception of three. In the Illinois Temple, on tablets of bronze, the names of 34,000 Illinois soldiers are engraved. The name of Fred Grant, son of General U. S. Grant, was being added to the list the day that we arrived. A thrill of awe, a renaissance of patriotism, filled every soul as we moved through such scenes.

After the close of the war the channel of the Mississippi changed, and Vicksburg was left far from the present bed of the river, but a dam across the Yazoo has provided an artificial channel so that the city may still be said to be "on the river."

MAY IT EVER BE THUS

THE following lines may not be of use to you, but express in simple language a sentiment worth remembering, one which any citizen would do well to think of when patriotic thoughts enter his mind, hoping that "May it be ever thus":

No North, no South, no East, no West,
But one great nation Heaven blest.

—Chas. B. Thompson, in the book "Heart Throbs."

An Arkansas Novel and Its Author

By EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

ON the Black River in Lawrence County, Arkansas, lies the estate of Clover Bend—a plantation of five thousand acres, with its mill, its cotton gin and its store grouped near the river bank and, a stone's throw away, the houses of the two proprietors; while scattered farther afield are the little dwellings of the tenants. The house with which I made acquaintance on my first visit, fifteen years ago, is no longer standing. More than a dozen years since, the cottage owned by Mrs. Crawford was burned, as the result of a too generous fire built by a negro servant. As a rule, the negro never likes to make anything smaller than a "Christmas fire." The cottage has been replaced by a simple, but sufficiently spacious and altogether comfortable modern house which, with its dozen acres of ground, now separated from the plantation, is the joint property of Miss Alice French, known to the world as Octave Thanet, and her friend, Mrs. Crawford. Close by is the house of Colonel Tucker, who, though now represented by his nephew, has been for many years the resident partner and manager of the property.

It was however, during the winters spent in the modest cottage that Octave Thanet learned to know and love her Arkansas, and it was there that much of her best work was done. Herself a Northern woman, born in New England, reared in the Mississippi town of Davenport on the border of Iowa, she has become by adoption a southerner;. and in sympathy, in comprehension, in ability to live the life and enter into the heart of the people, she is at once New Englander, Westerner and Southerner. Which is to say that she is broadly human. Her family, it may be said in passing, have from colonial times to the present day been people of distinction. As a writer, it has been said of her by one of her reviewers, that whatever the station in life of her characters, she never seems to look at them from the standpoint of a superior, but always with the level gaze of an equal. As she writes, so she is. In speaking of the writer one can hardly avoid speaking of the woman, for in this case the writer is the woman. Between them there is no gulf fixed; Octave Thanet is Alice French. Seldom has anyone been so enthusiastically beloved by so great a variety of people.

Add to her remarkable power of sympathy a keen sense of humor and a talent for society, and throw in an unusual gift for telling a story—in whatever dialect—and an immense popularity may be taken for granted. In society she is surrounded and her company is so eagerly sought that it is difficult for her to maintain the seclusion necessary for her work. Hence the value to her of a place like the Clover Bend plantation. Not but what she entertains her friends there, but the coming and going is not incessant. There are long weeks of quiet living. Had it not been for Clover Bend, while her friends might have had more of Alice French, the world would possibly have had less of Octave Thanet. Of late years the world has seen her rather more than before. Every year she makes some stay in Boston, in New York, in Washington. At stated intervals she takes her place among the officers of the National Society of Colonial Dames—as is fitting for one whose ancestors were among the leaders of the Colonies and the founders of the Republic.

One more characteristic must be mentioned. Miss French has a genius for friendship. As a friend she spends herself royally. For the rest, she is practical—at least, as practical as one so generous can ever be—and she is a person of sound sense and of housewifely accomplishments. If she hadn't been a writer she might have been a *chef*. Her house at Clover Bend, equally with her house in Davenport, is the abode of comfort and hospitality. A place of beauty also. In that kindly climate the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose, and the house is embowered in creepers and shrubbery, while seasonable flowers follow each other in profusion. Mrs. Crawford has a canny hand with flowers. She also has her chicken yard. I well remember her troubles during an unprecedented season of arctic weather, when the little incubator-hatched chickens came into a world ill-adapted to their unfledged nakedness. But that was an exception, and the poultry yard adds its quota to cheerfulness and good cheer. In it flourish geese, ducks and guinea fowl as well as chickens. The most succulent little pigs are among the products of the region, a vegetable garden yields its comfortable produce, and a spacious stable shelters horses, cows and vehicles. An eight-mile drive meets the train from St. Louis and the semi-weekly market hamper supplements the abundantly filled storeroom; and the ice-machine is not far away.

Thus life at Thanford is not devoid of the creature comforts of civilization, although the guest might willingly forego some of them in view of the good company which is his fortunate portion. Out of doors there is the most heavenly quiet; within-doors are cheerful fires, books and magazines, a piano, and plenty of good talk. In the pleasant weather of the autumn and spring, drives and picnics make an agreeable variation. In adapting herself to the isolated life of a plantation, Miss French has mastered various handicrafts. She wields a successful paint-brush, she is skilled in carpentry, she even plumbs!

HOME OF OCTAVE THANET IN DAVENPORT

As a matter of course negroes abound about the place, although the backbone of the domestic establishment is supplied by a few white servants brought from the North. Octave Thanet began, years ago, to make a study of the negro and she knows him well, his virtues and his faults; his shiftlessness, his superstitions, his lack of moral sense; his childlike gaiety of heart, his emotional and imaginative qualities, his frequent devotion to his white employer and the fidelity to his race which would prevent his betraying one of his own color to a white man—while perhaps he would himself kill him, and that cheerfully and without remorse. And to those who are qualified to judge, the author's marvelous shading of the negro dialects is a subject for admiration. She differentiates accurately between the negroes of even slightly different degree, as in her latest book, between the "ornery" darkey and his superior wife; and shows a fine observation when she makes the refined colored woman drop into the accents of her race when she sings their songs. Many of the Arkansas stories deal with that race, and in some of them she struck her happiest note. None of her readers will forget "Sist' Chaney's Black Silk," or "The Conjured Kitchen."

Those volumes belong to her earlier life, the time when the inevitable sorrows of life had not begun to cast their shadows on a spirit which, however buoyant, must retain some traces of grief. Those were days of strenuous and enthusiastic toil at art for art's sake. Always a writer to whom felicitous expression seemed to be as spontaneous as the humor of which it was an outcome, nevertheless she knew what it was to struggle for the right word, the right phrase, and to labor for that compression so essential to the short story, where, to use her own words, one must be "as tidy as a sailor." To that period too, belongs a longer tale, "Expiation," also a story of Arkansas.

Already, in these earlier tales, Octave Thanet had won her spurs and had achieved the felicity, conciseness and ease for which she had striven so hard. Later came the "Stories of a Western Town." To them she brought a practiced hand and a finished style and with incomparable fidelity, humor and sympathy depicted the inhabitants of the small, thriving, growing city of the Middle West; and whether she described the prosperous manufacturer or his plain German employe, the unsuccessful farmer or the successful politician, the soft-hearted old woman, bent on mothering a whole bustling apartment house, or the well-to-do gentlewoman, living at her ease, she knew them all and described them all from the inside. And what an achievement that is—to get so into another person's consciousness that one fairly sees with his eyes and speaks with his mouth and feels with his heart! It takes a large heart and a discerning intelligence to do it and a skilled pen to express it.

Other short stories followed. They were greatly in demand by editors and, for a person who was not dependent on the emoluments of literature, Octave Thanet submitted to an extraordinary amount of hard work. Among the tales of this period were two which for spiritual insight as well as technical finish no work of the author's has ever surpassed—"The Blank Side of the Wall" and "A Captured Dream." At last came an interval when her name appeared less often and her readers asked anxiously whether she had stopped writing. But the simple explanation was that in the midst of the countless interruptions which must come to a woman so indispensable to her family and her friends, she was writing a book. Many things happened to delay it, but at last "The Man of the Hour" appeared, a book dealing with the labor question—a question to which she had for years paid much attention.

Always interested in public affairs, she has had unusual facilities for studying the relations of capital and labor, since she belongs to a family who have large manufacturing interests. This book, which had a large sale, brought the author many appreciative letters from manufacturers, business men and labor leaders—from the men, in short, who were best qualified to judge of its merits. It was shortly followed by "The Lion's Share," a book in a lighter vein, a tale of adventure and mystery, which, however, struck a more serious note at the end. Last spring appeared a third book, "By Inheritance," in which, as it seems to me, the author has surpassed both of the former books. It is an Arkansas story, full of the atmosphere of the region, full too of humor, abounding in dramatic situations, thrillingly interesting. In fact, people old enough to know better have stayed out of their beds until all hours to finish it. But chiefly it is the most noteworthy contribution to the negro question which has been presented in fiction, or perhaps in any form, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the only adequate portrayal of the *modern negro*, more especially the educated negro.

The story opens in New England with a humorous and altogether charming description of a conscientious, benevolent, elderly gentlewoman, burdened with more money than she knows how to spend. Born an abolitionist, with a memory of the Civil War, her interest in the colored race is still further heightened by the fact that her lover's life was saved by a negro and that later, his last request to her was that she would do all she could for that race. She has always done all she could and now, finding herself unnecessarily rich, is contemplating the gift of a large portion of her property to endow a university for negroes, being urged thereto by her latest protégé, a brilliant young man of mixed blood whose expenses she paid through Harvard. On the point of signing the deed, she is summoned to Arkansas, to the sickbed of her nephew. Here the real story begins.

LIBRARY IN OCTAVE THANET'S HOME

The good lady is met in Memphis by a relative of the people on whose plantation her nephew is temporarily living. Mrs. Caldwell efficiently conducts the stranger to her journey's end and on the way beguiles her with innocently told stories o the modern negro of the South, stories which almost make the listener's hair stand on end and frighten her respectable and self-respecting maid within an inch of her life. Mrs. Caldwell begins by saying: "I wasn't sure at all this morning that I should be able to make the train. My cook was arrested and the kitchen was rather disorganized."

At the end of that tale and in reply to the question whether the servants are all colored, she tells the story of the family who undertook to employ a white lady's-maid, to the unending confusion of the elderly master of the house, who was reproved so often for his instinctive desire to treat a white woman as if she were his guest that it "got on his nerves and finally he said, 'For God's sake, send off that white young lady that you won't let me be polite to, and get a decent Memphis nigger'!"

She told of the cook "who made such lovely rolls and chicken gumbo and whose mayonnaise was a dream, but whose official existence was cut short with painful abruptness, by her arrest on the charge of poisoning her last employers. She

LIVING ROOM IN OCTAVE THANET'S HOME

pleaded that the poison 'be'n only a cha'm to make 'em like her an' pay her higher wages.' " There was the other cook who "sang gospel songs and nearly destroyed the helper boy with a bread knife in a fit of rage; the cook who supplied a small restaurant with the overflow from Mrs. Caldwell's kitchen, and replied reproachfully, when asked why such large roasts at the butcher's appeared so small on the table, 'Ole Miss, doesn't you know meat allus does frizz up in the oven?'" Then there was the boy who "forged a check merely to show how well he could write; the housemaid who borrowed Mrs. Caldwell's gowns, and unluckily getting one of them soiled, attempted to clean it with gasolene in the kitchen, which was why she set herself and the house afire, and joined the church in consequence, declaring, 'No mo' burnin's in dis world or de next for me!' " Alternating with these were the good ones, "the heroine who rushed into the fiery furnace of a gasolene explosion and saved her absent mistress' diamonds, the faithful old mammies, the wonderful butlers and coachmen in the family traditions." To the comment that they seemed "to contradict," the lady returned a cheerful "No, ma'am, I reckon not. They are all children together, good and bad." Added to this was the brief comment on the "spectre of the South"; "If a girl is at school late her father and half a dozen neighbors are out with guns."

Mrs. Caldwell also expounds the Southern view of the colored parson. "Niggro ministers are—different. . . They have to have magnetism and a certain gift for leadership and be big politicians in a way, too; and they are likely to have strong emotions; and they seem to think repentance is more important than not sinning. Anyway, their notions of sin are not ours. It's a venial sin to lift chickens; but it's deadly for a church member to dance; they usually don't swear either, but the other commandments have to take their chance."

The scenery about the plantation is described *con amore.* It is the scenery of the author's own Clover Bend. At Christmas time "snow fell, powdering the brown fields and green roadsides. The privet and honey-suckle, which had given such a relief of verdure to the eye heretofore, shriveled and blackened. . . After the 'freeze-up' came mild, sunny days." . . . "These forests are wonderful," writes the New Englander to her friend in Massachusetts. "Giant cypress and gum-trees and oaks of more varieties than I ever knew existed, splendid in dim aisles of woodland, with arches of limbs which may have waved over the mound-builders, whose sepulchres are everywhere in this country. . . . There is a little winding, homely river, fringed all its way by trees and with only vistas of fields and tiny hamlets; and over all these lands grow the single trees which have been spared for shade, elms as beautiful and stately as those of East Street, willow oaks of enormous girth and a Jaques or Diaz sumptuousness of foliage, gum-trees and maples and towering black walnut trees. This winter landscape has the most surprising variety; it changes in subtle, surprising, minute ways every day. There are new hues in the earth. The grass, one night dull and dead, olive tinted or brown, begins under the next day's sun to be smeared with the tenderest and liveliest green pigment. . . . On Christmas Day we had roses from our own bushes on the table."

And again in the spring: "The flowering trees glowed delicately, the maple with its flame-like, tongue-shaped bloom, the persimmon splendid in vermilion, crab-apple trees with clusters of rose, hickory trees and oaks tipped in red and pink velvet, wild plums in the forest, apple trees in the orchard. . . . The beauty of the season was not silent, but filled with song. Everywhere the birds rejoiced. Not only were the forest paths thrilled with melody, the garden held myriads of singing tenants. Orioles plaited their filmy nests on the high elm boughs. The buoyant recitative of the cat-bird rippled from syringa bushes, and the flutes of the thrushes vibrated in the low shrubs; wrens, meadow-larks and phoebes were caroling all the day, and when night fell softly the mocking bird lifted his plaintive strain, and the cardinal chanted almost with antiphonal effect. In the rose-trees and vines of the veranda dwelt a multitude of cheery, friendly little junkoes."

DINING ROOM IN OCTAVE THANET'S HOME

There are many dramatis personae, from fine old General Montgomery and his granddaughter—a girl scarcely emerged from childhood, a true daughter of the plantation, with her quick wit and deft fingers, ready for all emergencies, a good comrade, a loving spirit, and withal a gentlewoman born and bred—down to the impish "hillbilly," Piny Boneset. A throng of negroes fills the scene—Lucille, who made sweeping under the bed "the subjec' of prayer" and reeked with her mistress' toilet-water; Lucy May, "leading a gay life," and running away from the plantation when Tobias, her husband, tried to cut her throat, "which she said she wouldn't take from any man"; Tobias himself, the mildest of little men when not a jealous husband; Lafe Meadowes, preacher and murderer; and against this background, Lily Pearl, the real heroine of the tale. Lily Pearl was a very beautiful, young, light-colored woman. She had been married to a brute and ran away from him to Memphis, where he found and nearly killed her. The husband was sent to the penitentiary, and Lily Pearl got a divorce. She said "it cost her forty dollars, but she didn't grudge it." Then she had a rather varied career, shunning the shackles of wedlock. In the course of this career she was left with a little girl, the child of a French *chef*. The man would have married her, but she said it would never do for him and, without telling him of the prospective child, sent him back to France, to his "main wife!" After that, she pursued her blithe course, until, perhaps for the child's sake, she resolved to lead a reformed life. She was a marvelous cook, having learned much from the departed *chef*, and was the most sweet-tempered, joyous creature imaginable, with no idea of remorse and in love with living. When the story opens she was on her way to a position in the household of Miss Danforth's nephew.

"I must say," says the sprightly Mrs. Caldwell, "you all are in luck to have such a respectable woman and such an adorable cook combined."

"You call her respectable?" Agatha could not restrain the ejaculation.

GUEST ROOM IN OCTAVE THANET'S HOME

"Of course she's respectable," declared Mrs. Caldwell, opening her fine eyes. "She's perfectly trustworthy and dependable and honest. Lily Pearl could be trusted with diamonds and rubies; and she could even be trusted with cooked food; and she is really clean, loves to be clean, herself; why—respectable? Lily Pearl is a lady, a dark lady."

In a later conversation she continues the theme, "Now Lily Pearl, she's a child, too," she said. "For all her squalid experience she seems innocent. She *is*. She may have lost her virtue, but she kept her innocence. She doesn't feel remorse, because she hasn't done anything she thinks wrong—at least, very wrong."

To me the author of the book has said: "As to Lily Pearl, to my mind she is the hope of the negro race. She is no fiction, but a real and genuine type who has lived, who does live. Her immorality is an accident. It happened to her as a broken leg might, through ignorance, through the importunity of chance and circumstance. But her loving and wide and faithful heart, that was no accident, but *herself*. And she was absolutely faithful to 'the heavenly vision.' She followed it to death, quite simply. That is the negro of it."

With the arrival on the scene of the young negro graduate of Harvard, the tragic note is struck. Sidney Danton, as we meet him in the North, the petted protégé of a benevolent woman, the make-believe white man, with his theatrical touch, sets our teeth on edge. Even Miss Danforth didn't like him, though she tried to think she did. In the north he lived in an unreal atmosphere. Coming to the south he finds himself face to face with hard realities. He finds, too, that he has only beguiled himself with the idea of being to all intents and purposes a white man and that the colored race is *his* race, as it so strangely is wherever there is colored blood, even though greatly diluted. Distrusted at first by his own people, detested by the lower class of whites, held at arm's length by the better class, an embarrassment to his patroness, he is in a cruel enough position; but the iron enters his soul when he is forced to recognize in himself the call of the blood—the blood of the negro. When he is called upon to help in the ghastly work of burning the bones of the old Voodoo conjurer which have been fished out of the swamp, chosen because young Danforth considers him to be "the only soul on the plantation with the nerve to help in such a job," he finds himself afraid—with the black man's fear.

"It's a reflex action, the horror over his crimes," philosophizes the white man, "this queer notion that anybody who dares touch his loathsome old bones will die a sudden and bloody death. I guess I'll risk it."

"There is no risk for *you*; a black man's curses can't hurt a white man," cries Danton bitterly.

He summons all the white man in him to the dreadful task, but when it is over and the reaction comes, he covers his face with his hands and sobs. To Danforth, trying to reassure him by saying that there is no danger, he exclaims:

"Oh, danger! Damn danger! How'd you like to belong to that fiend's race and have it rubbed into you all of a sudden? How'd you like to *understand* his kind? I never believed I was a nigger. Now I know how it feels. I never did before. And you talk of danger!"

And again he felt the call of the blood; felt it and yielded to it when, like all the others of his color, he shielded a particularly brutal black murderer rather than betray him to white men.

But his ambition dies hard, and he cannot see why the negro race should not be amalgamated with the white. "My ambition," he tells Lily Pearl, "is not for myself, it's for my race. Every open, lawful marriage of that sort helps to break down the barrier. It's the quickest way out of our bondage. Don't you see?"

"Mist' Danton," answered Lily Pearl, "I see some things you don't, simply because your eyes are sealed by your dreams. That way out, the whites will kill us, rather'n let us try! They'll turn us all out of the country; you folks'll bring black trouble on us, bloodshed and misery. You will fo' sure if you go on. And what's mo', we-all doan' really hone ayfter white folks, we like our own folks a heap better for staying with steady. Being with white folks is like always walking on tiptoe; and that's no way to work, all day."

But it was only after great suffering that he gave it all up—gave up even his dream of the university of which he was to be president. "I thought," he said to old General Montgomery, "I thought I knew what it meant to be a nigger, out there in Massachusetts; I felt the contempt there under all the veneer of sympathy, all the condescension, the patronage and the kindness that was commanded of their consciences, not prompted by their hearts.

"I thought I had drained the devil's cup of humiliation; I had only tasted it. Then, I still believed in my own race, I believed in their asserting themselves; in their defending their right to the ballot, to civil and social equality. . . . But I came here and lived among my people; I learned to know them. Every effort I made to appeal to their reason and their conscience was utterly futile. I did influence them, but it was through their feelings. That was hard; but there was worse; I found out things about my people that frightened me. . . . I felt the pull of the race, the drag downward; it was—it was a nightmare! But don't misunderstand me. I found out the other side of my people, too. We, whom you despise, have qualities you haughty white people need as much as you lack them. We can reverence, we can obey, we can sacrifice to the last atom; and we can love beautiful things, goodness, spiritual holiness, with an ardor and unselfishness that is beyond you! I found out the strength as well as the weakness of my people; but I came to doubt if I could help them, and I came to be sure that I could not help them in the way that I had planned. I was as water spilled on the ground. At last I went to the bottom of the pit."

One can but echo the question put by Giles Danforth. "Was there ever," cries Giles, "such an infernal conundrum put to a nation, on the whole decent and tender-hearted, as this negro question? What to do with a race we may not exterminate and we dare not assimilate? It's like nothing but the sphinx's riddle—answer it wrong; and she eats 'em up alive!"

It is now nearly sixty years since Mrs. Stowe wrote the book which roused the world. She had a great cause to advocate, great wrongs to redress, and a spark of the divine fire. And the issue *seemed* simple. To keep slaves, or to free them; that was all! One was right and the other was wrong, and expediency was of the devil. Complications are ignored by enthusiasts—on the whole, fortunately. If the advocate of a cause could see all sides of it he would push it but half-heartedly and we shouldn't get any forwarder. The negro was to be freed, said the enthusiast, and then he was to rise in the world just as a white man—say an Anglo-Saxon—would rise. For the purpose of Mrs. Stowe's book only two kinds of negroes were necessary; the stereotyped, rollicking darkey of the stage, and the saintly martyr—a white man with the accident of a black skin. For that matter, the educated negro didn't exist. But she, in common with other Northerners, failed to grasp the fact that the two races are absolutely diverse. And now comes the man of science and tells us that the various races of black men in this country differ as much from each other as any of them do from the white man—an added complication.

Some persons have been heard to find fault with Octave Thanet because she has not solved the problem out of hand. To such critics she would, I think, reply that neither she nor anyone else can at present solve it. The solution is on the knees of the gods. But the author does believe in segregation whenever the negro is not willing to accept absolute social separation.

She points out the awakening now visible in the South on the question of race purity. North and South are now as one in demanding that our race be kept pure, and illicit connections between the races are being frowned on as never before, and laws punishing them are being very seriously considered. The man of mixed blood is the true martyr of our time and the solution of his problem should be, I think, reabsorption into the darker race; not a difficult matter, for, as Octave Thanet says: "There's a queer sort of persistence in the African blood. It throws back, as the gardeners say."

"By Inheritance" deals with a question no less vital than that with which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stirred the world; but so much less simple, so much less dramatic. You cannot make a war-cry of a problem!

I Was a Stranger

by Jennie Harris Oliver

Illustration by W. H. Upham

DESIRE ERWINE pressed her face against the rain-wet window and strained her eyes anxiously through the ranks of flabby "jimsups" toward the "cat-a-cornering" railroad. It was time "Goo-Eye" was slouching his dingy way to the cow-lot, but no sign of a "nigger" was to be seen in all the eerie, gray-misted twilight. There was finally a shape, lagging and shadowy, creeping furtively along in the "cut";—not "Goo-Eye," but a tramp. Desire was sure it was a tramp—her flesh always grew cold at sight of one. She sighed as she set the baby down and silenced his whimper with a battered toy rabbit. Carefully closing the stove, she tied on her fascinator and ran out with a great clattering of tin buckets; wading ankle-deep in the mire of the barnyard, feeding and milking; fussing with the wobbly calf that bunted her breathless while refusing to drink.

It was pitch dark before she finally shut out the steady downpour and gave her attention to the dead fires and the grimy, insulted youngster. "Goo-Eye" had not turned up.

Months ago, when Jerry Erwine had directed his covetous attention toward the famous apple-lands of the Snake River Valley, he had sworn "Goo-Eye" by all the "haunts" that ever whitened an African's rolling eye, to chore for "Miss Desire." Sometimes the darkie's vow was indifferently fulfilled, but oftener forgotten. In the morning "Goo-Eye" would appear with a syrup bucket and ask for "jist a leetle clabbah, please, Miss Desiah. And please couldn't Miss Desiah pick up cawbs outen the hawg lot one moah day. Esmaralda was so-oo sick!"

If Jerry had but known—though for that matter there were many other things that Jerry failed to anticipate; among others that the woman he had left to help Desire would be called home by sickness; that Desire's driving pony would continue his habit of gormandizing and die from lack of proper attention; that Desire would fail to get the cotton money to the bank and be scared of her life on account of it; that the fall rains would set in so early and find two new leaks in the sitting-room roof.

Desire arose to set a pan under the warning drops that threatened her cherished piano, and another on the baby's trundle bed, drawn near the stove; then she hunted up Jerry's last letter, written nearly two weeks before, and sat lonesomely reading it. It was fragrant with the gray-green sprig of sage-brush he had enclosed as a sample of the weird, shallow-rooted forest that covered their new acreage—as easy to be lost in, he explained, as a fog at sea.

Desire smiled like a little girl over the endearments he never forgot, and looked wise at the big-sounding phrases with which he commended his choice of location. "The land-owner," he advised her, "was the man of the future." He thought of her each night before the sitting-room fire, with the baby up to his fascinating pranks, while over him the big, far stars were shining lonesomely, and the rascally coyotes sneaked around—not that there was the slightest danger, only he was glad she was out of it all.

The little woman laid aside the letter and sat with her face hidden in her roughened hands, favoring one clumsily wrapped digit on which there was a deep, ragged wound. There was no pleasure in looking about the once radiant apartment, now gray with ashes, untidy with baby garments, toys, and half-eaten lunches. Before big Jerry and then little Jerry had come into her life, Desire had been a very enthusiastic teacher of music. She never opened the piano these days. It looked ashamed of itself and seemed to crouch back under the overturned bust of Mozart, piles of neglected music, and an assortment of diminutive garments in all stages of dilapidation and attempted repair. The lone woman sat shivering and listening to the wailing of winds that fiercely drove the equinoctial deluge against resounding doors and windows.

So many nights her excited fancy had responded to the knocking of bowed weeds against the house, the scratching of agitated peach-trees, that for a time she was unmindful of a human hand that groped at the kitchen door; of benumbed fingers that appealed with the boldness of suffering. At last she went quickly and flung open the door, letting in a white whirl of rain that drenched the kitchen to its farthest corner and extinguished the light. But in the one wavering flare she had glimpsed a figure so frightful as to make her blunder over the well-known match-box, as she shrilled out the sharp command: "Come in, and shut the door!"

As she heard the storm shut out, she flashed the match she clutched and she and the wayfarer faced each other with wide, strained eyes.

It was a hideous countenance that Desire looked upon—twisted by a jagged livid scar; made more gruesome by the fingerless hand raised uncertainly to the fishy mouth; but illness and starvation pleaded in the red-rimmed eyes and water squeaked in the fragments of leather that clung to the man's feet.

"Sit down, do," pleaded Desire, motioning to a chair by the stove. "You must be half dead."

"I be," said the man hoarsely. "Reckon I skeered yuh some."

"Yes, you did," answered Desire soberly, her flesh arising in protest as she was forced to step close to the tramp in opening the stove door. "But you couldn't stay out in a storm like this."

The man coughed hoarsely. "I hev, many of 'em; but I reckon a feller pays fer hit sooner er later."

Desire made some strong coffee and warmed over her almost untouched supper, finally pushing the table forward so the man would not have to move. He was thus hemmed into a corner and she breathed more freely. She nervously poured the coffee and quickly turned into the sitting-room where a wide window faced the railroad cut. She had heard the muffled roar of the "nine o'clock."

Flashingly the storm-swept coaches rocked by with the nightly elusion of Jerry waving in the flare from the open fire-box. The woman's heart leaped madly as it nightly did. She knew she made a warm, clear picture in the red glow of the piano lamp, and it did seem so much like Jerry signaling; more so as he had not followed his daily custom of writing, and to the anxious days was added heartbreaking suspense.

With something of a panic she suddenly recalled the hideous tramp in the kitchen and shrinkingly forced herself toward the door. The creature had drunk his coffee and poured himself another cup, as was shown by the dark splash on the white cloth, but the food was untouched. Furtively he was peering toward the doorway.

"I'll be cussed," he muttered, as Desire's pallid face finally appeared, "ef I stay and see a woman look that a way. Where's yuh're man?" he demanded with repulsive huskiness.

Desire stared dumbly—unable to speak, while the tramp's small eyes glowed uncertainly in the twisted mask of his face. She wanted to assert boldly that Jerry was in the next room reading, but she had never deliberately told a lie, and the words somehow stuck in her throat. Suddenly the man shuffled to his feet and struggled out from behind the table, blinking under the woman's miserable gaze that resembled a desperate kitten held at bay by an ugly, threatening wolf.

Such a coward as she was! But Jerry didn't know—she thought of that with pride, even in the crisis now approaching, as the burglar—she was sure of it—writhed out of his corner. To reach the room she was guarding, he must pass the outer door, and there he paused, looking at her oddly.

"Yuh're man's away?" he persisted, less loathsomely.

"Yes," admitted Desire, with stiff lips.

"What he's doin', *I* done," he went on meditatively. "I lef' my fambly and wint down in the cattle country to make a stake. I wasn't scarred then, and had all my fingers. Bimeby I got homesick and struck back."

He paused thoughtfully. The woman's brown eyes were still round and desperate; crimson spots burning high on her cheeks. It was evident that she was not following the tramp's story—that she was paralyzed with horrid fear.

"I didn't find my fambly," went on the creature dully. "I hain't never found 'em. They was swep' away in the flood that riz the old Arkansaw 'tel she war a hongry demon. The boy—" the man's face twisted grotesquely, "that war the hardest, he follered and follered, yelpin' and sobbin' tell I had tuh whup him back. Lord—" he clenched his skinny hands in an effort to control the misery that was tearing him, "an' yuh was afeared—o' me!"

With a supreme effort the wayfarer tore the door open and was gone. Frantically Desire ran and heaped things against the door—more and more heavy things; then, ashamed of her inhumanity, dragged them all away. Dizzily she crept to the trundle bed and crouched by the warm, sturdy youngster—cuddled to his glowing little body, a little soothed and comforted. Tired in every fibre she dozed fitfully, vaguely shaken and disturbed at last by the warning whistle and rumble of the belated freight. Again she was wide awake—shivering and cowering under the blanket; her fears for Jerry assuming horrid proportions, her dread of the storm-swept homeless creature sickening her with cowardly dread. The crawling night swarmed with danger as she stared wide-eyed at the shadows made by the bulking furniture and wished with all her heart that Jerry had never heard of the Apple Lands. It was the first time she had been molested by a tramp, although many had slunk along furtively in the red "cut." Jerry had always gone out of his way to stuff them, and she had cheerfully sacrificed the last cookie in the jar, because he so enjoyed feeding things; but that was not sheltering one in her lone little house with the cotton money and the baby; it was not knowing that a purposeless, possibly vicious bit of human drift-wood skulked about and might return at any minute. *Might* return? It was already come back. It was stumbling upon the front porch—it was fumbling at the door!

Desire crouched panting close to the baby. The thing was beating upon the door and emitting hoarse cries like an animal in distress. The door was securely locked, but Desire leaned upon one elbow and cried with fierceness: "Go away—oh, what *do* you want?"

"It's yuh're man," the tramp shouted hoarsely. "He's here—I drug him home!"

Like a whirlwind the woman flew at the door, wrenching back the key and slamming it wide. Before her stood the man she had sheltered briefly from the storm, and at his sodden feet, lumped on the heavy mackintosh that had served in dragging the inert body, was Jerry, unconscious, his face splashed and bloody. The woman's plucky spirit arose. She laid hold of one end of the stretcher and helped to bring the body in.

"Found him on the track with his foot caught in the trussel," mumbled the tramp with embarrassment as he fumbled at the high-laced boot on the wrenched and swollen ankle, causing the injured man to stir and groan. "Jist got him off as the freight whizzed by. Lor', we was lucky—*we* was!"

"Well," said Desire, pausing long enough in her ministrations to lay a thankful kiss upon her husband's pallid face, "I guess you'll have to cut his boot off; but hurry while I heat some water; then you must eat your supper and I'll find you a place to sleep. Jerry will need you on the farm—and so—" she added with a friendly, apologetic smile. "will I."

The Poet's Prayer

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

OH, grant me, Lord, these precious things I ask,
Thy strength and grace for Art's eternal task;
Some vital Joy above the drudge of day,
Through happy hours God made just for Play;
Some noble Toil from greed and envy free,
That I may prove by Work my worth to Thee;
One great Soul-love to hold and honor here,
That Heaven may save for me some Self more dear;
Some sacred rapture, sanctified and sane,
In ravishing passion's ecstasy and pain.

Light Thou my path with Art's bright Inner Gleam,
Craft's Consecration and Creative Dream;
Help me reveal in beatific way
Some prisoned Beauty hid in human clay;
Weave fadeless Splendors in Life's daily loom,
Fast colors that shall last past Time and tomb;
Help me to build in Love's Elysian lands
Celestial mansions never made with hands;
Help me betray in lilt of lay and line
Some sweet suggestions of a Strain sublime;
Help not alone my Thought with Tune to join,
But make my life the higher, grander Poem!

Keep me, I pray, forever brave and true—
Make the world seem better for my passing through;
Give me to feel from every sin and wrong,
In Thy Eternal Weal, somehow the Good is born;
Faith's sight to see above the darkening cloud,
A heavenly halo fringing Sorrow's shroud—
Telling beyond the gloom of gathering Night,
"At evening time" His Morrow promised bright;
Make me to see in each refulgent dawn
The Glory-Light of Resurrection Morn—
That Vision seen by eyes which "fell asleep"
When Heaven's Day broke bright across the Deep!

Teach me God's mightier Music of the Heart,
And write my Love's crescendo in some Hallelujah part;
Though I may learn Life's Lessons from its harm,
My voice will lift in Jubilate Psalm;
And when they need my Singing over There,
Close Thou my lips with some sweet Evening Prayer;
Then let my Soul when Life's short day is gone,
At last be carried Home on Angels' Song:
On full Hosanna Anthems it will rise
To join Immortal Choirs in the skies—
On the tide of great Te Deums I'll ascend,
With the swell and crash of Paeans let me blend!

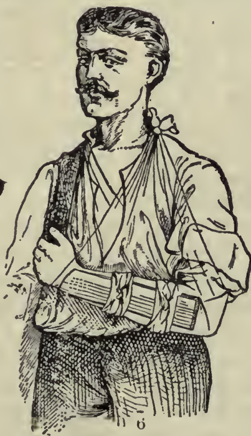
First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M.D.
BOSTON, MASS.
Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department

PART III

FRACTURES or broken bones. The simplest definition of a fracture is a broken bone. Fractures may be divided into two classes, simple and compound. These again are divided into numerous classes, according to the location, shape and number of fractures. They are caused by blows and falls of various kinds. They may be transverse, longitudinal, oblique, splintered, comminuted or impacted, V-shaped, T-shaped and many others. A green-stick fracture occurs in young children, while the bones are soft, where a bone is only partially broken or bent. A compound fracture differs from a simple fracture, in that the bone is not only broken, but one of the ends or fragments of bone is driven through the muscles and skin, so that the bone is exposed to or communicates with the air. A compound fracture therefore is much more serious than a simple fracture, on account of the danger of infection and blood-poisoning.

First aid treatment of fractures. In the first place always send for a surgeon at once, or get the injured party to a hospital. Make the patient as comfortable as possible by supporting the broken part by pillows. Do not under any circumstances move the broken bone any more than is possible, and do not attempt in an amateurish way to set it. This should be done only by a competent surgeon. By manipulating a broken bone an unskilled person might cause one end to be driven through the skin and as a result cause a simple fracture to be converted into a compound fracture.

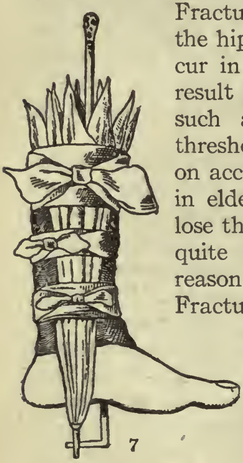


Among the bones most frequently broken are those of the skull, lower-jaw, collar-bone, the two bones of the fore-arm near the wrist, ribs, upper leg bone or thigh and the two bones in the lower leg just above the ankle.

Fractures of the skull are usually serious and frequently fatal, particularly those at the base of the brain, and require the immediate attention of a skilful surgeon. External symptoms of fractures of the skull are not always present. The person is usually profoundly unconscious, and there may be bleeding from the ears, nose and mouth or if very bad, the brain fluid and some of the brain may be escaping from the opening in the skull. There is practically no first aid treatment for such cases. Get the patient to a hospital as quickly as possible and do not under any circumstances force brandy or whiskey down the patient's throat. This is liable to do more harm than good. Fracture of the lower jaw is caused most frequently by hard blows on the jaw, or falling and striking on the jaw. It is frequently broken where the teeth are inserted and on account of its close connection with the mouth is often compound. First aid treatment consists in closing the mouth, so as to bring the lower jaw firmly against the upper jaw and then passing a broad handkerchief around the lower jaw and the top of the head and tying securely, so as to hold the lower jaw in place, and then get the person to a hospital or surgeon.

Fractures of the collar bone, upper arm bone and the bones of the fore-arm. The collar bones and the bones of the forearm, just above the wrist, are those most frequently broken. The simplest first aid treatment of any of these fractures consists in bending the fore-arm at a right angle, with the thumb pointing upwards toward the chin and then applying a first aid triangular bandage or a large handkerchief as shown in illustration number 6.

Fractures of the leg may occur in any portion, most frequently however near the hip joint and just above the ankle joint. Fractures of the leg near the hip-joint frequently occur in elderly people, as a result of the slightest jars, such as slipping over the threshold of a door. This is on account of the fact that in elderly people the bones lose their elasticity, become quite brittle and for that reason break quite easily. Fractures of the leg are more serious in a way than fractures of the arm, because it incapacitates one from getting about for a long time, and there is generally some shortening of the leg, which may remain permanently and render the person a cripple for life. The first aid treatment of a broken leg requires that the leg should be immobilized, that is, fixed securely, so that it cannot be moved, particularly if the person has to be carried quite a distance. This is done by using improvised splints, such as pillows, barrel staves, broom handles, rifles, umbrellas, canes and in fact anything that is handy. In fractures of the lower leg, a pillow applied firmly to the leg acts as a very satisfactory and comfortable dressing, or barrel staves, one applied to each side of the leg, act very well for emergency splints (see illustrations 7 and 8).



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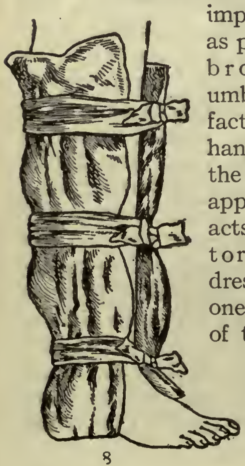

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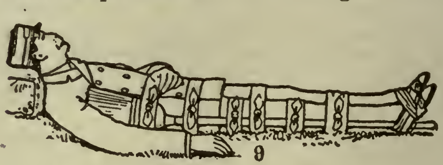
When the thigh or upper leg bone is broken, a broom handle may be used for emergency as a temporary splint. This should be tied securely to the broken leg first, and then the broken leg and the splint should be bandaged to the sound leg, so that the broken leg will be held in place securely (see illustration 9).



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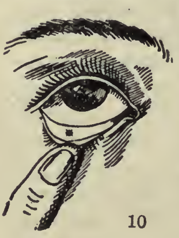
The First Aid treatment of compound fractures consists only in applying a sterilized First Aid dressing over the wound in the skin, in order to keep out dirt and germs and then get the person to a hospital at once, as such a fracture requires the most careful attention in order to prevent infection and blood-poisoning and possibly the loss of the limb by amputation.

Dislocations. A dislocation is an injury to a joint, where one of the bones forming the joint is forcibly displaced from its normal position. Dislocations are caused the same way as fractures, by falls and blows. It is really a very bad sprain, where, as a result of a sudden wrench or twist, the ligaments about the joint are torn and ruptured, which allows the bone to slip out of place. The shoulder and hip joints are those most frequently dislocated, the shoulder more often than the hip on account of the fact that the shoulder joint is more shallow than the hip joint.

The First Aid treatment of dislocations of all kinds consists in leaving them very much alone. Do not use any force or attempt to reduce the dislocation, for an inexperienced person could do a great deal of harm and an ordinary simple dislocation might be converted into a very much more complicated one or the bone might be driven through the skin and then a compound dislocation would result. Make the person as comfortable as possible and get him to a hospital or surgeon as quickly as possible, as a dislocation should only be reduced by a competent surgeon, and many times requires ether.

Sprains. A sprain is a wrenching or twisting of a joint, associated with considerable stretching and sometimes rupture of the ligaments about the joint. Sprains occur most frequently at the wrist, knee and ankle joints. Oftentimes the bones near the joints may at the same time be broken. The symptoms of sprain are swelling, black and blue marks, inability to use the joint and most always excruciating pain upon pressure and motion. The First Aid treatment of sprains consists in keeping the parts as quiet as possible. If the knee or ankle is sprained, the leg should be placed on a chair and kept up, and if the wrist is the point of injury the arm should be carried in a sling. For the severe pain, hot applications, such as towels wrung out in as hot water as can be comfortably borne, sometimes gives relief; then again sometimes the hot applications seem to make the pain worse, and then we can try cold applications, by wringing out towels in ice water or by applying ice bags directly to the sprain. In all cases of severe sprains, where there is the possibility that there may be a dislocation or broken bone associated with it, the advice of a surgeon should be sought.

Electric shock and electric burns. These accidents occur as a result of coming in contact with a live electric wire, such as electric light wires or trolley wires, or some electrical machinery. The parts of the body that have come in contact with the live wire are burned and blackened. The treatment of such burns is the same as for any ordinary burn. Persons who have been badly shocked by electricity are usually unconscious, pulse weak and irregular, breathing superficial and sometimes totally suspended. In fact the person is apparently dead. The amount of electricity sufficient to kill varies; some people are killed by only 250 volts, whereas others have been known to have twelve thousand volts pass through the body and live. The First Aid treatment consists in the first place of getting the person away from the live wire. This is always a more or less hazardous undertaking and requires a lot of courage, for if the person is not thoroughly insulated, they are liable to get the same amount of electricity and even lose their own lives, the minute they touch the body of the person in contact with the live wire. The hands should be thoroughly protected by means of heavy rubber gloves or some other non-conductor of electricity, such as rubber cloth, mackintosh, or several thicknesses of silk or cloth. The rescuing party should be further insulated by standing on a rubber mat or dry board. Death in such cases is due to the fact that the high voltage of electricity paralyzes the centers of respiration and circulation in the brain, so that the treatment of such cases requires stimulating the heart and respiration. This is best done by at once proceeding to apply artificial respiration, and I believe that many cases of electrical shock could be resuscitated if artificial respiration was carefully and persistently applied.



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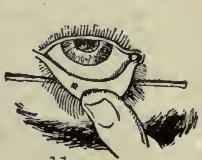
Foreign bodies in the eyes. These usually consist of cinders, sand, dust, small insects, and sometimes small particles of steel or emery. First Aid treatment—never rub the eye. If this is done the delicate membrane of the eye may be scratched and severe inflammation result. Allow the tears to accumulate in the eyes. This frequently washes out the foreign body. Sometimes blowing the nose will be sufficient to start the particle loose. If the foreign body is on the lower lid, pull lid down and have the patient roll the eye up. In this way the foreign body can be easily seen and readily removed by the corner of a handkerchief, camel's hair brush or a small spud made by wrapping a small piece of absorbent cotton around the end of a match or tooth-pick (see illustration 10). If the foreign body is under the upper eyelid, grasp the lid between the thumb and index finger of the left hand, place a match, tooth-pick or lead pencil over the middle of the upper eyelid and turn the eyelid over. This exposes the inside of the upper lid and the foreign body can be easily brushed off (see illustration 11). When pieces of steel or emery become embedded in the eye-ball, never attempt to remove them by a needle or knife, as is sometimes



11

done by unskilled people. Such a procedure might injure the eye badly, so that the sight might be lost. Such cases should always be attended to by a skilful eye-specialist.

Foreign bodies in the ear. The articles that most frequently get in the ears are bugs, insects, beans, peas and buttons, the latter of course as a result of children pushing them in the ears. First Aid treatment—if the foreign body is a live insect or bug hold a light near the ear and this will frequently attract the insect out; or a few drops of sweet oil (warm) may be dropped in the ear, holding the head to the opposite side. The oil kills the insect, which floats on top of the oil and can be easily removed. If the foreign body is a pea or a bean, never try to syringe it out by water or other liquids, this will simply cause the pea or bean to swell up and make it almost impossible to remove. If the foreign body cannot be removed by these simple methods, do not attempt its removal by haripins or other such instruments, but have the patient go and see an ear-specialist at once, as such cases if improperly treated or neglected might result in the loss of hearing.

Foreign bodies in the nose are, as a rule, small articles introduced by children, such as peas, beans and shoe buttons. First Aid treatment—these can usually be easily removed by closing the opposite nostril by pressing with a finger and then blowing the nose hard. This will usually force the foreign body out, or try to produce sneezing by tickling the nose with a feather. If the foreign body is a pea or a bean do not syringe out the nose, as this will cause it to swell up and lodge it more firmly.

Foreign bodies in the windpipe are, as a rule, in adults pieces of meat, false-teeth or food, in children, buttons, marbles, toy whistles and coins, and frequently if they are not removed promptly, result in suffocation and death. First Aid treatment—first of all send for the nearest surgeon at once and notify him of the nature of the accident, so that he can bring along his instruments, in case it is necessary for him to do a tracheotomy (open the windpipe from the outside). In the meantime, attempt to dislodge the foreign body, if it is a piece of meat, by passing the index finger down the throat and sweeping it around; sometimes it is possible to hook the end of the finger around the piece of meat and pull it out. If this does not succeed, give the person a violent slap between the shoulder blades; this sometimes dislodges the foreign body and it is coughed up. When foreign bodies have been swallowed, such as pieces of glass, pins and needles, do not give emetic or try to make the person vomit, as this might drive the sharp edges into the mucous membrane. The thing to do is to make the person eat large quantities of bread and potatoes, in order that the foreign body may be surrounded by a mass of soft material and in this way passed safely through the bowels.

(*To be continued*)

WHO MISSES OR WHO WINS

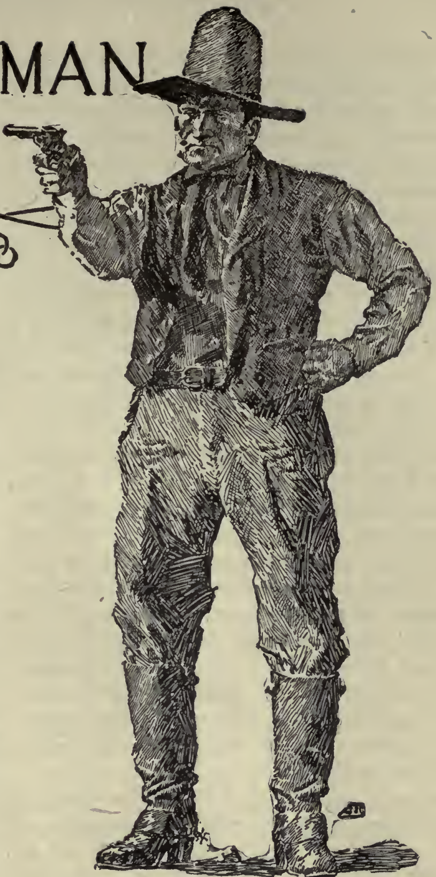
(Quoted by the late Senator Bayard of Delaware in an address to the students of Virginia University)

Who misses or who wins the prize,
  Go lose or conquer, as you can;
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—*Wm. M. Thackeray, in the book "Heart Throbs."*

THE SHORT MAN from LONG CREEK

By Will Gage-Carey



I RECALL distinctly the scene of the "hold-up." It was just at the foot of a steep incline, where the narrow, dusty trail curved abruptly to avoid a shelving ledge of gray boulders, and where a view of the stagecoach would momentarily be lost from nearly every direction.

The figure of the masked highwayman suddenly standing there in front of the lead-team—short and squat, and with legs noticeably bowed—seemed singularly ineffective; but there was no mistaking the business-like and persuasive gleam of the gun levelled straight at my head; and when there came rumbling up from what seemed like the deeper inner regions of that short, squat figure the gruff command, "*Hands up!*"—it occurred to me, most overwhelmingly, *that* was precisely and exactly the thing to do at that precise and exacting moment. Accordingly, I raised my hands—hurriedly—as high above my head as possible. Even then, if I remember correctly, I felt like apologizing profusely to the short, squat gentleman in front, because of my inability to hold them still higher.

By this it may be held by some I was indeed badly frightened. Be that as it may, I was gratified by the consciousness that I was by no means scared into a state of vacuous inanity—as was evidenced by the feeling of gratified exuberance which gradually began stealing over me as I gazed upon the bandit; for, though I was surprised beyond measure at finding him operating along this Placerville to Grizzly Flats stageline, I can say that he, of all men—either good or bad—was the one of all others I wanted most to set eyes upon; and so, while neither of us showed the slightest manifestation of cordiality, our meeting was assuredly mutually pleasing and agreeable.

It was only the previous day that I had been summarily summoned into the office of the city editor on one of the big San Francisco papers—to which stately sheet I was slenderly connected in the capacity of "cub" reporter—and given an assignment which fairly bristled with possibilities.

"Howard," began the city editor, as soon as I had reached his desk, "I'm going to give you a chance to prove yourself. There is an excellent opportunity for a scoop in this thing—and some chance of failure, as well—but this latter possibility we are not anticipating. You are to find the 'Short Man from Long Creek'—get the story—full page with illustrations, for Sunday edition—understand?"

I "understood" only too well; I understood on the instant that the only reason

I had been given so important an assignment was the disinclination of the Editor to send one of his best men on a chase which might be prolonged into weeks—with only the remotest chance of success; however, as he had said, there might be a "scoop" in it—if I made good; and that would mean an assured place on the paper—more money—the respect of my superiors and associates—already my brain was awhirl with the possibilities of this first real "chance" I'd had since getting on the paper; I was determined on the instant to find the "story"—or get shot up in the attempt.

"When shall I start — how shall I go?" I queried eagerly.

The editor smiled, somewhat cynically I thought.

"You are to start at once. You can go by rail—or ride—or walk—or take an airship! What we want is *the story.*"

I lingered a moment longer by his desk, hoping for something further in the way of instructions or mode of procedure; he went on busily writing. I attempted another question, but he looked up quickly and cut me short:

"*Good-day*, Howard!" he exclaimed meaningly, and I took up my hat and departed

* * *

Two hours later I had finished all my preparations, packed a small grip, and was on my way. And now, just a few words concerning the individual I was setting out to find.

For some months past a series of hold-ups had taken place in a locality considerably to the southward of Grizzly Flats. From all accounts the work was not that of an organized band, but rather the peculiar, and at times eccentric maneuvers of one lone bandit. His methods were strangely unaccountable; the amount of booty he was accumulating was comparatively trifling, whereas it might easily have mounted into the thousands.

His tactics were inexplicable.

After holding up a stagecoach and having the startled passengers completely awed and at his mercy, he would, as a usual thing, content himself with taking only a portion of their valuables—though he could just as easily and at no greater risk have secured the whole amount of available plunder, had he so desired. If there were any women among the frightened passengers, he invariably treated them with the greatest consideration, endeavoring to quiet their fears, and assuring them that neither they nor their belongings would in any way be molested. Even from the men he seemed to take only such articles of jewelry or valuables as happened to strike his particular fancy.

It was known that he came up from somewhere out of the Long Creek region, for which parts, apparently, he left again after each robbery. This, together with his singular characteristics of form and stature, soon gained for him the title—"The Short Man from Long Creek"; an object of dread, of fascination, of weird and varied speculation, ending ever in baffling perplexities; a mystery, and an enigma.

Naturally, accounts of the venturesome bandit were not long in spreading beyond the scenes of his immediate operations. He became an object of interest and wonderment along the entire coast; hence, as will be readily perceived, the editor's idea for a first-hand story of an encounter with this interesting highwayman was both well conceived and timely.

I left the city shortly before noon, intending to proceed at once to Placerville, thence by stage to Grizzly Flats.

It struck me as being particularly opportune that while I was wholly unfamiliar with the part of the country for which I was heading, I was acquainted with a young ranchman named George Evans, who was now living down close to the Long Creek neighborhood. We had been together at college, and played on the same Varsity team, where his short, heavily set-up frame had been a stocky tower of strength in many a hard-fought scrimmage. For the most part, he had been a moody, taciturn sort of fellow, making few friends and keeping much to himself. He seemed to take a liking to me, however, and in my company evidenced but little of the surliness which he assumed toward his other associates. After leaving college, he had frequently written to me, inviting me to visit him at the ranch; in his last letter he mentioned that he expected to be married soon, which, I remember, occurred to me as being rather peculiar, for I knew that of late he had been frequently hard pressed for money enough to meet his own actual cost of living.

I decided now to accept Evans' invitation and visit his ranch; in fact, to make it my headquarters. I believed that by so doing I might, perchance, get sooner in touch with the lay of the land, and a line on the elusive bandit I sought—which latter was soon to be substantiated in a most startling manner, and to a degree I little expected or even imagined.

On reaching Placerville, where I spent the night, I determined to adopt a disguise. I was fearful lest I run across some chance acquaintance, or maybe be recognized as a newspaper man and the object of my quest surmised and spread broadcast, even before I was well started on the venture. The more I thought it over, the more I seemed to realize how much it meant to me to succeed. I thought of the editor—with his cynical smile; and of a certain little girl back in Frisco whose smile was anything but cynical—and who never for one moment doubted that I would find the bandit. I resolved to bring back to each—the doubting and the trusting—an honorable showing, on this, my first worthy assignment.

Accordingly, when early the following morning I boarded the stagecoach for Grizzly Flats, I wore as a precautionary measure a full black beard which changed my appearance in a manner very much to my satisfaction. This attempt at a disguise so early in the game may possibly have been wholly unnecessary and uncalled for—even amateurish, perhaps; and yet, in the light of subsequent events, I am convinced it served me a very good turn.

It so happened I was the only passenger for the stage that morning. Accepting the cordial invitation of the driver, Sacramento Charlie, I climbed up beside him on the box, and away we went, bowling swiftly out along the rugged, winding trail.

The keen, bracing morning air as we sped along brought to me a feeling of exhilaration I had not known for years. With watching the ever-changing panorama spread out for miles as we mounted each ridge and eminence, and listening to the stories of early border days as related by the loquacious—though possibly not always strictly veracious driver—the time seemed to pass all too quickly; still I was glad enough to alight and stretch my legs, however, when at length we pulled up at a low, rambling shack where we were to get a bite to eat and enjoy a short noonday *siesta.*

By two o'clock, with a change of horses, an additional mail-pouch, but still no other passengers we were on our way again. And then, late in the afternoon, when the sun was fast sinking toward the horizon, and when, as I said, we were just at the foot of a steep incline where the trail curved to avoid a ledge of rocks, when a view of the coach would be momentarily lost from nearly every direction—then came the "hold-up"!

* * *

At the sharp command of the lone bandit standing there in the middle of the trail, Sacramento Charlie brought the startled leaders to an abrupt stop, crossed one leg over the lines, and had his hands high above his head even by the time mine were above my own head.

"The '*Short Man,*' sure as shootin'!" he said, in a low aside.

The bandit, still keeping us carefully covered, moved around to the side of the coach. A growl of disgust escaped him when he discovered there were no passengers within.

"That's a swell bunch of excursionists you've got on today!" he snorted contemptuously.

"Well — you see, pard," spoke up Sacramento apologetically, "you see—"

The bandit stopped him short:

"*You shut up*, d'ye understand? I'll do all the talkin' necessary to this occasion; *I* say, that's a hell-of-a-bunch of *capitalists* you've got along with you today!"

To this remark of the bandit, Sacramento acquiesced by blinking his eyes in patient resignation.

"That's right—better *not!*" commented the other in surly tones, referring evidently, to the fact of Sacramento's having ceased all verbal intercourse; "jes' blink—but don't *say* nothin'!"

He lowered his gun a trifle, and stood gazing at us in pensive contemplation, seemingly at a loss whether to bother with us any further, or to let us drive on in peace.

My early trepidation had now entirely disappeared. I awaited his every word and movement with breathless interest. I felt a sudden secret glow of exultation come over me; even if I should never see or hear of him again—I already had my "story"; I had been held up by the Short Man from Long Creek! It was an experience, which, if played up well and accompanied by a sworn statement of the affair from Sacramento Charlie (there *are* those who would believe a stage-driver under oath), would make a very creditable feature article, and reflect no little glory to the paper I represented—for its enterprise in negotiating so original an idea as a premeditated and solicited "hold-up," by the notorious "Short Man" himself. I hoped he would be in no very great hurry to terminate the meeting. He seemed about on the point of doing so, however, when he chanced to see a ring upon my finger, as it flashed in the sun.

"Let me see that ring!" he exclaimed quickly, advancing to my side of the coach, and holding out his left hand for it. I withdrew it from my finger, and held it down to him.

The ring itself, while possessing no great intrinsic value, was an old heirloom, of peculiar design and workmanship—a coiled serpent, encircling a large blue stone—a lapis lazuli. I prized it highly, and was loath to part with it. The bandit, however, also seemed to admire it. "I'll jes' keep this," he said quietly, and tucked it down into his pocket.

The insolent arrogance with which he calmly appropriated my property was almost unbearable, and I found it difficult to restrain my resentment; for while the ring had been in my family for several generations, it was only recently that it had been entrusted to my keeping. However, I knew it would be worse than useless to make any plea to retain it.

Now, gents," resumed the short gentleman, "I must leave you. I will step into the woods here at my left; and you—will wait jes' where you are for ten minutes, at the end of which time you may drive on. Remember now"—here he tapped on his gun significantly—"*ten* minutes!"

With this he backed hurriedly into the shrubbery, and in another moment was lost to view.

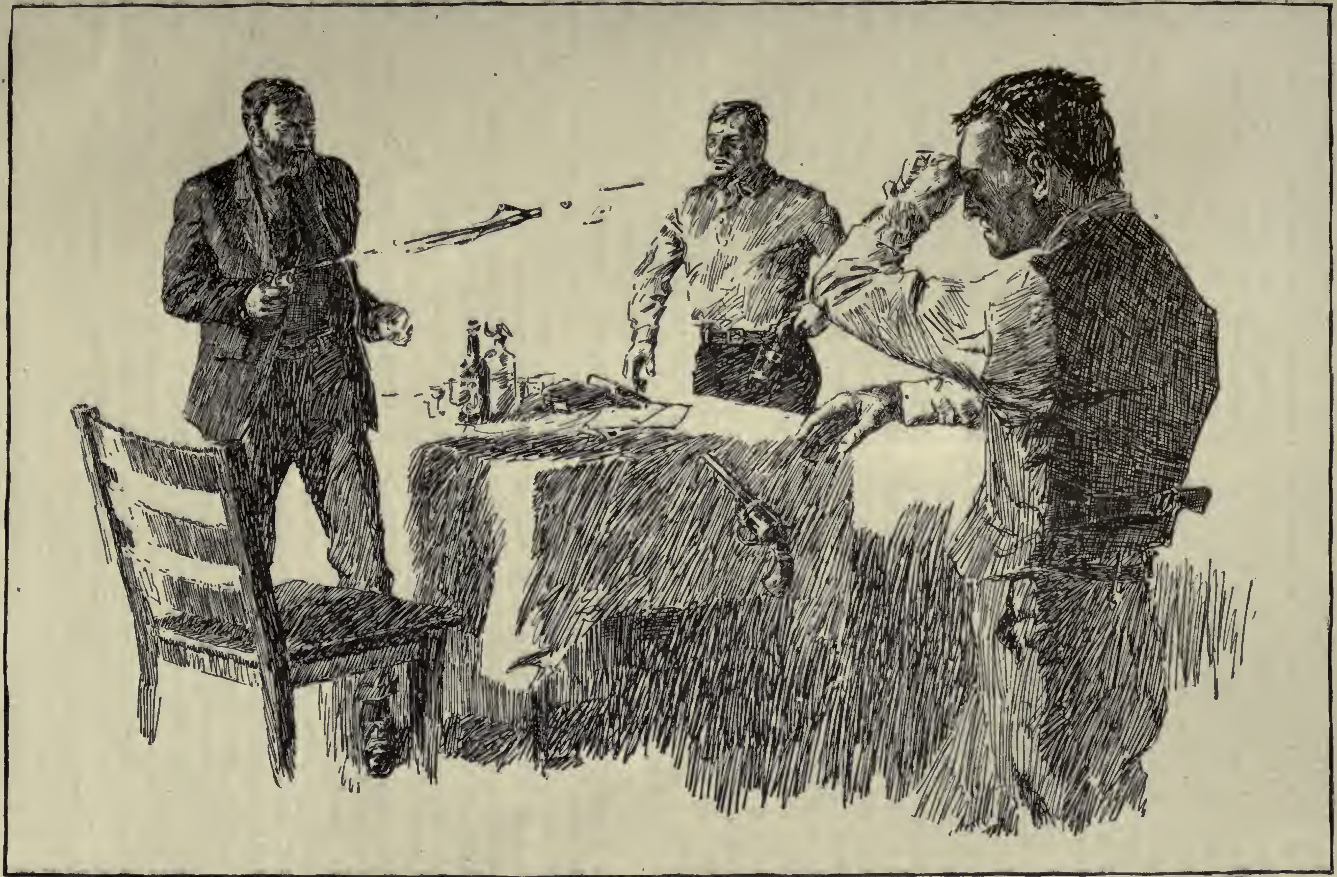
* * *

The Evans ranch, so I learned on arriving at Grizzly Flats, lay some ten or twelve miles to the southward of that point; consequently I did not attempt to go out there that same night, but started with a hired team and driver bright and early the next morning. Arriving within a mile or so of my destination, I dismissed the conveyance, and made the balance of the way on foot, as it seemed unwise either to remove my disguise in the presence of the driver, or after reaching the ranch.

Following a narrow, winding footpath along through the wooded banks of a small stream, I made my way toward the humble cabin which the driver had pointed out as the one belonging to George Evans; on reaching the edge of the little clearing, I beheld the owner himself. He was leaning against the gate to a little garden back of his cabin, in a pensive attitude, facing in the direction opposite me. He seemed lost in sombre reverie, and was totally unaware of my approach. I decided to advance cautiously, and surprise him.

It suddenly came over me as I looked at him standing there that his figure bore a striking resemblance to one I had recently seen; in fact, he was an exact counterpart of the Short Man! The same squat figure, broad, heavy shoulders and long dangling arms. I made up my mind that I would have a good laugh at his expense, when I told him how greatly he resembled, in make-up, the bandit; for of course I fully expected to confide at once my mission in the locality, and to solicit my friend's aid.

I was within three feet of him when I stepped upon a dried twig, and he heard me; he turned on the instant, and I found myself looking into the barrel of his six-shooter!



"There was no mistaking the gleam of murder in his eyes . . . and I shot—just as his own gun was leveled at my head"

Then, as he recognized me, he replaced his gun—sort of sheepish I thought—and his face underwent a wondrous change.

"Well, that's a nice way to welcome an old friend," I said, laughing at his discomfiture—"'specially after you've invited him time and time again down to see you; what did you think it was—a hold-up?"

He ignored my query, but burst out in the same old hearty manner he always had toward me: "Old Howard, by all that's holy! Say, bo—I'm sure glad to see you; how'd you get here—walk all the way from Frisco?"

He clapped me heartily on the shoulder, and held out his right hand to clasp mine; then came *my* turn at being dumfounded, and I stood there rigid with astonishment and surprise; upon his finger I beheld—*my lapis lazuli ring!*

Fortunately, in the excess of his welcome, he failed to discern my perturbation; by the time we reached the cabin I had myself well in hand again, though my brain was still in a mad whirl of conflicting emotions.

Evans was genuinely glad to see me—there could be no mistaking that. He seated me in the cozy little sitting-room by the side of a small table, upon which he placed refreshments; then drawing his chair up directly opposite, he started in on a stream of talk concerning old times at college, in which I made a superhuman effort to join.

A torrent of wild, maddening thoughts kept rushing through my brain as I listened. "Poor—poor old Evans!" I reflected constantly, gazing across at him; "can it be that, surly recluse as you are—bitter against mankind—you have at last turned out bad? Can it be that the thought of your coming marriage—and your straitened circumstances—have led you into obtaining money dishonorably!—a bandit—a thief!"

Then there came to me the remembrance that the personage who held me up used a variety of grammar strangely at variance with that of a college graduate; I grasped at this as a drowning man to a straw—it couldn't—*couldn't* have been this man whom I had trusted implicitly all these years; and yet—the peculiarity of his diction might have been assumed, for a purpose! Still he sat there, eager-eyed and with face aglow, delighting in my presence and the breaking of his solitude—by one he considered his friend—while I struggled with doubts, fears and conjectures—the only legitimate conclusion of my bewildered senses.

At length, perfectly unconscious that he had been doing comparatively all the talking, he began telling me of the girl he was soon to marry; of how he loved her; how he hoped—above all things on this earth—to make her happy.

"Howard, old man," he said, at length, a strange hoarseness in his voice—"she trusts me—and believes in me; and Howard . . . *you* and the little girl—are the only ones who have *always* done that; the only ones in all the world who have not wronged and misjudged me!"

What could I say—or believe! Was I not at that very instant wronging him in my own mind—misjudging him most cruelly!

I bent forward slightly, and centered my gaze upon the blue ring again; he noticed the movement, and said quickly, with a sudden change of voice: "I'm glad you got here just when you did; there's something weighing on my mind—I must talk it over with you; excuse me one moment, please—"

With that he arose, called to some one at work, evidently, at the front of the cabin, then resumed his seat at the table in silence. Presently, I heard the sound of shuffling feet outside, the door flew open and a man approached the table where we were sitting; as I looked up I met the glance—unmistakable this time—of the Short Man from Long Creek!

He looked at me searchingly but failed to recall our recent meeting. Evans, with a slight motion of his hand toward the new-comer, was about to speak, but I stopped him short. "Wait one moment!" I exclaimed bluntly, and drawing the black beard from an inside pocket, suddenly adjusted it to my face and turned to the man standing beside us. The effect upon him was electrical. With a low, startled cry he reached to his hip for his gun. There was no mistaking the gleam of murder in his eyes . . . and I shot—just as his own gun was levelled at my head! He sank to the floor without a moan. We carried him into an adjoining room, and laid him across the bed, neither of us exchanging a word as we looked to the extent of his injuries and cared for him as best we could.

* * *

It was late in the night when Evans returned with the doctor for whom he went hurriedly in search, to attend the wounded man; and it was only after the wound had been carefully dressed that I got a chance to speak with him, alone, and to explain in detail the meaning of the whole affair, concerning which, though it must have mystified him greatly, he had not asked me one word. Plainly, then, from beginning to end, I told him the whole thing. He listened to me in silence, apparently unmoved, but I know now how he must have been suffering. When I had finished, he revealed the concluding chapter.

"Howard, old man," he began quietly—"that man you shot . . . was my brother!"

"Evans!" I exclaimed, starting up in horror, "you don't mean—"

"Now, be quiet, old man," he resumed calmly; "I don't blame you in the least; it was destiny; it had to come—sooner or later. Now listen; the man was my brother—my poor, half-crazed brother—brought to that deplorable condition by a blow upon the head a number of years ago; my brother—whom his own family, who should have sought to shield and protect, has sought to disown—to cast off—to place in a wretched asylum—*any* thing to get him out of *their* way—the poor, unfortunate hindrance—the helpless detriment to their *social* ambitions and triumphs! A few months ago, in one of his more rational periods, he came to me—wretched, weary, forlorn. With tears he begged me—implored me to do that which only any brother should do—to care for him; and not to let the others send him away forever. I took him in. I fancied that quiet and stillness here were helping him; though at times I could still detect the old half-crazed look in his eyes. He seemed in constant fear lest I—as all the others had done—should turn against him; as those had done from whom he should have had only kindness, compassion and loving care. Finally, as though in an attempt to ingratiate himself in my good graces, he began bestowing upon me presents of various sorts. At times, these were articles of some value; again, they would be some trifling trinkets which only served to set me wondering where he could have become possessed of them. I questioned him in vain; on that one topic he refused absolutely to speak—though in all other ways he obeyed my every wish and demand. Yesterday, he brought me this blue ring. Here—I return it to you; and now," he added hoarsely, "you know all!"

I took back the ring; and I clasped the hand which held it fervently, and in a clasp which conveyed a silent and supreme sympathy which reached his heart more surely and swiftly than words could have done.

We returned again to the room where the injured man lay. The doctor met us with a look of encouragement. "It was only a glancing scalp-wound," he said quietly; "he will of a certainty recover; and what is more—I have every reason to hope and believe—that when he regains consciousness—it will be with a normally clear brain again!"

A look of abiding comfort and thankfulness came into the eyes of my friend, and we resumed our seats by the table.

"Now, George, old man," I said cheerily—the aching load removed completely from my heart—"let's talk of the little girl again, and the happy days to come."

"Yes, Howard," he replied quickly, "and forget those days which are gone forever—the 'bandit days'—of the 'Short Man from Long Creek'!"

PASSING OF THE PLOW HORSE

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

WITHIN ten years approximately eight million acres of farm land in the United States and Western Canada have been taken away from the horse and turned over to the steam and fuel engine to be plowed, and the farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and other parts of the "corn belt" are beginning to follow the example set by the owner of larger farms in the newer prairie sections. The improvements made within the last few years in the smaller traction engine using gasoline or oil, have also solved many of the problems presented in the "moist" district of soft soils and small farms, which the old and larger steam traction engines could not meet.

When man first began to till the soil he used a stick to scratch up the surface of the ground sufficiently to bury the seed. When the ox was trained to work for him, he constructed a rude wooden plow in order to utilize the greater strength of the animal. When man learned the uses of iron he affixed a metal share to the old wooden plow and thought he had made great progress. The metal plow underwent slow improvements, but until the advent of steel, progress in plow-making was not rapid.

More has been accomplished within the last fifty years in the evolution of the plow than in all the prior centuries. With the perfection of the moldboard and disk steel plows a great step forward was taken. When plows were made in "gangs" with a seat for the plowman while he drove two, four or six horses, it was thought the limit of efficiency had been reached.

About thirty years ago, however, when the steam traction threshing engine came into use, the farmer naturally tried to use its power for other farm work, especially plowing. Twenty years of failures followed, the engines being too small, and not properly constructed, and the plows unsuitable, both in weight and shape. When a number of the old style plows were hitched together, they proved unwieldy, accidents and breaks were numerous, and the work cost much more than that done by the old method.

With the opening up of the vast Western prairies and the growth of grain farming on a large scale, the manufacturers of traction engines began to study power-plowing, and as the threshing engines were made larger to design them so they could also be utilized for plowing.

Today, about ten years after the first practical traction plowing engine was made there are ten thousand operating in America and Canada, each of which plows an average of eight hundred acres a year. Some of the larger steam plows average one thousand acres, or more, but the lighter gasoline and other internal combustion engines plow enough less to bring the average down to eight hundred.

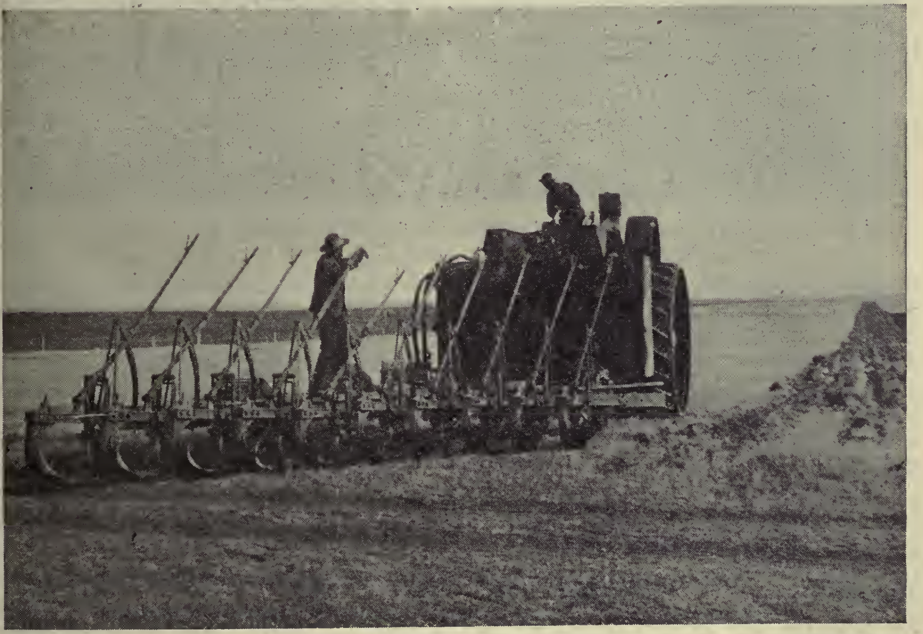
An illustration of the saving in time—and in crop yield—comes from the Last Mountain Valley in Saskatchewan where a section of rich wild sod land—640 acres—was broken in thirty-six hours, three steam outfits working continuously in order to get the land plowed immediately. A six-horse team with a gang plow would have required a month, Sundays included, to perform the same amount of work. The result was that the owner was able to plant his entire 640 acres at the right time, instead of only a small portion of it as would have been the case had he depended upon animal power.

Traction plowing has reached its greatest development in the newer agricultural regions where the land is level and the farms are large. There are many outfits in the valleys of Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho; they are becoming more numerous in the corn belt; California is growing familiar with them; large numbers are found in western Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, western Oklahoma and northern Texas; in eastern South Dakota, North Dakota and western Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan the traction plow swarms—it has wrought wonders in the breaking of whole empires of virgin sod.

In fact the rapid increase of the cultivated area in the newer northwestern states and in western Canada, has been due in great part to the traction plow. There vast stretches of virgin prairie sod, level, firm, with tough grass roots, were not broken fast enough with a single plow and team of horses or oxen.

"Settlers have poured in at such a rate that the transformation that has taken place in Canada's western provinces would have been impossible but for the traction plow," said William Pearson of Winnipeg, who has colonized the Last Mountain Valley and other great regions along the Canadian Northern's new lines known in Saskatchewan. "It is interesting to consider where the settler would be if he had not had great heavy tractors to do part of the breaking for him. It has enabled him to get into crop several times as many acres as otherwise would have been possible. As the crops have been bountiful, this has meant a profit aggregating millions of dollars." Mr. Pearson, from an experience as wide as any other man in Canada, added:

"The theoretical plowing capacity of the steam plow is thirty-eight acres a day for the moldboard plow and forty-five acres for the disk, the day being twelve hours long. The daily actual average as gained from reports made by plow owners is twenty-three acres for moldboard plows in the Northwest, and twenty-six acres for the disk plow in the Southwest. The moldboard plow is used almost exclusively in the Northwest and the disk in the Southwest."


A THIRTY-TWO HORSE-POWER TRACTION PULLING A TWELVE-GANG SHARE PLOW

The plains of Western Canada have suddenly developed into wheat fields by this aid. In 1900, about the time the traction plow became unquestionably practical, there were less than two and a half million acres sown to wheat between Winnipeg and the mountains. In 1909 Saskatchewan alone had 4,085,000 acres sown to wheat which yielded 90,255,000 bushels, or more than Manitoba and Alberta

STEAM PLOWING IN THE LAST MOUNTAIN VALLEY

combined. Manitoba had 2,643,111 acres which yielded 45,774,707 bushels; and Alberta 333,000 acres which yielded 8,250,000 bushels. These three new provinces combined had 7,058,111 acres which yielded a total of 144,279,707, or more wheat in one year than the entire German Empire.

The South and Middle West in the United States are not adapted for plowing with the large steam outfits in use in the prairie sections, because of the small fields, the lack of custom work and the low price per acre for plowing, as well as climatic conditions. Most of the plowing is done in the winter and spring and the land is too moist and soft for the heavy steam engines. The development, about six years ago, of the smaller and lighter gasoline and other internal combustion engines, which can be used in such fields and also to supplement the work of horses in cultivating and for other purposes, is progressing so rapidly that it may not be many years before traction plowing in these districts becomes a common occurrence. The use of even the smaller motors is not practical in the Eastern

HERE THE HORSE STILL HOLDS THE FIELD
Notice the old-fashioned one-share walking plow in the center of the cut

states, on account of the grades and the small fields.

Steam engines used for plowing are usually rated at from twenty to fifty horse power, from twenty-five to thirty-five being the usual figure. This does not mean that a fifty-horse power engine can do as much plowing as fifty horses. A part of the power developed must be utilized by the engine to move itself. The power of the horse is measured by its effective pull, while the engine will do more while standing still than while moving. Much of the power is also lost by transmission, and a reserve must be maintained for such emergencies as the horse can overcome by exerting several times his normal efficiency for brief periods.

The steam plowing engines weigh from seven to twenty tons and cost from $1,500 to $3,000. On the Pacific Coast the usual engine is larger, averaging about sixty horse power and costing from $5,000 to $6,000. The average cost of the miscellaneous equipment for the steam plowing outfit adds another $500 to the investment.

As nearly as can be gathered from the short time traction plows have been in regular use, the life of one is estimated at ten years. In California some of the owners of large outfits, plowing nearly thirty-five hundred acres annually each, estimate the average life of the outfit at fifteen years, or more than fifty thousand acres per plow, in addition to the threshing and other work done outside of plowing seasons.

A crew of from three to six men is needed to operate a large steam plow. One is the engineer, whose pay ranges from $3.00 to $4.75 per day; one guides the engine, one fires, one looks after the plows, one drives the team that keeps the engine supplied with water and fuel, and in many cases a cook also is carried. The prices charged by traction plowing outfits range from seventy-five cents to $5.00 per acre. The lowest figures usually are for stubble plowing and the highest for breaking sod. The acre cost of steam plowing, as found by a comprehensive investigation of conditions, runs from eighty-five cents to $1.89.

LIFE'S SEESAW

GIN ye find a heart that's weary,
  And that needs a brither's hand,
Dinna thou turn from it, dearie;
  Thou maun help thy fellowman.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache,
  Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because of thine own grief's sake
  Thou maun feel for ither men.

In this world o' seesaw, dearie,
  Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
  May tomorrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
  Follows on the heels of May.
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
  Thou mayst need a friend some day.

—*From "Heart Throbs."*

The Two Christmas Trees

I

KRISS KRINGLE walked the city ablaze with festal light,
"I would see," said he, "how mortals keep the Christ-Child's memory bright."
Within a stately mansion a giant Christmas tree
Blazed, loaded down with costly gifts, a goodly sight to see.
O'er it a white dove hovered; amid its branches shone
White taper-flames, and globes whose hues mocked every precious stone.
But Kriss Kringle's brow was troubled, for greed on every side
Robbed the fair gifts of their blessing, and Love was lost in Pride;
While pampered menials, jeering, drove the hungry from the door;
"He hath no share in Christmastide who thinks not on God's poor."
Mused the loving spirit sadly as he plunged into the night;
" 'Tis the light of Love and Kindness keeps the Christ-Child's memory bright."

II

A crazy window-shutter fenced a cracked and dingy pane
From the fiercest of the weather and the full sweep of the rain.
Some twinkling rush-lights glimmered in the bare and fireless room.
A tiny fir-branch shimmered 'mid the half-lighted room.
It bore four rosy apples, a top, a knife, a doll,
Such as the leanest purse may buy; rough, poor and tawdry all.
Yet Carl and Hans and Gretchen capered and laughed with glee
In the unwonted radiance of the blessed Christmas tree.
Kriss Kringle saw the mother give the poor gifts away
Till the last and largest apple hung twirling from the spray.
"You can cut that," said the father, but little Hans spake low,
"Poor Wilhelm has no mother, she died six days ago.
He has no one to love him, no pretty Christmas toys,
No candles bright to give him light like all the other boys."

III

Then honest Hans the porter laid down his pipe and kissed
The pitying child and straightway sought the orphan as he wished.
How the children gave him welcome and the poor gift made him glad;
How, while the rush-lights lasted, a merry romp they had;
It were too long to tell you; but still I fain would say
What good Kriss Kringle smiling said as he went his way;
"Blest is this home forever for love and pity greet
The ever-loving Christ-Child; but where his entering feet
Find that no human sorrow may pass the jealous door,
Therein his Father's wrath shall find a ready threshing-floor.
Better this gloomy hovel than the palace bathed in light;
Since in it Love and Pity keep the Christ-Child's memory bright."

—Charles Winslow Hall.

A DAY AT THE STOUT INSTITUTE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

BEAUTIFULLY located among the hills of western Wisconsin, the Stout Institute of Menomonie is widely known and commended by all educators for work accomplished along practical and modern lines.

The training school, built in 1898 by Mr. James H. Stout of Menomonie, one of the well-known and most beloved citizens of the state of Wisconsin, was when completed the best equipped institute in the world devoted to the instruction of public school teachers in art, manual training and domestic science. Its stately tower, silhouetted against the wooded hills, is indeed a noble monument to the indomitable and beneficent purposes of its founder, who has put his heart and soul into his great work with unreserved vitality and vigor. Wherever he may be, in New York, Chicago or Boston, he is always intent upon providing something new for his beloved school.

Mr. Stout realized twelve years ago that there was great need of instructors in manual training and domestic science, and the institute seeks to provide competent and effective teachers in these lines. The fact that its graduates are today teaching in twenty-one different states and are in charge of special lines in city schools, and the rapid adoption of manual training departments in the different public schools all over the country indicate the wisdom of Mr. Stout's efforts to develop these important branches of education. The Stout schools are no longer an experiment—they have marked the necessity of manual training in lower grades and each year an increasing number of pupils from all over the country come to Menomonie to receive practical instruction in the course of study and teaching here provided.

The principal work of the institute is in the training of young men and young women for teachers of manual training and domestic science, and that work in the public schools is a distinct line carried on chiefly by the members of the senior classes of prospective teachers. This enables the institute to give the city the benefits of a very extended line of manual training and domestic science work, while at the same time it offers opportunities for practice teaching to students not available in any other institution in the United States. Under the auspices of the institute, experimental lines of work that may be called industrial in character are carried on in the public schools.

In company with L. D. Harvey, president of the institute, the various departments were visited, and the practical results of their instruction and training were shown. An old building near the square had just been transformed into a charming and cosy office building for the institute as the demands for room became insistent. The boys and girls had planned the reconstruction of the building, decorated the rooms artistically, and more important still, made all contracts for the work at an expense that would have made any purchasing agent look well to his laurels. The young ladies put into the renovated structure the magical charms of effective furnishing and tasteful decoration as a practical demonstration of what they had learned in Menomonie.

In one of the buildings a Home-Makers' School has been instituted, which undertakes to instruct the woman students in all practical home duties and all the responsibilities of home-life, the benefits of which instruction are inestimable. The home-makers go about their work with a conscientiousness and enthusiasm that have influenced graduates of Wellesley, Vassar and other famous educational institutions in the East to complete their college days at Menomonie, in a post-graduate course, as it were, to equip them thoroughly for the duties of domestic life.

Little chaps of ten or twelve are at

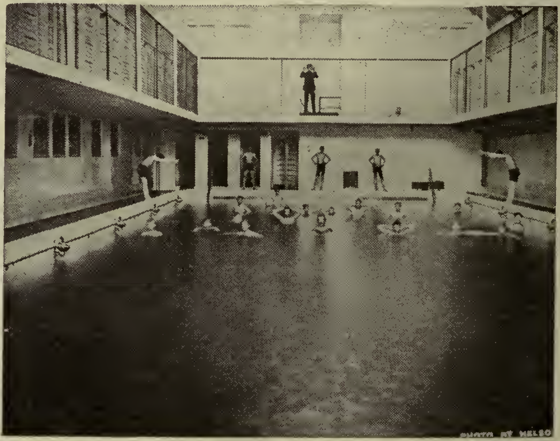
work in the blacksmiths' shops making real things in iron, and the exhibition of real miniature frame houses, complete in every detail, emphasizes the value of early training in useful and constructive work, no matter what vocation may be taken up later.

MAIN BUILDING

A knowledge of plumbing in these days has become a necessity to the householder, and the application to the institute for instructions in this work has been a most gratifying endorsement. A point impressed upon one in talking with the students is that they not only know how to do things themselves, but they have acquired the faculty to train others to do them.

What boy does not like to make things? The Stout Institute boy knows how to drive a nail and how to blow a forge, also how to mend a leak in the water pipes. He is being trained to do many things in life for which at present there may seem no particular use, but there always comes a time when it counts either directly or indirectly. Brick-making, tin-smithing, cabinet-laying, wood-carving, labor in the foundries and machine shops—a practical training in one of the best shops in the country—all are taken up in turn. Mechanical and architectural drafting and professional courses follow in due course, with special emphasis laid on intelligent observation and practical teaching. One cannot see these students at work without realizing that while emphasis is laid upon excellence in manual training and its different branches, part of the time is devoted to the application of new ideas and enterprises. The esthetic side has not been overlooked, and it is truly fascinating to watch the processes taken up in modelling, painting and planning of decorations, which mean better homes and more beautiful cities and buildings for the future men and women.

Every visitor is impressed with the thorough and practical way in which the scholars are initiated into social science. Although their work deals with special subjects, it must always be related to the regulation work of the public schools; for the Stout Institute, perhaps more fully than any other institution, has recognized the public school as the foundation of education, and re-inforced the effectiveness of common-school education.



SWIMMING TANK

The enthusiasm and loyalty that radiates from the enthusiastic faculty and students of the institute is felt even among the young people one meets in the streets, for Mr. Stout delights in seeing the young folks enjoy themselves as much as possible, whether at work or play. If there is a skating pond to be flooded or something else to be done to add to their happiness, that need always comes uppermost in his mind, and in his quiet, unostentatious way, Mr. Stout has accomplished a work that will be ever gratefully remembered in Menomonie. The gymnasium, the natatorium and dormitories of the institute buildings indicate his care and thoughtfulness in providing for the comfort of his "young people."

While co-operating heartily with the Public Board of Education of Menomonie, the city is in no way responsible for the maintenance of the institute. Mr. Stout's work has been so broad and comprehensive that he has been able to co-operate most effectively with the public schools; from the kindergarten to the graduating classes, nothing has been neglected to impress properly on the childish mind the importance of knowing how to *do* things.

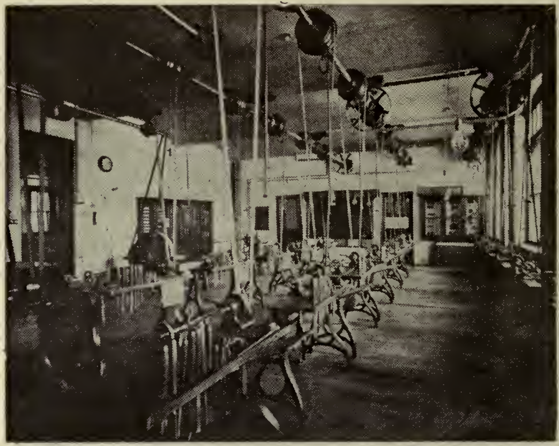
The curriculum of the institute inspires interest and new hope for the future of public education. The work under Professor Harvey, the president, has progressed marvelously. One of the best-known educators in the country, with an experience ranging through district schools, city schools, academies, colleges and universities, Mr. Harvey is a man of broad practical ideas; he understands human nature and the necessities of the times in fitting young people for the real battle of life.

The work planned for the current term in the institute is sure to make itself felt very widely in the educational development of the country. The failure of manual training in some of the Eastern schools is regrettable, as the work of the Stout Institute proves more than ever the necessity of manual training in the earliest grades of all schools, and shows that something is radically wrong with the conception and methods of manual training in the East. The Stout School Alumni are intense in their loyalty to their alma mater, and their work tells the story.

The visit was all too brief. As we left the institute grounds, the boys and girls were piling into the railroad coaches—off for the ball game. The fields and woods around the picturesque town—once a great pine forest—with the silence broken only by the buzz of saw-mills, makes an appropriate environment for the practical work inaugurated by Mr. Stout, and the tributes paid him by home-folks reflect an inspiring spirit of appreciation and gratitude. Down the hill we passed to the station, with a last glance back at the stately tower of an institution which marks a new epoch in getting close to the boys and girls with an appreciation of the true value of honest labor and manual training.

SENATOR J. H. STOUT OF MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

The atmosphere of the busy little city is imbued with the influence of this institution. Such a school, with its high ideals, its large faculty of high-minded men and women and its student body of nearly 400 earnest young people fitting themselves for a life work of the utmost benefit to humanity, must of necessity impart much of its own spirit to the community in which it is located. In addition to this are two distinct and definite channels through which the influence of Stout Institute flows out among the people of Menomonie. The effect of these connections is found in a new ambition instilled into the hearts and minds of the young to do useful things and do them well—a deep-rooted respect for the work of the hands when directed by a trained intellect—and in a larger and more satisfying social life among the adult residents of the city. One of these connections is established in an arrangement whereby the pupils in all the grades and the high school of the Menomonie public school system receive manual training instruction from the teachers and students of the institute, and it is the pride and well-justified boast of the local school authorities that in no city on the American continent, large or small, is a more efficient service of the same kind rendered in the public schools than here.


WOOD TURNING ROOM

In connection with the institute, forming another bond of union, a commercial club has been established, membership in which is open to every reputable male resident of the city. This club is made possible by the facilities provided by the school, for through the generosity of Mr. Stout it is allowed the free use of the second and third floors of the splendid gymnasium building. A trip through these quarters will convince any visitor that Menomonie has club advantages which many cities cannot duplicate. They include a luxuriously appointed reading and rest room, billiard room, card room and bowling alley, a complete dining room and kitchen equipment and in case the club wishes to serve banquets, which it does three or four times every winter, it is allowed the use of the large and well-lighted gymnasium proper. A men's class in gymnastics is conducted by the physical director of the institute, and the natatorium and extensive system of baths are available to members.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE KITCHEN

This commercial club performs the functions which other organizations of similar name fulfill elsewhere, and many a project for the civic advancement of the town and its material well-being has been fostered through its activities. Its social and cultural aspects, however, render it most distinctive. Every Saturday night, through the winter months, the club has a party in which both young and old participate. These start at six o'clock with a picnic supper, each family providing its own luncheon, for at these affairs the members are permitted and urged to be accompanied by their families. Coffee and buttermilk are furnished by the club. After the refreshments, the tables are put away and from seven to nine o'clock the little folks are given the privilege of dancing. After nine the older people take the floor. At these Saturday night affairs and in every aspect of the life of the club, the spirit of true democracy holds sway. Youth and age and the representatives of every walk of life meet here upon a common footing, and no more wholesome example of the fostering of the family spirit in a city could be presented than these gatherings, where all classes commingle with such a hearty spirit of good will; every tendency toward caste is absent and cliques are completely eliminated.

In providing a recreation place for the men of the city where every influence is pure and uplifting, and in affording a meeting ground on which all elements are drawn into one great civic family for wholesome pleasure and the lines of wealth or fashion are never drawn, the institute has rendered a noble service. But the blessings brought about through the happy conception of quartering the commercial club in this building do not end there. The women of the city have availed themselves of an opportunity thus made possible to prosecute a line of uplifting endeavor all their own. The Woman's Social Culture Club has just begun its third season's work, in which all women of the city are invited to join. Organized primarily for "the promotion of physical culture, social intercourse and the general betterment of the conditions of the women of Menomonie on a basis of a common interest," it is now broadening its scope. Civic improvement and educational advancement are engaging greater attention from the organization. Meanwhile the work of physical improvement, with the exceptional facilities presented, goes on under the inspection of the institute's physical directress. From this outline may be seen how intensive in its immediate civic and social bearings, as well as how broad in the new educational field, is the influence of Stout Institute.

GYMNASIUM AND NATATORIUM OF STOUT INSTITUTE, MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

WILL GAGE CAREY

Mr. Carey was born at Rochelle, Illinois, where he graduated from the High School; then he attended the University of Illinois, at Champaign; it was here that his start was made in the field of literary endeavor, being one of the associate editors of *The Illini*, the college paper—and also serving as special correspondent for the *Chicago Evening Post*. Mr. Carey is now a resident of Atlanta, Georgia. He has spent a number of years in newspaper work, but at present is devoting his entire literary effort to writing short fiction, in which field he has been especially successful. The stories by Mr. Carey which so far have appeared in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE are as follows: "When Heiny Led the Band"—"The Charge of the Phantom Brigade"—"The Silent Trombone"—"Carmencita"—"The Right Mr. Wright"—"Blub"—"Yo Tambien"—"The Renegade of the Rio Grande." And in this month's issue on page 209 will be found his "The Short Man From Long Creek."

Among the NATION'S ADVERTISING CLUBS

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FOR many years I have been called a "convention freak" because it has been my good fortune to attend almost every sort of convention yet held in this glorious country of ours—conventions political, state, county, national, civic, educational and press, Grand Army and Confederate Veterans' reunions, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Band of Mercy and Sunday School—and altogether I have found them of inspiring, as well as educational influence.

A gathering together of men who have to make what they write and pay for earn money, was the sort of delegates who attended the meetings of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America at Omaha. Like many another large and important organization, the Associated Advertising Clubs started purely for social good-fellowship from a little gathering of royal good fellows in Chicago. The meetings year by year have rapidly grown in importance, and last year's convention at Louisville, Kentucky, became an important epoch in the history of the association when the new president, Mr. Samuel C. Dobbs of Atlanta, pledged himself with an earnestness that sparkled with the spirit of true evangelism, to do his best to make the association an exponent of the highest purposes in advertising—one that could command public confidence in every way.

During the year Mr. Dobbs has traveled thirty thousand miles and spoken in nearly all the prominent cities of the country on the subject of advertising. Though no special effort was made in that direction, over twelve hundred members were added, and many strong and "live wire" clubs joined the ranks. At Louisville the Omaha "live wires" secured the convention for 1910; they promised a great meeting, and more than fulfilled their pledge.

It was indeed a gala day at Omaha on the opening of the convention. The clubs arriving from the different cities each displayed some uniform and distinctive emblem expressive of the individuality of each advertising body: the Town Crier's Club of St. Paul with jingling bells; the Des Moines Club wearing jungle helmets; the Chicago Club, trim and neat in a uniform that would have done justice to a West Point Cadet; St. Joe, with the largest advertising club in the country, headed by the mayor, the inimitable "Pet" Clayton; at headquarters very early in the day it was evident that things were "doing" at Omaha. The convention train from Chicago suggested an old-time political excursion, and there was plenty of buttermilk and Coca-cola aboard. A brass band met the various delegations, and it seemed as if the old-time Wide-awakes of Lincoln's first campaign had been resurrected. The hearty hospitality of Omaha made the convention of 1910 a memorable occasion in the experiences of every delegate.

The hotel lobbies were literally covered with mottoes and suggestions for advertising, that at once revealed the presence of men who knew how to use words in attracting attention. After that hearty greeting that always characterizes the splendid and genial good-fellowship between advertising men, the opening addresses and responses began a convention of great interest. At the opening session, even from the invocation of the chaplain to the words of welcome and response, everything was done in the approved terse manner demanded by advertising regulations. Governor Shallenberger, Congressman Hitchcock and other heavy artillery of the forum were brought into action, and hearty applause greeted every point made by the speakers.

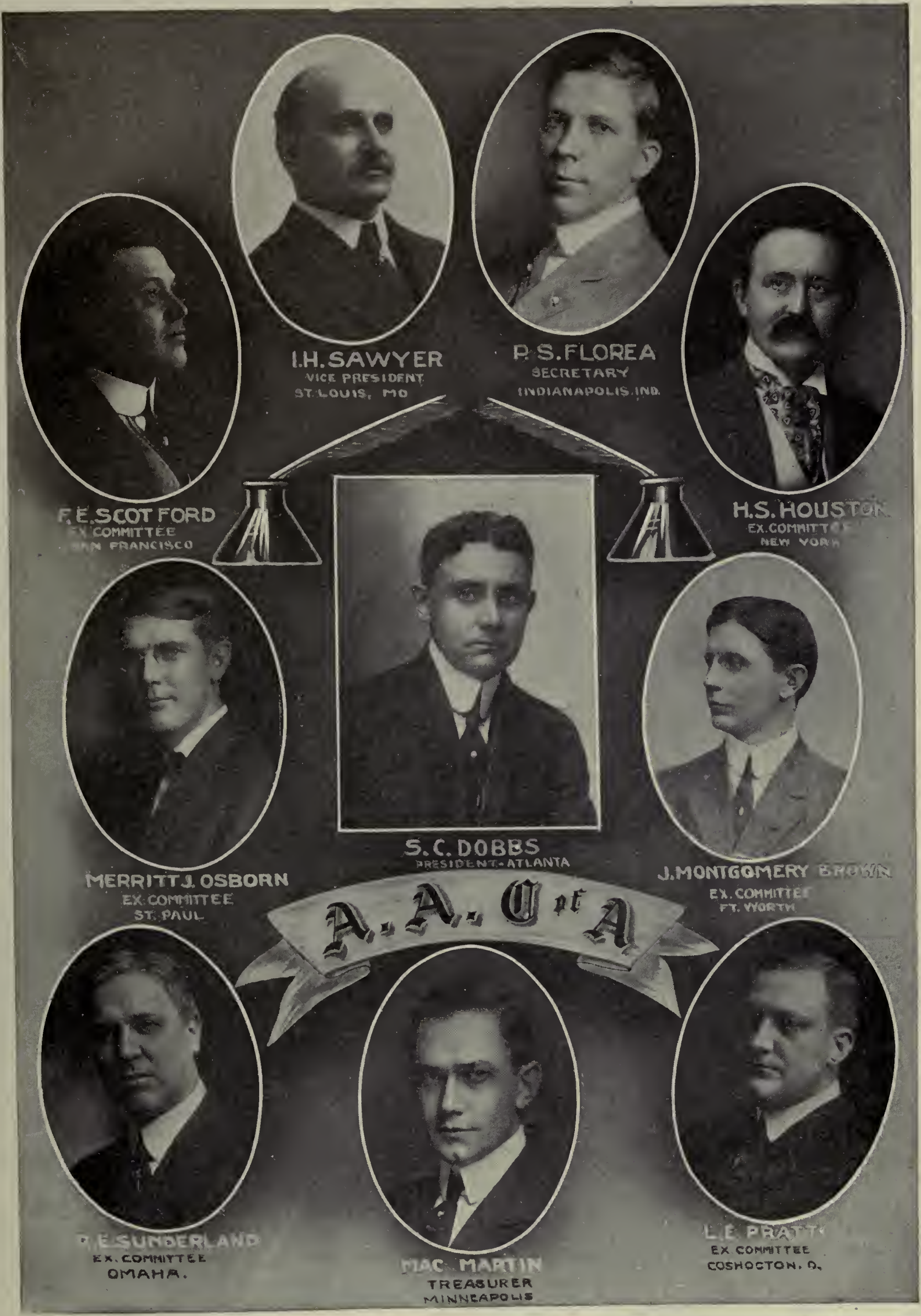
JULIUS SCHNEIDER
Advertising Manager "The Fair," Chicago, Ill.

After a luncheon given by the "Omaha Bee," the Convention got right down to business with a discussion of papers and the great problems involved in up-to-date advertising. In the evening the delegates were initiated into the mysterious order of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. The weird enchantment of the initiatory exercises, shifting suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous, held the breathless interest of the twelve hundred guests. The automobile dash, the tottering ladder and the cage for the animals, not forgetting the Halley's Pugnosed Comet sketch, provided an evening of sterling diversified entertainment—for advertising men want things to come and go with celerity. Of all organizations, none have ever approached the Ak-Sar-Ben in the spirit of right royal good-fellowship.

A parade started to Boyd's Opera House from the hotel the next morning, headed and accompanied by three or four brass bands whose strains would have drowned out Ringling's Circus Calliope in its palmiest days. John Lee Mahin spoke forcibly on "Trade Marks" and introduced a resolution condemning the Congressional "break" which attributed the high cost of living to advertising. The afternoon spent at the Field Club, where luncheon was served by the "World Herald," will long be remembered, because the meetings were continued in the open air, characteristic of the energy of the association, this keeping right on with real business regardless of the festivities—at no particular place, but wherever the delegates happened to be.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks gave a very able and comprehensive review of advertising in all the world centers which he has recently visited on his trip around the world, reviewing the opportunity offered to this country to profit by judicious and substantial advertising and exploitation abroad.

One of the strong addresses was "How a City Should Advertise," by Herbert S. Houston of the Doubleday-Page Company, New York. Lewellyn E. Pratt of Coshocton gave a stirring address on "Post Graduate Advertising," and his references to Coshocton as "the sign city" shows how different cities and towns may become associated, from concentrated exploitation, with one product made better there than elsewhere. The remarks of W. R. Emery on "The Benefits of Organization" indicated careful study of one of the leading problems of the times, and "The Newspaper Field," covered by "Lou" Wiley of the New York *Times*, caused


I.H. SAWYER
VICE PRESIDENT
ST. LOUIS, MO
P. S. FLOREA
SECRETARY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
F.E. SCOT FORD
EX COMMITTEE
SAN FRANCISCO
H.S. HOUSTON
EX. COMMITTEE
NEW YORK
S.C. DOBBS
PRESIDENT - ATLANTA
MERRITT J. OSBORN
EX. COMMITTEE
ST. PAUL
J. MONTGOMERY BROWN
EX. COMMITTEE
FT. WORTH
A. A. C. of A.
P. E. SUNDERLAND
EX. COMMITTEE
OMAHA.
MAC MARTIN
TREASURER
MINNEAPOLIS
L. E. PRATT
EX COMMITTEE
COSHOCTON, O.

OFFICERS OF THE ADVERTISING CLUBS OF AMERICA FOR THE COMING YEAR the delegates to grow hilarious. An eloquent appeal for billboard advertising was made by E. F. Trebz, who presented the virtues of outdoor advertising so forcibly that he could have taken contracts for space in the blue sky from the gathered assembly. His Princeton training was revealed in his scholarly address.

There was a strong talk on "Trade Journal Advertising," by C. M. Wessels; and W. N. Huse from Norfolk, Nebraska, in his address, "The Country Newspaper as an Advertising Medium," indicated that the "country editors" are the same strong and potent force they have always been in advertising. It seemed as if every sort of topic was discussed, including the well-known "cost of living." The introduction of advertising in the curriculum of schools and universities; Frank White's discussion of agricultural papers, and Governor Eberhart's "hit" on the subject of advertising a state, all were greeted with tumultuous applause. He placed Minnesota on the map for advertising reflection.

A keen interest was taken in the copy contest, and the prizes awarded showed that great interest is taken in this line of advertising work. The loving cup presented by "Printers' Ink" to the Club that had effected the most in "boosting its town" last year was awarded to Des Moines. The many exhibitions of advertising designs showed great advances over the displays of past years.

The annual address made by President Dobbs was worthy of the most thoughtful study, and he was not permitted to conclude before he was presented with a loving cup as a token of the universal respect and esteem of the delegates. The chief value of the convention, as seen by President Dobbs, was the educational wave radiating from these meetings for better and more associated work among the advertising clubs of America. Coupled with this, the acquisition of acquaintances, and the interchange of friendly and judicious criticism made the balance-sheet show a goodly profit. Every meeting was replete with epigrammatic, short, snappy speeches, in which the orators sometimes told their own troubles, but more often tried to "boost" their own city or state without restraint.

With a business-like stroke of the gavel, President Dobbs opened the meetings, and there was no lack of timely suggestions and ideas. The address of Julius Schneider, advertising manager of "The Fair" in Chicago, was full of epigrammatic pyrotechnics on practical advertising:

. . . "We are engaged in the business of finding out how to vibrate the 'responsive chord' in such groups of humanity as have the money that we need in our business. Vibrating the other chords doesn't count. All other human impulses which we may move are secondary.

. . . "We may excite mirth or admiration, may gain acquiescence or dissent, may inspire, respect or create slogans—these 'don't count.' *The only chords which properly reward us are those alone which center at the mouth of the open purse.* Our percentage of successes will increase and our percentage of frosts diminish, as we succeed in keeping in our mind's eye, in every advertisement throughout every campaign, *that* one most important idea. There is constant danger of being sidetracked. Our personality will obtrude. Our vanity or pride as often as our ignorance may enter into conflict with our hard horse sense or business sense.

. . . "My own measure of a good advertiser, a good writer, a good agency, is '*alertness of mind, quickness of perception and instantaneousness of action*'—not in flashes of scintillating brilliancy, but in constant, consistent and effective daily application." The speech, true to its title, struck "A Responsive Chord in Advertising."

Another heavy battery was brought into action when Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspapers, gave one of those inimitable talks which are read by millions of readers. Mr. Brisbane said in opening that his business was not speaking; indeed, he had not come to speak: "I came out here to talk to some men in this town, and to see this Western country and get some information for myself."

He didn't hesitate to explain the basis on which he received his salary of $73,000 a year. "I made arrangements with Mr. Hearst on the basis of increase in circula-

SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE FIELD CLUB ,OMAHA CONVENTION

tion, and in your advertising, you should make arrangements on results. I said to Mr. Hearst: 'This salary of eight thousand dollars is ridiculous, and I want you to give me a chance to make a hundred thousand dollars inside of a couple of years.' He looked astonished and didn't know how it could be done; it was finally agreed that I should have a thousand dollars for every thousand increase in circulation. That was in December. In December I got $8,000, in January $9,000, in February $11,000; finally in June, when the war was well under way, I made $23,000, and it nearly killed the business manager when he gave me the check. I went to work for $8,000 a year, and in six months I made altogether over $73,000 on circulation.

"I hope the next thing you get into," he concluded, "you'll make such an arrangement as I did with Hearst, and say, 'I would like a chance to make a hundred thousand dollars in a few years.' "

It is clear in looking Arthur Brisbane square in the eye, whether across the breakfast table or on the platform, that he has, above all else, a business head. Just at this time he is deeply interested in the success of his great fruit farm in New Jersey, also in his five automobiles, to which a sixth—or so he says—is soon to be added.

Early in the convention there was enough of a "scrap" to make it interesting to secure the next convention. Boston was early in the fray, and the contest against Milwaukee was hot; it was a regular "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign that carried the day—though the Boston delegates exercised their lungs with a parody on that classic and dignified ballad, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" The Milwaukee Club made a brave fight for the convention, backed by Mayor Seidle. They have just completed a handsome new Convention Hall, and could think of nothing more fitting to grace the year 1911 than the meeting of the Advertising Clubs. But they're all coming to Boston, and Milwaukee remains just as ready to do her best when her turn comes, as before Boston carried off the honors.

Lincoln was there with her several hundred strong—Denver, Dallas, Knoxville, Atlanta—where was the live city not represented? It was felt that the selection of Boston for a meeting-place next year would help to make the organization more national in its scope and spirit, and the Pilgrim Publicity Club of the "Hub" has pledged itself to make it a meeting deserving of "Boston, the City of Worth While," for a host of delegates will come to Boston and bring along their wives—that they too may enjoy the good-fellowship that exists among those who are trying to make advertising more effective and interesting; to make more equitable the distribution of the comforts and luxuries of life. It deals with what Herbert Spencer called "the great question of civilization"—the problem of distribution—and that is the vital factor of advertising.

Dutch luncheons came so thick and furious between-times that nearly every tongue was talking Teutonic, and who could forget the dinner in the Summer Garden given by the *Daily News*, when everyone just "expressed" himself without reserve or formality? There was a ride up the river that night, where one of the tests popular prior to the fiasco at Reno was given.

In mediums of printers' ink and paint are expressed sentiments just as vital in their import as those of the manifestos of kings and emperors in days gone past. For the sovereign people will listen to the sovereign advertiser when he has something really sovereign to offer—otherwise it is passed on, and the "sovereigns" go somewhere else or along with the "lost talent" of silver.

It hardly seemed possible, when it was all over, that five hundred delegates had been shoulder to shoulder and scarcely out of each other's company for three whole days. After the election of officers there was a rush for packing grips—no trunks had been permitted—the badges were carefully stowed away to take home as souvenirs for the family, and the delegates scattered to the four points of the compass with hearty handclasps of appreciation of what it means to be an advertising man—and attend a convention of the guild in good old Omaha.

The NOBILITY of the TRADES

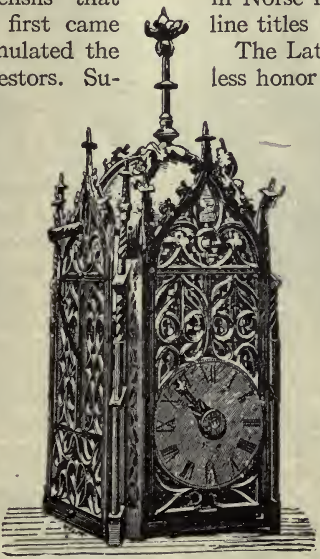
THE BLACKSMITH

By Charles Winslow Hall

> “And Regin cried to his harp-strings,
> Before the days of men, I smithied the
> Wrath of Sigurd!”
>
> —*William Morris in “Sigurd the Volsung”*

“BEFORE the days of men” the mystery and craft of the smith lived and later became the heritage of Odin and his descendants. “Dwarf-wrought,” in hidden mountain caverns and mystical forges in the bowels of the earth, were the weapons and mail, the golden rings and massive torques, the ingenious utensils that from the mysterious East first came into the possession and stimulated the invention of our Aryan ancestors. Superhuman and magical was all the earliest work in gold, silver, bronze and steel in the opinion of the nations of northern Europe.

Such wisdom and power were attributed to the worker in iron and other metals that the Norse chiefs and kings were proud of such skill and not uncommonly exercised it in forging their own weapons and armor. With solemn incantations sword blade and spearhead were given shape, and “words of power,” engraved or inlaid in Runic characters, gave to trenchant edge and keen point supernatural and irresistible powers. Sword, axe and bill were very generally given a name, almost always a masculine one in the north of Europe, although there were exceptions, as in the case of the bill or spear-headed war axe owned by Gunnar of Lithend, and later wielded by Skarphedin, always spoken of in the Icelandic Saga of “Burnt Njal” as the “Ogress of War.” But “Volsung” or “Balmung,” also called “The Wrath of Sigurd,” the great northern epic hero, variously sung of as Sigurd, Sigfrid and Siegfried in the “Nibelungen Lied”; like “Footbreadth” of “Thoralf the Strong”; “Quernbiter, of King Haakon the Good”; “Excalibur” or “Caliburn, the Well-Tempered,” the fated sword of King Arthur; “Hred-lan,” the magical blade of Saxon Beowulf, the slayer of the demon Grendel; Mimung or Memming, “The Biter,” famous in Norse myths, were all given masculine titles and attributes.



FORGED IRON CLOCK
Fifteenth Century

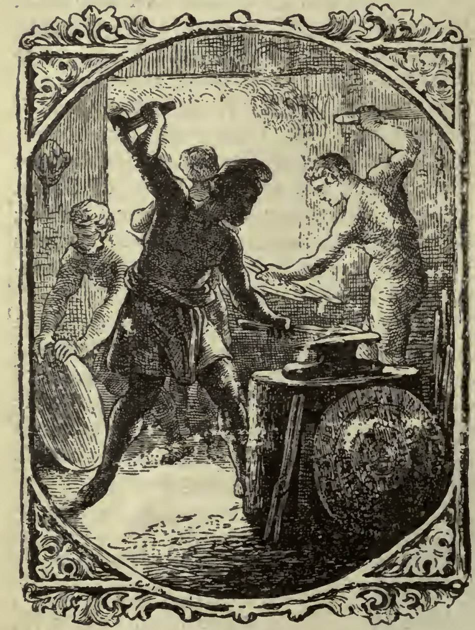
The Latin peoples held the smith in less honor and gave his blades feminine titles. Count William of Angoulême, who at the battle of Hastings rode in advance of William the Norman’s army, singing lustily:

“Of Charlemagne and of
Rolande,
Olivier and his vassals
true
Who died with him at
Roncesvalles”;

and playing like a juggler with his great sword, was called “Taillefer” because he had once shorn a man in halves with one sweep of that weapon which he had given the feminine name of “Durissima,” the Hardest or Best-Tempered. The “Cid Campeador,” noblest of Spanish chivalry, had two wonderful swords, “Tisona” and “Colada,” and Rolande or Orlando, who fell at Roncesvalles, made immortal forever his great sword, “Durandal.”

Nearly all these ancient swords had a more or less wonderful history, of which it is here only necessary to say that the gods, or their foes, the giants, dwarfs and more modern magicians, were their reputed makers and bestowers.

In Grecian mythology Hephaistos, the Vulcan of the Latins, forged, in the Isle of Lemnos, Herpè, the irresistible sword of Hermes (Mercury), whose blade was of a single diamond. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann amid the ruins of Mycenae brought to light what are believed to be the weapons carried by Agamemnon and his companions at the siege of Troy, and buried with them by Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife, who murdered them on their return to Greece. Replicas of a sword and dagger found in these tombs amid the bones of the princely victims, exhibited at the Boston Art Museum, reveal iron or steel blades beautifully inlaid with gold and bronze, hilted with gold, and altogether worthy of admiration as effective weapons and works of art.


VULCAN AND HIS CYCLOPS

But back of Grecian smith-work lies the antiquity of Egyptian art and of that Phoenician skill of which one can read so much and learn so little. Somewhere back of Odin and Zeus, Egyptian Amen and Phoenician Baal and Ashtoreth, lived a man who received from divine inspiration the gift of metallurgical skill, or as some would have us believe, rose from a drop of jelly through innumerable transformations to a demi-savage, who made clubs and sharp flints the antetypes of bronze celts, and soft iron sword blades.

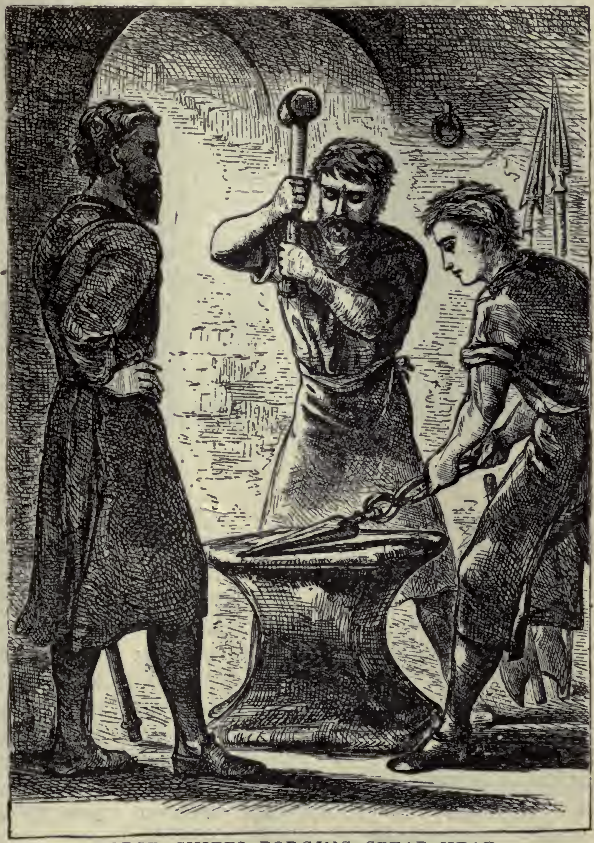
Pliny records that the best steel used at Rome in his day came from China, a country whose historians claim that bronze or copper swords were used "in the days of Ki, the son of Yu," B. C. 2197–48, and those of iron under Kung-Kia, B. C. 1897–48. According to the Arundelian marbles, iron was first known to the Greeks, B. C. 1432, nearly two centuries and a half before the Trojan War, which is supposed to have begun B. C., 1184, but the Bible declares that nearly thirty-six centuries before Christ, Tubal Cain—seventh in descent from Adam through Cain, his first-born son—was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Josephus declares of him that he was "the inventor of brass" (or bronze), which would indicate that bronze instead of being made before iron was forged, was the later invention. The writer believes that man, when created, being too helpless to depend on his teeth and nails like the beasts around him, was given the knowledge that he needed to supply his wants, make weapons and tools, and guard against dangerous and poisonous vegetable and animal life. That this knowledge as it came from the Creator was far more complete and sufficient than is generally believed, and was gradually diffused through Asia, Europe and Africa by wars and migrations of which we have at best only vague myths and traditions, that civilizations rose to great eminence, and declining were replaced by desolation and savagery, we know; and with these changes the art of the smith also rose, declined, and fell into desuetude. In lands where iron abounded, as in Africa, myriads of cannibals, who had never seen a white man, or trader, were found by Stanley to be skilful smiths. In Mexico, where even now iron is not largely distributed, copper and bronze supplied its place among a more than half-civilized people.

In many places where bronze weapons are found, no iron mines exist, and all over Europe the similarity in shape of a large proportion of the bronzes points to a common source of supply, and to a system of vessel and caravan trade such as still supplies the needs of millions in Asia, Africa and South America, and which to a less extent existed between the Indians and Esquimaux tribes of America.

Undoubtedly the Phoenicians possessed steel weapons, and just as certainly they carried on a vast trading intercourse with the whole maritime population of the Mediterranean and European coasts. May it not have been their policy for generations to keep the keener and more desirable weapons and sell to barbarians the bronze substitutes, just as African traders have sold "gas-pipe guns" and "trade powder" and kept for themselves the rifle and revolver?

When the Israelites defeated "Og, King of Bashan," about B. C. 1851, the last monarch of a gigantic line was found to possess "a bed of iron," and when Saul was made King he found his subjects almost defenceless because the Philistines had prohibited any smith from plying his trade among the conquered Israelites; "for the Philistines said; 'lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears.' "

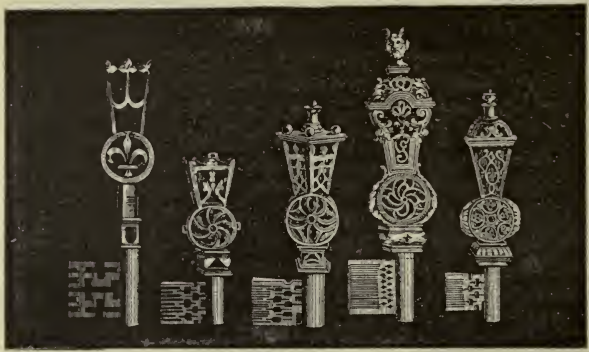
Therefore when Saul led out his untried militia to fight the Philistines, he marshalled a horde armed only with the iron shares and coulters of their plows, axes and bill-hooks, pitchforks and iron-tipped ox-goads of an unwarlike and tributary people. Among all their hosts, it is written, only Saul, himself, and his son Jonathan had armor and weapons. So, in later years did Nebuchadnezzar "carry away all the craftsmen and smiths" when he depopulated Judea, and Lars Porsenna of Clusium, after the expulsion of the Tarquin tyrants stipulated that the Roman people "should use no iron except in agriculture." Cyrus the Great thus crippled the defeated Lydians, and it is well said by English historians that the possession of the iron mines of the south of England by William the Norman, was a disadvantage to the north countrymen, who had no such resources to supply them with implements of war.



NORSE CHIEFS FORGING SPEAR-HEAD

Therefore the theory that the use of bronze for cutting tools and weapons preceded that of iron, as is generally held, may, I think, be reasonably questioned. Where ore, rich in soft pure iron, abounded, it would be much easier to discover, smelt and hammer it into shape than to mine, smelt, alloy and mould or forge the copper and tin alloy, which was used by so many ancient peoples. Pure native copper is easily beaten into shape, and if patiently cold-hammered becomes harder and will take an edge, but it is no easier to do this than to work pure meteoric iron, which it is said the ancients first used.

Under the Pharaohs, meteoric iron was known as *bad-empe*, "heavenly metal," and common iron as *ba-nu-ta* or "terrestrial metal." Iron pots, etc., were brought to Thothmes as tribute from his Syrian and Phoenician conquests, and Assyrian merchants brought iron wares in trade from a very early period. By the seventh century before Christ the Egyptians generally used iron weapons, and when the Carians and Ionians invaded Egypt, using weapons of bronze, the messenger who carried the tidings to Psammetichus, told him as a remarkable circumstance, that bands armed with bronze had landed and were ravaging the country.



IRON AND STEEL KEYS
Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth Centuries

Anciently and probably before the time of Homer, the Chalybes, dwelling on the shores of the Euxine, had gained a reputation as skilful iron workers, and in the fourth century, B. C., their iron made at Sinope was prized for smith's and carpenter's tools; that of Laconia for files, iron drills, stamps and mason's chisels and hammers; and that of Lydia for files, knives, razors and sword-blades. On the whole it is probable that iron and steel arms, etc., were owned by the wealthy and powerful, twelve to fourteen centuries B. C., and became more and more plentiful in those states which cultivated literature, the arts and commerce, while other sections remained almost ignorant of its value and special uses.

The Romans were for centuries armed with bronze weapons, and later had much difficulty in securing good steel swords, but at last in the second Punic War, about B. C. 200, adopted the Spanish swords forged originally by their Phoenician enemies and learned the secret of their manufacture and tempering. The Gauls of northern France, according to Caesar's Commentaries, had large iron mines, fastened their ships with iron nails and bolts, equipped them with chain cables, and did considerable heavy work in iron.

In Great Britain iron was worked long before Julius Caesar began his conquests, and the chariots of war whose axles were set with scythe-blades and whose warrior-drivers fought both from their iron-strengthened wagons and on foot, at first gave his boldest legions heavy losses and humiliating defeats. Cassivilaunus, the British leader, mustered to oppose Caesar's landing thousands of these chariots—besides light cavalry and a vast army of men who fought on foot, many of whom appear to have worn their swords in scabbards hung at shoulder belts of linked metals.

But the smith dealt not only with weapons and armor, but all other kinds of "graith" to use an old Scotch expression. Next in importance in ages when war and hunting were to a great extent the principal avocation of the higher classes and their free auxiliaries were the shoeing and care of horses, the fittings and fastenings of ships and buildings; the steel beaks of war-galley and battering ram, the massive pivots and fittings of catapult and petrary, and later the forging of built-up cannon, all the work of the blacksmith. So too were spits, iron spoons, cranes and trammels for the kitchen; irons and murderous instruments of torture for the dungeon; curiously wrought hinges, bolts and staples; great locks and massive keys for church and castle, the chains and winches, the grated portcullis and the massive pivots and braces of the drawbridge gate that spanned the moat of every embattled tower and town.

Then the surgeon's saw, lancet, scalpel, needles, chafing iron and pestle; the tools of every trade, the axe, spade, fork, bill-hook and hoe, were all to be made by hand forging, beside innumerable iron rivets and nails of every size and kind. No wonder that the Druids were able to enshrine their art within a halo of religious awe and mysticism, or that the charm of the craft still gathers young and old to watch the steady sway of the bellows, the lurid glow of the forge fire, the brawny, grimy smith with corded muscular bare arms and leathern apron; the breaking out of the glowing iron, the showers of red and white sparks, the tremendous swing of the sledges, the rapid rhythmical play of the forehammer, and all the din and hissing of beaten and tempered iron and steel, as they rapidly take shape and proportion, to serve some human need.

Truly has Longfellow sung in his immortal Acadian legend, "Evangeline":

"Since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute of the people."

In describing Basil the blacksmith, "who was a mighty man in the village and honored of all men," he drew a picture of scenes that few of us will fail to remember as exercising a strange fascination over our eyes and imagination in childhood.

Who has not at the forge of some stalwart "son of Vulcan the Hammerer"

"Stood with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders,
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows."

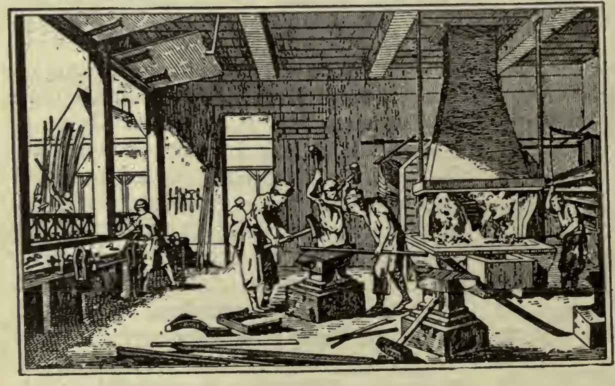
The few, simple tools of the smith have differed only in convenience and finish since the earliest rude sculptures depicted the ancient craftsman at his work. The simple forge, anvil, pincers and hammer were much the same in every age, which had got beyond the use of a stone-hammer beating heated iron laid on a solid boulder. The bellows of the Egyptian smith were worked in pairs by a man who trod alternately on two goatskin bags, which he inflated by removing his weight, and pulling them up by cords held in either hand. Sometimes two bellows-men were employed and four wind-bags played alternately on the glowing charcoal.

Up to a very recent date, crude methods of smelting iron were still a part of the work of the smith in some obscure parts of Europe. A pit dug in the earth and lined with stones and clay was heated by a charcoal fire upon which a layer of the purest and richest iron ore was laid, and over these other layers of charcoal and ore were built up until the rude furnace was full. When the charcoal was burned out pieces of more or less malleable iron were found in the ashes. The Romans in Great Britain had extensive iron works at Epiacum, now Lancaster, in the county of Chester, and secured a novel "blast" by making two funnels through a hill, wide at the opening and joining in a narrow tuyere or pipe. Their mouths opened toward the west from which the wind blew with great violence and condensing its force in these funnel-shaped tunnels, gave the Romans a very powerful blast furnace.

Without the resources of modern art, the smiths of the past created beautiful and ingenious things, which are still the wonder and admiration of modern craftsmen. Many of them were indeed artists, for they loved their calling, were proud of their skill, and conceived in their minds things of beauty and use which were indeed and in truth their own creations. Welland or Memming, a mythical swordmaker of Norse antiquity, is said to have spent months in making his sword "Mimung," with which at his first trial he severed a thread of wool floating on the water. Dissatisfied, he reforged and retempered the blade, until he could sever a handful of wool thus floating. A third time he destroyed the blade and with even greater patience tempered and finished it, until at the third trial he shore through a whole bale of wool thus floating. Meanwhile Amilias, a rival smith, had forged a magnificent suit of armor, which he considered impenetrable to any mortal weapon. Putting on helmet, mail byrnie, and breastplate, he sat down upon a stool and challenged Welland to try his weapon. Welland drew "Mimung" from his sheath, and struck once and no more. Amilias sat unmoved, and Welland asked him how he felt. Amilias answered, "I felt as if cold water had passed through my bowels." "Shake thyself, Amilias," said Welland grimly, whereupon Amilias obeyed, and fell dead, cut in twain by Mimung.

An English traveler relates that he saw a native soldier cut in two a skein of floss-silk, thrown into the air by a companion, with his home-made tulwar; a feat due not only to the quality and keenness of the blade, but to the peculiar drawing sleight with which the Eastern swordsman finishes his cutting stroke.

Some very heavy work was done by the gigantic hammerman of the past. It is said that "Mons Meg," the great built-up cannon, long shown on the ramparts of Edinburg Castle, was made by a Scottish blacksmith and his five sons, to aid the royal forces to batter down the gates of Thrave, the stronghold of the rebellious Douglasses.



FRENCH BLACKSMITH SHOP, 1750

Undoubtedly the ancient smith worked on articles of lead, bronze, silver and gold, often using the hammer to cold-draw the crude metal, and skilfully burning out impurities. Sir Francis Chantrey, after many essays and experiments, found that sixteen parts of copper with two and one-half parts each of tin and zinc produced a bronze, which when cast into an axe head or sword-blade, and hammered lightly and for a long space of time, took a keen cutting edge, which, however, soon became dulled and useless.

The Norse Saga of King Olaf Tryggeveson, tells how in his last great sea-fight his men on the "Long Serpent" complained that their swords were dulled by long-continued sword-play, and that King Olaf himself opened his arm chests, and gave out new swords to his wearied men-at-arms.

Iron swords, also hardened by repeated hammering, were in use long before this period, and a poor quality of steel was of course frequently met with.

The Norse smith, even when not of noble birth, was a freeman, and among the Welsh smiths were numbered among the high officials of prince and king. Especially was this the case when men began to shoe their horses with iron, and the knights in battle or tourney fared badly if his *destrier* lacked well-calked shoes, solidly fastened with large headed nails, which prevented slipping and took a strong hold on turf and highway. The Celtic (Welsh) smith of the King was especially favored, but equally bound to perform his duties, including the shoeing of the King's horse. "His seat in the palace is on the end of the bench, near the priest of the household." No son of a "villein" or serf could learn the arts of a scholar, smith or bard, except by the permission of his lord, or practice them except as a scholar in holy orders.

The list of tools of a Welsh smith in A.D. 876, were valued at six score pence, and included: "The large anvil, sixty pence; the brick-orne anvil, twelve pence; the bellows, eight pence; the smith's pincers, four pence; the smith's sledge, four pence; the paring-knife, four pence; a bore (or punch), four pence; a groover, four pence; a vise, four pence; a hoof-rasp, four-pence."

In South Wales, if a *talog* (serf or villein) taught his son scholarship, smithcraft or bardism without the permission of his lord, and the lord did not interfere before the scholar received the tonsure of the priest, or the smith entered his own smithy; or the bard was recognized as graduated in song; the lord could no longer enslave him, for the smith must be a free man.

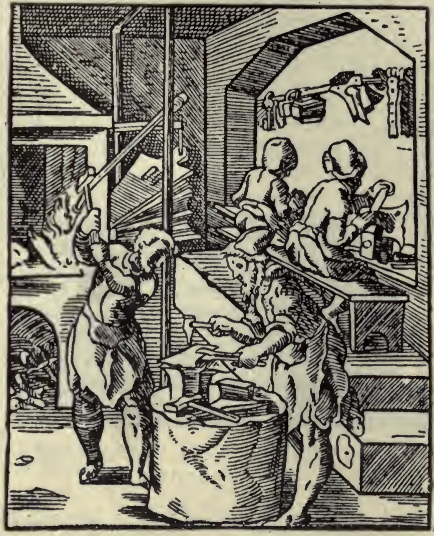
Much of the honor thus given to the smiths resulted from the mythological accounts of the way in which the gods, the dwarfs and the giants of a remote antiquity bestowed their skill and knowledge of the art upon men. In Wales especially, where Druidism long existed after its extinction in England, this spell long continued to impress popular opinion and public law. Druidism, at its height about B. C. 500, continually gave its acolytes lessons in working metals, in the study of the anatomy of the horses slain for sacrifice, and in the best method of shoeing their hoofs, and curing their diseases, and a modern writer, in discussing their claims to be considered first in the art of horse-shoeing, says:

"When we also look at the rational form they gave their work—how wisely they placed the nail-holes, and how skillfully they made the nail-heads to form so many catches to assist traveling in rocky and mountainous regions—one cannot but be astonished at the perfection which the sacred smiths had attained in defending and assisting nature, two thousand years ago."

Yet the Druids, like too many other ancient mystics and scientists, were coldly cruel in their search for knowledge and their worship of the gods, and, not to speak of the wholesale sacrifices of living men by burning them, it is said that one of them, Herophilus, "read lectures on the bodies of more than seven hundred living men, to show therein the secrets and wonders of the human fabric."

The blacksmith has not always been exempt from priestly malediction. Ancient Alauna, now Alcester, in Warwickshire, was at an early period famed for its iron works, and Saint Egwin found its people an arrogant, pleasure-loving breed of lusty blacksmiths, who, when he preached to them, to save them from perdition, thumped so heavily upon their anvils, that neither he nor anyone else could hear his discourse. Wherefore, after having vainly sought a hearing of men, he called down the vengeance of heaven on the offending town and its blacksmiths, with such success that it was suddenly laid in ruins, and no ringing of hammer or anvil was thereafter heard for years.

But other saints seem to have had a great respect for the craft. Saint Columba of "Iona's holy fane," (A. D. 600) tells of one "Coilriginus the smith," who dwelt in the heart of Ireland, and dying in the odor of sanctity was seen by a holy man, as his spirit was borne heavenward by angels. Wherefore St. Columba said to his assembled priests, "Columbus Coilriginus, the smith, hath not labored in vain, for he hath reached eternal happiness and life by the work of his hands; and now his soul is borne by angels to the celestial country. For whatsoever he acquired by the practice of his trade he spent in works of charity." He is probably named (June 7), in the calendars of Celtic Saints Colum-Zoba (Colum the Smith). St. Patrick (third century), had three smiths among his assistants, who duly appear in the same calendar. Saint Dega, Bishop of Inniskeen, Monaghan County, Ireland, derived his name Dayg (a great flame) from his employment in making articles of gold, silver, brass and iron for the service of the church. His day is August 18. Abbot Eastwin of Wearmouth, England, was a skilful smith.



MEDIEVAL SMITHY

St. Dunstan, famed for his learning and especially for his skill in metal working, is said, when tempted of Satan, to have seized the foul fiend by the nose with his red-hot tongs and held him until he was glad enough to be released and leave St. Dunstan to his prayers and blacksmithing.

But the patron-saint of the craft appears to have been St. Eloi or Eloy, who lived in France in the reign of Clotaire II, in the seventh century, being accounted the patron of the horse-shoer in nearly every country of Europe.

In Abyssinia the blacksmiths are styled "Boudak" sorcerers, and are popularly believed to have the power to change themselves into hyenas, and in Hedjayz they are also social outcasts. But among the Arabs they are held in high honor, and the tribal smith lives in a special tent, called "the master's Donar," pays no contributions, has his share of grain gratis and need not offer hospitality to anyone. Every tent makes him an allowance of wheat, barley and butter; he has the fleece of one ewe every spring, and when a camel is killed his part of the animal is assigned him as is his share of all plunder. In battle, if unarmed and in danger, he dismounts, kneels and imitates with his robe the plying of a bellows, and no enemy will injure him. Such a deed is considered infamous. If the tribe is plundered, the farrier can go to the enemy's camp, and on proving his calling get back his tent, tools, utensils and horse shoes.

IRON WROUGHT COFFER
Fifteenth Century

A name by no means uncommon and used in France and Germany to distinguish an officer who has charge of horses, is variously spelled Mareschal, Marechale and Marshal. It is said to be derived from Teutonic words *March*, horse, and *scale*, a servant.

Originally a mere groom, the office became an important one at court, and later still more important in a cavalry which was chiefly made up of the highest and noblest dignitaries and knights of the kingdom. Nevertheless, for many years the Mareschal shod the king's horses with his own hands, sometimes with shoes of silver, and as the king had to pay his cavaliers for all horses lost in his service, the Mareschal was bound to assess their value.

Thus noble French families include the Laferrieres and Ferrieres of Normandy, whose coats of arms are still emblazoned with eight horse shoes in token of their origin. In England, Walter Marshall, seventh Earl of Pembroke (1246) had for his seal a horse shoe encircling a nail.

At Bannockburn, June 25, 1318, the English Knights, Anselm de Mareschal and Thomas de Ferrers, were taken prisoners. The word still designates the horseshoer in France, but to distinguish the humble craftsman from the dignitary, the former is termed *Maréchal ferrant.*

It is hardly necessary to say that the prevalence of the surname Smith, is due to the fact that the founders of a host of English families were first distinguished as John or William or Henry the smith. Similar surnames arose from the various specialties of the calling as silversmith, goldsmith, whitesmith, locksmith, etc. The care of horses' feet and shoeing them naturally led to a certain amount of medical and surgical treatment, and the smith as farrier has as yet but partially given up his veterinary practice in the greater part of the civilized world. As we have seen from this part of his work the Smith family has its collateral branches in the Ferrieres, Ferrers, Farriers, etc., while the King's blacksmith and groom of the horse gives us the Mareschal, Marechale and Marshall surnames.

The crude tools of the smith, re-enforced by rude drills, "swages," and finer files and rasps, have created the finest and best tempered metallic work that the world has ever seen. Every new weapon, utensil, machine, ornament, or scientific appliance of wrought iron or steel has until the nineteenth century been laboriously shaped out with hammer and anvil, finished with file and manual polishing. The smith has been the creator of a myriad of original articles which the machine shops of today multiply. And today the blacksmith is still a necessity, still an inventor and designer, and still the local veterinarian of many a village and country-side. He no longer needs to hammer out his shoes from bars of iron and steel, or to keep a trio of rods hot in the forge while he shapes out horseshoe nails; but he still has to study the hoof of each steed, and fit horse and shoe, so that the good steed may not come to harm. There are new problems to work out, new conveniences to be contrived, special jobs, big and little, to be done; so the smith of today need not lead a monotonous working life, unless he chooses to do so.

The sameness of modern machine-made articles has created a demand for hand-made metal work, which need not, as it too largely is, be met by imported European and Asiatic goods. There are already American smiths who have recognized this demand, and begun to satisfy it, not only with copies of antique and foreign iron works, but with designs which draw their inspiration and beauty from American *motifs*. No man need believe that his grimy forge cannot be illumined by the pursuit of art, and the love of beauty as reproduced in enduring metal.

From far less comfortable and convenient forges than the American smith enjoys, myriads of costly articles have come to take an honored place in luxurious *salons* and magnificent palaces, and from like surroundings American and English, French, German, Italian and German artisans have sent the arms and armor that have made and unmade the kingdoms of Europe, and the inventions which control the world.

UNSATISFIED

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on either side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all the day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

Amid the city's constant din
A man who 'round the world has been;
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

—*From "Heart Throbs."*

Kyd and Bandello

By JOHN McGOVERN AND JESSE EDSON HALL

IF we go to some great book-collector he may generously show us three quarto (large square) volumes in Italian, and one octavo (ordinary book-size) volume, also in Italian, the four completing a full set of the first edition of the Novels of Bandello. Such a set is rare, and commanded $125 as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century. The three quartos were printed at Lucca, in 1554; the octavo at Lione, in 1573.

But for the existence of these oddly-assorted books there would have been no *Hamlet* in the cultivated universal human imagination; there would have been no *Romeo* in the realm of Love. And there is more of interest in this matter.

When the Italian volumes reached Paris, they engaged the attention of Pierre Boistaiau, an accomplished French writer, who amplified the story of *Romeo*. (Bandello had taken it from Luiga da Porto, of Vincenza, the original author, so far as known.) Having finished *Romeo*, and other tales, and while proceeding with the work of translation, Boistaiau died. His continuator in the translation was Francois Belleforest, by no means so good a scholar, and in his portion lay the story of *Hamlet*. Bandello had taken that from the Latin tale by Saxo-Grammaticus, the Dane.

These French volumes of Boistaiau and Belleforest went on to London, where *Romeo* was made into a poem in English, by Arthur Broke, and into prose by Paynter, forming a part of his "Palace of Pleasure."

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" follows the poem of Broke and the French adaptation. All forms—Italian, French and English—were in existence when Shakespeare was in his cradle.

Now there was born at London, some eight years before the birth of Shakespeare, one Thomas Kyd, who became an elegant scholar and the author of the most popular drama of his own and Shakespeare's time, "The Spanish Tragedy." Kyd read the French books carefully, as is proved by his own works.

There was also in existence, when Shakespeare was young, a drama of *Romeo*. It is almost certain that there was a bad drama of "Hamlet," in which the *Ghost*, in a mask, chased *Hamlet*, crying for revenge. It is not considered to be a bad guess that Kyd wrote the old "Hamlet"; he *may* also have been the author of the old "Romeo."

Plays, in those days, were prepared for the actors by being written on large cards, the principal "parts" occupying cards by themselves. Kyd and Shakespeare may have collaborated, or Shakespeare may have copied a set of Kyd's cards, or "sides," as they were and are sometimes called. If the bard of Avon did this, the product would be a Shakespearian play.

In our opinion, this route of investigation promises ample rewards in the future.

Both "Romeo" and "Hamlet" were first licensed *without* the name of Shakespeare on the title-pages. The first Shakespearian *Romeo* quarto, and the first Shakespearian *Hamlet* quarto were both wrought on afterward by their author, Shakespeare, and enlarged one-third. This seems very important.

The bitter Nash taunted Kyd with translating Seneca's tragedies and thus securing "whole Hamlets full—I should say handfuls—of tragedy." Here we have testimony that seems to us to form a triple connection of Kyd, Seneca, and *Hamlet* (as in the "Spanish Tragedy"). Thus the old *Hamlet* that Kyd may have written would bear strong structural resemblances (of prologue, prelude, entertainment, *Ghost*, *Fury*, etc.) to the "Spanish Tragedy."

William Shakespeare, so far as we know, never laid the plot of a drama himself, if he could find the work already done. He would "shift the scenes" and alter the names of characters, but he would not give credit to original authors, nor mention his contemporaries, as was often done by dramatists.

We shall proceed on the theory that Thomas Kyd, who certainly was familiar with the French book, made a "Hamlet" and a "Romeo"; or, that he worked with Shakespeare (for Fuller mentioned them together); or, that the mere copying by Shakespeare of Kyd's cards would result in a Shakespearian masterpiece. It is important to consider that, in the signature to Shakespeare's will, we have indubitable evidence that Shakespeare was one of the best clerks or copyists of his day. We feel that he copied many sets of cards before his name was attached to a drama.

In the story repeated by Bandello, *Romeo* "fell in love with a young gentlewoman of Verona," and "passed whole days and nights in marvelous plaints and lamentations." But, when he beheld *Juliet*, he instantly transferred that great passion to her. In the "Spanish Tragedy," by Kyd, *Bellimperia*, the heroine, was in love with the slain *Andrea*. When *Horatio* brings her the news of *Andrea's* death, she instantly transfers her passion to *Horatio*.

Kyd has a *Balthazar* and a *Don Pedro*; Bandello has a *Balthazar* and a *Pietro*. *Lorenzo* is Kyd's villain; *Friar Lawrence* is an important character in Shakespeare's "Romeo."

In Shakespeare's "Hamlet," the name *Laertes* is Greek; *Claudius*, *Polonius*, *Cornelius*, and *Marcellus* are Latin; *Bernardo* and *Francisco* are Spanish. None of these names is in Bandello. *Horatio* is from "Kyd's Spanish Tragedy." *Hieronimo* and *Andrea*, (in Kyd) are of Greek origin.

It is probable that the Danish story by Saxo had been adapted as a drama into some southern language before Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." The present names may be the ones Kyd used in the hypothetical old "Hamlet."

Saxo's story of "Hamlet," which Bandello reproduced, did not name *Polonius* or *Laertes*. There is this remark: "Was not this a crafty and subtle counselor?" Now, in Homer's "Iliad," the crafty counselor Ulysses is son of Laertes. In Kyd, *Hieronimo* avenges the assassination of a beloved son, (*Horatio*) and in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," the *Prince* (whose only friend is *Horatio*) avenges the assassination of a dearly-beloved father.

This Kyd, who, in the "Spanish Tragedy," evidently obtained his off-with-the-old-love-and-on-with-the-new from the story of *Romeo*, put more than a dozen leading ideas into the "Spanish Tragedy" that were *not* in Saxo or Bandello, and that were copied into Shakespeare's "Hamlet." This was shown in our work entitled "My Lord Hamlet" (NATIONAL MAGAZINE, June–December, 1908). Less briefly, there are in Kyd and not in Bandello:

1. A ghost who demands revenge.
2. A hero who desires suicide, but must do vengeance.
3. A hero who affects to consider the murder (to be avenged) a trivial thing.
4. He procrastinates and requires additional proofs.
5. He is back from college, where he became a playwright.
6. He writes a play and instructs the actors.
7. There is a play-within-the-play.
8. There is a prelude.
9. There is a beloved *Horatio*.
10. There is a heroine who kills herself.
11. There is a female character who goes mad and kills herself.
12. There is an aged man, with son and daughter, who are leading characters.

In "Romeo," Shakespeare exhausted the Love motif. In "Hamlet," he exhausted the Revenge motif; yet, even with Love omitted, "Hamlet" dragged. We believe that Shakespeare then advanced, with *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, to the *Faustus* motif in "Macbeth," and dealt neatly and unimpeded with the crime itself, securing in "Macbeth" the best drama ever written. We of the audience *know*, dramatically, why *Macbeth* leaps into the hell-mouth of his Conscience. We have seen him sell his soul to the devil. We can almost see him murder *Duncan*.

Old Henslowe frugally jotted down the expense of his hell-mouth into which *Faustus* must leap—but Shakespeare retroformed that hideous and noisome quantity of matter into mind (its primal element). No need of concrete and objective symbols exists in "Macbeth."

Next, the play of "Othello" is a perfect treatment of the Serpent motif—*Iago* being the greatest devil yet described. And, in all these works, Shakespeare humanized his myths more and more. At last, in "Othello," he abandoned the final vestige of the classic machinery formerly necessary to such themes. *Hamlet* is the most human Hero and Avenger; the play of "Macbeth" is nearly divested of all objective supernaturalism—for, if *Banquo* did not also see the *Witches*, all the rest could operate within the disordered mind of *Macbeth*. *Iago* is human all the time, and he is the sole miracle. In him, through the genius of William Shakespeare, our race first sees the Devil.

The evolution of the *Faustus* myth out of its progenitive Serpent, Owl, and Fury motives, is apparent in "Macbeth," by the aid of archeological research. The pure Serpent motif, as humanized in *Iago*, offers the conclusion of a series—"Romeo," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and *Iago*. In this entire series the hand of Kyd, in laying dramatic foundations, is certainly to be seen. The history of serpent worship with its derivations, and the evolution of the human Conscience as perfected by William Shakespeare in "Macbeth," we hope to show in papers now in course of preparation.

NOTE.—*William Shakespeare, the chief master of the English language, evokes also the enthusiasm of great writers in all other tongues. His works have been successfully translated into German, and English is itself increasingly spoken all over the earth. He seems to have had no adequate pride in his literary gifts, and left only two poems as certain monuments of his personal interest in his own works. He sold all his plays as if they were mere properties of the playhouse, "Macbeth" appearing to be no more significant or valuable than "Love's Labor's Lost."*

It is a human characteristic to worship what cannot be equaled, and to seek steadfastly for knowledge regarding the career of the one who has excited that regard. We know but little about Shakespeare, but with each decade we learn more. As our race advances further into art and into psychic feeling, a wider field for material of Shakespearian study comes into view. We move toward Shakespeare—become more fit to catch his meaning. We erect conventional staging beneath the vast structure of his genius, and from newly-devised coigns of vantage gain a more correct understanding of the fact that he wrote "not for a day but for all time." Thus, as the nightly heavens are the more beautiful because of the presence of the smaller stars that also sparkle in Vega's court or in Ligel's house-of-the-giant, so poets and dramatists who wrought for or with Shakespeare, by their writings throw the greater interest and even the greater effulgence on his name. The more we shall learn of many of these contemporaneous artists, the more we shall finally espy to admire in the incomparable art of William Shakespeare.

THE MULETEER

ALOFT, his vision o'er the desert runs
  With love for it and hate for what it holds,—
Across the sands, burnt with relentless suns,
  Another caravan than his unfolds.

But yesterday his voice was on the plain;
  A king of wide dominion was he then;—
Today he is usurped of his domain,
  And stronger teams respond to lesser men.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

RUM COVE

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON

LEM TUCKER swaggered down to the shore and looked off inquiringly in the direction of Fowler's Point. The fish hawk's nest in the herring weir below the Point showed a black blur between the green blue of the Sheepscot and the steel blue of the sky. Above Oven's Mouth, directly across from the Cove, a few white gulls were darting expectantly about. Satisfied with his inspection, Lem turned his gaze down the river. The Narrows gleamed in the twilight, a crooked ribbon of foam-stained green.

"See anything, Lem?" called an anxious voice from the upper side of the Cove.

"No," bellowed Lem, "we'll eat and then turn in. No Britisher could make the Cockles tonight against this wind and tide. It runs out like a sluice."

By this time Lem had joined the party of four men crouched about the pine knot fire sizzling away in the shelter of a huge rock on the south bend of the little bay.

"Let it burn," he grumbled as he bent over the enormous black kettle suspended above the flames, "that ox-quarter needs a blaze. Nobody'll get up river to see the fire tonight."

"Lem is more anxious to tackle the jugs down there under the skiff than a Britisher, I'll warrant," observed Jabez Newell.

Lem, grinning in assent, piled stout oak junks on the blaze. "Confound it," he roared suddenly, as though incensed at the recollection, "that scoundrelly Blythe of the Boxer crept up river three nights ago when the Shaws and the Plunketts were watching and cut four masts of Sweet Auburn pine, trimmed them, and got away with them, ten miles south of the Cockles by daybreak!"

"Where was Wendell of the Fox?" queried Job Tucker.

"Cruising down by the west side of the Cockles, waiting to trap the Boxer. He let Blythe slip by out him on the east side and never knew he'd been in till next morning."

A shrill cry sounded from the Cross, around which the water was boiling in the November gale.

"Hist!" gasped Jabez Newell.

Lemuel struck him a resounding whack on the back, crying "Brace up, Newell, there's naught out there but a couple of storm gulls hunting their Thanksgiving dinner. If you fellows will keep your nerve we'll have Blythe a prisoner and the 'Boxer' manned by a Maine crew before 1812 is over; but we arn't watching here to catch spooks and night hawks."

Jeth Watts, parceling out wooden plates from the hamper at his side, laughed uproariously. "Here, sonny," he chuckled to young Abiel Wood as he doled him a great chunk of the stewed ox-quarter and handed him a foaming mug of beer, "we're all ready to drink to the Yankee captain of the 'Boxer.'"

"Beats all how hungry a fellow gets this weather," observed Jabez, and then let his pewter mug fall with a clatter on the rock at his side.

The faint, quavering cry that had startled Jabez again sounded, but from another direction.

"That ain't no sea gull," muttered Jeth Watts, putting down his plate and mug emphatically.

"It ain't anything larger," snarled Lemuel, and if you fellows want to eat Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow with cracked heads, just keep on yarning! I tell you no ship, not even Blythe's 'Boxer,' could beat up the Narrows tonight, and—"

"Whizz" went a bullet by his head; and "piff" went another straight into the kettle of boiling beef. And then before anyone could have loaded a gun to say nothing of finding one in the dark, four stout men were stretched on their backs, bound, and tossed one side, while ten burly British seamen from the "Boxer" crew, after making a brief survey of the woods and shore, waxed merry over the cauldron of meat and keg of beer.

As they toasted their soaked feet by the crackling fire and quaffed the mugs of beer, poured for others to drink, they joked their prisoners jovially.

"No Britisher could come up the river tonight! Well, perhaps Captain Blythe may be able to take four Yankees down river when he gets back from cutting two more masts of Sweet Auburn pine and burning Sackett's Mill below Wiscassett," quoth one.

Four Yankees! Lemuel suddenly became alert. Sure enough, but four forms were stretched out at his side. The boy Abiel was not to be seen. But under the far side of the rock groped a dark shadow. It moved slightly. Lemuel rolled a little nearer Jabez and nudged him. Jabez nudged back understandingly.

"Now that we're caught and out of the game I don't suppose you fellows would mind telling us how it was done," asked Jeth Watts suddenly. The leader of the redcoats laughed. "Sure," he answered, "we're glad to give a Yank a lesson. We tacked up river with the tide last night and hid the 'Boxer' at the far end of Turtle Neck Cove, above Fowler's Point. After dark this evening we paddled across in skiffs and landed above here a mile or two. After Blythe has caught his Yankees napping at Sackett's Mill he will come down river and pick us up. You'll likely have plenty of company on the 'Boxer' in the morning."

"See that hole under the rock back there," cried one of the men. "I bet the Yankees have something better than beer hidden in it."

"No," said Lemuel, "you have told me something. Now I'll tell you a thing or two. Down in that brush by the shore is an overturned skiff and under it are two jugs of good West India rum."

The two men who had started to explore the region back of the boulder veered off to the shore. In the noise that they made crashing through the stiff underbrush nobody noticed a slight crackling in the thicket at the left. Only Lemuel saw with satisfaction that the shadow under the rock was not so heavy.

"What did you tell them about the rum for?" demanded Job Tucker of his brother, wrathfully.

Lemuel did not answer. He was listening intently to an owl hoot in the trees at the left and slightly to the north. He had himself taught Abiel that long-drawn, quavering, true-to-nature note.

Lemuel chuckled as he watched the men about the fire settling down to their jugs of rum. They were already half stupefied from the beer and the heat.

"It seems to amuse you to have the Britishers getting our good rum," grumbled Jabez. "There wasn't any need of telling them about it. We're trapped cleverly enough without losing that."

Lemuel chuckled again for answer as he saw the jugs passing. One by one, heavy with sleep and drink, he saw his captors wrap themselves in their great coats and stretch out comfortably. Indeed, what need of watching with prisoners securely bound, the "Boxer" to pick them up at daybreak, before any alarm could possibly be given, and plenty of stolen Yankee rum for a nightcap!

Two hours dragged by. Another owl hoot was heard, this time from the north and at a distance. Lemuel looked cautiously about. His companions were twisting uneasily, too uncomfortable and too angry to sleep. But the group by the fire were snoring loudly in drunken ease. He answered in a long, tremulous cry.

Ten minutes later a single dark figure emerged from the woods. Silently, without the crackling of a branch, it slipped from one to one of the prostrate figures, cutting their bonds. They rose to their feet and saw with amazement that their liberator was not young Abiel, but wizened, crazy Indian Joe, whose hut back of Fowler's Point had been burned by the British on the occasion of the last sally of the "Boxer" up the Sheepscot. He threw a pile of ropes and cordage at their feet, picked up the half emptied jug of rum by the fire, and stalked away into the woods.

Ten minutes later the British were still snoring comfortably, despite the fact that each was bound and securely pinioned to his neighbor.

There was not enough of the meat left to satisfy four hungry men who had been robbed of their supper; besides Lemuel and his comrades, though ordinarily brave, were not anxious to encounter the crew of the "Boxer" when she should stop in the morning to pick up her men and their prisoners. So, in the first gray of the dawn of Thanksgiving Day they poured cold water in the faces of their erstwhile conquerers, and without giving them time to recover from their astonishment over the transference to them of the plight of the Yankees the night before, started off through the woods to the little inland settlement of Sagadahock. They need not have been in haste, however, for when Captain Blythe went speeding down river a few hours later he was too anxious to clear the Narrows, before Captain Wendall of the "Fox" should intercept him, to stop to even remember the part of his crew supposed to be waiting for him at the Cove.

But it was not until Lemuel and his men had eaten a hearty breakfast at Sagadahock, and were loading their prisoners on heavy ox-carts in order to carry them with expedition to the jail at Wiscasset that they learned of other happenings of that eventful night. There the young Abiel, riding down post haste from Wiscasset with a troop of men at his heels, encountered them.

Then they learned how the boy, after his escape from the camp, had searched the shore to the north until he found the skiffs left by the "Boxer's" men. Rowing one skiff and towing the other, he had crossed the river to Fowler's Point. There, as he had thought, he found Indian Joe, lurking about the ruins of his hut. It was an easy matter to bribe him, with the promise of rum, to go to the rescue of the Yankees, whom he regarded as his friends. Abiel had given him a roll of cordage found in one of the skiffs, had told him the owl-hoot signal, and had started him off in one of the boats. By that time the tide had turned and Abiel made quick work of paddling up the river in the other to gather men from half the countryside. And though the throng of woodsmen, fisherfolk and farmers were not in time to prevent the burning of the mill, they had wounded or captured eighteen of Blythe's men, had forced him to leave uncut the masts of Sweet Auburn pine, and to escape down river in ignominious haste.

It was a proud moment for Lemuel and his companions when they escorted their ten captives through the streets of Wiscasset on their way to the jail. The fame, not only of Abiel's solitary expedition, but of the happenings at what was to be known henceforth as Rum Cove, had spread in all directions. It was even a prouder moment than when Lemuel was informed that he was to be Captain of the company Wiscasset was raising to go to the front to help keep the British out of more important places than Rum Cove.

A REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE

These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary War—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army—but if read downward on either side of the comma, they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown.

"Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight.
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,
Who non-resistant hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore,
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington."

Fundamentals of Taxation

By J. W. ZUVER

THE present system of taxation is antiquated and old fashioned, compared with other prevalent "get up and get" American methods. To me there is but one practical system in governmental affairs, as in business, today—to deal with all alike. This is also strictly in harmony with the fundamental principles of the Republic. Then why not compel every person to enumerate his own property, assuming from the first that common honesty exists among the American people?

All property not thus inventoried by the owner, when discovered, should at once become the property of the state. Such a system would require federal legislation to insure equitable adjustment. These laws would, of course, have to be submitted to the various states and territories as constitutional amendments. The government should then, for common understanding, issue a list of all taxable property. Federal action would prevent the shifting of taxpayers from one state and town to another, to evade taxation, once the system became uniform—this would result in a more just contribution of tax levies.

The government should issue the list of taxable property from year to year as leviable, requiring a statistical report sufficient to make a complete census. The system of estimate for arriving at values would remain about the same as at the present time. In order to determine all taxable property, it would be necessary to have a form reading as follows:

"I, A B., do affirm and swear that, at twelve o'clock noon, on the first Monday in May, I was not possessed of any property subject to taxation not herein enumerated."

Any taxable property found outside of this enumeration should promptly, and without recourse to legal procedure and red tape, be made the property of the State. Every man, twenty-one years of age or over, should pay a tax on or before a certain date, or forfeit his right to vote. The failure to pay a tax for five years should permanently disfranchise any citizen. This would awaken an interest in wielding the sovereign power of citizenship.

Recent experience in the Custom House frauds in New York indicates that people can be made to feel the power of the law when they have made a declaration that is not true, and in their returns do not disclose the property possessed. A provision could be made giving to the person finding property not declared for assessment a percentage of its value in return for information given the government, as was done in the sugar trust frauds. While this system may be somewhat repellent to personal pride, it would be effective in enforcing law that has been found to work well elsewhere.

One important feature which might be difficult to cover would be property held and developed by individuals as a matter of civic pride, rather than for self-interest. But under such a law as the above there would be less inducement to hold undeveloped city real estate, or fine homes merely to outdistance rival cities or towns.

Another difficulty would be to obtain complete and definite information of the property held by corporations, but the new income tax, operated by the internal revenue, is a step in this direction. The impossibility of legislating honesty into men is admitted; but the fear of the law and confiscation will have a powerful influence in compelling them to bear their full share of taxation or suffer the consequences.

I expect to see the day when this idea in some form will be taken up and supported by progressive leaders in Washington. The cause of most of our governmental troubles, and of the complaints from the people, is the inequitable distribution of the burdens imposed by taxation, and the equalization will not come through socialism or any revolutionary propaganda, but will evolve through a system of scientific taxation that spreads out the burdens and takes away, by legal process, the ill-gotten gains of any special line of get-rich-quick money-making, and the evasion of taxation. What is sequestering property and evading local taxation other than a most insidious form of smuggling? Confiscation would be the only logical remedy for this, which should be treated as is the other offence.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur B. Wilson

GRAND OPERA in these United States has gone the way of all cosmic things. Competition begot combination, which presaged elimination, which cleared the way for concentration. Now, for the present hour at least, there are manifest the outward signs of peace, prosperity and goodwill as long as operatic interests in these high places are properly served, and as long as the people will pay for the serving.

Not many years ago, the Metropolitan opera company, which represented grand opera in New York, and therefore in America, was pursuing its course in dictatorial ease unmolested and unafraid. Then a daring man appeared. He presumed to build an opera house in New York, to organize a company, to give performances, and to charge five dollars a seat for them. Perhaps he lost some money. If so, he didn't say much about it.

He became the patron of the modern French school in America. He introduced operas by Debussy, Massenet and Charpentier. He likewise brought to New York, to Philadelphia and to Boston three artists of rare distinction—Maurice Renaud, Mary Garden and Luisa Tetrazzini. He made every newspaper the official organ of "Elektra," and he interested the clergy vitally in "Salome."

He demonstrated that an opera house could be run by one manager better than by a pair of managers, a board of directors, "advisory associates" and like embellishments. He galvanized the opera business, and gave to all things concerned with opera a publicity hitherto unprecedented. As a personality, he was picturesque, pungent, dominating. As an executive, he was astute, imperturbable, tireless.

For all of which he was bought out, eliminated, banished, expunged and otherwise gotten rid of, for a term of ten years, as far as grand opera is concerned, from the four cities which now reap his heritage —Gotham, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. He may still play in Hoboken, Pittsburg, the two Portlands, Kalamazoo and Frisco.

He has determined to pass some part of his expatriation in London. To that end he has let the contract for a new opera house on the Kingsway. In this he will spend his well-earned leisure, at least a million and a half to start with, and begin the operatic "education" of the six million metropolitan Britons, many of whom have never attended Covent Garden.

While Oscar Hammerstein's activities for the present have been transferred to British soil, the vigorous operatic stimulant which he poured down the throat of the general public in this country still continues to work.

People in general now want to know what is going on in opera. Without minimizing the insistence upon high ideals which has in many particulars marked the regime of Mr. Gatti-Cazassa and Mr. Toscanini at the Metropolitan, this general interest in lyric drama may be traced in no small measure to the vigorous and efficacious methods with which Mr. Hammerstein produced opera in New York and Philadelphia and made the public aware of his doings.

The year books, particularly of the Chicago company and indeed that of the Boston company, give telling testimony to the former existence of Mr. Hammerstein in opera.

The Chicago-Philadelphia organization, in its list of singers and of producing rights of operas, is in direct line of descent from the Hammerstein companies, except that its director, Andreas Dippel, came from the Metropolitan.

The Boston company, Henry Russell, director, traces its origin to another source. When Mr. Russell visited Boston with his San Carlo troupe (at the Park theatre in May and at the Majestic theatre in December of 1907) Mr. Eben D. Jordan, who had long been desirous that Boston should have a permanent opera of its own, believed that in director and principals he had found the nucleus of such an institution. Ralph L. Flanders, general manager of the New England Conservatory, then lent his aid in like capacity to perfecting the organization, and putting it on a business basis. Frederick Converse, the composer, and Robert Jordan, son of the founder, enlisted the interest of social Boston, and in spite of the delays in building incident to labor trouble, the new theatre was opened on the appointed day a year ago.

While the idea of a permanent opera in Boston originated in the minds of Mr. Jordan and Mr. Flanders, it is highly probable that the two visits of Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Company to that city in the spring of 1908 and 1909 heightened the interest and gave greater catholicity to the taste of the public in opera.

His ensemble had an excellence hitherto unknown in visiting companies. He brought all of the novelties which he produced in New York and Philadelphia, except "Sapho," "Herodiade" and "Salome"; the latter's name, when breathed in tentative announcement, precipitated the prudent into passionate protest, and inspired the mayor to an exclusion act. There was no appreciable objection to the consideration of "Samson and Delilah," a harmless tale in which a scarlet woman brings to pitiable humiliation and disgrace a prophet of the Lord. Such is the price of culture.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hammerstein had the opportunity to do something for opera in Boston, not the least of which was the introduction of Debussy's incomparable "Pelleas and Melisande" and of Mary Garden's memorable portraiture of the heroine, which bore the kinship of a thing conceived and born with the music.

Boston profits now too in singers, some of them resident members of the opera there, some of them borrowed from Chicago. Mr. Hammerstein's elimination is the occasion of an alliance between the three impresarios, Mr. Gatti-Cazassa of the Metropolitan, Mr. Russell of Boston and Mr. Dippel of Chicago. A brief survey of the plans of each for the season may be timely. Mr. Gatti-Cazassa, now made the sole director of the Metropolitan, will open his season on November 14. At this time of writing a revival of Gluck's "Armide" is projected for that event.

During the season there will occur a series of productions of operas for the first time on any stage which henceforth will give the Metropolitan unprecedented distinction as a lyric theatre.

Three European composers will come to New York to personally superintend the initial productions of their operas, on the stage of the Metropolitan,—Puccini for his "The Girl of the Golden West"; Paul Dukas, for his "Ariane and Blue Beard," and Humperdinck for his "King's Children." It was the intention that the latter be done in English, and Charles Henry Meltzer had completed a considerable part of the English translation, but Mr. Gatti-Cazassa having deemed it impossible to make an adequate production in English has decided to perform the opera in its original German.

Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," from Belasco's drama of the name, is eagerly anticipated. The singers who will create the roles of the opera are Emmy Destinn, Caruso, Amato, Dinh Gilly and Adamo Didur. The lamented Gilibert was to have created a part which Puccini wrote especially for him.

The preference by these composers for the Metropolitan company over any European theatre as the auspices under which to introduce their works is significant.

Nor is this all. Mascagni's new opera "Ysobel," written for Bessie Abott, will be produced at the New Theatre November 21, for the first time on any stage. The composer will visit America to superintend preparations and is announced to conduct all performances during the tour which will follow. Mr. Tyler of Liebler and Company, who are making the production, assures an awaiting public that he will have spent the sum of one hundred thousand dollars before the curtain rises upon the first performance.

Signor Mascagni's librettist is Luigi Illica, who has collaborated with Puccini in

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FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO
A favorite with audiences of the Boston Opera House

his "La Boheme," "Tosca," and "Madam Butterfly."

He has based his plot on the legend of Lady Godiva, who about the year 1043, to gain from her lord, Leofric, Earl of Mercia, Leicester, and Bourne, the remission of a grievous tax upon the people of Coventry, rode nude through the streets by day from one end of the town to the other. The tale is not unknown to literature. It has been celebrated by Roger of Wendover, Michael Drayton, Sir William Dugdale, Rapin de Throyas, John Milton, Benjamin Poole, Richard Jago, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Walter Savage Landor, and no doubt by others. Bessie Abott, an American girl and protege of Jean de Reszke, will impersonate the heroine, who in the opera will be the daughter and not the wife of him who exacts tribute.

To reassure the super-sensitive, on the one hand, and on the other, to temper the disappointment of all unduly curious and inquisitive persons, let it be reminded that Mascagni has written a graceful, modest but wholly innocuous intermezzo for the orchestra, which will make the only portrayal of the ride of the beautiful Ysobel not an ocular, but merely an aural vision.

Now to return to the more sober announcements of the Metroplitan. Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," in which Caruso and Mme. Cavalieri appeared four years ago, will be revived. Other works on the list of novelties are: Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth," Leone's one act opera "L'Oracolo," Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," Rossini's little opera "Il Signor Bruschino," Leo Blech's "Versiegelt" and Wolff-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose."

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," unperformed at the Metropolitan for five years, will be revived. Mme. Melba will be heard in "La Boheme," "Rigoletto," "Otello" and "La Traviata."

From Boston will be brought upon occasion, Mme. Carmen-Melis, Lydia Lipkowska, Alice Nielsen, Robert Lassalle, a new French tenor of the Boston company, George Baklanoff, Florencio Constantino, and Carlo Galeffi, a new baritone.

Among the new members of Mr. Russell's Boston company are Mme. Carmen-Melis, last season one of Mr. Hammerstein's sopranos, Lina Cavalieri, Maria Gay and Mr. Zenatello. Requisition from Boston will be made upon these singers of the Metropolitan: Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Frances Alda, Marie Rappold, Louise Homer, and Messrs. Caruso, Burrian, Jadlowker, Slezak, Amato, Scotti, Soomer De-Segurola and Pini-Corsi, indeed an able list.

Likewise the following from the Chicago company will appear at some time during the Boston season: Mary Garden, Mariette Mazarin, Lillian Nordica, Marguerite Sylva, and Messrs. Dalmores, McCormack, Dufranne, Renaud and Sammarco.

Of the twenty-one operas in his repertory of last year, Mr. Russell retains nineteen, and announces thirteen more. Three are Italian, "The Girl of the Golden West," "Otello," and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Of the seven added French operas, two will be performed for the first time in America, Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and Laparra's "Habanera."

There are to be two productions of English operas, both by Mr. Converse. One is "The Pipe of Desire," performed in Boston by amateurs in January and March, 1906, and at the Metropolitan, the eighteenth of last March. The other is Mr. Converse's new opera "The Sacrifice," which will be produced for the first time on any stage. The composer has written his own libretto. He places his plot in picturesque southern California in 1846 before the westward rush for gold began.

Andre Caplet has been engaged at the Boston house to direct the French operas. He will conduct "Faust" November 14, for his first appearance in this country. He is, however, already known here through his compositions for wind instruments. Georges Longy, the distinguished first oboe of the Boston Symphony, and his wind choir have introduced the Quintet, the Suite Persane and the Legende at their concerts in Boston. The Quintet will be played by the Barrere Ensemble in New York this winter. Mr. Caplet's "Impression of Autumn," an elegy for saxophone and orchestra, has been performed in Boston by Mrs. Richard J. Hall, soloist, and the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor.

The season at the Boston Opera opened November 7, with Boito's "Mefistofele"

GERALDINE FARRAR

Who will create the soprano role in the production of "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Miss Farrar was soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last month which was revived on an elaborate scale last year. The novelty of the repetition was the first appearance in America of Leon Sibiriakoff, the Russian bass.

In Chicago, Mr. Dippel opened his season with "Aida" in the auditorium, which has been reduced in its interior spaces to better secure the intimacy of an opera house. A list of his principal singers not already mentioned in connection with the other companies would include Johanna Gadski, Jane Osborn-Hannah, formerly a church and concert singer of Chicago, Eleonora de Cisneros and Lillian Grenville, a New York girl who has been singing at Nice and the San Carlo in Naples.

From the Metropolitan will come Miss Farrar and Messrs. Caruso, Slezak, Jadlowker and Scotti, and from Boston, Carmen-Melis, Alice Nielsen, Lydia Lipkowska, Constantino and Baklanoff.

Mr. Dippel contemplates the first production in this country of five works which may arouse variable curiosity: Richard Strauss' latest opera, "The Knight of the Roses," "Suzanne's Secret," by Wolff-Ferrari, Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," Nougoues' "Quo Vadis," and Victor Herbert's new grand opera, "Natoma." Announcement is made that the latter will be produced February 6, 1911, in Philadelphia. The company will begin its engagement in that city, Friday, January 20, at the theatre built by Mr. Hammerstein, now renamed "The Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia." The score of "Natoma" will be published simultaneously by Schirmer in New York and Schott of Mains, Germany.

"Suzanne's Secret" is designed for production in Chicago if the French translation is ready in time. It is styled by the composer an "intermezzo in one act." Its story turns upon the passion of the heroine for cigarettes. The odor of smoke piques a jealous husband to the imagination of another man and intrigue. It is said to be a fragile, tenuous piece better suited to the intimacy of a small than the spaces of a large theatre. Report comes that this trifle enforced a marked innovation at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, where it received its initial production. Never before had real tobacco been burned within the building's sacred precincts.

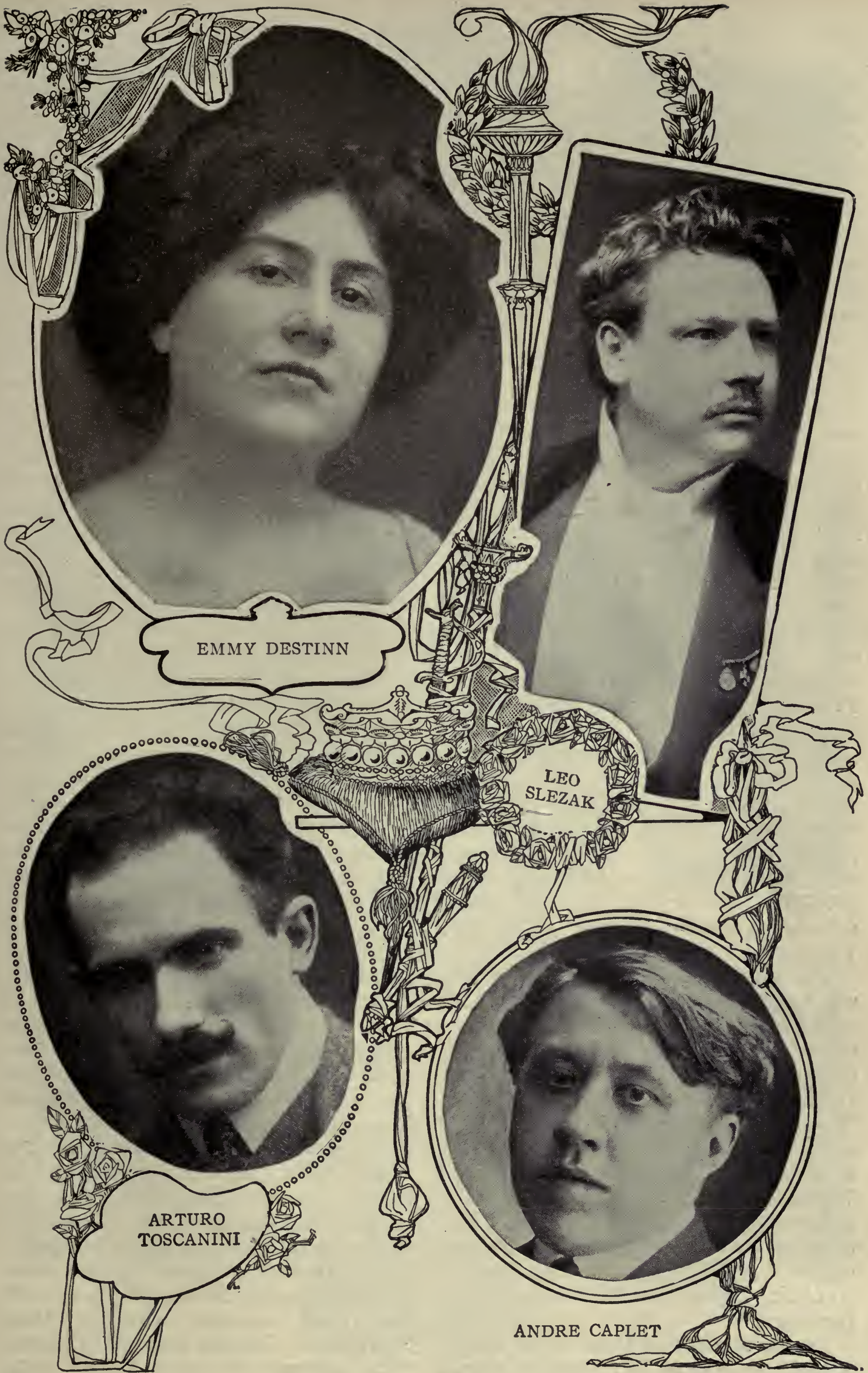
Wolff-Ferrari, the composer of "Suzanne's Secret," is known in America by his setting of Dante's "The New Life." It is a work of true inspiration and rare beauty. It has been performed twice by the Oratorio Society of New York, Frank Damrosch, conductor (by them first time in America) and twice by the Cecilia Society of Boston, when under the direction of Wallace Goodrich.

In January, the Chicago Company will give two series of five performances on Tuesdays at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, which will be devoted to French opera. In them Mary Garden is announced to appear in "Carmen," (a new role for her in America), "Pelleas and Melisande," "Louise," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "Thais."

Anton Witek, who succeeds Willy Hess this season as concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was born at Saaz, Bohemia, January 7, 1872. He studied at Prague. In 1894 he was appointed concert-master of the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin, which position he held until the present year. Mr. Witek has organized a trio in Boston. The 'cellist is Alwyn Schroeder, who, after an interim of seven years, resumes the first chair of the 'cellos in the Boston Symphony. The pianist is Kurt Fischer, who came this season to the faculty of the New England Conservatory, Boston, from the Royal Conservatory at Sonderhausen.

Mr. Witek made his first appearance as a soloist in this country at the fourth public rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony, October 28 and 29. He played the Beethoven concerto. Mr. Philip Hale said: "Mr. Witek gave an uncommonly fine performance of Beethoven's concerto. He played with serene, not indifferent composure, with respect for Beethoven and the audience."

Francis Macmillen, the American violinist, played at the symphony concerts in Boston for the first time October 14 and 15. The other soloists to appear are as follows: singers, Mme. Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Emmy Destinn, Mme. Jomelli, Mme. Kirby-Lunn; pianists, Josef Hofmann, Carlo Buonamici, Ferruccio Busoni; violinists, Mischa Elman and Sylvain Noack, and 'cellist, Heinrich


EMMY DESTINN
LEO SLEZAK
ARTURO TOSCANINI
ANDRE CAPLET

A QUARTET OF OPERATIC STARS
Miss Emmy Destinn (*Photo by Aime Dupont*), Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House
Leo Slezak (*Photo copyright by Mishkin Studio*), Dramatic Tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House
Andre Caplet, the new French Conductor of the Boston Opera House
Arturo Toscanini (*Photo by Aime Dupont*), the distinguished conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House

Warnke. Mr. Warnke shares with Mr. Schroeder the first desk of the 'cellos in the orchestra. Mr. Noack is second concert-master.

The orchestra will make the usual five monthly tours to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and in January will give concerts in Pittsburg, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Syracuse and Troy.

At his first two concerts of the New York Symphony Society, October 28 and 30 at the New Theatre, Walter Damrosch introduced to America Felix Berber, the German violinist. Mr. Berber is thirty-nine years old. Hans von Buelow influenced him toward a career in music, although he evinced talent for painting. His taste for the latter was still sufficiently strong in 1885 to call him from music study at the Leipzig Conservatory for a year. He was made concert-master of the Gewandhaus orchestra in 1898, and first professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music in Munich in 1904. Two years later he became Marteau's successor in the Conservatory of Geneva.

The New York Symphony Society will give eight Friday afternoon concerts and sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts at the New Theatre, six Young People's Symphony concerts on Saturday afternoons at Carnegie Hall, and five concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There will also be concerts at Orange, Montclair, Yonkers and two Western tours.

The novelties which Mr. Damrosch will play during the coming season are: "Symphonic Waltz" by Mr. Stock, conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Chicago; Debussy's "Iberia," one of three compositions in his new suite "Images"; a symphony by Henry Rabaud, now a conductor of the Opera at Paris; a Rondo and Rhapsody of "Joyous Wanderings," by Hugo Kaun; a "Chamber Symphony" by Paul Juon, and the Third Symphony of Henry Hadley, to be conducted by the composer. Mr. Hadley is conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

At the concerts of October 28 and 30 at the New Theatre, Mr. Damrosch played for the first time in America Delius' English Rhapsody, "Briggs Fair." His novelties November 6 were a Symphonic Poem by the Englishman Wallace, and Saint-Saens' March, "Occident and Orient."

Arnold Volpe, conductor of the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, will make compositions by Americans the feature of his season of concerts in New York. He will play Edgar Stillman-Kelly's "Macbeth," and Arthur Farwell's "The Domain of Hurakan" (both in manuscript), for the first time at any concert. Henry Hadley's "In Bohemia," and MacDowell's "Indian Suite" are also announced.

In Boston, Mr. Longy has selected for performance by the club of wind instrument players that bears his name, a list of French pieces in which novelties are named from Woollett, Moreau, Dukas, Debussy, Dvorak and Reuschel. A serenade in B flat by Mozart is to be played, which is rarely performed through its demand for two basset horns. The basset horn is an instrument resembling the low register of the clarinet in tone, and sounding a fifth deeper than played.

For the two concerts of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy has chosen a list of novelties in French orchestral music from Dukas, Saint-Saens, Lazzari, Erlanger, Debussy and others. Mrs. Richard J. Hall, a highly accomplished performer upon the saxophone, is president and patroness of the organization. The players are between seventy and eighty in number, and are both amateur and professional musicians.

The Barrere Ensemble, the choir of wood-wind players in New York, organized and directed by George Barrere, the admirable first flute of the New York Symphony Orchestra, will give three concerts this season. A novelty in their prospectus is a Suite in B flat by Richard Strauss, which will be played for the first time in America. The work is in manuscript. It is for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four horns, two bassoons and contra-bassoon.

The Worcester (Massachusetts) music festival brought out on September 29 Part I of Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam." The soloists were as follows: "The Beloved," Margaret Keyes; "The Poet," Berrick von Norden; "The Philosopher," Frederick Weld.

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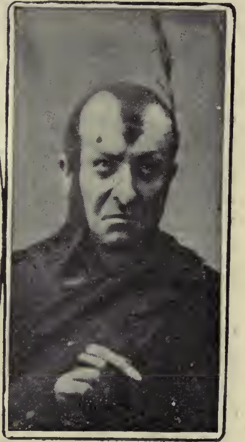

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AN INTERESTING GRAND OPERA GROUP

1—Lydia Lipkowska (*Photo by Chickering*) 2—Alice Nielsen (*Photo by Chickering*) 3—Carmen Melis (*Photo copyright by Midekin Studio*) 4—Frances Alda (*Copyright by A. Dupont*) 5—George Baklanoff 6—Maurice Renaud (*Copyright by Midekin Studio*) 7—Mary Garden 8—Maria Gay (*Copyright by A. Dupont*) 9—Oscar Hammerstein (All photos by courtesy of the New England Magazine)

An orchestra of sixty men from the Boston Symphony played. Arthur Mees conducted.

Granville Bantock has been identified with Birmingham, England, as a choral and orchestral conductor and as a teacher. He was born in London, the son of an eminent British surgeon, and is now forty-two years old. Ill-health at a critical moment deterred him from entering the Indian Civil Service. He tried a course in chemical engineering, but could not evade music. The Orient, its people and atmosphere have been a considerable inspiration in his composing. He has written orchestral and choral works and songs. He is now engaged upon his work "Scenes from the Life of Christ." "Gethsemane," the first of these, completed in 1898, was performed for the first time at the festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester, England, in September.

Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" is divided into three parts, each permitting of separate performance. Part I, done at Worcester, is a setting of the first fifty-four quatrains of the Rubaiyat, the last beginning, "Waste not your hour."

This first part was performed for the first time at any concert at the Birmingham (England) festival October 4, 1906. It was performed by the London Choral Society, Arthur Flagge, conductor, in May and again in September of last year. The same society did the work entire, Parts I, II and III in February.

The program book of the Worcester festival, and several newspapers in Boston, made the statement that the "present performance (at Worcester) was the first complete one in this country." Literally the statement is no doubt true. Part I was given, however, April 28, 1908, at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, by the Brooklyn Choral Society, T. Bath Glasson, conductor. William C. Carl was organist. The Brooklyn Orchestral Society played. The soloists were Genevieve Wheat, Cecil James and Andreas Schneider.

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Glasson, who, in reply to my inquiry as to how much of the work his society sang, writes: "The performance of Part I of Bantock's 'Omar Khayyam' was practically given in its entirety save for a few minor cuts." At the time of the concert, Granville Bantock wrote Mr. Glasson as follows: "I wish I could see you in person and thank you for the introduction of my 'Omar Khayyam' in America." By reason of the composer's own words, it would appear that Mr. Glasson and his society should share a few crumbs of credit.

Even acknowledging the difficulty of avoiding monotony in a text as frankly philosophical and undramatic as are the Rubaiyat, the work itself was disappointing. Bantock has at times caught the glow, the languor and the fragrance of Omar's imagery as Fitzgerald has reproduced it in English verse. More often he has allowed the repetition and the tedium of his personal idiosyncrasies of style to stamp his pages commonplace. It was not altogether apparent how successful he had transcribed the note of rapture and passion. Miss Keyes and Mr. von Norden were to be commended for the lyric beauty and the understanding which marked their singing.

The work was performed on Thursday night. Mr. Mees and the members of the orchestra deserve great praise for giving so worthy a rendition notwithstanding the fact that through a blunder on the part of foreign publishers, a section of the orchestral parts was omitted, and the rehearsals of the orchestra were thus delayed until the preceding Tuesday. The singing of the chorus showed excellent quality and balance of voices and careful preparation in learning the work.

Part I of Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" will be done this winter in Boston, by the Cecilia Society with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Max Fiedler will conduct.

St. Paul takes its music seriously. It appears that matrons in that city demanded that a manager proposing to present Mme. Cavalieri should cancel her contract at once, charging that well-esteemed persons should not attend a musical entertainment at which she appeared. These excellent ladies stipulated that the manager should engage Mme. Alda. Mme. Alda is now Mrs. Gatti-Cazassa.

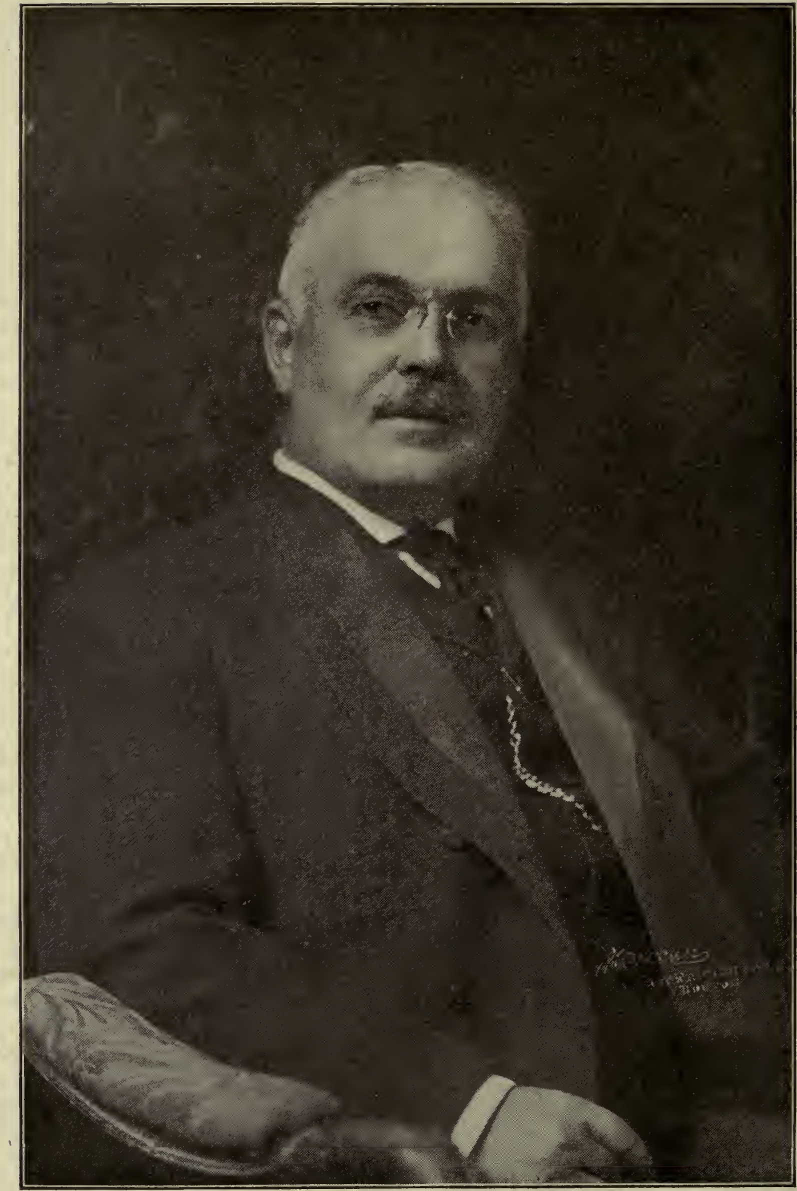
Flashlights of Public Men

By EDWARD HALE BRUSH

AS a part of a national movement to extend the influence of humane teaching, the American Humane Education Society has begun the establishment of traveling libraries in different parts of the country. The books will be sent for the most part into rural districts and will be circulated principally through the local school boards, entirely without charge to the readers—the custodians, of course, being held responsible to the society for their proper use. The books have been chosen by a committee composed of the president of the society, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, of Boston; Mrs. Huntington Smith, of Boston; Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of New York; Miss Sarah J. Eddy, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Mary F. Lowell, of Pennsylvania. The list of books, thirty in all, includes Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends"; "Jonathan and David," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Little Brothers to the Bear," by Dr. William J. Long; "A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton; "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Concerning Cats," by Helen M. Winslow, and "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. Also the latter author's very latest book called "Just Horses," a volume of tales which makes a strong appeal for the horse and also contains some splendid humors. The committee will form branches of the organization in various states to work against the spirit of wanton cruelty to animals and create sentiment in favor of public school teaching on the subject.

Sewell Ford's "Horses Nine" is several years old, but continues to be one of the books most often called for at the libraries. Meanwhile Mr. Ford has created "Shorty McCabe," who lives for the reading world in several books and is still "on the job," acquainting us with the way he sees life and the queer people in the world. Another likable fellow, "Cherub Devine," recently sprang from Mr. Ford's imagination into the midst of an admiring public. He is perhaps hardly as original a fellow as Shorty, or so much in a class by himself, but his adventures in Wall Street and among swell society on Long Island are diverting and serve to furnish expression to some quaintly humorous passages bearing on what constitutes "good society."

Mr. Ford is a native of Maine, and he got his Greek and Latin at an academy in Haverhill, Massachusetts, but his literary career has been chiefly identified with New York, and he makes his home in Hackensack, New Jersey. His character studies have given him a distinct place in American literature, and he is still a comparatively young man, though he has a boy in college. He was looking over the proofs of some of Shorty's clever sayings one day when a dear old female relative dropped into his den. He explained to her what he was at work on and read to her what he thought were some of the best hits in the book. He couldn't help laughing even at some of his own jokes, and after a time looked up to see how they affected her. The dear lady's face was as glum as a funeral.



DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY OF HUMANE FAME

"What's the matter, Aunt, don't you like it?" asked Ford.

"Like it!" exclaimed the good old soul, "why, Sewell, I'm shocked, painfully shocked. To think that you've been consorting with such low people as pugilists! I actually believe you've been to horse races, too."

This has been the busy season for orators at the dedication of monuments. The poets have been busy, also, and one of them, dear old Will Carleton, whose "Farm Ballads" have drawn so many tears and made so many smiles, read a poem in his old familiar vein at the dedication of the equestrian statue of General

Custer at Monroe, Michigan. This statue, by E. C. Potter, has been highly praised and will be interesting alike for its artistic value and its historic associations. Another hero has recently been honored, too, this time one of the heroes of the forum rather than the battlefield, Henry Clay, a statue of whom was erected in Lexington, Kentucky. The Clay statue is by Charles J. Mulligan, of Chicago, and is a strong conception of the great statesman claimed as her most illustrious son by the Blue Grass State. It cost $10,000 and was erected under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the local lodge of Masons, Clay having belonged to that order. An interesting feature of the unveiling ceremonies was the presence of Mrs. Thomas H. Clay, wife of a grandson of Clay.

An event of Independence Day was the unveiling at Court House Square, Scranton, Pennsylvania, of a monument in honor of General Philip Sheridan. It is one of the most imposing pieces of statuary in the country. The dedicatory oration was delivered by General James R. O'Beirne, of New York, who served with the Irish Rifles of that city during the Civil War, was promoted for heroic conduct, later receiving a medal of honor and being brevetted a brigadier-general. Still another monument to a Civil War hero is that dedicated in June at Cold Harbor, Virginia, in remembrance of Colonel Peter A. Porter and the men who fell with him in the battle at that place. Half a hundred survivors of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery participated in the ceremonies, and Confederates who fought them also took part. One of the speakers was ex-Congressman Peter A. Porter, of Niagara Falls, New York.

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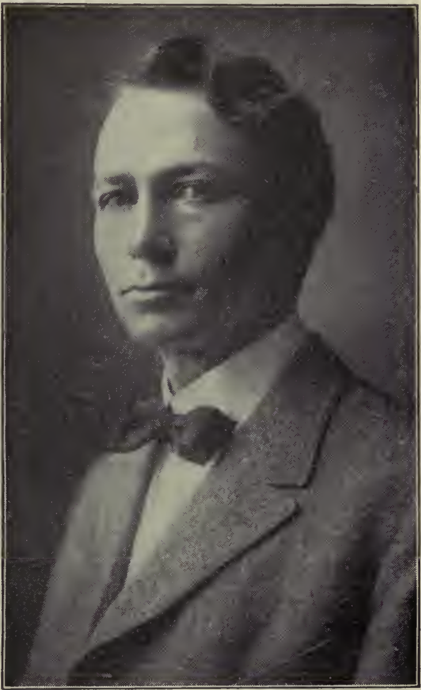
In recent years we have had automobiles and wireless telegraphy in fiction, and now comes the flying machine. "Virginia of the Air Lanes," by Herbert Quick, "a story of the day, the hour and the minute," as the publishers tell us, is rivaling in interest "Danbury Rodd, Aviator," by Frederick Palmer. And then there is that junior at Harvard, Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, who won the Floyd McKim Garrison memorial prize of $100 for the best poem written by a Harvard student with his verses entitled "The Conquest of the Air." One critic thinks that "not since Kipling's 'Recessional' has there been given us so fine a poem." Some of the stanzas run:

With a thunder-driven heart
  And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was, upstart;
    King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
  I have watched the sunset die,
As I burst the lucent bars
    Of the sky.



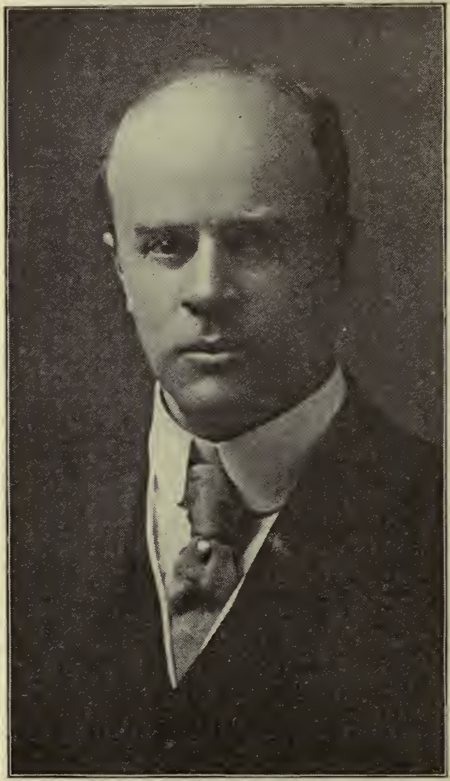
SEWELL FORD

Soaring from the clinging sod,
  First and foremost of my race,
Other winged men may come,
  Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum
    Ere they die.

I alone have seen the earth,
  Age-old fetters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth—
    Deified!

Danbury Rodd is a kind of Arabian Nights hero in the wonders he performs in his aeroplane, and yet there is realism in it all. Palmer took his man up 4000 feet in his heavier-than-air flying machine, an almost unbelievable performance at the time the story was written, but a number of the birdmen went twice that high at the Belmont Park aviation tournament and a European has made a record of over 9000 feet. Speaking of how he happened to write his latest story, Palmer says:

"Orville Wright made his big flight, so I decided to make some imaginary flights, at first, for the fun of the thing. Once started I became interested. I watched men fly, literally fly, as the seagulls do in the air plane of a steamer, not moving a wing and then cutting down through the air. I read Sir Hiram Maxim's principles of aviation and found that he watched the seagulls, too. I talked to Frenchmen who told me what they saw and what they felt up in the air. I got impressions from high angles, although I've gone up in a flying machine only once. It is that first lifting up that gets hold of me, and the man who first succeeded in doing it was my inspiration."



CONGRESSMAN ANDREW J. PETERS
of Massachusetts

* * *

One of the Republican members of the Massachusetts Congressional delegation made this comment on a great and growing evil of our public life, which is perhaps the largest factor in making our government the most expensive in the world:

"Our constituents," said the Congressman, "want us to do something for them, and so long as we get our hands in the Treasury they do not care. The man who gets a large appropriation for something in his own district achieves popularity, no matter what his conduct may be in regard to general legislation."

Which is lamentably true. Every member of Congress wants to be popular and the government spends lots of money which might as well be spent in one place as another. Consequently much time is spent in reaching for the "pork barrel." The Representative who doesn't crowd up with the rest to get his share is apt to be called "no use" by a certain element of his constituents. This sketch is of a man who has always refused on general principles to crowd up to the "pork barrel" because he believes that a Congressman has more important things to attend to.

Andrew James Peters, a Democrat, represents the eleventh Massachusetts district, which comprises that part of the city of Boston called Brighton, Allston, the Back Bay, Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, and Roslindale. It is a district including all ranks of life and a constituency of varied and divergent ideas on politics and on everything else. It is always an interesting district politically to watch.

Originally drafted for a Republican stronghold, the eleventh Massachusetts votes with the G. O. P. consistently and handsomely in presidential and gubernatorial contests, but in the Congressional contests the Democrats have prevailed by the sheer political strength of their nominees. First they sent John A. Sullivan down to Washington—one of the ablest and most popular men who ever represented Boston in Congress, at present chairman of the Boston Finance Commission. Mr. Peters followed him and has made an equally notable position.

His speech on the Catholic claims, which attracted attention all over the country, his work on Insular Affairs, and his fight against the abuse of child labor made a position for Mr. Peters in the front rank of the younger members of the Sixtieth Congress. Typhoid fever disabled him for a time at the end of the second session and kept him from any active work until the very last days of his campaign. His record spoke for him, however, and he was again elected over Lane.

Mr. Peters' excellent work has been maintained in the Sixty-first Congress. His work on the Tariff, the Railroad Bill, and especially the Weeks Bill for a White Mountain Forest Reserve has been appreciated. At the close of the Special Tariff Session he was promoted to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which framed the Railroad Bill and is one of the four leading committees of the House.

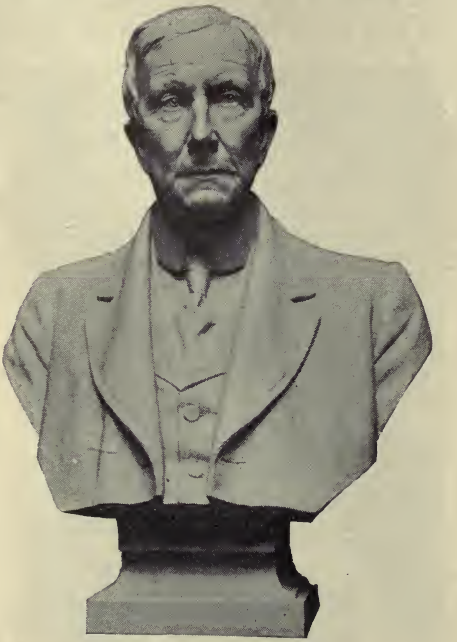
Mr. Peters' record and character are of the solid sort which should place him high in the reorganized and newly powerful Democracy which will arise if the Republicans lose control in the next Congressional elections. The eleventh district Democrats have a strong candidate at hand. The chances for a Republican representative from Boston was quashed by the re-nomination of Mr. Peters.

* * *

John D. Rockefeller is seventy-one, and is getting to an age where he looks at life more from the standpoint of the philosopher than the money-maker. It is this phase of his character that one notices most in the bust of the richest man in the world, just completed by William Couper, of New York. Mr. Couper is famed for his excellence in the modeling of portrait works and some of the most notable things of the kind in the country are from his studio. This bust of Rockefeller will naturally be much talked about and it deserves to be, not only because it portrays a rich man, but because of its art and its truth.

* * *

Congressman Don C. Edwards represents one of the three Kentucky mountain districts—and he represents it well. He secured the passage of more bills last term than any man in Congress. Washington likes him immensely, and so do the people in his district—but, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Edwards is having the fight of his life to retain his seat. And it is all because Governor Goebel was shot many years ago. Incidental to that famous shooting affair Caleb Powers languished eight years in jail, and was finally pardoned by Governor Wilson. Most everybody felt that the Governor would pardon Powers, and that was one of the reasons he was elected by a good majority. But that wasn't vindication enough for Powers, and about the time he got out of jail he started running for Congress, and his slogan is "Eight Years in Jail; seven years in Congress"—the atter part of the epigram (if it can be called that) applies to Congressman Edwards. Powers is evidently undaunted by his long confinement and has been canvassing the Congressional district. It is claimed that he endeavored to take snap judgment by having the primaries called early before Mr. Edwards could


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

return from Washington to make his campaign; but the Congressional Committee met and by practically a full vote set the primaries for September 15. There are nineteen big counties in the district, and Congressman Edwards is campaigning in them. The county seats of only about a half dozen of these counties can be reached by train, and for the most part the people can be met only by going on horse back. But Congressman Edwards has "hit the trail," and it will take him most of the time for three months in the saddle, to see all the regions of his constituency. A sample trip will be his ride of seventy-five miles from the railroad to speak at Hyden, the county seat of Leslie County.

REPRESENTATIVE DON C. EDWARDS
of Kentucky

Some people think it is a snap to be a Congressman, but when a Representative has to go up against the kind of proposition Mr. Edwards has to meet, after seven years of faithful, and somewhat distinguished service, to save his scalp for no other reason than to meet an appeal to the sympathies of the voters—then any semblance to the place being a sinecure rapidly fades out of sight.

Mr. Edwards has made his record in Congress because of the careful, conservative manner in which he handles public business. He is inclined to be somewhat non-committal, and has a high regard for the opinions of his constituency, and seeks their advice and consults their interests in all important matters. He makes a good speech, and is popular among all classes. Powers is described as more talkative and inclined to be impulsive, but both men are first-class fighters, and every mountain trail and every cabin in all that broad district will be the scene of their activities during the present canvass. Irrespective of what merits Mr. Powers may possess he would hardly create any spontaneous enthusiasm in Washington, if he should win, and the personal strength and faithful service of Edwards are an asset to Kentucky and the district that he represents that would far outweigh all the sentiment that attaches to the Powers claims. Most people are glad that Powers has his liberty, because it is the general impression that he was unjustly imprisoned; but the idea in Kentucky that Washington might share any of the sentimentality connected with the unfortunate Goebel affair is to say the least absurd. Edwards has won his spurs and made a good record—no new man can replace him until he has acquired long experience and made his place here by hard work.

* * *

There has been some controversy during the past year over the Speaker of the House, but concerning Marlin E. Olmsted, often termed the "assistant Speaker," there has been no dispute. Mr. Olmsted has been in the House continuously since the Fifty-fifth Congress. His constituency has so thoroughly appreciated his valuable services that he has usually been returned without serious opposition. He has recently been unanimously renominated for the Sixty-second Congress, his district being the Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and comprising the counties of Dauphin, Lebanon and Cumberland.

Mr. Olmsted has been the leading figure in solving as many perplexing problems of legislative government as any man in Congress. Prior to entering Congress he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice in the law, and in his extensive work in the state and federal courts attained special distinction in cases involving questions of constitutional law. He has at all times devoted himself to his congressional duties with the same fidelity and enthusiasm that had been his custom in the practice of his profession. When he made his first speech in Congress it was during the passage of the Dingley Bill, and James S. Sherman, now Vice-President of the United States, was in the Chair. Since that day Mr. Olmsted has perhaps decided more nice parliamentary questions than any other member of the House, with the possible exception of Mr. Sherman and the Speakers themselves, for he early became acknowledged authority of first importance in parliamentary law, and has mastered the intricacies of this essential of legislative government so thoroughly that Speaker Henderson gave to him the credit of being the best parliamentarian in the House and frequently called him to preside over the House in Committee of the Whole, when important measures were pending. Speaker Cannon followed the same course, and one of the numerous assignments made by the Speaker to Mr. Olmsted was to preside over the House for several weeks, while the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was being considered in the Committee of the Whole. The members have always liked Mr. Olmsted's manner of presiding, on account of his absolute fairness, his quick and clear comprehension of the proceedings, and his firm but courteous mastery of the conflicting problems in which a presiding officer is constantly involved.

Congressman Olmsted is chairman of the Committee on Insular Affairs, and prepared, reported and secured the passage in the House of a new constitution for Porto Rico. Last year, when difficulties arose in the Island requiring the enactment of special legislation, he prepared and secured the passage of what is known as the "Olmsted Act," and the wisdom of the measure has been proven by the eminently satisfactory results obtained under it. In this broad field of his congressional work he also assisted in the enactment of the existing laws for the government of the Philippines, and as a member of the Committee on Revision of Laws was an important factor in preparing a code for the government of Alaska. In the intricate problems with which the administration has had to contend in shaping the destinies of the United States possessions, he has been looked upon as one of the nation's best informed and most thoroughly equipped authorities, and his advice and aid have been constantly sought in the development of our national policies toward our dependencies.

That fairness and justice have actuated his motives during his whole congressional life, is shown not only in reference to our governmental policies, but in his work while chairman of the Committee on Elections. He occupied this position for a number of years, and disposed of contested seats in Congress with such legal ability and eminent fairness as to win the approbation of Democrats and Republicans alike. The Committee under his guidance was absolutely removed from any semblance of party influence or prejudice, and became a tribunal in which contestants were given all the rights and privileges usually found in the highest courts of the land, and although Mr. Olmsted is a staunch Republican his record shows that the greater number of decisions made by him has favored the Democrats over his own party. That his position was unassailable in all these contests was demonstrated by the fact that the House never failed in a single instance to approve his recommendations.

At the time of the Swayne Impeachment proceedings Congressman Olmsted acted as one of the managers on the part of the House, and argued the case before the United States Senate. He is not one of the kind who resorts to imaginative flights of oratory, or the picturesque juggling of words, but is a most forceful and effective speaker, ever ready in debate, and unfailing in commanding the respect and attention of his auditors. Senator Daniel, of Virginia, who listened to his presentation of the Swayne case, declared that it was "the best argument I ever heard in a juridical case."

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

THE season is at hand when folks turn from the execution of things material to—the purchase of them! Every year an increasing number of talking machines are bought, generally because the purchaser believes "it will be so amusing!" A word, then, on the evolution of the talking machine and its sphere.

Not so long ago, leading opera singers and musicians looked askance at the phonograph people who asked to record their work. The talking machine was a refuge for the comic song and ridiculous recitation. What a revolution has taken place! Melba, Bernhardt, Slezak—all the leading artists of grand opera, besides the representative musicians and actors of the world—are now heard universally through its medium; from an amusement it has been converted into an important phase of education.

And this educational value is diversified. For instance, a certain young friend who aims to be a "real pianist" finds in the records by the masters of that instrument, excellent material for study. The violinist likewise. The aspirant for Grand Opera has for some time taken advantage of the opportunity afforded in renditions by the greatest artists of the operatic stage. The schoolboy knows, through such organizations as Sousa's, Prince's and Pryor's bands, a good march when he hears it; and the house of "informals" has a never-failing orchestra with dance-music of the best possible variety.

He who is not "musical"—if such an individual there be—is at least elevated from a ten-cent-music-hall taste, and cannot escape from a general course of musical education in the passing.

* * *

Of late, Bert Williams, the colored comedian, has been getting an immense amount of publicity through the press. Few people can forget Williams & Walker, who kept theater-going America amused for some dozen years. Since entering the world of vaudeville, Williams' genuine humor has placed him in the front rank of comedians, and the Columbia company is fortunate in securing his exclusive contract. This month he offers "Constantly," and "I'll Lend You Everything I've Got Except My Wife," both perfectly recorded.

Some exceptionally good instrumental selections are on the list: The Stehl String Quartette has done superb work on Von Gluck's gavotte "Paris and Helena." George Stehl, of the quartette, gives "Humoresque" as a violin solo on the other face.

The four movements of the Peer Gynt Suite are completed this month by Prince's Orchestra. Part III is "Anitra's Dance," an achievement performed by string.

A piccolo duet is something of a novelty. One of the best of Mayr's polkas has been arranged for two piccolos, and the recording has called for high-class work. In the dancing world, the three-step has been stepping up toward popularity in triple-quick time. Prince's Orchestra is excellent in "The Gypsy," Louis Ganne's dance written to this time. The other side of the record gives "O Susanna," an especially catchy schottische. Columbia owners who are making a collection of dance music will wish to note the number, A5228.

A good "semi-high-class" ballad is Morse's "If This Rose Told you All It Knows," sung by Henry Burr. It is on the record with Behrend's popular "Daddy," sung by Miss Merle Tillotson.

The lists of two and four-minute indestructibles contain some good music—a variety shifting from Strauss's "Persian March" and Selden & Ingraham's "All That I Ask of You is Love," to "Snyder, Does Your Mother Know You're Out?"

* * *

This weather is just the time for a rollicking jig of any kind. "Buck Dance Medley" on the Edison list is a welcome number this month. John Kimmble has "a way with him" on the accordion, and there will be a heavy run on amberol record No. 553. There's another good jig record among the Standards—"Highland Whiskey and Craig's Reel"—played by that talented old violinist of Scottish folk-dance fame, William Craig.

A violin, flute and harp record has been arranged for Schubert's famous "Serenade," by the Venetian Instrumental Trio. Classical music is this; the trio are masters of their instruments.

A fantasy from "The Fortune Teller" is sure to be popular; a number of Victor Herbert's admirers call it quite the best of his comic operas. The Edison public is furnished with the popular "Any Little Girl, That's a Nice Little Girl, Is the Right Little Girl for Me," by Ada Jones and Chorus. Miss Jones has always been good in that sort of thing. Bessie Wynn is as winsome as ever in "I'd Love to, But I Won't," a clever bit of serio-comic song.

Many of the Edison owners look forward with particular interest to the descriptive record offered by the Peerless Quartet. "Shipwreck and Rescue" this month conveys a more realistic impression than the moving-picture show—all advantages with the latter.

The Bernhardt record is Racine's "Phedre—La Declaration." Slezak renders a timely Flotow melody, the Serenade in "Stradella." Opera goers who heard it at the Metropolitan Opera House last season will welcome it in permanent form.

* * *

Seventeen Melba records—seventeen roles from the greatest successes in the career of perhaps the most famous of all prima donnas—is an achievement for which the Victor company deserves hearty congratulation. They have brought the entire series out in one month's list, and I can think of no more charming and unique holiday gift than a set of these Melba records. The scope of the work includes "Traviata," "Faust," "Lucia," "Boheme," "Otello," "Tosca" and others of the most famous operas. Too much cannot be said of the superb quality of the records; and no more educative or charming entertainment could be planned than an evening of Melba in this wonderful collection.

Melba brought with her to America one of Australia's most famous flute players, John Lemmone, who will play the *obbligati* to the numbers sung on her tour. He has given the Victor people two flute solos—Spindler's "The Spinning Wheel" and Wetzger's "By the Brook."

In the excellent list of double-faced records, No. 16652 gives a personal favorite, the "Ciribiribin," that charming waltz of Pestalozza's. The Victor catalog already lists it instrumentally, but the vocal rendition, by Mme. Lia Bianca, adds to it in every way.

Schubert admirers will become ecstatic over the announcement that the famous unfinished "Symphony in B Minor" has been recorded. This is the beautiful fragment which Heutenbrenner, Schubert's bosom friend, concealed so long after the composer's death. The Victor Light Opera Company has gone in for Grand Opera, and "Gems from Martha" on the list for the month fully justifies the step from the comic and light.

It seems a long time since I heard a Lauder record, and "Queen Among the Heather" and "A Trip to Inverary," are welcome indeed. They, with a few records on the double-face list, give just enough in the lighter vein to make an altogether exc[illegible] d well-balanced list.

An English View of American Politics

By S. T. COOKE

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"WILD liberty develops iron conscience," says Emerson. The use alone in America of this dictum at the present time would engender hope regarding the politics of the nation; when, however, the situation is such as to warrant definitely the expectation of a near exemplification of that dictum, it can surely be felt that, whatever caused the wild liberty, the iron conscience, being such an attribute of sterling worth in national evolution, justifies the foregoing of any vulgar emphasizing of the personal obloquy earned by those who conducted the wild liberty, although such conscience is developed for denouncing the reprehensible in that liberty. It is just as right to acknowledge an indirect benefit as a direct one. The opportunity for charity is implied in all action.

It is the observing of the approach of an indirect benefit on the above lines which prompts the sentiments of the English writer of this article. Being accustomed as he is to the serious manner of British politics, he is glad to find that America is proving its possession of that same Anglo-Saxon trait of weighty reasoning in legislation which is really essential to the settling in a fast place in history of any nation. To state that American politics have been regarded in Great Britain as characterized by wild liberty will not be thought by Americans a harsh judgment, because the stern treatment which they themselves are beginning to mete out to their own national policies bears out the idea influencing that statement. The writer's thought, all the same, is not that things American are becoming English, neither is it his desire that they should become such. He would show that he believes that America aspires to being a great factor in the current world-movement for the conservation of social potentialities, and that it is now in process of adjusting itself to that position, its method covering a strict self-discipline concerning its action at home toward that conservation. It originated on independence of private thought; it will fully come to its own on independence of social scope. Indirectly, the wildness which came amongst the liberty in private thought, undeniably comprehending as it did all kinds of selfish ways, has produced in the country all kinds of demands for an absolute centralization of all kinds of resources, for the purpose of the whole nation establishing the operation in itself of the great principle of *social* integration, that quality which blends in due proportion individualistic and collectivistic forces and makes a nation sound in entity, unhindered in outlook, and congruent to international constructiveness.

The English style of political procedure so often being shaped by regard for precedent, or touched with reserve, or directed by leisureliness, the piquant style of all American political action could be viewed by a progressive Englishman in no other way than as affording just that sensation of live contact with the urge of instant developments which gives a specially practical zest to legislation. Finding, however, that piquant style used in various cases for objects of self-interest—such cases being not a few—the cause of the nation at large having, at the same time, to be but a plaything, he must aver that liberty of legislative thought, for which, rightly, that style exists, has been superseded in many places by license of private desire—by a wild liberty. Newspaper disclosures of trusts preparing schedules which end in becoming acts for putting more unnecessary taxes in their coffers; chicanery which obtains political power — as pseudo-moralizing, now becoming a vogue; factional fights at times of election; political machines which negotiate for administration regardless of the merits of the case but mindful of the financiers who back them for their own commercial ends, policies which retard the social amelioration of the poor for the sake of material gain from highly productive speculation in crowded districts, distinct reactionary tactics toward progress because of partisan jealousy —often showing itself in rank personalities in Congress; definite bribery to get elected to Congress—what are these but evidences of abuse of personal freedom, of license which goes beyond the limit of the independence of republican citizenship by trespassing on the same independence of others? Injustice, self-aggrandizement, and evil-mindedness in individualistic forces are taking liberties with the collectivistic forces, thus showing the wild disposition which cares nothing about principle and consequently does not consider that the tendency of its proceedings is destructive to itself and its surroundings because its action does not belong to the centralization of resources for the conservation of social potentialities.

One of the surest evidences that iron conscience is at work is the fact that party distinction is not being followed in the determination to end the anomaly of many congressional rules being nothing more than factional tools. A general combination of the forces of righteousness has brought forward a movement which reveals altogether a new set of conditions in American public policy. To entitle it is only of secondary importance, but its designations of "Insurgency," "The New Nationalism," "Progressivism," "The Square Deal," "Progressive Republicanism," and "Progressive Democratic Policy," compared with those which are used to mean its objects of attack—namely, "Corruption," "Bossism," "Bribery," "Reactionary Policy," "Standpatting," "Muckraking," and "The Special Interests" settle the matter once and for all as having a straight moral issue. The country has developed a nausea for sham, bluff, selfishness, jealousy, craft, graft, and injustice in political circles.

The writer is able to feel that the nation is getting to business in deadly earnest. In the first place, the fervent enthusiasm for public denunciation of corruption in politics indicates a concerted onslaught of it. Next, the continued steadiness of public interest for the one subject amongst the daily news shows that there is every prospect that the spasmodic nature of past American interest is becoming inconspicuous. Then, the outspokenness of newspapers, as the *Seattle* (*Washington*) *Post Intelligencer*, as to their prosecuting an independent policy because the "stern logic of events has made it plain that the people of today look to a newspaper for broader leadership than the old party organ could afford," this demand for "independence of thought and opinion on the part of newspapers" being "too insistent, too strong, too just to be ignored," there can be no doubt that a campaign of direct impartial dealing with existing conditions is in progress. Victories, too, are happening: elections are showing indisputably where sympathy is; those who stand for the extremes of reaction or excessive taxation are being kept out of the nation's legislation. Also, the publication of election forecasts evinces dismay in the enemy's camp regarding the future success of boss rule, the special interests, and factional machines. Lastly, the grave tone of all press opinion is a criterion that a heated conflict is being pursued by the new movement. Iron conscience has most truly commenced to dictate stringent measures; stringent measures are most truly achieving decisive conquest. The further application of the ethical treatment will remedy absolutely the unrighteousness in American politics. Checked progress there may sometimes be, for there is always the possibility of an element of evanescent emotionalism somewhere in a progressive scheme, but that would only serve to reveal the mightiness which fascinated that emotionalism and argue the inevitableness of its ultimate triumph. One very effective stringent measure attributable to nothing else except iron conscience is the adoption of commission government in various states. It has made unmistakable the fact that it is within the power of the public to work out its own national salvation. In Galveston, this form of government has "exhibited merits that other communities have quickly recognized; it has there exhibited weaknesses and serious defects that other communities have avoided. The central idea of the Galveston plan is sound. It is adaptable to the thousands of towns and cities that are now struggling under the incubus of the old system as it was to Dallas, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Kansas City, Kansas, and scores of other places which are as proud as Galveston. All that is necessary is that the special needs of each community shall be considered. The system is flexible." Another dictation of this conscience on stringent lines is the outcry in the West for legislation regarding monopolistic railroad freight rates, railroad control of waterways, and express company charges. Another is the determining of political fraud by a senatorial committee with the rarest of intensity of investigation. Another is the plan to get Congress to legislate for making of the tariff board a permanent body to be affiliated, as a bureau, with the treasury department. Another—a shrewd and paramountly important one—is the endeavor to institute federal laws and a federal executive for demolishing the domination of the government by the special interests.

The iron conscience is resolved to be thorough in its reformation. The Anglo-Saxon element of accentuating the importance of politics with dignity is asserting itself in the special time of need. The process of consolidation of legislative capacity to form a greatness of superior, chaste congressional enacting is under way. Modern systematic system is being introduced into current politcial programmes; the arrangement of the president of a college undertaking the careful analysis of certain prevailing political conditions establishes the fact. Statesmanship of the highest order is most seriously desired as the rule and not the exception. Weight without ponderousness, depth without indefiniteness, volume without vagueness, earnestness without puritanicalness, decision without hurry—these are being sought as the general characteristics of business in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, and in the Cabinet. The grandeur of an exalted passion for ensuring consummate national destiny and supreme international influence is the glowing ideal which is becoming clear and distinct before the soul of the American people. All honor to the nation and full success!

Throughout his observations on the new progressivism, the writer has had in mind the general tendency of its main idea. He is now obliged, however, to show that its campaigning needs a great amount of organization to result in permanent effectuality. Misuse of the movement by self-seekers, misemployment of the principles of the square deal, misplaced favoring of tense excitement, misjudging of national financial conditions, and misguided reliance on demagogy have place in the lead of the attack, while, amongst the people generally, there is misconstruction of public duty and misconception as to the vast compass of the purpose in question.

The movement has its self-seekers as have the old parties. Nothing short of arrant knavery in identifying themselves as Insurgents must be reckoned to men who are proving by their actions in Congress, in opposing the accomplishing of the Republican party's platform promises, that they are simply envious after positions of power.

The vogue of the "square deal" is being misused. Certain men are to be found professing to believe in business honesty while, in their personal character, they reveal dishonesty. They aim for the profiting of part and not the whole of the commonwealth. Evidently, they are after money for its own sake. These men are not Insurgents but Resurgents, for, while personal character is hypocritical, the resurrection of the object which was killed by any sort of scheme can always be expected. Character cannot be separated from business.

Although all history tells of the weakness of hysteria, similar symptoms in the mental attitude of various speakers are being encouraged. Any medical handbook will direct restraint and confidence in nervous application for the attainment of all true purpose.

The talk about tariff revision often confuses pillage with tollage. To animadvert upon overtaxation without a detailed explanation of the proportion which high wages bears to high prices—that is, without showing that, within the last ten years or so, the values of labor and of commodities have been more definitely recognized and more practically acknowledged—is to obscure the issue between greed and meed. Moreover, in view of the above proportion, in a prosperous country where there is no economic suffering, the emphasizing of the cry about the high cost of living has less influence when unaccompanied by an analyzed specification of its relation to the cost of high living.

The rancor inseparable from the oratory of some of the leaders is no credit to the new cause. Factional progressivism is a contradiction. To incite to action by means of personal expressions of contempt and the holding up to public disdain of criticized politicians, whether proved to be offenders or not, is to bring into prominence base methods of conflict, because they do not deal logically with principles but sensuously with impertinences. Not the demagogue is wanted but the commander.

There are evidently many who have been roused into moral indignation over the corrupt practices of politicians, irrespective of party, which indignation, not having been regularly educated to see the certain advantage of an individual challenge to the forces of political evil, results in public duty being felt to be an abstention from going to the polling booth altogether. On the other hand, there are many who, without any discrimination, vote for Progressivists because they think that they will thus aid reform.

Public duty necessitates personal use of national institutions and personal responsibility for national activities; otherwise only vacuity will characterize national function.

It has also to be frankly admitted that many people who avow sympathy with the New Nationalism are in the same condition as legions of others in the country in having but a quasi-intelligent idea of politics.

Patriotism would then receive an uncommonly great impetus if matters of general political knowledge could be disseminated in a scientific manner. The fact is that a considerable percentage of ordinary people are not having their intellectual faculties exercised in the present day. (England, here, is just as much a transgressor). They have a somewhat vague idea that national constructiveness shows evidence of taking care of itself in that there is continual political agitation of some sort or another. The "Progressivist" portion of this great number sides with Insurgency from a good but indefinite feeling that political corruption is wrong, and that it is a sign of national progress being in operation when certain men of outstanding personality, having reputations for leading unblemished lives, are to the front in a strenuous conflict of an ethical character. Beneficial comparison, too, is not generally adopted: the effective legislation of the present administration comes in for but scant notice.

The people, largely, do not think. They read a great deal, but their reading is not conducive to reflection. Certain fiction magazines containing pithless narrative take up much of the space for show at the news agents' stores and the bookstalls, being eagerly bought and mentally ravenously consumed. Here and there, an intellectual article is to be found, indicating that things are moving somewhere in a good direction, but, for the most part, light, objectless, albeit sensational love tales and stories of adventure are served as brain commodities. For a long time, faith in "popular" literature has been exercised by readers and publishers alike, and so the enervating of much of the national intellect has had its dire opportunity, influencing infatuation instead of conviction. It is high time that this sort of thing began to cease.

The responsible leaders of Insurgency will be well advised if they call a halt on excited hortatoriness and marshal their forces with system. They should take time critically to examine what remedial capabilities are at their disposal and dissociate them from everything else which is about their company. There is the danger of being inordinately romantic.

There is the risk of being hoodwinked. There is the chance of presumptuousness. Propaganda can drift into extravaganza. What is urgently wanted is an organization of right material for collected settling down to technical application of legislative reform in a perfectly ethical spirit. Erratic formulas must give place to accurate provisos. Abnormal feeling must not be above correction from being undeceived. The possession of undoubted facts must demand unflinching argument without being unwilling for just compromise.

Let there be complete extermination of error, but a restrained administering of justice to its agents. The iron of the new American conscience, while it should be sharp, need not be rough. Let national truth and national mercy meet together and thus cause the fair glory of American Independence to be known throughout the world by its capacity for redemption as well as freedom.

SONG OF THE TOILERS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I AM the Sun; great artist of high noon,
What though my vasty studio be strewn
With dawns and sunsets, each a wonder bright:
Still is my joy in painting common light!

I am the Wind; fleet shepherd of the star,
What though I never reach my goal afar:
Still in my endless wanderings am I blessed,
Finding peace in strife, and in motion, rest!

I am the Sea; gray yeoman of the years,
What though my leaping waves revolt with tears:
Still in the furrow 'twixt the land below,
Yoked and obedient my tides all go!

I am the Dust; huge Caliban of God,
What though I idly bide in peak and clod:
Behold they also serve who stand and wait,
And life shall come with beauty soon or late!

Recent Progress in Telephony

By W. C. JENKINS

THE New Haven telephone exchange was first opened sometime in January, 1878, but the first list of subscribers was published on Februray 21, 1878, and this may properly be regarded as the date of the birth of commercial telephone service in the world.

The first directory contained fifty subscribers, and it is interesting to note that thirty-one still remain as subscribers today. At that time the exchange was operated by the New Haven District Telephone Company which was succeeded in 1880 by the Connecticut Telephone Company, operating exchanges at Bridgeport, Derby, Hartford, Meriden, New Britain and New Haven, with about fifteen hundred subscribers. In 1882 the Southern New England Telephone Company was incorporated and has furnished service continually in the state since that date. At the time of the incorporation of the Southern New England Company there were twenty-five exchanges in Connecticut with a total of about three thousand subscribers, which number had increased to 5,489 at the close of 1890. During the next five years the increase was 1,341, bringing the total up to 6,830 at the close of 1895. Between 1895 and 1900 the increase was 8,448. Between 1900 and 1905 it was 26,551 and for the four years following 1905, was 31,775, bringing the total number of telephones in the state up to 73,584 at the close of 1909, or one telephone to each 14.2 inhabitants. The total number of telephones is distributed evenly throughout the state, the company's service extending not only to every township, but to all villages and practically to every hamlet or community settlement.

It should perhaps be explained that while the first commercial exchange was operated in New Haven, a telephone switchboard had previously been tried in Bridgeport. Mr. Thomas B. Doolittle, a manufacturer, had a telegraph board fitted up which gave connection between a number of residents in Bridgeport. By removing the telegraph instrument and substituting receivers, he completed the first telephone connection through a switchboard.

The first metallic circuit in the state was installed on January 1, 1887, but it was not until ten years later that the entire state was made metallic. In due time came the cable and underground conduit, which is at the present time the highest character of telephone construction known. The Southern New England Telephone Company has practically been in the front rank of every progressive movement in telephone affairs since the birth of the service in 1878.

As in all the New England states, Connecticut has never taken kindly to the dual telephone. On various occasions, however, independent promoters have sought recognition, but with practically no success. There is a law in Connecticut which provides that before any corporation or telephone interest can utilize the highways of the state for duplicate telephone plants, or can impose upon the people of the state the unavoidable added cost for duplicate telephone service, that corporation must first show to a judge of the Superior Court that the provision of its service is demanded by public convenience and necessity. This law is based upon what is apparently a settled policy of the state to safeguard the interests of its inhabitants in the matter of unnecessary wastes of capital, undesirable duplication of public utilities and to preserve the good name of the state in the matter of guarding its franchise privileges. Many other states could materially advance their interests by enacting a similar law.

The Southern New England Telephone Company has always had men of state wide prominence as active members of its Board of Directors. The late Morris F. Tyler, who died December 4, 1907, was for many years president of the company. Mr. Tyler was one of the most enthusiastic telephone men in the business. Notwithstanding the fact that he was one of the prominent members of the Connecticut Bar, and largely interested in the affairs of Yale University and state matters, he cherished a fondness for the Telephone Company that never permitted a relaxation of interest in its development.

Mr. Tyler's death was followed by the election of John W. Alling as president of the company. Mr. Alling had previously been connected with the company for many years both as a director and its counsel. He is thoroughly informed in every phase of telephony not only in Connecticut, but over the entire country.

Mr. James T. Moran was elected vice-president of the company in January, 1908, to succeed Mr. James English, who declined a re-election. Mr. Moran is also general attorney of the company. He has been identified with the telephone company for many years and was the right-hand man of President Tyler during the years when every step in telephone affairs was practically an experimental one.

H. H. Sykes, general manager of the company, became identified with the telephone business in 1891, when he was a member of the engineering corps of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in New York. Later he was engineer of the Bell Telephone Company of Missouri. In 1902 he was engaged as general superintendent of the Southern New England Telephone Company. In 1907 he was elected general manager.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY

Probably there are few investigations that bear more evidence of diligent inquiry than that made by the city council of Providence in 1907, when an effort was made to introduce a dual telephone system in that city. Backed, as the proposition was to some extent, by reputable and well-known citizens of Rhode Island, who had undoubtedly been misled as to independent telephone profits, it required that business facts, not sentiment, should govern the council in its investigations. The local board of trade also made a thorough investigation and when the reports were presented the possibility of gaining an independent foothold in Providence vanished like dew before a summer's sun.

The report of the committee from the board of trade not only expressed an intelligent analysis of the effect of a dual telephone system, but it paid a tribute to the Providence Telephone Company that was highly deserved. These expressions assure capital that in Providence investments will not be knowingly endangered. As the result of these investigations the city council entered into an exclusive agreement with the Providence Telephone Company for a number of years.

Of course these recommendations on the part of the board of trade were not made for the sole purpose of discouraging independent telephone competition, but they were largely made as a matter of recognition of the efficient service rendered by the Providence Telephone Company. While the Rhode Island Company is among the smallest of the Bell subsidiaries, it has been one of the most flourishing and prosperous companies founded, and a more progressive telephone company would be difficult to find. The officers and directors are men of estimable standing who display much enthusiasm in furnishing adequate service and their desire is to afford facilities that are second to none. An inquiry among representative business men of Rhode Island disclosed a spirit of appreciation and interest in the company that is absent in telephone affairs in many states. As illustrative of this sentiment, I might mention an incident which occurred during my visit with Mr. Charles T. Howard, secretary of the company. A letter came while I was talking with Mr. Howard from a patron at Newport, Rhode Island, enclosing a check for his January toll bill. The total amount was $11.94, but on account of its inability to render what the company considered satisfactory service during the unusual snowstorms early in January, a reduction of one-third had been made from the bill.

Mr. Norman's letter tells its own story. He said: "Realizing the satisfactory service, and the always prompt response in case of trouble on my line, I cannot accept any rebate." He paid the full amount of the bill.

It is this spirit of appreciation of the company's effort to treat the people right that has kept the independent telephone companies out of Rhode Island. There is no cry of "down with the monopoly" in that state. The people realize that conservative monopoly in telephone affairs is less harmful than competition.

The history of the Providence Telephone Company dates back to March, 1879, when the company was organized in Hartford, Connecticut, under the laws of that state with a capital of $10,000, which was afterwards increased to $30,000. The original company acquired the right to do a telephone exchange business in Providence. Rooms were engaged in the Brownell building, and the first switchboard in Providence was installed there. Another exchange was installed in the Butler Exchange building, working under patents controlled by the Western Union Telegraph Company. For awhile the two companies were in competition. At the close of the year 1879 Governor Henry Howard entered into negotiations with the Connecticut people looking to the acquirement of the stock of the company by the Providence people. In January, 1880, the Providence gentlemen took control and the following officers were then elected: president, Henry Howard; vice-president, Henry G. Russell; secretary, Charles T. Howard; treasurer, Charles T. Dorrance.

The Providence gentlemen had previously organized a Providence Telephone Exchange Association and had acquired control of the Western Union Exchange in Providence. This property was now taken over by the Providence Telephone Exchange Company, and in January, 1880, the two exchanges were combined under one management. In May, 1880, the Providence Telephone Exchange was incorporated and these gentlemen were named in the charter as the first directors: Henry Howard, Henry G. Russell, Rowland Hazard, Henry C. Cranston, George R. Phillips, Russell M. Larned, Francis W. Carpenter, Charles Bradley, Christopher R. Greene and James H. Chace. Of these gentlemen James H. Chace is the only one now on the board. Henry Howard, the first president, held his office until July, 1892, when he resigned and was succeeded by Henry C. Cranston, who held the office of president until his death in May, 1896. On June 11 of the same year, Dexter B. Potter was elected president of the company and has held the office to this date. Dr. Fenner H. Peckham became vice-president in September, 1897, and is still in office. Charles T. Howard was made secretary of the company in July, 1880, and Charles T. Dorrance was made treasurer at the same time. Mr. Dorrance resigned and Mr. Howard was elected treasurer on October 24, 1881, and has held the position of secretary and treasurer ever since.

The first superintendent of the company was Henry B. Lyttle, who was succeeded after several years by L. W. Clark, who was succeeded by J. W. Duxbury, who served about seven years. When Mr. Duxbury resigned Mr. Albert C. White was appointed general manager. On Mr. White's death in 1902, Mr. J. F. Beck, who then held the office as assistant manager, became general manager of the company and is still in office.

The development of the Providence Telephone Company shows that, like all the American Bell subsidiary companies, the growth has been greatest during recent years. In 1884 the company had 2,778 stations; in 1889, 4,100 stations, in 1894, 5,567 stations; in 1899, 6,813 stations; in 1904, 14,735 stations, and in 1910 there are 30,478 stations, 75,000 miles of wire and 826 employees.

* * *

The telephone history of Cincinnati and suburban towns affords an interesting study—interesting in the fact that independent competition has been successfully met whenever the campaign for the dual telephone system has been inaugurated. It is also interesting for the fact that at no place in the United States are the people getting better telephone service.

The history dates back to 1873, when the City and Suburban Telegraph Association was incorporated for the purpose of operating the printing telegraph system, largely for furnishing communication between offices and factories. A number of lines were built, the longest being from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Aurora, Indiana, a distance of thirty miles. The system seemed to be popular and considerable development was experienced.

In July, 1882, Captain George N. Stone, well-known owner of the trotter, "Maude S," assumed the position of general manager of the company, and on January 1, 1883, his first annual report showed that the company had 2,266 subscribers. The rates at that time were seventy-two dollars for the first mile radius and twelve dollars for each additional quarter mile. The residences were some cheaper.

In 1883 the rates were readjusted and a uniform price of one hundred dollars per year for direct lines for business houses was prescribed. Residences were given a three-party line for fifty dollars per year. These rates covered Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, Kentucky.

In 1886 the introduction of the multiple switchboard appeared, and a new exchange was built at Third and Walnut streets. This exchange was equipped for 2,100 lines, and all subscribers in the three branch offices were consolidated and put in the one exchange; at that time this was a revolution in the method of handling telephone messages. The company then settled down to one main exchange and three branch offices; all were equipped to supply the needs of the city at that time.

About January 1, 1889, the Mt. Auburn single trolley electric railroad was built, and the operation of this road seriously impaired the telephone service to such an extent that suit was brought against the railway company.

On February 12 an injunction was granted by the Superior Court of Cincinnati —special term—(President Taft then being the presiding judge), and the railroad was given six months to change its system. The case was appealed and confirmed by the Superior Court—general term. Locally it would seem that the judges decided the case by the apparent fairness of the proposition: "Whether or not the Trolley Company should string one more wire, or whether the Telephone Company should duplicate all its wires."

When the case was carried to the Supreme Court of Ohio and placed on its legal merits, the decision was reversed. This compelled the Telephone Company to rebuild all its pole lines and construct metallic circuits to overcome the interference from the single trolley.

The first line was taken up by the suburban and toll lines along the route of the electric road. Three new copper metallic circuits were built from Cincinnati to Hamilton, Ohio, a distance of twenty-five miles, and two copper circuits to Dayton, Ohio, a distance of sixty miles. This gave Cincinnati its first metallic toll circuits.

Previous to this time nothing but grounded lines were used, and the longest distance conversation could be carried was to Springfield, Ohio, and that with great difficulty.

The introduction of metallic circuit lines was a revolution in telephone business and a matter of great advantage to the business interests.

In 1890 property was purchased and arrangements made to install the first multiple metallic switchboard.

On May 12, 1891, the company was granted a perpetual franchise to operate and maintain an underground system. In the following spring, the first subway system was completed. This consisted of 25,235 feet of subway and contained 299,018 feet of single duct and eighty-five manholes. The business of the company since that date has grown until the equipment consists at the present time of 120 miles of subway, containing 723 miles of single duct, 1,640 manholes, 48,183 miles of pairs of wires, 15,509 miles of pairs of aerial cable, 30,000 miles aerial wires on poles and thirty-six exchanges.

There has always been the most friendly relationship existing between the company and its subscribers, as has been shown principally by its success in keeping out opposition, also by the following circumstance:

During the session of the Legislature in 1898, a rate bill was introduced fixing a charge of sixty dollars for business and thirty dollars for residences located anywhere within ten miles of an exchange. Rate bills had been introduced in every session of the Legislature since the telephone service began, but on this occasion the company adopted a unique method of killing all such bills. A remonstrance was presented to the Legislature which had been signed by ninety-five per cent of the subscribers of the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company, stating that they were entirely satisfied with the service rendered and the rates charged.

Previous to this time, the list of subscribers had grown very slowly and on January 1, 1900, they numbered only 6,905, but all were equipped with metallic circuits and long distance instruments. It is said that no other city in the United States was equipped with those instruments so fully as was Cincinnati at that time.

During the next three years, the number of subscribers doubled, and on January 1, 1905, they had 25,315 subscribers, and on December 1, 1909, the list had again doubled, they having 52,372 subscribers.

Realizing that the method of furnishing service had become somewhat standardized, the company adopted an aggressive policy and began the establishment of exchanges in all villages and towns in its territory and now has in operation thirty-six exchanges.

There have been two strenuous attempts to get into Cincinnati by the Queen City Telephone Company, an independent organization. The first time was in 1900 and the last in 1903 and 1904; both times canvassers were put in the field and custom solicited at lower rates. The result of this effort was anything but a success and the subscribers who signed were mostly all men who had no use for a telephone. During 1904 three opposition companies, namely, the Queen City Home Telephone Company, Interstate Telephone Company and the Cincinnati Telephone Company, applied for franchises but were refused by the City Council. A committee from the city council made a very complete investigation of the results of a dual telephone system in all cities within a radius of three hundred miles. Hundreds of the subscribers in these cities were interviewed, and no effort was spared to obtain complete and accurate data as to the effects of a double system. The report of the committee should be read by every business man in cities where an effort has been made to introduce a dual system.

The Queen City Company carried the case to the Probate Court, and a decree was granted authorizing them to build a plant in the city. This decree was contested by the city of Cincinnati and the local telephone company and reversed by the Court of Common Pleas and that decision was sustained by the Circuit Court.

The management has been in the hands of Mr. B. L. Kilgour since the death of Captain Stone, which occurred March 8, 1901. The officers are John Kilgour, president, B. L. Kilgour, vice-president and general manager, and W. A. Blanchard, treasurer.

Two-thirds of the stock is owned in Cincinnati—thus making the company a local institution. It operates in thirteen counties in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY

The Bell gains in Michigan, especially in Detroit, have been larger in the past two years than in any corresponding period in the history of the Michigan State Telephone Company. The independent companies are making practically no headway and an apparent spirit of disinterestedness is noticeable among those who once championed the opposition to the Bell. The Michigan State Telephone Company is not a subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, although it has connections with the long distance lines of the parent Bell Company.

In most of the subsidiary companies the American Telephone and Telegraph Company owns a controling interest in the stock, but this is not true of the Michigan State Telephone Company, the stock of which is owned largely in Michigan and Chicago, and New England. The Michigan State Telephone Company is, however, as far as methods of operation are concerned, a part of the Bell system. It gets the advantages of the engineering department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and shares in whatever beneficial advice the parent company sends out.

The history of the Bell Company in

Michigan would make an interesting story. It would show a vast difference between anticipation and realization and it would show a period of disheartening struggle before the present degree of success was acquired. It has made phenomenal gains during the past two years and the percentage of gain in Detroit during the year 1909 is probably greater than in any of the larger cities of the United States. As will be shown by the figures published herewith the gain in subscribers in Detroit last year was 10,297, an increase of 27.7 per cent.

With the increased demand of nearly one thousand stations per month upon the company's facilities have also come difficulties in securing competent operators to handle the business. The industrial activity in Detroit and the demand for female labor have, to some extent, impaired the character of the service during the past year, but this has been remedied and the subscribers are now well satisfied.

Michigan still retains its distinctive position of antagonism to corporations. Through the passage of peculiar laws, during the past twenty years, it has placed itself upon the unfriendly list in Eastern financial circles and it is difficult to induce capital to go into the state to be engaged in any enterprise of a semi-public nature. The last Legislature passed what is known as the "Advalorem Tax Law," which provides a change in the methods of assessing taxes against Telephone and Telegraph companies. Under the previous law the corporations paid a specific tax, amounting to three per cent on the gross earnings. Under the new law, the tax depends altogether on the assessed valuation of the property. Such a law manifestly works an injury to telephone companies because of the difficulties in arriving at a fair valuation of the properties. These difficulties are occasioned by a very rapid depreciation, diversified value of a great deal of the property on account of ruinous competition and a large amount of obsolete material, due to changes in the art. But the greatest difficulty is occasioned by the fact that telephone rates in Michigan were established under the specific three per cent tax law, and in many of the cities these rates cannot be changed without municipal consent, which is always difficult to obtain.

Under the old law the Michigan State Telephone Company paid taxes amounting to $98,134 for the year 1908-9. If the valuation placed upon the property by the Board of Tax Commissioners is permitted to stand, the company will be compelled to pay $268,710 this year. The Grand Rapids Telephone Company's taxes will be increased from $18,023 to $51,675.

Independent telephone competition in Michigan is practically dead. No new companies have been organized during the past two years, and those in existence are making practically no headway. There are altogether 865 telephone companies in the state, and the Michigan State Telephone Company has connecting arrangements with 446 of these companies.

The state has 272,000 telephones in service, of which 177,000 are either Bell subscribers or are working under sublicensee contracts with the Michigan State Telephone Company. Since the company was reorganized in 1904, at which time N. W. Harris & Company of Chicago bought in the property at foreclosure sale, the organization has become one of the best in the country. Probably never in the history of American corporations was a reorganization made so absolutely devoid of profit to the reorganizers. The trust deed under which the present outstanding bonds were issued is as near an approach to absolute security as it is possible for such a document to be.

The gains made by the company since reorganization tell an interesting story of energy and successful effort. The figures are as follows:

	Detroit	Increase	Total State	Increase
February 1, 1904	14,385		55,606	
December 31, 1904	16,017	1,632—11.3%	66,342	10,736—19.3%
December 31, 1905	18,126	2,109—13.2%	77,047	10,705—16.1%
December 31, 1906	23,348	5,222—28.8%	92,576	15,529—20.2%
December 31, 1907	28,835	5,487—23.5%	102,250	9,674—10.5%
December 31, 1908	37,232	8,397—29.1%	113,725	11,475—11.2%
December 31, 1909	47,529	10,297—27.7%	132,270	18,545—16.3%

The present management of the Michigan State Telephone Company consists of the following officers:

W. C. Kingsbury, president; Dudley E. Waters, vice-president; Isaac Sprague, vice-president; D. W. Trafford, vice-president and general manager; N. W. Harris, chairman Board of Directors; John T. Shaw, chairman Executive Committee.

Three years ago in an article in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE I ventured the opinion that the differences between the anticipation and realization in independent telephone ventures in Wisconsin had made a history that encircled the state with a wall which no promotor of an independent telephone organization could possibly climb. This prediction was made largely upon the history of the many companies that bloomed and blossomed for a day and had fallen by the wayside; and also because of a reorganization of the Bell Company in that state, and the introduction of more liberal measures in rates and service. That this prediction had merit is evidenced by the fact that since that date not a single independent company has been organized in Wisconsin to "down the monopoly." A few rural or farmers companies had been organized in districts not covered by the Bell, but they are all working under sub-licensee contracts with the Wisconsin Company.

Many Wisconsin capitalists have been taught a very expensive lesson in telephone ventures and as history furnishes the only safe guidance in human affairs, the Wisconsin business men see nothing inviting in enterprises of this character.

A remarkable change of front has taken place among many Milwaukee business men in regard to "competition" in telephone service. Milwaukee never had but one company, but a franchise was given some promoters about three years ago which permitted the introduction of a competing system. At that time certain business men were of the opinion that two telephones would insure better service and lower rates. Today there is no demand whatever for the dual system and, conscious of this fact, the independent organization seems to content itself by lying dormant. A resolution has been introduced in the Common Council seeking to revoke the permit given the promoters three years ago.

Wisconsin has had two years of public-utility commission experience. In telephone affairs it has been an unqualified success and has removed many of the obnoxious features which were encountered before the passage of the law. The commission acts as an umpire in settling disputes, and co-operates with the companies in promoting conditions that are calculated to improve the service. A very annoying feature in telephone operation has been eliminated in that all free and reduced rate service is absolutely prohibited by the public-utility law. Another advantage of the commission supervision has been the compulsory promotion of good business methods in the conduct of all utility enterprises. Not all of the small telephone companies were capable of maintaining special departments with highly trained experts, but by adopting uniform methods of keeping the accounts it has become possible for the smaller companies to get a considerable measure of the benefit of the experience gained by the larger companies. All matters in dispute are brought before the commission and thoroughly considered, not as a matter of litigation, not as a matter of controversy or conflict, but as a matter for calm consideration and investigation and the recommendation of the commission is generally accepted as the best solution of the matter in dispute. It should be stated that the Bell interests in Wisconsin have absolute confidence in the honesty and integrity of the commissioners; and the commissioners are frank in stating that their recommendations are promptly complied with by the company. Hence, a spirit of harmony prevails which incites energetic development on the part of the company which makes the service more attractive and valuable to the people of the state.

The number of companies that are classified as independent in Wisconsin exceed five hundred; but the term "independent" is misleading because of the fact that over four hundred and fifty of these companies are either working under sub-licensee contracts or have connecting arrangements with the Wisconsin Telephone Company, and therefore are to a practical extent a part of the Bell system. Over eighty Wisconsin companies joined the Bell system in 1909.

The wise policy which has characterized the operations of the Wisconsin Telephone Company during the past three years has placed that company in an excellent business condition. Alonzo Burt, president of the company, has gained the confidence of the people of the state and the future of the Bell interests in Wisconsin seems to be very encouraging.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE NORTHWEST

In the Northwest, which territory is controlled by the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company, with headquarters at Minneapolis, some radical changes have taken place during the past two years. During the pioneer days of the telephone, many things had to be learned in the dear school of experience, and the problem in the states of Minnesota, North and South Dakota had many features of its own.

In the early nineties the promoters of independent telephone companies reaped a rich harvest in several of the states of the Northwest. Competing companies were organized as fast as the promoters could get to the different cities. The Bell interests were confronted on every side with a poisoned public mind, and the work of development under the difficulties in these sparsely settled states was discouraging in the extreme. But back of the Bell Company in the northwestern territory were men of indomitable will and courage—men who had learned valuable lessons in perseverance as soldiers in the Civil War and who never believed that defeat was possible. But nevertheless, the independent promoters carried fat purses and succeeded in inflicting upon the people in many cities a business condition that has been a positive nuisance—a dual telephone system. True, a large number of these independent organizations have passed out of existence and remain only as a matter of painful history to a great many well-meaning, but misguided business men.

The experience of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, might be mentioned as an illustration of what has happened in a number of cities of that territory. With a few local business men a promoter built a telephone plant, issuing about $180,000 in bonds and a like amount of stock. To make the bonds sell readily, a share of stock, par value $100, was given with each $100 bond. The Company was a failure from the beginning. The rates were too low and the management poor, and in a very short time defaulted on the interest on its bonds. Acting for its bondholders, the Royal Trust Company of Chicago, trustee for the bondholders, brought a foreclosure suit. A sale of the plant was finally ordered and the property was sold for $94,700. Here is a lesson: a telephone property, barely five years old, capitalized for $180,000 stock and $180,000 bonds, brings as a going concern only twenty-five cents on the dollar of its alleged value. This is only one of many similar instances that might be mentioned.

A very recent illustration of disappointment in independent telephone ventures is the experience of some Winona business men who were induced some years ago to aid in the attempt to "down Bell monopoly." After a period of discouraging effort, the plant was sold to the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company, the Bell subsidiary. When the independent company was purchased the officials of the company put into effect some conditions of operation that seem to have considerable merit from a business standpoint. The rates of both companies to business houses were $2.50 per month. Both plants were kept in operation at these figures, but subscribers to one system were permitted to talk to subscribers of the other by paying an extra charge of five cents. New subscribers in the city could only get one service—that is, a service which covered both exchanges, and the business rate for complete connections was fixed at $3.50 per month. To show the sentiment of the people toward the two telephones, it might be stated that hundreds of business men immediately took the $3.50 per month service, and the complete consolidation is only a matter of a very short time. The people are getting tired of a dual system; they are no longer willing to be led by the "down with monopoly" agitators, and the question of practical business results is of vastly more importance to the average merchant today than any sentimental dread that one telephone company will ultimately furnish the people of this country with service.

It is apparent that the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company began a period of systematic and intelligent operation two years ago that has been not only of great advantage to the public, but a source of considerable economy for the company. In the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul the company had fifteen different rates to offer a subscriber. Now only two rates exist, and these apply to one and two party line service. All measured rate service has been discontinued, and the $1.50 nickel telephones for business and residence were abolished. Perhaps these radical changes incited some opposition on the part of a certain portion of the residents, and were the means of retarding to some extent the telephone development of the Twin Cities, but a good gain in the Company's list of subscribers was made nevertheless, and the increased revenue, on account of the decreased expenses, has enabled the Company to set aside a reserve fund for improvement and greater efficiency in service that is, and will be, a source of gratification to the people of these cities.

The independent companies are making no gains. In Mankato the independent concern ventured an advance in its rates, but most of the companies are trying to operate under the inadequate rates which were established when the promoters told the people that practically everything is profit. The Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company has not hesitated to advance the rates in places where the people demanded the highest type of service, and the advances have been cheerfully met by the public.

The states of Minnesota, North and South Dakota are exceedingly well developed in telephone construction. In these states the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company, including the sub-licensees, has 177,813 stations, a gain of 56,186 stations during the past two years. The company has sub-licensee contracts with 570 local and farmers' telephone companies. It encourages and stimulates the organization of these farmers' and local companies, and lends them all possible aid in building their lines and exchanges.

Mr. C. P. Wainman, vice-president of the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company, has the distinction of being one of the oldest telephone men in the United States. He first started in Cleveland in 1876, and in 1886 went to Minneapolis, and has been with the Bell Company in that city ever since.

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As through the land at eve we went,
  And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I.
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
  And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
  And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies our child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
  We kissed again with tears.

—*Alfred Tennyson, in the book "Heart Throbs."*

HIS MASTERPIECE

By WESLEY EARLY

ALONG in the early eighties, Emory A. Storr was the leading lawyer of the Chicago bar, but like some other noted men, he contracted the drinking habit to such an extent that he lost nearly all of his valuable clients; on account of this sad state of affairs he was compelled to become associate counsel to other lawyers who were far inferior in the matter of legal learning and ability, and thus received uncertain fees for his services.

During this stage of Mr. Storr's career, John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator, delivered a certain lecture entitled "An Apostrophe to Water," which was regarded as a classic. Mr. Storr read this lecture of Gough's, and one day while assisting in the trial of a case in one of the Chicago courts, was asked by another lawyer if he had read Gough's "Apostrophe to Water," and if so, what he thought of it. Storr replied that he had read the lecture and that he thought it grand and beautiful, but that he also thought he could excel Mr. Gough's effort. Storr walked up and down by the side of the long table used in court rooms in that day and time, for the accommodation of attorneys, studying very intensely for a few minutes, when he suddenly halted near one end of the table, on which stood a pitcher of ice water. He took up the pitcher of water and poured out a glass full, set the pitcher down on the table and holding up the filled glass, turned and faced the lawyers and proceeded to deliver extemporaneously a world's masterpiece on temperance sentiments, couched in words sublime, heaven inspired, caught up from oblivion by the pen of a loitering court stenographer.

"TO A GLASS OF WATER"

"How do you expect to improve upon the beverage furnished by nature? Here it is, Adam's ale, about the only gift that has descended undefiled from the Garden of Eden. Nature's common carrier, not created in the rottenness of fermentation, nor distilled over guilty fires. Not born among the hot and noxious vapors and gases of worms and retorts, confined in reeking vats, placed in clammy barrels and kegs, stored in malarious cellars full of rats and cobwebs. No adulteration fills it with sulphuric acid, spirits of nitre, stramonium or other deadly drugs and poisons, until it is called forty-rod death, bug juice, fusil oil and Jersey lightning.

"It is not kept standing in the fumes of sour beer, tobacco smoke and saloon, exposed for weeks and months, before it is drunk to the odor of old cigar stubs and huge spittoons.

"Virtues, and not vices, are its companions. Does it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rags on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm and furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance and ruin men in business?

"No: But it floats in white gossamer clouds, far up in the quiet summer's sky and hovers in dreamy mists over the merry faces of all our sparkling lakes. It piles itself in tumbled masses of cloud domes and thunder heads; it draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding place, and seams and shocks the wide air, with vivid lines of fire.

"It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where filmy lights and shadows drift, hour after hour. It is carried by kind winds, and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty fields and woods, and fixes in God's mystic eastern heavens His beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of heaven itself.

"It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and the dews of the valley. It is here in the grass blades of the meadow and there where the corn is waving its tassels and the wheat is billowing. It silently creeps up to each little leaf in the myriad forests of the world and feeds and tints each fruit and flower. It gems the depths of the desert with its glad green oasis, winds itself in oceans round the whole earth, and roars its hoarse eternal anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast. It claps its hands in the flashing wave-crests of the sea, laughs in the rapids of the little brooks, kisses the moss-covered old oaken well bucket in a countless host of happy homes.

"See these pieces of cracked ice, full of prismatic colors, clear as diamonds. Listen to their fairy tinkle against the brimming glass, the sweetest music in all the world, to one half fainting with thirst. And so in the language of poor old man Gough, I ask you brothers all, would you exchange this sparkling glass of water for alcohol, the very drink of the devil himself?"

STAR ISLAND CHURCH

(Isles of Shoals)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

GRAY as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather,
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

By the sombre tower, when daylight dies,
And dim as a cloud the horizon lies,
I love to linger and watch the sails
Turn to the harbor with freshening gales,
Till yacht and dory and coaster bold
Are moored as safe as a flock in fold.

White Island lifts its ruddy shine
High and clear o'er the weltering brine,
And Boone and Portsmouth and far Cape Ann
Flame the dusk of the deep to span;
And the only sounds by the tower that be
Are the wail of the wind and the wash of the sea.

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather,
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

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The Unconscious Influence of "JIM"

by Flynn Wayne

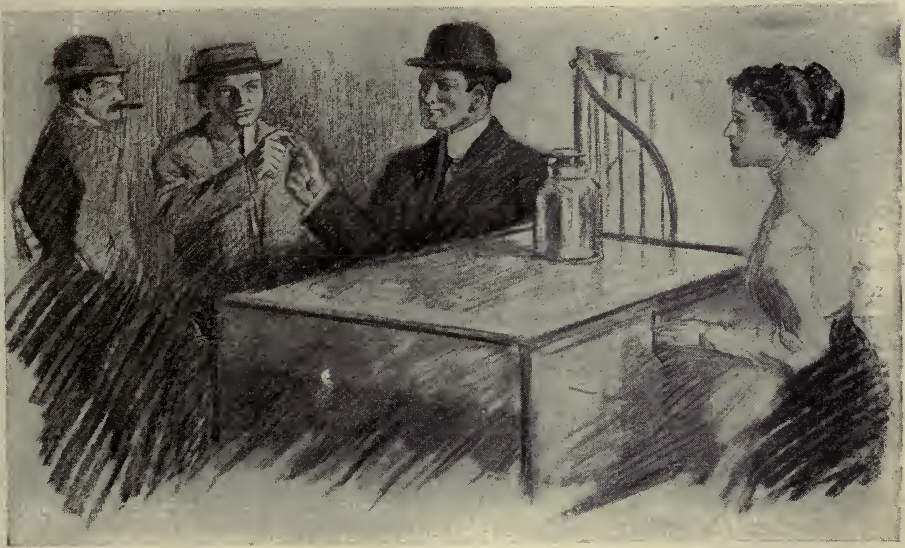
PERHAPS the observant citizen has noticed that at the cashiers' desks in a large number of the city restaurants nowadays is placed a goodly quantity of gum for sale as a postprandial delicacy. This has been done in response to a rapidly growing demand on the part of the people. They have been educated up to the fact that a piece of gum chewed for a time after each meal is good for the digestion, and takes the place (especially that with the distinctively pleasant flavor) of the traditional dessert, in a great many cases. This desire for something to mull over after lunching is a perfectly natural one, and when it becomes a substitute for the cigar or pipe, or what is acknowledged most disgusting, the chew of tobacco, positively takes its position as a modern reform in the movement for better health and cleanliness. The average man who is breaking a long-established habit of tobacco-chewing, or who is tapering off on his smoking turns to gum-chewing as naturally as though it were the prescription written out for him by a high-price specialist.

The attractive manner in which chewing gum is now prepared for sale has perhaps also had something to do with its growing favor. A man can get this very essence of finest flavor and carry it around in his vest pocket against that time when his taste craves a bouquet for the teeth. It isn't at all uncommon nowadays to hear a man say "Have a chew?" instead of "Have a cigar?" and instead of going into a cigar case for some long, black cigars, bring from the depths of his vest pocket a choice-flavored bit of gum, neatly wrapped after the most approved sanitary methods and manufactured under the watchful eye of the pure-food requirements. It is the more remarkable that men have come to look with favor upon the gum delicacy, because it is supposed that the ladies have always enjoyed it. The old prejudice against gum-chewing, caused by the incessant manner in which a few persons kept their jaws continually in motion is passing away. Everything can be overdone—even exercise. Modern gum-chewing does not come under the head of a bad habit. It is a beneficial exercise for the teeth, cleansing the mouth after eating and giving a comfortable feeling that makes meals "set well."

It was in Chicago that the writer's attention was called particularly to the postprandial feature of gum-chewing, and this has been noticed since in every large city visited. No doubt the same could be said of the smaller cities by anyone who is observant.

It was after one of those economical but wholesome lunches that I was standing before the cigar case of a medium-priced restaurant studying the different brands on display to catch some familiar name before making a choice—when a bustling business man and his friend came up and as he paid the cashier for the two dinner checks which he held in his hand, his friend made the old proposition "Well, what do you smoke, Jim?" and joined me in looking over the attractive array of cigars.

"Don't smoke, Walt, not after lunch." Then he took up a package of Spearmint, "Have one of these on me, there's no dope in this to make you sleepy after you get back to the office." He threw the cashier another nickel and as they left both were removing the wrapper from the sticks of gum, while "Jim" kept up a running fire of information as to the reason for taking a chew of gum after his lunch instead of the traditional cigar. "Jim" does not know it, but he made one other convert to the plausibility of completing a lunch by a cleansing exercise of the teeth that leaves a good taste in the mouth. From lunch the idea has spread to dinner, and from dinner to breakfast, and now it is a fixed habit to chew a bit of the delicious bouquet for the teeth after each meal. The cigars may come later after the dinner, but never after lunch, because the city lunch has become more helpful for a good afternoon's work since "Jim" made that remark about "no dope" which I chanced to hear. He may read this little article and nod his head in approval, all unconscious of the fact that he furnished the text, for the work of men which sometimes carries the greatest influence is done unconsciously—evil as well as good. Since "Jim" awakened that new thought I have observed closely this growing favor toward gum-chewing among the men. It is simply the outgrowth of a little common sense, applied regardless of what may have been early prejudices.



"Have one of these on me, there's no dope in this to make you sleepy after you get back to the office"

"Have a chew?" nowadays means the acceptance of a dainty morsel of distinctive flavor to roll over the tongue and teeth, instead of a black piece of tobacco—at least nine times out of ten it means this. The growing generation has taken it up—and that means the more rapid general acceptance of a beneficial idea.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

TO readers who have attempted to wade through technical reviews of Grand Opera, in which the vicissitudes and triumphs of Messrs. Hammerstein, Russell and Dippel, scores of foreign singers, dramatists and operas have been discussed in the "of-course-you-know-all-about-it" manner, we believe that Mr. Wilson's article, "The Musical Season in America" in this month's NATIONAL, will be a distinct relief—simple and readable, yet entertaining and instructive.

Grand Opera in America these past few years has become so important a field that no person of culture can afford to be without at least a passing knowledge of the men and events that have made prominent this wonderful work.

We think that Mr. Wilson, in his resume, has given our readers something vastly different from the ordinary, perfunctory discussion of Grand Opera, and we feel sure that his future articles will be given a welcome.

* * *

ONE of our Canadian readers says he was utterly surprised at the wonders of Arkansas, as shown forth in our Arkansas number issued last September. His words are only a sample of the many letters we are receiving from all parts of the world concerning, not only Arkansas, but Georgia, Florida, Oklahoma and other states we have given publicity lately. The state write-up feature of the NATIONAL will be continued every month or so until the entire union has been covered. Our Canadian friend writes as follows:

"When I received the *Arkansas* number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I did not think there was enough of interest in that State to pay one to devote his busy time to reading it. But taking a second look at it, I chanced to see that Frank P. Fogg had written several chapters. Say, I was then interested 'for fair,' as they say up here.

"When I followed you through those counties, I found myself with a wholly changed notion of the 'Joke of the Southwest.' Such articles are worth—shall I say it?—millions of dollars to the State of Arkansas. I know that is extravagant and that they can be produced for a whole lot less, even charging ten point at pica rates; but were such articles not written, I and the rest of the world would just go on looking upon Arkansas as the 'Joke of the Southwest.'

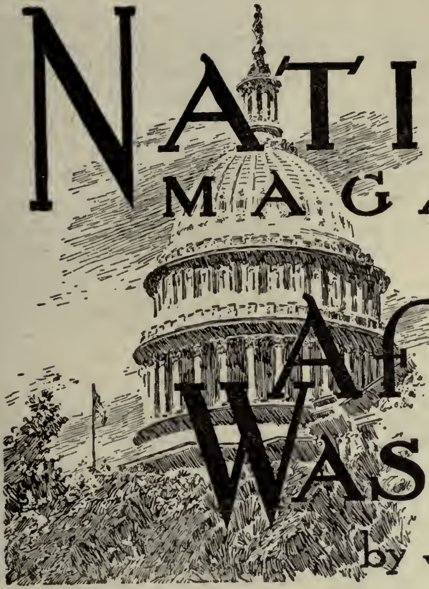
"Why, I am utterly surprised at the wonders of that State. I did not know it had diamonds—other than the 'black' variety—and not so great an area of that did I think it held until you told me.

"I like the way you tell of a country, one can so readily follow you. The NATIONAL is doing a great work. It puts the various parts of our country in touch with all other parts—it makes us acquainted with each other—it takes us to visit our furthest sister states, pays all our expenses of travel, and boards us while there. It gets down the family album and shows us pictures we had never before thought existed—it tells us things about the family—pretty things which please us and make us love the family better. Yours truly,

"ANSON A. GARD, Toronto, Cana."

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1911



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE procession was passing—in the ranks were officials who felt the force of the "landslide" to which the Culebra breaks at Panama were mere incidents. The searchlight of public interest was thrown full upon them as they entered the portals of the White House; there was something lacking in the old-time jaunty stride across the threshold—something significant in attire as well as in manner. Senator Burkett of Nebraska entered wearing a brilliant red cravat, emblematic, some opined, of buoyant hope in elections to come. Uncle Joe Cannon, soon to retire from the Speaker's chair and join the rank and file of the "X Society" of algebraic lore, does not remain an unknown quantity: with cigar atilt and eyes atwinkle, he seemed to be the same "Uncle Joe"—ready to do things—wearing a new sombrero. Congressman Alexander was there to discuss the Rivers and Harbors Bill with estimates running far into the millions; and with a quizzical look, he took some time to explain about that one missing vote which resulted in his defeat. Congressman Bennett of New York was taking matters philosophically and insisted that the "magazines exploded" his hopes over New York way, although he ran several thousand votes ahead of his ticket.

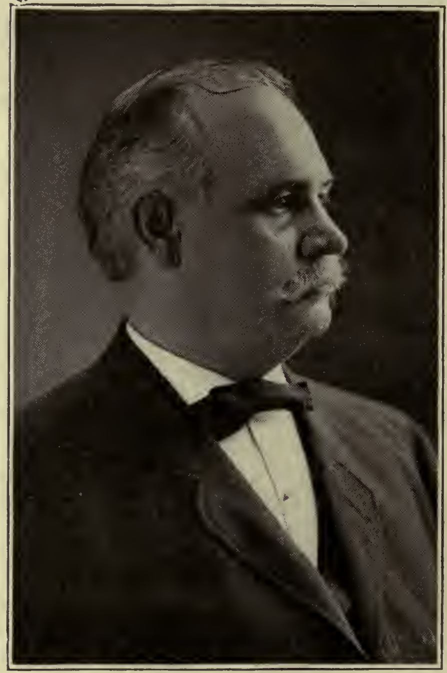
Various members of the Cabinet were hurrying in their sacrificial estimates on appropriations for the executive pruning-knife, for alas, the "pork barrel" is to be shorn of its ancient fair proportions at the coming session unless a Democrat-insurgent combine over-rides the presidential policy.

The new executive offices have something of the spacious area of a resort hotel. The visitors sitting about appeared to be mutely following the New York restaurant law, "*Watch your overcoats and hats*," as they awaited their turn to pass into the circular room where the President receives, and from which he had to retreat to the seclusion of the White House proper, where the troublesome paragraphs were forged, recast, polished and booked for the annual message.

* * *

ONE corner of the Executive Office has been set aside by Secretary Norton for certain visitors; it is already locally known as the "Lame Duck Alley," where a number of Congressmen and Senators who were defeated in the last election are ushered in when they come to see the

President and explain the situation. When Vice-President Sherman stepped in to look over the assembly, wreathed in one of his sunniest smiles, he simply remarked: "I don't think it's quite large enough." After such a hard-fought contest, there seemed to be very few dejected mourners among the defeated. They all agreed to "take the consequences" cheerfully and "get together" for the next time. One of the defeated Representatives, when telling "how it happened" said cheerily, "It was a good deal like that story that's been going the rounds lately.



SENATOR DUNCAN V. FLETCHER
Senator from Florida

"They were examining a witness at an inquest over the body of a negro named Henry, who had been killed by a train. 'Sam,' said the coroner, 'what do you know about this accident to Henry?'

" 'Not much, sah.'

" 'Tell us what you know, Sam, in your own way.'

" 'It wuz dis way,' explained Sam. 'You see, boss, I wuz stan'in' on de stashun platfawm wif Henry, an' Numbah Five wuz chalk up kindah late on de bode. I lef' Henry an' went roun' de stashun foh a li'l' dram. When I come back, boss, Numbah Five done gone by, an' I stahted up de track to go home. Artah a li'l' ways, I come 'cross a laig. Den a li'l' ways on I fin's 'nothah laig. Den I stumbles 'g'inst a haid. It wuz Henry's haid.'

"Sam had ended the grim narrative, but the coroner asked another question:

" 'Well, Sam, what did you do then?'

" 'Well, boss,' replied Sam, 'I thought—wal, I sez tuh mahself, 'Somethin' mus' done happen tuh Henry.' "

* * *

A GLOOM that suggested the blackness of the Styx fell over Washington when President James J. Hill gave out that famous interview which predicted idleness for thousands and a panic widespread—*if*—and then if. The only fault that Mr. Hill found with the report of that interview was as to its veracity. He had been at the Capital a few days previous, and had told the President some plain truths as he saw them in reference to the railroad financial situation.

Now when Mr. Hill raises his bushy eyebrows and his black eyes snap, something terse and positive is anticipated, but later reports indicate that the blue streak and the dark shadows athwart Mr. Hill's prophecy were not painted in the original picture. His rejoinder was a ringing response full of optimistic and cheerful hope, chords that vibrate quite another tune upon the harp.

It is curious how an inflection on a few words or a look in saying them, may be interpreted. Often it makes all the difference between yea or nay in an answer to important queries. But it is the American habit, no matter how black the horizon may seem, to insist that the sun is going to continue in its course and rise on the morrow. Somehow the keen, never-dying hopes of the people will always sustain the seer whose prophecies declare the ultimate and triumphant success of American policies.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a more recent caller on President Taft, and in walking with him across the White House grounds, one could appreciate the force of his crisp interview that "Business is marking time." And he illustrated the time to mark with decisive steps.

* * *

THE passing of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder and head of the Christian Science creed, is deeply mourned far and near, and the influence of her life and labors has been felt far beyond the confines of the sect which she founded. In spite of all the tempestuous struggles incidental to establishing her creed, she lived to see the triumph of the ideas which she represented among millions in all parts of the world.

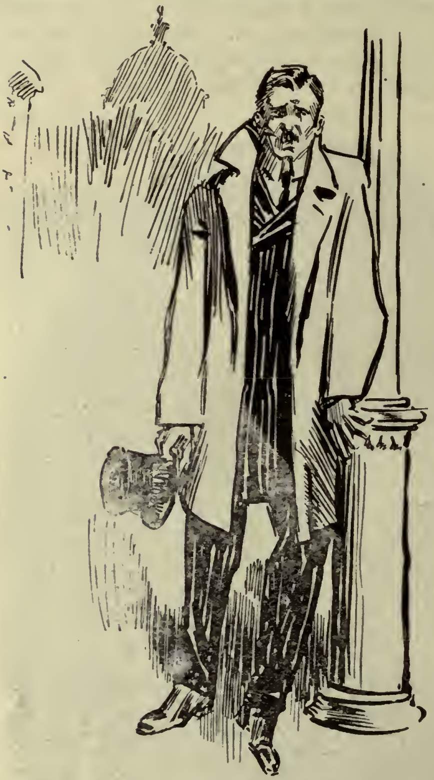
How vividly I recall that day at Concord when she appeared in public and from a balcony inspired every hearer by her very presence as she greeted thousands of Christian Science followers who gathered on the lawn at Pleasant View, to look upon the beloved face of their leader. Later in the day it was my privilege to be a guest in the parlor of her quiet home and take from her a message which, though written, had all the glow and fervor of a personal greeting. What a charming little parlor—it seemed so homelike, so quaint, so befitting the simplicity of the owner!

The splendid "Mother Church" at Boston and other fine edifices throughout the country are indeed impressive monuments to her memory and life work. Her book, "Science and Health," was found to be one of the ten most popular and appreciated books of the country in the test made some years ago by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE among its readers, a fact to which Mrs. Eddy personally called attention when bitter attacks were made upon the volume as not constituting permanent literature. She expressed her appreciation of the NATIONAL's fair treatment in a public announcement.

Her death was reported as peaceful and worthy of a great teacher. Up to within five days before the end, she was in personal touch with all her world of effort and inspiration, and her last message, "God is my life," reflects the sentiment which sustained her. Whatever else may be said of her creed, it has radiated happiness and content, and in many instances has transformed the discouraged and disheartened into happy, hopeful and helpful men and women. When the history of the nation is written in generations to come, the life-work of Mary Baker G. Eddy will be considered an important

THE LATE MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

element and remarkable incident of the psychical and religious development of the Nineteenth Century, not only in America, but throughout the world.



When he caught his breath he was two blocks up the avenue

A NEWLY elected Senator came on early to Washington to arrange for rooms, and had an object lesson furnished him on "the High Cost of Living"—the winning slogan in the recent campaign. He wanted to start in "with the swim" and be at the center of things, so he priced the "focusal" hotel.

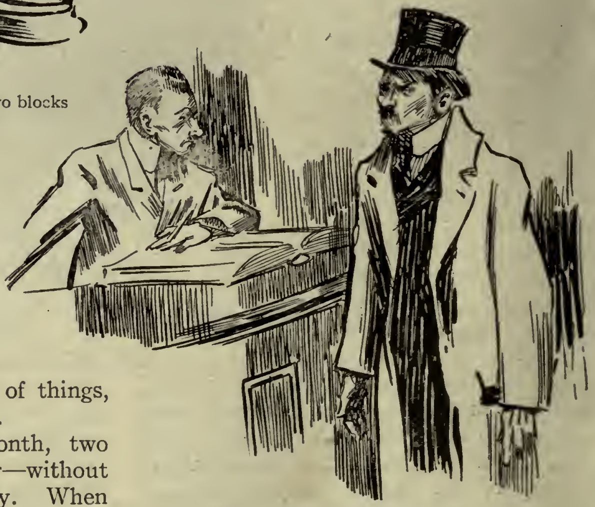
"We make it $650 per month, two rooms and bath, to you, Senator—without meals," said the clerk dreamily. When the Senator caught his breath, he was two blocks up the Avenue.

He tried another hotel; a moderately exclusive house whose lobbies were a sort of eddying pool of statesmen and "influential" lobbyists. To him the attendant flamen of this gilded shrine remarked: "Now, we have a choice two rooms with bath, at $350 per month—"

"Without eating—just for a sleeping-place!" broke in the Senator, "why, I'd burn up with fever if I had to sleep at that price!"

The salary of a Senator is $7,500, and it is figured on the high level of "simple living" in Washington that he ought to part with that much for assured rest at a good hotel. But the new Senator didn't feel that way about it. Finally it was suggested that he might take a room at the simple hotel of the old days, at one dollar per twenty-four hours, and save money, using the parcel room for baggage when away over Sunday. Then he could take a peep at Peacock Alley and meet friends in the "lobby" which the more wealthy statesmen and tourists support.

The high cost of living is indeed sometimes a high fever and wasting decline for those who must indulge in fluttering about the high places where millionaires pose impressively, while the music plays and the incense ascends. The man or woman who can face the charge of being "a cheap skate" in Washington, while honors roll upon him or her and fame confers her aureole, is hard to find, even among the lusty champions of the simple life.



"Without eating?" broke in the senator

A GENIAL soul is Congressman Kahn—to that all are agreed in Washington, in San Francisco, and everywhere that Julius Kahn is known. He seems to have about him that winning way that always makes friends. His speeches ring with an indefinable something that almost betrays his former calling, for Congressman Kahn twenty years ago was an actor, traveling with Booth, Jefferson, the elder Salvini, Clara Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and other well-known theatrical celebrities.

CONGRESSMAN JULIUS KAHN, OF CALIFORNIA, ADDRESSING HIS COLLEAGUES WITH EXPOSITION POST CARDS

His tragic mien is left on the stage, however, with his departure from the footlights, as is the prescribed rule with all good actor-folk, and in his everyday work he gets down to the realities of life. One of the first to stamp his foot upon whisperings and abuse hurled upon the heads of the founders of the country, he called a halt upon indiscriminate criticism, so often overlooked in the general indulgence to the carping cynic and critic.

To build up rather than to destroy is Mr. Kahn's broad policy, and he takes hold of things with an enthusiastic optimism. During the summer he has been actively interested in the campaign for the location of the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, which has been conducted with true Californian energy and vigor. Everybody helps in California, and the snapshot of Congressman Kahn assisting the ladies in the good cause of raising funds for this exposition, is an indication of the esteem in which the Congressman from California is held by his constituents.

* * *

THERE were many moistened eyes when the Senate convened, as the assembling legislators thought of the familiar faces missing. Death and retirement have almost transformed the rank and file of the stalwart leaders in the Senate Chamber. The passing of such an orator as Dolliver, and the absence of Beveridge and Depew, will leave very few familiar orators in Congress, a fact lamented by Hon. Champ Clark in a recent article.

It will take several sessions to develop much of the oratorical talent that may lie latent in the new Congress. But while people are entertained and sometimes moved by oratory, it is a general rule that popularity from mere grace of elocution has seldom had much influence on the votes of the people. Nevertheless, as the power of eloquent delivery is an important asset in making an impression upon a select audience, it is of value to the member of Congress who knows "what to say and how to say it."

GEORGE OTIS DRAPER OF NEW YORK
Author of the book "More"

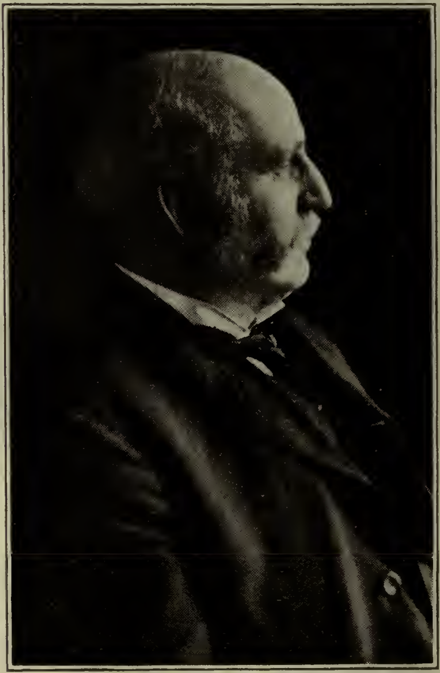
MY arrival at Washington was greeted by one continuous, sustained, shrill toot from a locomotive at the Union Station. The whistle of a switch engine had broken its valve, and the fierce toot-toot could not be checked until all the steam in the boiler was exhausted. For over an hour it continued, and I wondered if some great event were being celebrated by the ceaseless scream, which seemed like the cry of some great monster in distress.

Champ Clark insisted that it was only the desire of the iron horse or "mule" to give expression to its "neigh" against Republican policies, and that it had supplanted the lusty crow of the Democratic roosters giving their election greeting. Or perhaps it was an expression of jubilation over the recent election, which has warmed the cockles of Democratic hearts more than any other election of late years.

Everything that occurs in Washington must perforce have its political significance, whether it be the tooting of a demoralized locomotive, the lifting of an eyebrow, or an undignified fall on a slippery sidewalk. When Uncle Joe Cannon and Champ Clark met, there was an exchange of courtesy that indicated mutual respect despite all the acrimony of political warfare.

* * *

THE grim gray of early winter was lightened as the great lantern from the Executive Mansion swung forth from the porte-cochere announcing the gayeties that ushered in a new White House debutante. The big east room resounded with cheery greetings and informal gossip as Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman, members of the Cabinet and their wives, legislators and the members of the diplomatic corps were received by the President and Mrs. Taft.



COL. H. B. HEDGE, Des Moines, Ia.
United States Pension Agent

Flowers were in profusion everywhere; even the messenger boy who left a parcel

MISS HELEN TAFT

at the cook's entrance came away with a big pink in either buttonhole of his spick-and-span uniform.

The advent into society of Miss Helen has been a matter of deep interest in social Washington for weeks, and many receptions are being planned during the winter in her honor. The debutante daughter of the President is a young lady of many and varied accomplishments; she can cook and sew quite as well as ride horseback and play tennis. She speaks both French and Spanish fluently, and has traveled widely. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, athletic in build and amiable in manner, Miss Taft is a typical American girl—and just *sensible* all through.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington
CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE
Recently appointed by President Taft

"WHERE'S Burgess?" I inquired at the St. James as I sat down at the table and looked for his cheery black face. The answer was a look—Burgess was dead. His service as a waiter dated back to the war, and his smiling visage, deference and gentleness will be remembered by many of the guests when more prominent men are forgotten. Never was there a time that his dear old face did not fairly shine with kindly interest in everyone's welfare, and how he could anticipate the wants of those he knew! His waiting always seemed to be a labor of love rather than for "tips." He would fairly race back and forth to the kitchen that things might not get "col' an' unpal'table," but alas, with all his thoughtfulness and innate good-nature, Burgess grew gray and old and feeble, and his muscles twitched as he tried to keep up the pace.

Gifted with an easy, rich dialect, Burgess always had an interested group to listen to his after-dinner yarns. It was from him that I heard the story of the young couple who were visiting in Washington some years ago, and read on a printed notice in one of the "ultra" hotels that eating meals in the rooms would not be permitted, with a hint that the cafe was on the first floor. The young folks had brought along a luncheon of chicken, such as no Washington hostelry could furnish, so they quietly turned the key in their door and ate.

The only question was what to do with the bones, for the maid would shortly be in the room. Now, chicken-bones could not be thrown out on a public thoroughfare, so it was decided to do them up nicely in a neat paper package and take them downstairs, where they could be carried to an isolated spot and left forever. Perhaps the bundle was borne below a bit too carefully, or shifted too often from one hand to the other to avoid the clerk's eagle eye, but his suspicions were aroused that hotel laundry was being smuggled out, and gallantly he took the package by the string. One unruly drumstick peeped through.

How Burgess used to chuckle as he concluded: "Dat scene, sah, Ah nevah can fo'get. The gen'man, he jes' couldn' explain hisself, an' the clerk he jes' laff an' laff an' laff. An' we all laffed!"

SIXTY leading architects from all over the country have been invited to submit designs for the new buildings to be erected in Washington in the vicinity of the Treasury Department for the Departments of State, Justice and Commerce and Labor. The style is to be classical—as naturally befits the buildings of the government—and the new structures are to conform with the best public buildings already in the Capital city. This stipulation "classical" in reality gives a sufficiently wide latitude on which the architects may base their plans; for although the architecture of Washington is in general classical, most of the government buildings have modern features that rather lessen than accentuate close imitation of the architecture of the ancients, and embody a modern individuality and beauty that is in conformity with the progress of the age.

With sixty prominent American architects participating in the competition, there will without doubt be submitted as many excellent designs, although it is definitely announced that the competition is to select architects rather than plans, and that the "chosen few" whose designs are decided upon will be called on to cooperate with each other in order that the three buildings may be brought into general harmony. Only two months have been allowed for the preparation of plans, and those chosen will undoubtedly be put into operation without delay.

* * *

HE had dropped in to see a junior member who was deep in the revision of a speech—his maiden speech in the Halls of Congress. The floor was a litter of recopied pages, and the typewriter clicked savagely on the other side of the room as the tenth revise was ground out.

"What are you doing with the stuff?" demanded the intruder.

VIEW ON RIVER NEAR THE ARKANSAS HOME OF OCTAVE THANET (MISS ALICE FRENCH)

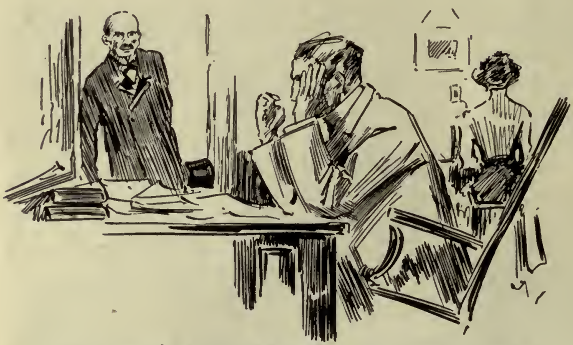
"Putting it into English," growled the youthful congressman tersely, as he deftly put a line through "something should be done at once," and carefully interpolated, "it is imperative that radical conciliatory measures should be pursued in the immediate future."

"My dear fellow," protested the older man, "let me have that manuscript." He glanced over the pages, groaning as he happened on such phrases as "incomprehensible effusiveness" and "individualistic idiosyncrasies."

"What do you think of it?" demanded the author.

"Think of it! I think it's an awful mess of jaw-breakers and word-juggling. You've spoiled every possible point that you wanted to make.

"I tell you," he mused, "the day of English for effect is doomed. The telegraph companies made 'em say it the shortest way, by basing their rates on words, some years ago. But they didn't go far enough; they didn't do away with jaw-breakers. Now here comes the cable company with a new rate on five letters to the word; and I say, three cheers for them.



The revision of his maiden speech in the halls of Congress

"My boy, you dig up your first draft of that speech and find out what you really wanted to say. Connect it up and make it strong. Fancy it's a cable on the five-letter basis. 'Brevity's the soul of wit,' Bill Shakespeare said. Well, I say 'Brevity's the body of sense.'

"Although I suppose," as he reached the door and flung back a parting shot, "you'd call it *em-bod-i-ment.*"

* * *

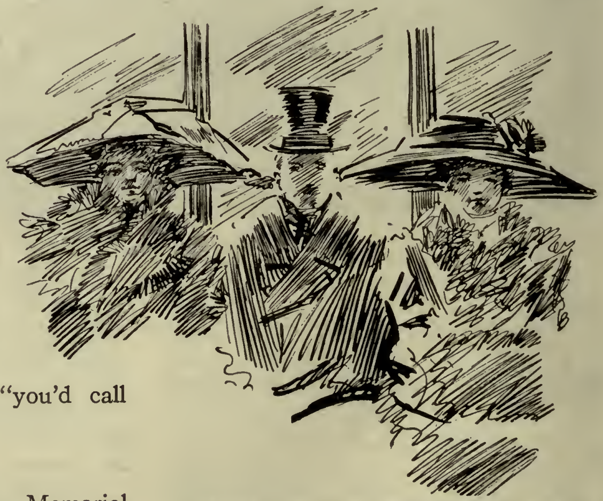
THE dedication of the Hay Memorial Library at Brown College brought together public officials, prominent educators and professional business men from all over America, to do homage to the memory of the late Secretary of State. A throng of alumni and undergraduates of Brown were gathered to listen to the tributes paid to the renowned son of their alma mater, by men who had known and loved him during his life.

Senator Elihu Root's address touched every heart, as he eloquently dwelt on the wonderful "bigness" of the man; his words will be long preserved in the memories of those who were present. But the American people need no oration to remind them of the sterling character of him whose ideals were expressed in his lines of "Jim Bludso":

"He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

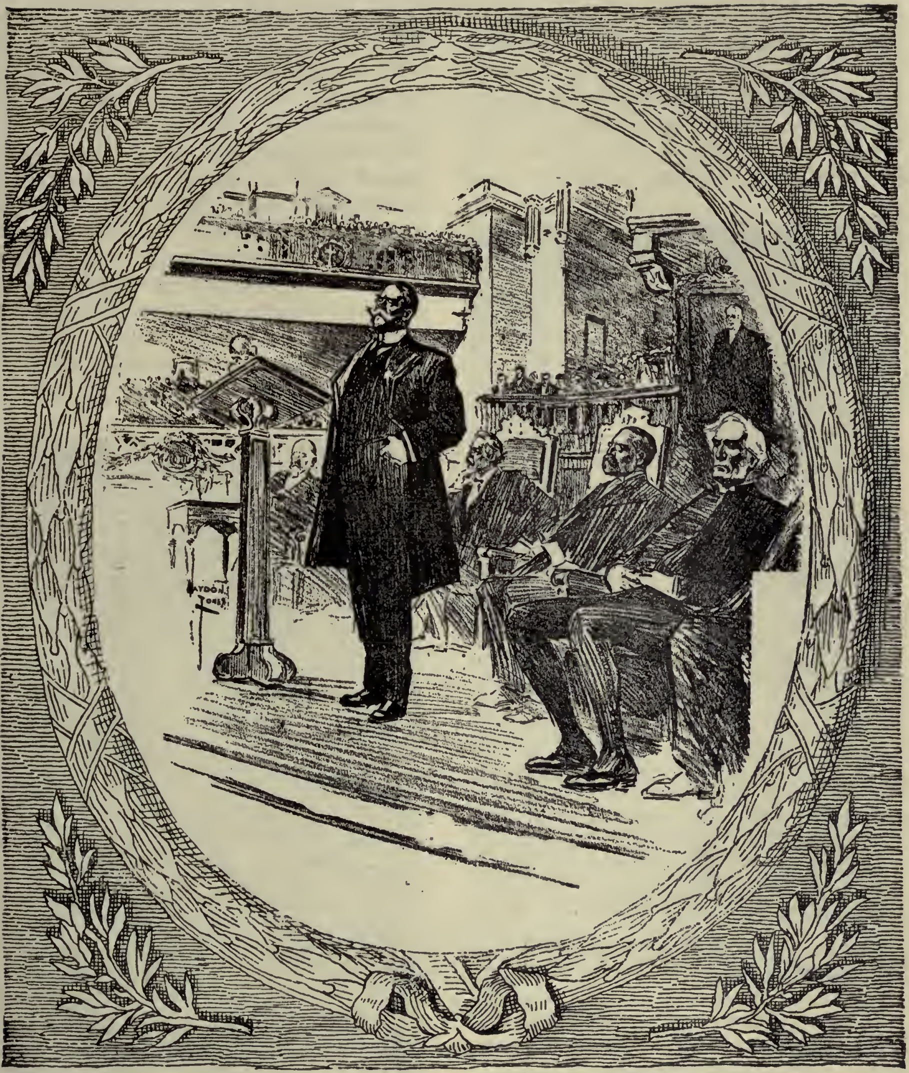
The library, which is of marble and will contain three hundred thousand volumes, was erected at a cost of $300,000, half of which was contributed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

People in every walk of life united in raising the remaining $150,000. Friends and admirers from all over the country contributed generously that the Hay Library might be fitting in every respect to invite the student body of Brown into the pursuits best loved by the late secretary of state.



Tickling the ears of a congressman in a street car

There are rooms for famous collections of poetry, of international law, of literature



THE LATE JOHN HAY MAKING AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, IN MAY, 1906

and other features, and the magnificent structure will be an enduring monument to John Hay, whose combination of literary taste and skill, public spirit and wholeheartedness made him indeed a representative "man among men."

* * *

THEY were talking over state politics at an informal gathering of Congressmen, and the subject was Woodrow Wilson. "How did he do it?" was the general query; and not a few shook their heads as they reflected on disastrous election bets against the "scholar in politics."

For the American people are reputed to look askance at the *savant* who sets out to capture even a petty judgeship, and that a college president—who has composed literary essays and written histories and is no politician at all according to the prescribed rule—should so completely take New Jersey by storm, is something of a paradox.

The Wilson campaign was unique. The gentlemanly professor did not throw bombs into the camp of his opponent. He did not vehemently attack the opposite party and thunderingly accuse it of every crime in the decalogue. He did not even grandiloquently declaim himself a savior of the poor, common people. But he won; and the victory of this "amateur" has set many a practised politician to thinking.

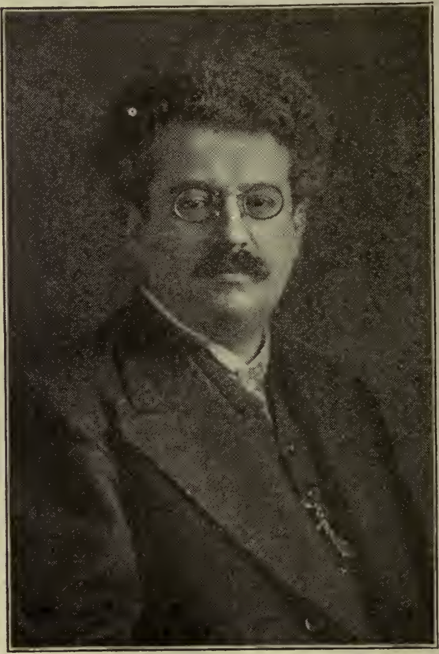
GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Director of the Mint, Washington, D. C.

"Oh, that's all right," admitted a radical M. C. of the "rip-'em-to-bits" variety, "but think of campaigning a la Wilson among the farmers in G——— or B———. They'd think you were hand in glove with the other fellow if you didn't call him a liar and a thief; and they don't understand anything but cuss words."

"May be so," said a brother member prophetically, "but it may happen that within a couple of years Woodrow'll be out that way to decide that matter for himself."

A TALK with returning congressmen and their secretaries and the residue of those well informed on matters political throughout the country, discloses one impressive fact: that admiration for the administration of President Taft is growing stronger every day all over the country. Members of both Houses are especially friendly to the President, who seems to have a faculty for getting what he asks for, as his requests are always reasonable.

Many of the insurgent Republicans, who felt very secure at home, are returning a bit anxious about the future of the party, realizing that Republican supremacy has been put to a severe test in the recent election. Republicans of all shades of opinion are commending the President for going his way and attending strictly to business during the tension of factional disputes. He has a way, too, of standing firmly and loyally by his friends and associates; and his plans are submitted in a broad and comprehensive way that is commensurate with his capability in the executive chair. His influence



ANTON WITEK
The noted grand opera conductor

with the representatives of foreign powers is equally evidenced by his popularity among the diplomatic corps.

No representative of any country has ever hesitated in going to President Taft, realizing that a full hearing and a just verdict will be granted. While it was feared that his temperament might obscure his executive ability, yet the comment of the returning members from all parts of the country indicates that President Taft will enter the third year of his presidency with as satisfactory and substantial support as any other President has been accorded.

The American tourist who wishes to extend his automobile trip into Canada can procure a permit from the authorities to remain within the port of importation and its vicinity for not more than three days.

The owner of an auto, not connected with any automobile business, and desiring to enter Canada "for touring purposes only," can secure a permit good for three months on depositing twenty-five dollars, and executing a bond for double the amount of the appraised duties, signed by himself and two residents of Canada, or by the importer and a resident of Canada, who has deposited the general guarantee of a Canadian guarantee company, or the special bond of such a guarantee company.

The deposit of twenty-five dollars will be returned, and the bond cancelled upon return of the permit with official proof of the return of the auto to the United States within three months; otherwise, the deposit is forfeited and the bond enforced. Tourists coming into Canada should be provided with an invoice showing the selling price of the automobile, and the date, place and from whom the purchase was made.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN MONTPELIER, VERMONT, WHERE ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS EDUCATED. NOW USED AS A DWELLING HOUSE

AMERICAN automobiles have become more and more popular on European roads as tourists realize the advantages of sight-seeing tours abroad by motor. Much of the "red tape" necessitated in crossing boundary lines will be eliminated with the issuance of the international traveling certificate, which is honored by most European countries through special arrangement of the Touring Club of America with leading automobile associations in Europe including the Automobile Association of London and the Touring Club of France. The certificates may be secured before leaving this country.

A QUERY that never fails when the traveler returns from a first trip abroad is, "What did you like best?" or "What interested you most?" Imagine my surprise when a lady declared to a company of friends that after four months of very comprehensive European sightseeing, the object that most impressed her was Napoleon's hat.

Photo by Lippincott

ARTHUR E. STILWELL
President, Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway Co. Author of "Confidence or National Suicide," an article concerning which will be found in the Publishers' department in this issue of the NATIONAL

It is still shown at Fontainebleau, just as it was worn by the sturdy little Corsican as he was painted in that familiar pose with his hand behind. Napoleon's hat has an air of distinction, insisted the lady; with a brim fully twelve inches wide, it would seem almost to rival in breadth the "Mikado" shape worn by the ladies of today. Of black beaver, the hat is a true reflection of the fastidious taste of the "Little Emperor," and, indeed, it was its personality that had so fascinated the visitor, aside from the never-failing interest of womankind in headgear.

Who can say how many styles and fashions affected by the ladies originated from the broad-brimmed beaver of Bonaparte, with its turned-up flap? Of course one is willing to concede that it may have had its uses in this direction, but that a lady should wax eloquent in a tribute to Napoleon's ancient headgear is almost amusing.

And yet why should not a survey of this hat, after all, appeal as strongly to the thoughtful beholder as any other relic of the great Emperor? Under its brim was a head that carried the fate of all Europe in its plans for a great empire. Why not a hat, then, as well as a chair or an image in marble? For surely no other part of the wardrobe is so close to the brain, the controlling force of great careers.

All of which may result in a startling furor for collecting hats of famous men.

* * *

THE Everglade State certainly has reason to be proud of her Governor, Albert Waller Gilchrist, one of those whole-souled, genial men who still maintains the traditional hospitality and cavalier spirit and courtesy of the South.

His father, General William E. Gilchrist, was for years a State Senator in Florida, and his only son was born in Greenwood, South Carolina, at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Waller, for whom he was named. General Gilchrist, one of Florida's wealthiest planters, died at the beginning of the Civil War, and during the dark days that followed, young Albert was reduced to poverty, and began his career by working hard on a salary of fifteen dollars per month.

Later he was appointed to West Point, where, as a member of the Class of '82, he served in various honorary positions. In 1896, when he was General in the Florida Militia, Grover Cleveland appointed him a member of the West Point Board of Visitors. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War, he resigned the office of Brigadier-General to become a private in the Florida Volunteer Infantry, serving at Santiago, Cuba. The following year, having served part of the time as Acting Major, he was mustered out of service with the rank of Captain.

Governor Gilchrist was a member of the House of Representatives of Florida from De Soto County for four terms, serving as Speaker of the House during the 1905 session. He was elected Governor of the Peninsula State in 1909 for the term of four years.

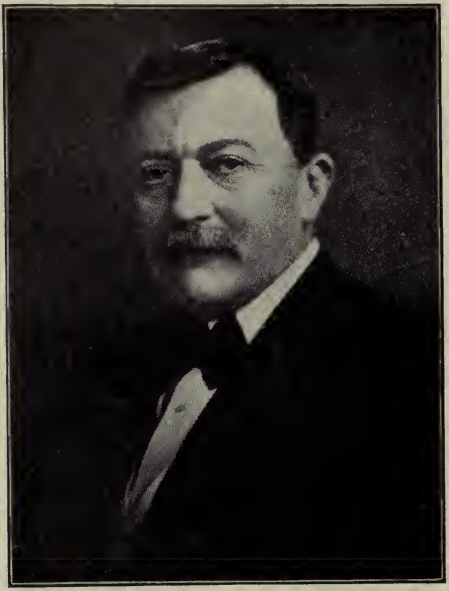
Genealogists have traced the Governor's ancestry through far-off grandfathers, to both Washington and Madison. The Waller family, his maternal ancestors, settled in England at the time of the Conquest, the head of the family being one of the one hundred noblemen who composed the famed Wittenagemote of William the Conqueror.

It is said that his father once aspired to the governorship of his state, and his ambition could not have been more fully gratified than through the excellent administration of his son. The Governor is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, Elks, Masons and of the S. A. E. Greek Letter Fraternity, is socially popular and has "a way with him" that may be defined as personal magnetism. He has never been married, and the books and souvenirs constantly sent him by admirers, from all over the country, "for Mrs. Gilchrist," are the source of no end of amusement to his personal friends. But the Governor doesn't mind. He graciously accepts the gift himself, whether it be a bit of a lace handkerchief or a volume on woman suffrage, and indites a note of appreciation to the sender with a rather apologetic confession of his bachelorhood.

* * *

WASHINGTON is again a convert to the old maxim, "In time of peace, prepare for war," and much is said of the necessity of greatly strengthening our Pacific Coast defences. The opening of the Panama Canal will assist in properly guarding the Pacific Coast and Island Colonies from a naval point of view, but the War Department is hastening the work of establishing and strengthening the fortresses of our few Pacific cities. Since his return from his world tour, Secretary of War Dickinson has prepared a special report on the Philippine Islands for the President, who has always had a deep personal interest in the welfare and progress of the islands ever since over ten years ago, when President McKinley appointed him President of the United States Philippine Commission.

Much interest has been taken at the War Department in the experiments with high explosives on the upper works of the Monitor Puritan. The little iron monitor seems to hold its own against almost every kind of explosive, and to defy destruction by dynamite dropped from the greatly feared aeroplane. Air craft as thus far developed would probably be of no great efficiency in war so far as the destruction of modern warships is concerned. A bomb thrown from an airship at any elevation over five thousand feet could not be aimed with any accuracy, and at this height any quick-firing gun would certainly cripple and probably destroy the aeroplane. And so the airship, after all, cannot be exactly regarded as an important factor in war, at least in its present embryonic state.



ALBERT WALLER GILCHRIST
Governor of Florida

J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR
His annual report recommends a purchase of aeroplanes, and is the result of a flight made in one of the French army machines in Paris

A STRIKING figure among the new Congressmen who will answer to the roll-call of the Sixty-second Congress, Judge S. F. Prouty of Des Moines, Iowa, will present the massive strength of character that after four strenuous contests in the primaries secured his nomination.

A typical "early settler," and except for his comparative youth a pioneer, the Judge, from earliest youth to mature manhood, has been a typical representative of that class for which the Hawkeye State has been famous—the self-made man.

Gifted with that vein of pungent humor that cuts its way through the glittering chain mail of more polished opponents, and a fearless fighter, the people of Iowa have learned to be proud of their new member from the Seventh District, who, fifty-four years ago, came with his parents by long and lonely roads from Ohio to the Iowan prairies, where his mother, worn out with the weary journey, passed away when almost in sight of the new home.

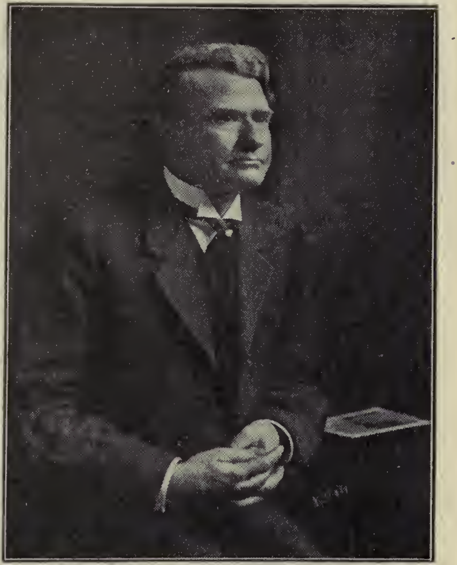
Thrown upon his own resources at the age of nine, Judge Prouty began to earn his own living, and in the half-dozen years succeeding often burned the midnight oil or home-made candle in the little room where he familiarized himself with the studies which fitted him, when only sixteen, for an appointment as teacher in the district school. His maiden speech in Congress, under the dome of the Capitol, avows the Judge, can never afford him keener pleasure or greater pride than he felt in that never-to-be-forgotten day when in the little dingy schoolhouse he marshalled his pupils and was greeted with the time-honored title of "Teacher."

So, too, he loves to tell his friends of the many long evenings spent in hard study that he might enter Central University, and how, by assisting with janitor work, he worked his way through college. That such devotion should win honors goes without saying; in 1877 he was the class valedictorian, and won prizes in the state and interstate competitions.

He was elected to the State Legislature when twenty-four years of age, shortly after his admission to the bar. His legal ability soon commanded public recognition, and in his career as a judge of the District Court, he made an enviable record as a humane and just magistrate.

* * *

OUR good neighbor, the Canadian Government, is preparing to take her census next June after the approved manner of the American census, just completed. Mr. E. S. McPhail, of the Census Bureau of Canada, was in Washington for some days in private conference with Chief Durand, and he was much impressed by the modern American methods of census-taking.



HON. S. F. PROUTY
Elected to Congress to succeed J. A. T. Hull from the Des Moines (Iowa) district

Official estimates place the population of Canada at eight million, almost a fifty per cent increase over the figures of the former census. Mr. McPhail expressed his admiration for Yankee ingenuity in the statement that he hoped this increase was largely due to American immigration.

Across the border they are having their own troubles over the vexed question of the influx of Japanese, and the general sentiment would indicate that definite measures will soon be required to prohibit Japanese "coolies" from settling along the northern coast and monopolizing important fisheries and trading posts.

ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

IT was a revelation to hear Admiral Evans tell of the chances in store for the boy who enters the navy, for he firmly believes that a graduate of the navy's training-school has the best all-round education of any man in America.

There is reason, too, for his enthusiasm. Navy officers are constantly in demand to fill responsible positions in industrial and business lines; they seem to have a thoroughness that the youth of ordinary college training lacks. Perhaps the reason that most of the graduates of the navy's admirable course remain with the government in preference to outside pursuits, springs from the same loyalty that saved Admiral Bob from becoming a steel magnate.

When hard-pressed for a story, he will tell with charming simplicity of why he

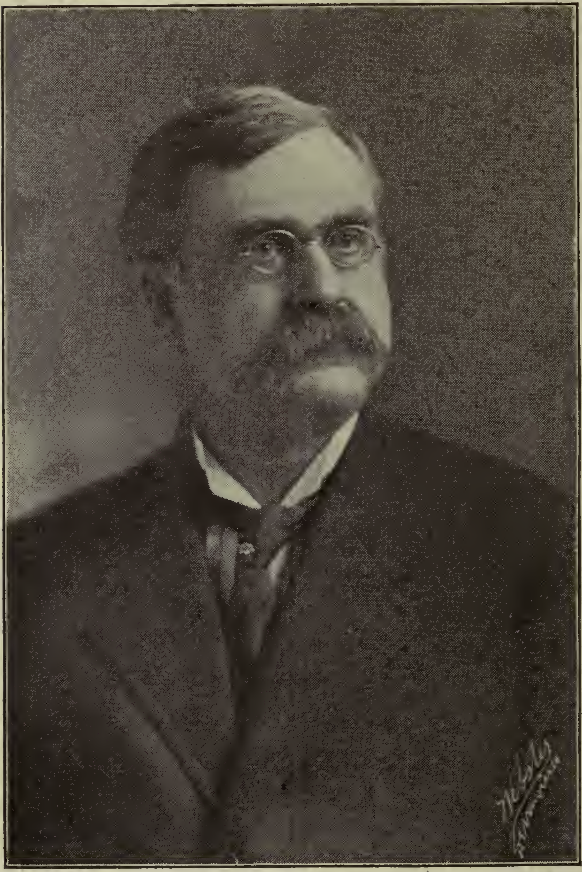
Courtesy of "New Boston"

DETAIL OF THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION SCENE IN THE NOTABLE BOSTON-1915 CIVIC PAGEANT, "CAVE LIVE TO CITY LIFE," ENACTED AT THE BOSTON ARENA, NOV. 10-12

Courtesy of "New Boston"

SWEDISH DANCERS, ONE OF THE STRIKING FEATURES OF THE BOSTON-1915 PAGEANT never left the government employ. It seems that when he was the navy's steel expert in 1888 a private corporation sought his services. The young government specialist thought it over.

He was an acknowledged steel expert. In the government service, his personal ability would naturally be obscured from the world's notice. On the other hand, a connection with a steel corporation would make him famous and rich. But it was the government that had made him the master of his art, and he felt that his duty was to remain in its service.



SENATOR LAFAYETTE YOUNG

"I have never been sorry," he will say in conclusion, "even when I have heard of other men who entered the business and have become wealthy; for the friends I have made during my service to the navy are of more value to me than millions in steel."

The credit of converting public opinion to the uplifting influence of the army and navy, once referred to by a prominent attorney as "the dumping ground for failures," and its wonderful educational advantages, belongs to such men as loyal, great-hearted "Fighting Bob."

* * *

THE appointment to the United States Senate of Colonel Lafayette Young—or "Lafe Young, Senior," as they call him out Des Moines way—was a happy solution of the problem, "Who will succeed Dolliver?"

State Senator for twelve years in Iowa, the Colonel has long been prominent in political affairs, and his paper, the *Des Moines Capital*, has had no small influence in shaping public sentiment. He is, in fact, an old-time Republican editor. He made the speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention when McKinley was named for a second term, and has been delegate-at-large at two Republican national conventions.

Senator Young was a member of the Taft party which visited the Philippines, and served as war correspondent with Shafter's famous Cuban campaign. After he returned from the island he was in constant demand as a speaker on the Cuban situation, and gained for himself an enviable reputation for his oratorical powers. Much of his time is spent in travel, in order that the *Capital* may be national in scope as well as in influence.

A close personal friend of President Taft and a man of sane and practical convictions, Senator Young is looked upon as a worthy successor to the late Senator Dolliver.

PARRAMATTA, one of the largest estates along the North Shore, has been leased by the President, and for at least two more years Beverly will remain the summer capital of the nation.

The mansion, which is situated on a hill that overlooks the ocean, is of the modernized Colonial type. The plan of the interior seems to be especially adapted to the requirements of the Chief Executive, while on the spacious grounds surrounding he may golf to his heart's content.

The new estate is somewhat more retired than his former Beverly quarters; it is reached by a private avenue and there are no neighboring cottagers to be annoyed by the throngs who all through the summer season betake themselves to Beverly to "see the President's house," cherishing the fond hope of getting a glimpse of his portly form in the pursuit of some very human and homely duty or relaxation.

* * *

THE boys who in the old days worked their way through college by "bucking wood," will read with interest the monograph by Mr. Pierson of the Forest Service on the yearly consumption of wood as a fuel.

To feed the fires of fifty millions of people thirty years ago, one hundred and forty-six million cords of firewood were required, the price averaging about $2.21 per cord. Coal production amounted to about seventy-one million short tons; now it is six times that quantity.

Though the population of the country has increased to ninety millions, the use of wood as fuel has decreased not only per capita, but in the aggregate—only about eighty-six million cords of firewood were consumed in 1908, a decrease of nearly sixty million cords against a forty-million increase in population.

The general feeling nowadays is that the destruction of most woods for heating purposes is uneconomical and wasteful; yet certain of the present generation can recall the time when black walnut, bird's-eye maple and beautiful birch were consumed for fuel, leaving only a heap of ashes to tell the tale of a nation's extravagance.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG, Jr.
Who conducts the destinies of the *Des Moines Capital* when the Senator is away, which is most of the time

The introduction of municipal heating plants along with the other public-utility conveniences installed into some of our centers of population will soon oust even the semblance of old-time cord wood. The buck-saw will not long be the terror of former years to the boys of the present generation, and the old square box-stove

WILLIAM HODGE AND HIS PET BEAR

in the schoolhouse of long ago will soon be confined to the shops of dealers in antiques.

* * *

THAT William Hodge is one of America's best-loved actors has long been an established fact. The question "Why?" is never raised as to the cause of his success, for he's always just the same genial, sincere Will Hodge wherever he may be, and his very whole-heartedness wins people to him at once.

During the summer he had a taste of life truly rural. In the old Bay State, not far from Boston and within hailing distance of Jerusalem Road, he became a real farmer, and one of the Cohasset home-folks. So when the Marshfield County Fair was being held, to the fair he went—to Marshfield, among the fields where Daniel Webster was wont to spend his hours of relaxation in pitching hay.

One of the prizes offered at Marshfield was a bear—a real, shaggy black bear, from Egypt, contributed by Thomas W. Lawson. To Mr. Hodge fell the small bruin, and when the award was made, he wore a puzzled look that was a true study in physiognomy. A "white elephant" deeded to him by a favorite aunt could scarce have caused him more consternation. There was a moment's hesitation, and then the erstwhile farmer took the bear to his bosom, in such manner as he would welcome a long-lost relative come home to him.

Youthful Mr. Bruin seemed to see in the kindly face of the "Man from Home" a true "friend in a far countree," and not long after the two were holding an animated *conversazione* in a language that may have reigned in Bruindom.

Mr. Hodge does not carry "Capper"

MRS. WILLIAM HODGE AND DAUGHTER GENEVIEVE

Named after the title of the song which plays so conspicuous a part in Mr. Hodge's play, "The Man From Home"

about with him on a chain, but has left him in the tender care of Mr. Lawson's daughter, to hibernate quietly until the summer days return.

* * *

THE President's personal interest in the movement to raise a fund of two million dollars for the endowment of the American Red Cross, would of itself create a revival of public interest in that noble organization; but his announcement of the names of some two hundred representative Americans, chosen from all parts of the country, each willing and eager to do his part in raising the necessary endowment, cannot fail to incite a prompt and effective response from the people.

The subject should not be left without paying a deserved tribute to the devotion with which Miss Mabel T. Boardman has inspired a national interest in this movement. Her address before the National Conservation Congress at St. Paul aided greatly in ensuring the endorsement of the project to raise this endowment fund. Not the least of her arguments was the parallel drawn between the Red Cross movement in Japan and European countries, and our own, including the surprising statement that the Japanese Red Cross has permanent endowment funds amounting to over eight million dollars.

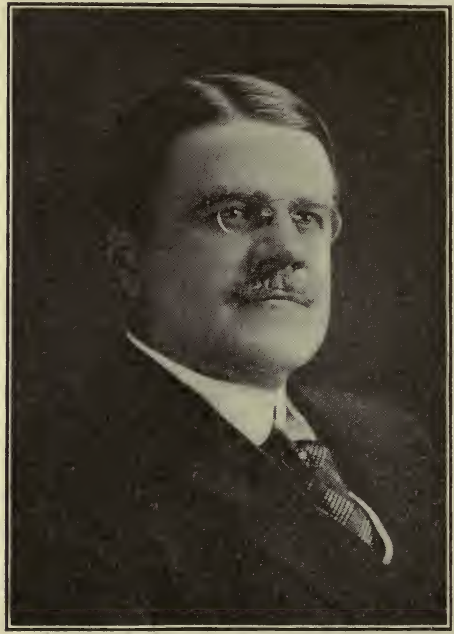
The beneficent labors of the Red Cross are not confined to service in war; but, as set forth in the charter granted it by Congress, "to continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace, and apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, fire, floods and other great calamities, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same."

RED CROSS CHINESE FIRST AID CLASS, SAN FRANCISCO

THE Honorable Horace G. Knowles, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Bolivia, was born at Seaford, Delaware, in 1863. He was graduated at Delaware College in 1884, and in 1889 was appointed United States Consul to Bordeaux, France, retiring with the advent of the Cleveland administration in 1893. He was admitted to the bar of Newcastle County, Delaware, in 1895, and was several years the attorney of the county, successfully conducting many important cases.

He was the editor and proprietor of the *Evening Journal*, the leading daily newspaper of Delaware, for two years prior to entering the diplomatic service in January, 1907, when he was appointed

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Roumania and Servia. July 1, 1907, he was appointed Minister to Roumania and Servia and Diplomatic Agent in Bulgaria, and successively Minister to Nicaragua and Minister to the Dominican Republic. He was appointed Minister to Bolivia June 24, 1910.



HON. HORACE G. KNOWLES
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary
of the United States to Bolivia

ONCE again an important issue is raised by the bill introduced by Congressman Madden of Chicago, regarding an amendment to the Constitution, to confer upon Congress the power of legislation upon general issues of all kinds that have formerly come under state jurisdiction. Although there is a growing sentiment in commercial circles against the restraints imposed by conflicting and divergent state laws, yet the consensus of opinion of a group of senators gathered in the cloak room was in accord with Senator Elihu Root's reply to the insurance controversy:

"You cannot confine the proposal to insurance alone. The framework of our government aimed to preserve at once the strength and protection of a great national power, and the blessing and the freedom and the personal independence of local self-government. It aimed to do that by preserving in the Constitution the sovereign powers of the separate states. Are we to reform the Constitution? If we do it as to insurance, we must do it as to a hundred and thousand other things. The interdependence of life, wiping out state lines, the passing to and fro of men and merchandise, the intermingling of the people of all sections of our country without regard to state lines, are creating a situation in which from every quarter of the horizon come cries for federal control of business which is no longer confined within the limits of separate states. Are we to reform our constitutional system so as to put in federal hands the control of all the business that passes over state lines? If we do, where is our local self-government? If we do, how is the central government at Washington going to be able to discharge the duties that will be imposed upon it? Already the administration, already the judicial power, already the legislative branches of our government are driven to the limit of their power to deal intelligently with the subjects that are now before them.

CONGRESSMAN MADDEN OF CHICAGO

"This country is too great, its population too numerous, its interests too vast and complicated already, to say nothing of the enormous increases that we can see before us in the future, to be governed as to the great range of our daily affairs, from one central power in Washington."

The National Civic Federation has played a prominent part in creating more uniform laws among the various states, which, it is felt, would be more advisable than amending the Constitution and possibly jeopardizing state rights. The views expressed in this matter by President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell—a group of men differing widely in political affiliations—are practically identical, and the governors of most of the states signify their wishes to co-operate in the movement of making more uniform state laws.

CONGRESSMAN M. E. OLMSTED
of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Those who favor federal control call attention to the sentiment in Washington's famous Farewell Address, where he urged that the country could not shield itself too much against "geographical discriminations"; but it is felt that Mr. Madden's proposed constitutional amendment, despite its good features, might prove too radical and in the end endanger the rights of the states as well as of the nation.

* * *

THE "close-of-the-year" reckoning will show a steady increase in the exports of American manufactures. For the first time in the history of the United States, the total exports will exceed eight hundred million dollars per annum in value, which justifies a well-grounded prediction that 1911 will show even a more radical increase. The exports for September alone exceeded seventy million dollars and an average of sixty-eight million dollars' worth of manufactures going out of the country each month means great progress in the right direction.

T. W. LeQUATTE
Advertising manager of *Successful Farming*, published at Des Moines, Iowa

The report of imports shows a decided decline in crude materials, though there has been an increase in the importation of both manufacturers' materials and finished manufactures. The fact that

Chinese cotton importation has reached the astonishing figure of four and one-half million pounds is of intense interest to Southern planters, and will doubtless lead to a greater increase in the acreage of cotton in the South next year.

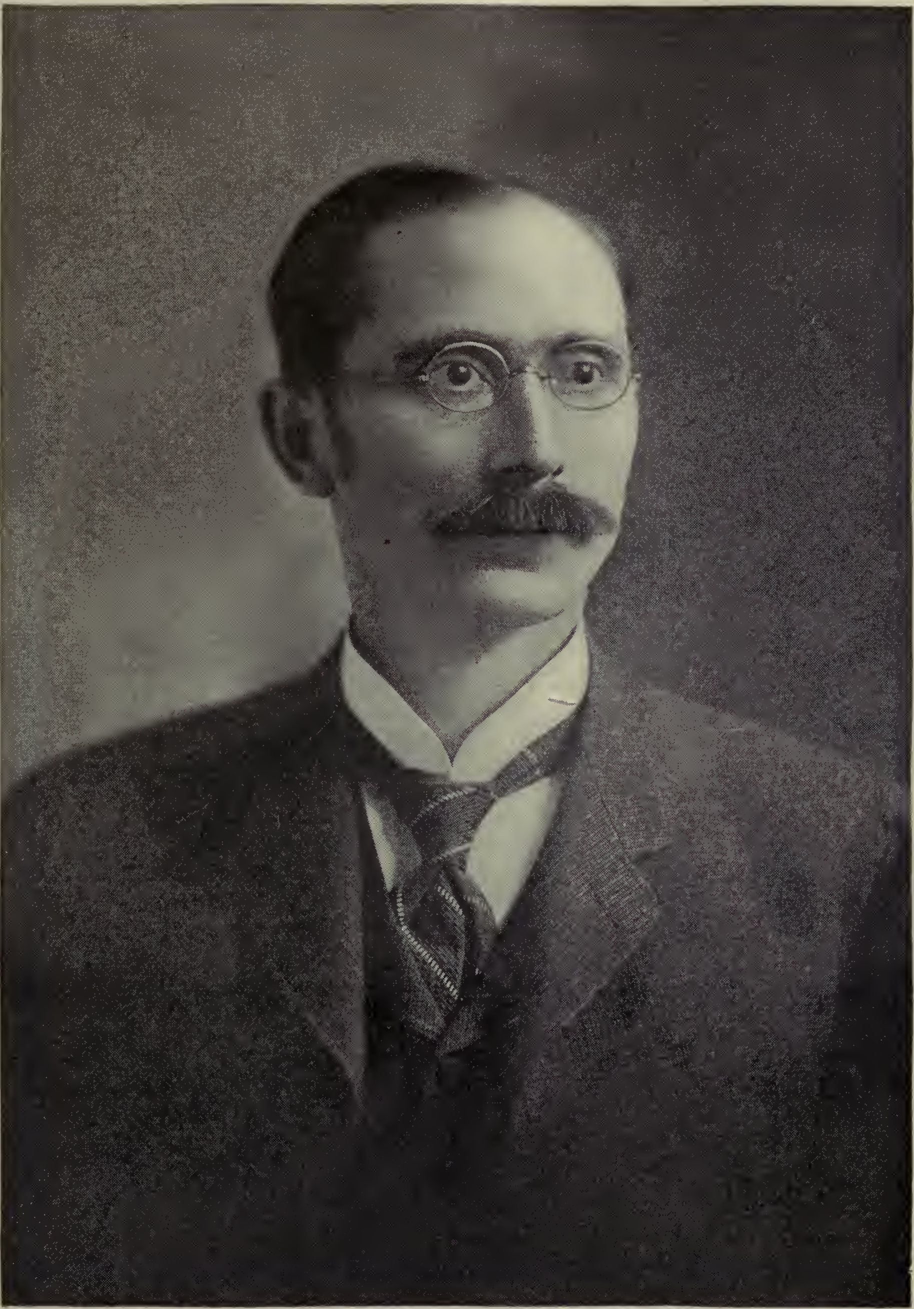
The enhanced value of cotton is largely due to the large increase in the value of by-products. One can never forget the beauty of the old cotton field, with its flossy staples and purple blossoms, but the increasing enterprise and utilitarian methods of the American planter will bring about a more scientific and profitable production of cotton in future years than ever before.

* * *

THE death of Representative James Breck Perkins of New York brought another New England man to the chairmanship of one of the most important committees of the House. Nine years ago when Representative David J. Foster of Vermont entered the House, Speaker Henderson appointed him a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Foster is a lawyer, and he has been a student of international law and deeply interested in international politics and our Foreign Affairs. He asked the Speaker to make him a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and Mr. Henderson promptly recognized his fitness for the place. The committee is an important one. It frames the annual appropriation bill for the support of our Diplomatic and Consular Service, and deals with many of the delicate and confidential matters affecting the intercourse between the United States and foreign governments. It has jurisdiction of all proposed legislation affecting the relations of the

HAD A GLORIOUS TRIP ACROSS THE COUNTRY

A jolly party of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers who visited our plant after touring across the continent with Col. Geo. A. Whiting of Neenah, Wis., in his famous Pierce-Arrow. The picture was taken just as they were returning, opposite the Boston Public Gardens



SENATOR JOSEPH L. BRISTOW
The Insurgent Senator who has them all a-guessing

United States with foreign nations, including appropriations therefor.

Mr. Foster's work on the committee during these nine years has been marked by good judgment and careful attention to details, and it was only natural that he should be promoted to the chairmanship. During the time Mr. Foster has been a member of the committee our consular service has been thoroughly reorganized. This was accomplished partly by legislation and partly by Executive order. Mr. Foster did his full share in the work of taking this important service out of politics. His ability as a lawyer and his familiarity with constitutional questions were shown in his scholarly speech in the House upon the treaty-making power of the government, delivered at the time when the city of San Francisco undertook to segregate the Japanese school children in separate schools.

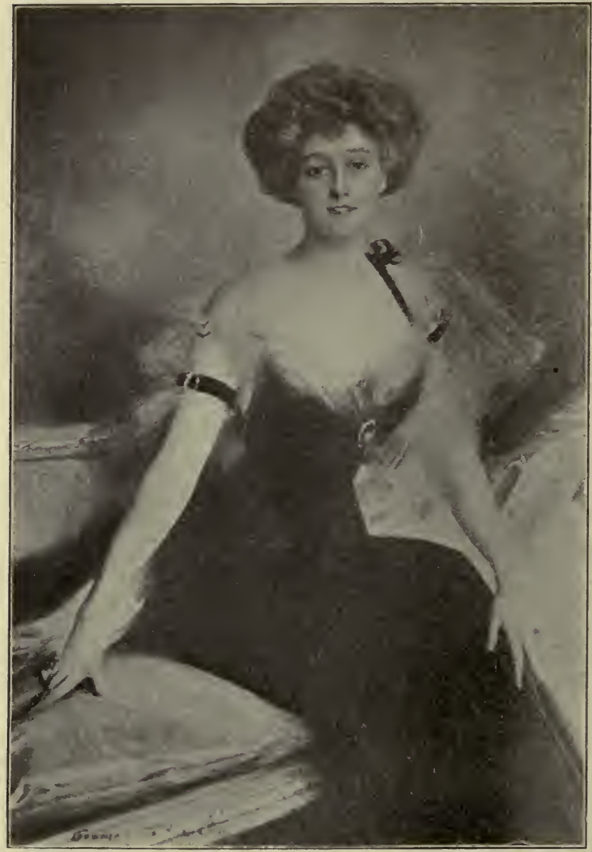


Photo by Clinedinst MRS. PETER GOELET GERRY

Formerly Miss Mathilde Townsend, who has long been considered the most beautiful girl in Washington

Another subject which has claimed constant attention from Mr. Foster is that of the public schools of Washington. He insists that they ought to be models of perfection, object lessons for the several states. It was largely through his efforts that legislation was enacted some years ago reorganizing the schools and increasing the compensation of teachers and providing for annual automatic increases in such compensation. He is now seeking by legislative action to provide pensions for these teachers upon retirement.

But withal Mr. Foster is severely practical in looking after those matters in which his constituents are peculiarly interested. From the start he saw the value of that branch of the postal service known as rural delivery, which has done so much to bring the farmer into contact with the world and to improve the conditions of rural life. His district was one of the first to be gridironed by these routes and the developments and improvements of the service have been his constant care. He now has a bill pending which has the approval of the Post Office Department to establish a local parcels post on these routes.

If this bill should become a law it will revolutionize to a considerable extent the parcel business of the country. His bill has many staunch adherents in both branches of Congress, and throughout the country there are many people ready to fight for it. After all it's what the people want that counts.

Mr. Foster has always stood for the dignity and prestige of the House of Representatives. He has insisted that there should be better order in the House, that the individual members should assume larger responsibility for legislation therein, that the House should have more effective control over pending legislation. His speech in the House some months ago in which he deplored the lack of order and dignity in the procedure of the House and urged that it mend its manners if it would retain the respect of the public was commended by the press and people of the entire country. He was one of the foremost leaders a year ago in the movement which resulted in the adoption of a rule providing for what is known as Calendar Wednesday, which has revolutionized the procedure of the House. Under this rule bills thus reported come up automatically every Wednesday, and the House has regained control over bills favorably reported by committees.

Mr. Foster is a member of the Republican Congressional committee, and he enjoys a wide reputation as a campaigner and effective speaker.

* * *

THE chief arguments used successfully in the past political campaign were based directly upon "the high cost of living." The phrase has become a byword on the stump and in the press, which will arouse the interest of the people when other devices fail. After all, the cost of living is the all-important problem which confronts the American citizen, but it is rather doubtful if a shifting of political parties in a state or municipality can properly be expected to work radical changes in so gigantic and heterogeneous a problem.

It is too often overlooked that the various departments of the government are working individually and collectively to make less irksome this problem of existence. People are apt to be too pessimistic in their sweeping statements that "everything's higher than it used to be," though they like to feel that relief can be had and all things reduced in cost without looking into the various causes that have increased prices.

FATHER B. B. HULBERT
The veteran journalist, well known to every editor in the Union and loved by them all; he conducts the *National Printer-Journalist* of Chicago

The cost of transportation forms no small percentage of the fixed prices of the necessaries of life, and an announcement from the Bureau of Statistics—which always has figures in black and white to back up its declarations—reveals remarkable changes for the better so far as the inland waterway system of this country is concerned.

The ordinary lake-channel depth has been increased from fourteen to twenty-one feet during the last half century, which of course has brought about the use of larger boats and lower freight rates. The lake boats built now are six times as large as those of the old days of fourteen-foot channels, and a cargo of 400,000 bushels has been shipped to Buffalo in one vessel. A decrease of three-fourths in the average rate of wheat transported from Chicago to Buffalo cannot but have some influence in lowering the cost of living.

Photo by courtesy of Panama Legation

DR. PABLO AROSEMENA
President of Panama

* * *

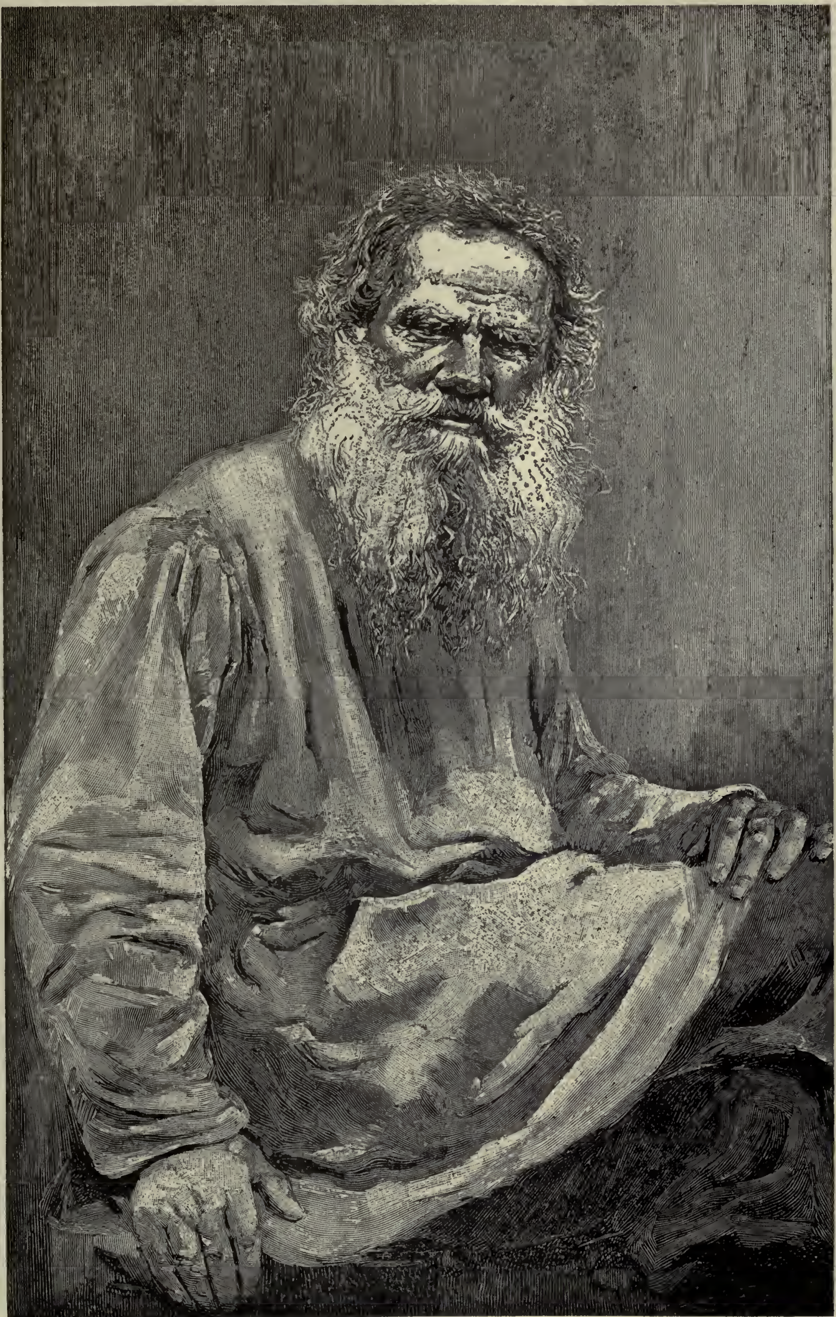
"RIGID economy" is the watchword promulgated by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh upon the completion and announcement of his estimates for the next fiscal year. Mr. MacVeagh has personally investigated the expenditures of the different government departments with their respective heads, and has cut every estimate down to the minimum.

That government expenses shall not exceed Treasury receipts is a project as close to the heart of the energetic Secretary of the Treasury as penny postage is to Postmaster-General Hitchcock. The secretary, after an exhaustive study of the problem from every point of view, sees no reason why the current expenses of the government should not be met by current receipts. Several strong reasons are cited for his belief, among others the greatly increased revenue from the tax on tobacco.

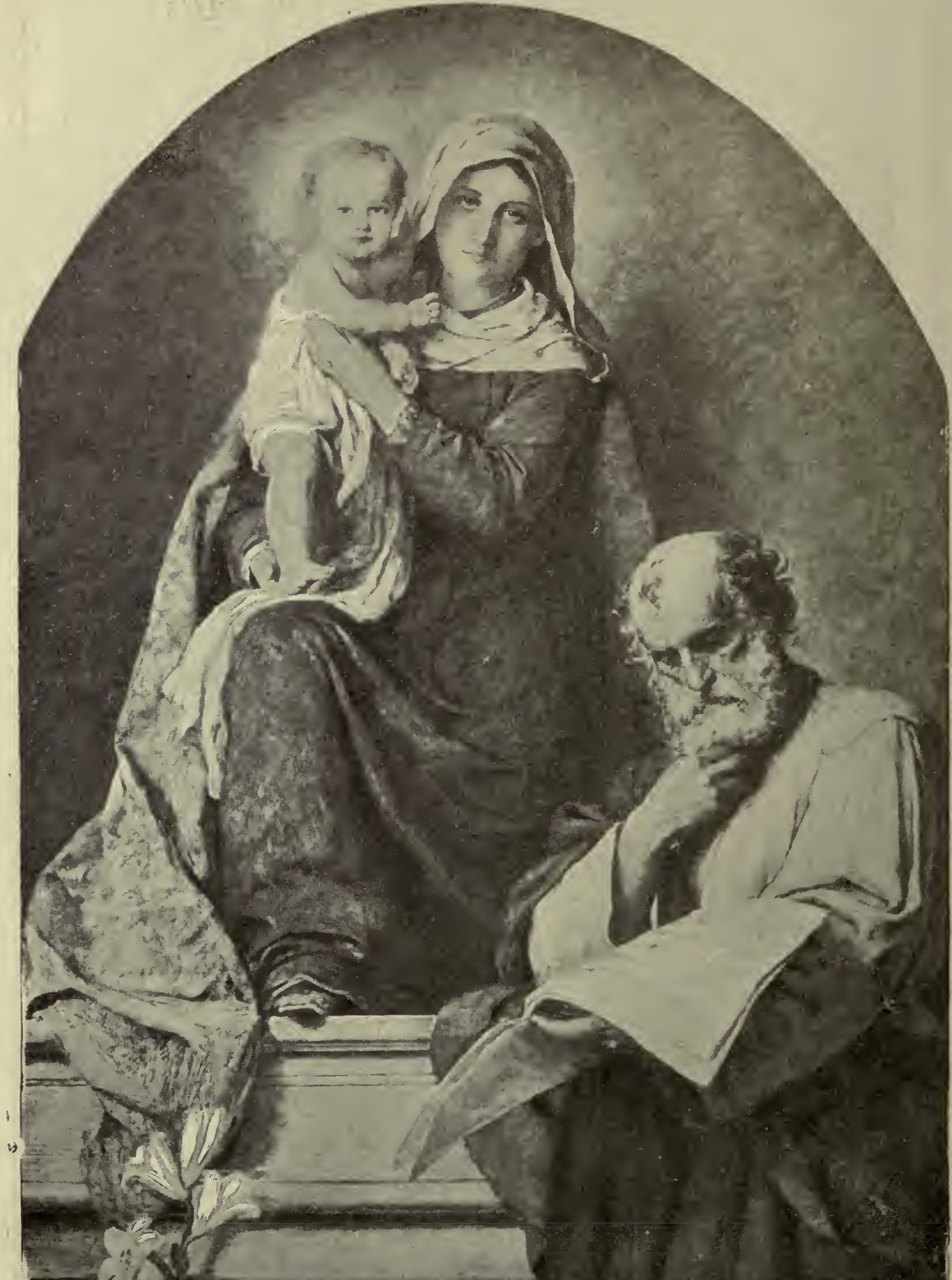
* * *

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI'S death ended the career of perhaps the most interesting personality of the age. Litterateur, philosopher, historian, reformer, in his life he admittedly "practiced what he preached." The outline of his life is familiar. The offspring of one of the first families of Russia, the Count early cast aside any pretention to nobility and luxury, and became one of the people. His remarkable career has for years attracted world-wide attention, and his eccentricities have been overlooked in consideration of his masterful service to the cause of humanity and the world of letters.

As a literary artist he will be immortalized, though he possibly would have wished it otherwise. But however laudable his ideals of social and religious reform, his very inconsistency made a large following impracticable; still there are lessons in the philosophy of Tolstoi that everyone can afford to put into active use. His heart was great, and he was loved by the poor—he was essentially a humane and charitable as well as a famous man.



THE LATE COUNT LEO TOLSTOI



Painted by F. Defregger

JOSEPH THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

THE HOLY FAMILY

The Nobility of the Trades

CARPENTER AND HOUSE BUILDER

By Charles Winslow Hall

"And of his trade he was a carpenter."
—*Chaucer in "The Canterbury Tales," A.D.* 1383.

GRANDEST, tenderest, saddest of all figures in human history, yet the real inspiration of the spirit of Christmastide, its human rejoicing in the renaissance of home ties, and its unwonted interest in the poor and suffering, stands Jesus of Nazareth, "the Carpenter's son," and doubtless himself for many a year the assistant of his father, and expert at his calling.

One loves to imagine the handsome Hebrew boy, making his first essays with saw and hatchet, shaving out dowels and pins of sycamore for fastenings, and enjoying the warm fragrance of the riven cedar as he painfully followed with his antique saw the straight lines laid out for his guidance by his father, Joseph.

In all the world of splendid industries, no other calling can point with pride and reverent affection to so noble a fellow-craftsman as the carpenter's guild.

An old Jewish tradition relates that Methuselah, having reached his ninth centennial, was informed by an angel that by removing to a new house, his life would be prolonged for another century, but that the multi-centenarian refused to leave his old home, not wishing to take so much trouble, merely to prolong his life for so short a period as an additional hundred years.

Before Chaucer's time the Saxon word "tree-wright" had become in general speech "carpenter," derived through the Norman-French "carpentier" and the mediaeval Latin "carpentarius" from an old Roman word "carpentum," a carriage or wagon; the latter telling us of an era when Italian cities were no longer built of lumber, and the wood-worker had turned his hand to other uses of his craft.

The materials with which home-builders have dealt since creation have been many and varied, but in the main the best possible under existing conditions and resources. The cavern-sheltered homes of the cliff-dwellers; the great tribal "*cabanes*" of the Iroquois and Creeks; the terraced cities of the Mojave and Moqui communities; the immense communal structures of Polynesian and Malaysian islanders; the individual summer and winter lodges of the American tribes; the half-subterranean houses of the north-west coast peoples; the camel's hair tent of the Arab, and Turkonian, and the winter *igloe* and snow-hut of the Esquimaux commend themselves to the unprejudiced traveller as wonderfully adapted to the necessities of their builders, and often as the best possible shelter for the civilized man who seeks to live and labor under like conditions. Indeed it is to be doubted if the "lower classes" of what Mulvaney terms "the shuparior and civilized man" are in the mass as healthfully and comfortably housed as the average "savage."

In rainless Egypt, six thousand years ago, the hovel of the slave and laborer was of sun-dried bricks or adobe such as may be seen almost anywhere on our southwest frontier and in Mexico. Almost always of one story, it had rafters of split trunks of the doum palms, over which smaller branches and broad leaves supported the mud roof, beaten hard and level as a floor, on which the inmates generally slept, ate and did general housekeeping, except in the heat of the day.

When the valley of the Nile was visited by rain or hail, the interior of the house became the refuge as well as the storehouse of the family.

The better class of farm-buildings were of stone or unburned brick, surrounded by four high walls, forming a courtyard, entered by a nearly square and massive door opening inward, hung on bronze pintles, and secured by bars fitting into metal rings. The house section contained several living and store-rooms, and a flight of stone steps led up to the battlemented roof, which sometimes had a huge *mulkuf* or wooden ventilator to catch and distribute the cooling breezes into the stuffy rooms below. Sometimes one or more sleeping rooms were built like turrets at the angles or ends of the roof, but these were not common.

In the Egyptian walled cities, where "town-lots" were small and high-priced, the thick stucco-faced walls of sunburned brick sometimes reached three or four stories above the street. The rafter ends and floor-timbers projected far beyond the walls, and were decorated and stained, as were the stuccoed outer walls themselves. The fronts of the houses were very gaily ornamented, imitation pillars reaching from the foundation to the frieze below the roof. Narrow and lofty panel-work, gay cornices, painted friezes, were grained to imitate rare woods, painted in the gayest colors, and inscribed with mottoes and hieroglyphics. The side and back walls were similarly if less lavishly decorated, and the grounds furnished with flagstaffs set for gala day decoration.

The interiors of the better class of houses were better fitted for family privacy and individual dignity than those of most other nations for many succeeding centuries. The rooms were not large, even in palaces, but were floored with stone or plank, finished in panels or wainscots of costly woods, or veneered or stained and "grained" to imitate them, for of all these "modern" arts the Egypt of Abraham's day was a mistress. The plastered or stuccoed walls, sometimes from four to six feet thick, were painted by artists, with pictures from life, or figures of national, religious or local interest, generally surrounded by borders or with cornices and friezes of floral or conventional designs. Like the Arabs, they used mottoes and descriptive titles to an extent "tabooed" by modern artists. The windows were small and closed by shutters, for while glass-blowing was carried to a high degree of perfection under very remote dynasties, there are no traces of the use of window-glass as yet discovered.

The Egyptian carpenter of forty centuries ago used the long one-handled rip-saw for getting out stock, the shorter "cross-cut," at the bench, the adze, hammer, awl, chisel, file, square, bow-drill, glue-pot and hatchet. A mallet, made something like that of a stonecutter, but rather more club-like in shape, bronze and iron nails, and dowels of different sizes, and a basket to carry them in, made up the "kit" of the Egyptian carpenter. His adzes and hatchets had no polls with which to drive nails, and were at first mere blades of bronze, inserted in and lashed with raw-hide strips to their wooden handles; but in the use of his rude tools he was no slouch, and work which Moses may have watched as a boy, or Joseph paid for out of the revenues of his great governmental "corner in corn" still pleases and astonishes us with its neatness, finish, and wonderful durability. Caskets, strong-boxes, mummy-cases were fastened together by flat dowels, not only set in close-fitting mortises but strongly glued and further secured by pegs set through the dowels themselves. They understood dove-tailing and trick-fastenings, inlaying, veneering and the substitution of one wood for another. Their bow-drill with its head-socket of the ivory-like nut of the doum palm is still in use in Egypt, and an exquisite adaptation of its principle is the favorite tool of the American watch-repairer of today.

But wood was scarce in Egypt, and the carpenter worked chiefly on movables of various kinds. Furniture, coffers, boxes and chests, ships, boats and their equipage; chariots, wagons and massive machines for war and peace, lances, bows, maces and shields; temple shrines and palace thrones, with myriads of smaller articles, kept the "tree-wrights" of Egypt busy at the never-ending task of getting out "dimension lumber" from the log and working it up into innumerable specialties.

There was no need of trades unions in those days; a man-child born to one of the guilds took up his father's calling as a matter of course. There were, it is true, exceptions; but they generally ended badly, as all good Egyptian citizens deemed fitting.

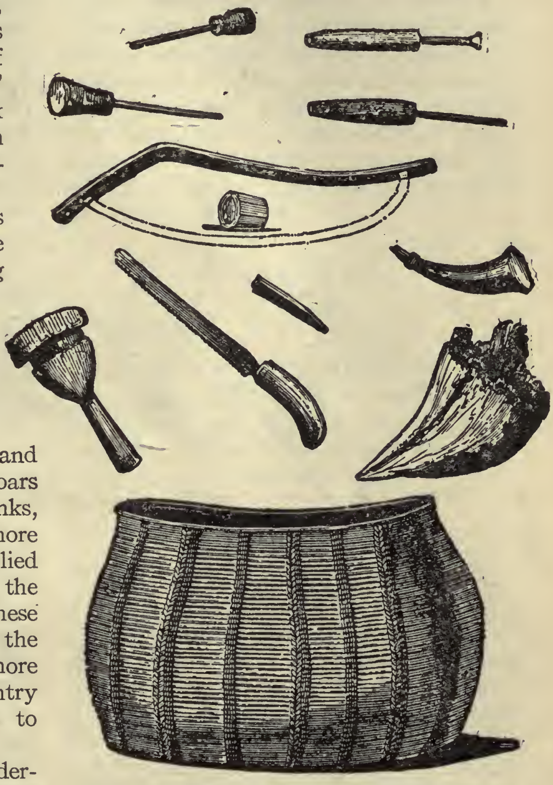
The cities of Phoenicia, Tyre, Sidon and their lesser sisters exported a vast amount of cedar and fir to Egypt, and from Africa came tribute in heavy bars of jetty ebony. The acacia's tough trunks, the coarse-grained lumber of the sycamore and some smaller trees were supplied by the replanted forest-reserves of the kingdom. But in Phoenicia, among these fierce greedy sailor-merchants of the ancient world, wood was used much more freely than it could be in Egypt, a country which could spare little arable land to forest culture.

The Hebrews used wood to a considerable extent in their early history, and were accustomed to seek the raw material in the forests along the rivers and in the mountain ranges.

Moses undoubtedly numbered many skilled artificers among his followers of the Exodus, among whom one Belzaleel built the inner shrine of the tabernacle, about B. C. 1490. It was made of boards of precious woods, some nineteen feet long, by 33 inches wide, each of which had two tenons, fitting sockets of silver in the removable sills. All the boards were overlaid with gold, and furnished with golden rings, through which five bars, also encrusted with gold, passed, holding the structure together.

Within this gorgeous shrine, which was roofed over with costly draperies like a tent, were two apartments, one of which was the Holy of Holies, occupied by the Ark of the Covenant, and in the other the high priest made intercession for his people.

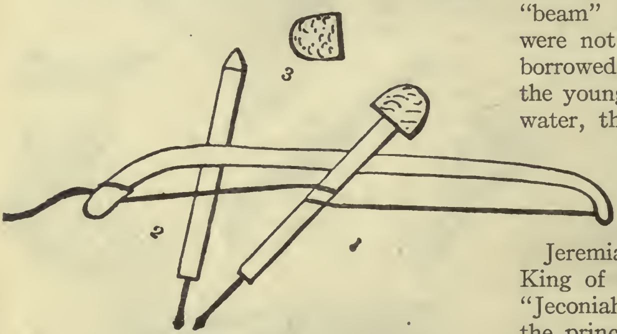
When David succeeded Saul as King of all Israel, and master of Jerusalem (B. C. 1048) King Hiram of Tyre "sent messengers to David, and cedar trees and carpenters and masons and built David a house." Of its size and luxury we know nothing, but as David made over to Solomon some $750,000,000 in gold and silver bullion, to aid in building the Temple, David's "house" was probably a palace splendid and costly, even according to modern estimates.



AN ANCIENT CARPENTER'S KIT IN USE DURING EARLY DAYS OF EGYPT

In King Solomon's reign a generation later (B. C. 1017) we find that besides a vast amount of cedar and fir, lumber and boards cut in the Lebanon ranges and used to line the stone walls, lay the floors and to build and cover the roof of the temple, there were prepared "iron nails" and spikes for the fastening of the same; and this in what modern scientists claim to have been an "Age of Bronze," when iron was little known except in the form of meteorites.

All this woodwork was overlaid with gold—even the carvings were plated with the precious metals, and the roof itself glowed in the sunlight, with incalculable treasures. The floors, the great door-posts and leaves of the portal were of fir, and some interior doors of olive wood, but otherwise all was cedar. In all the annals of stupendous cost and architectural expenditure, the world has never seen the equal of Solomon's temple, and probably never will again to the end of time. It is no wonder that when King Solomon's realm fell into decay through luxury, dissoluteness and greed of kingly power, Shishak, King of Egypt, carried away the greater part of its stupendous treasures; but during Solomon's life, the glory of its magnificence was renowned throughout the world. Solomon also built a palace which was thirteen years in construction, besides a country seat or rather mountain-palace in the Lebanon Ranges, which according to our modern measurement would be one hundred and eighty-five feet long by ninety-one feet wide, with walls fifty-four feet high; framed with cedar pillars and ornamented beams of vast size. Its lofty roof, supported by three rows of fifteen cedar pillars each, was covered with the same fragrant and durable wood.



ANCIENT BOW DRILL
1—Drill and the bow for turning it 2—The drill alone
3—The socket, or the dom nut, in which it turned

In fact, Solomon had at his command the combined skill and experience of the best artificers of Egypt and Phoenicia, the greatest nations of the past, unless they themselves were only offshoots of that great Atlantean empire and civilization, whose ruins lie between and around the island-peaks of the Azores, from two hundred to a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, and ooze that engulfed them. Later the prophet Elisha is depicted as leading his "sons" (disciples) into the forests of the valley of the Jordan to cut timbers or logs to build themselves larger quarters. Each was to bring home a "beam" on his shoulders, and as there were not axes enough, one or more was borrowed for the occasion. While one of the young men was chopping close to the water, the borrowed axe-head flew from the helve into the river, to the dismay of the borrower, but was miraculously recovered by the prophet.

Jeremiah records that Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, carried into captivity "Jeconiah, the son of King Jehoiakim, the princes of Judah with the carpenters and smiths from Jerusalem," thus depriving the Jews of their accredited leaders, and also of the skilled artificers who alone could furnish them with arms, armor, military engines and defensive works.

Zechariah later declares: "And the Lord showed me four carpenters. Then, said I, what come these to do? And he spoke, saying, These (referring to a vision of four horns) are the horns which have scattered Judah so that no man did lift his head; but these (carpenters) are come to fray them, to cast out the horns of the Gentiles which lifted up their horns over the land of Judah to scatter it."

It is written in the Talmud that these carpenters were: 1. Messiah, a son of King David. 2. Messiah, the son of Joseph. 3. Elijah, the prophet. 4. The Priest of Righteousness.

The Grecians also builded largely of wood, except in the walled cities where, if besieged, fire would certainly be used against the enclosed dwellings.

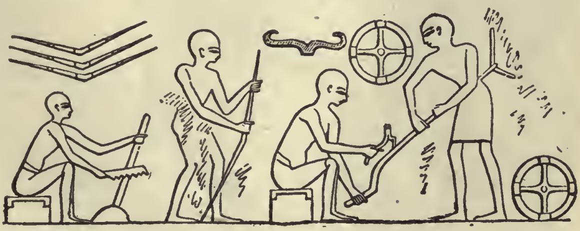
Generally speaking, the Grecian houses were much like the Egyptian, in ground-plan, but were more tasteful, roomy and artistic. Curiously enough, the street doors opened outward, into the streets; warning being previously given by rapping on the door or ringing a bell. The arrangements for privacy and sanitary conditions greatly excelled those of most other nations of antiquity.

The Roman house was chiefly one large roofless room, the *atrium;* with a great rain-water tank, the *impluvium*, in the center around which, on a paved floor, the business and pleasure of the household, including the cooking, was carried on. In the narrow, enclosed portion of the house which surrounded it, *cubiculae* or sleeping rooms, store-rooms and a bath-room existed in most Roman houses. These were lighted by windows giving on the *atrium*, and closed by wooden shutters in cold or rainy weather. The better class warmed these apartments by hot-air flues connecting with a *hypocaust* or central furnace, which may not have had chimneys, although some scholars claim that the Romans possessed them. The Romans, while they occupied Great Britain, constructed their villas on the Thames as they were accustomed to on the Tiber. Probably the *atrium* was roofed over in a country of severe frosts and heavy snows, but this can only be conjectured. Their methods of building do not seem to have been more or less copied by the Picts, Scots and Norsemen, who rushed in when the Romans relinquished their conquests, and Celtic and Saxon architecture for some centuries was simple in the extreme.

The habitations of English common people for centuries consisted of a wooden hut of one room, with the fire built in the center. To this hut, if a man increased in family and wealth, a *leanto* was added and later another and another. The roofs were of thatch, the beds of loose straw, or straw beds with bolsters of the same, laid on the floor, or perhaps eventually shut in by a shelf and ledge like the berths of a ship or by a small closet.

The Saxon thane or "knight" built a more pretentious "hall," a large open room like the Roman *atrium* with a lofty roof thatched or covered with slates or wooden shingles. In the center of the hard clay floor burned great fires of dry wood whose thin acrid smoke escaped from openings in the roof, above the hearth or by the doors, windows and openings under the eaves of the thatch.

By day the "hearths-men" and visitors, when not working or fighting, sat on long benches on either side of the fire, and, as John Hay puts it, "calmly drinked and jawed"; or gathering at long "boards" placed on trestles regaled themselves on some sort of porridge with "fish and milk," or "meat and ale." Mead, a sweet, heavy drink made of honey, water and "other ingrediences" was largely drunk in Cornwall and Wales, instead of ale.



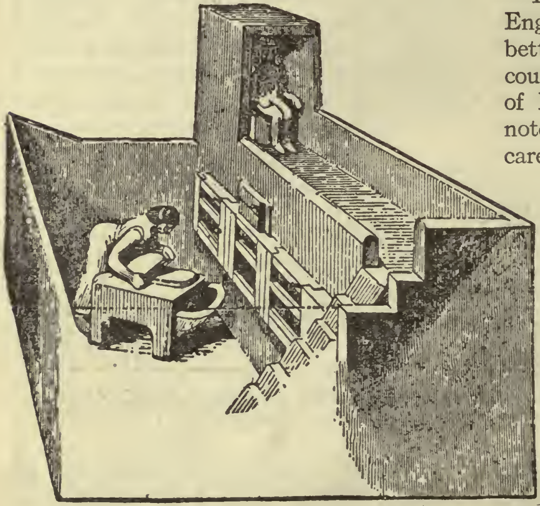
THE EGYPTIAN USING THE SAW AND ADZE, MAKING THE POLE AND OTHER PARTS OF A CHARIOT

At night, straw or rushes spread on the floor formed beds for the entire company in the earlier and ruder days, when the "baser sort" were glad to share their straw with the cows. Smaller sleeping apartments were at an early date prepared for the women and the chieftain and his family, but privacy, as we understand it, could hardly be said to exist. As late as the Fourteenth Century, a King of France often distinguished some favorite courtier or servant by inviting him to share his bed, or to sleep in the same room.

Most of the houses in the towns were also of wooden or mud walls with thatched roofs. Down to the reign of King Stephen in the Twelfth Century, the greater part of London was thus built upon. The frequency and terrible ravages of great fires replaced the thatch with shingles, and boarded walls with timber frames imbedded in plaster; but brick and stone were not universally used until after "the Great Fire" of the Seventeenth Century.

The Danish, Swedish and Norwegian chiefs ornamented the doorposts of their halls with ornate wood-carvings, in which scenes from the Volsunga Saga, or involved serpentine and dragon forms were interspersed with Runic inscriptions. The hinges and locks were usually very massive and florid in design and workmanship.

The Icelandic Sagas show that the chief of that day was often his own architect, designer, smith and best wood worker. No honest work was held degrading, and although a woman's tasks were hardly befitting a man, yet at need a chief might do them without incurring ridicule; and like most sailors of the old school, a ferocious Viking might be seen cooking his own food and sewing his own garments.



COUNTRY HOME IN EGYPT—3500 YEARS AGO

In Norway, Russia and Sweden, housebuilders made considerable use of birchbark and tar instead of thatch or shingle roofing, and thereby sometimes insured their own destruction, when, surprised by their enemies and shut in from escape, or resistance, "the red cock crowed on the roof" at midnight or dawning.

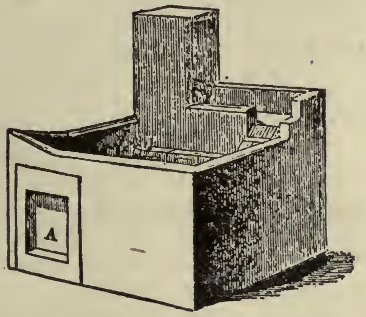
In England in the Eighteenth Century, except in the cities, the average house was of one floor only, but sometimes had a basement of half a story or more aboveground, the house proper being reached by out-of-door stairways. The "solar" or upper chamber in Saxon England was a mere loft, built over the original living room, and used only for lodging. It is told in one of the Sagas that a guest lodging in such a room left it during the night, and returning entered the open door of another chamber which had been used to prepare mead and to draw it from a big vat in the house below. Groping his way in, the chief fell into the fermenting mead and was overcome and drowned therein.

The sanitary conveniences in Saxon England, and among the Norsemen, were better than in most other European countries; and at an early date the people of Norway, Sweden and Denmark were noted for personal cleanliness and greater care for privacy than obtained among other nationalities. Shut beds, like a large berth with sliding doors, within which one could dress or undress easily, were found in the homes of many whose class in France, Spain, Germany or Italy knew nothing of such refinements.

In England, in the Twelfth Century, carpenters were paid threepence a day with board and lodging or fourpence half-penny if the workman boarded himself. Small as this sum seems, it was the equivalent of about five shillings sterling ($1.21) at the present time. A host of cookshops along the Thames shore, with lightly built sheds and hovels to be let as lodgings to such people, were such a menace to the safety of the city of London that shortly after the fire that destroyed London Bridge in 1212, it was decreed that all these cook-shops "be whitewashed and plastered within and without, and their inner chambers and hostelries wholly removed."

In the Thirteenth Century many manor houses and castles, built in the more unsettled and warlike past, had fallen into partial decay through want of occupancy. Their single halls and few small private chambers were no longer tolerable quarters, and such castles were often "repaired" by building detached "chambers," "chapels," kitchens, butteries, wardrobes, etc., within the defences, and connecting them by covered passages of wood, sometimes completely weather-proof, so that host and guest could go from one structure to another without exposure.

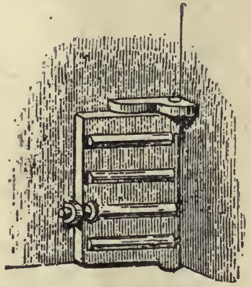
In 1285, Edward I built himself a palace at Woolmer, Hampshire County, having a chamber seventy-two by twenty-eight feet, with two chimneys, a chapel and two wardrobes of masonry costing in workmen's wages eleven pounds. There was also a large hall of wood and plaster. The windows had plain wooden shutters, the roof had leaden gutters and was covered with sixty-three thousand shingles and the walls required sixteen thousand laths. The chamber, with its vaulted basement, hall and kitchen, probably formed three sides of a square enclosing a small lawn and parterres of flowers. The use of lead instead of shingles for roofs became very common, in churches, palaces, etc., the lead being bought in pigs and cast into sheets on the spot. Slates and imported flat tiles had also been more or less used on the better class of buildings, but the half-round tile so largely in use in Southern Europe was never a favorite in England.



MODEL OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE

The simplicity of house decoration in this age, and the ideals of royal luxury and hospitality, may be gained from a record of the preparations for the coronation of Edward I in 1273, when all the vacant land about the palace at Westminster was entirely covered with houses and offices, and several halls, "as many as could be built . . . in which tables firmly fixed in the ground were set up, whereon the magnates and princes and nobles were to be feasted on the day of the coronation and during the fifteen days thereafter." And that all, rich and poor, might be gratuitously and royally fed, "innumerable kitchens were also built within the said enclosure, for the preparation of viands against the same solemnity, and lest those kitchens should not be enough, there were numberless *leaden* caldrons placed outside them for the cooking of meats," etc. Three hundred barrels of wine, besides ale and beer, were provided. The writer, after enumerating the erection of great stables, etc., and stating that such plenty and luxury had never been displayed in times past, adds "the great and the small hall were newly whitewashed and painted," etc.

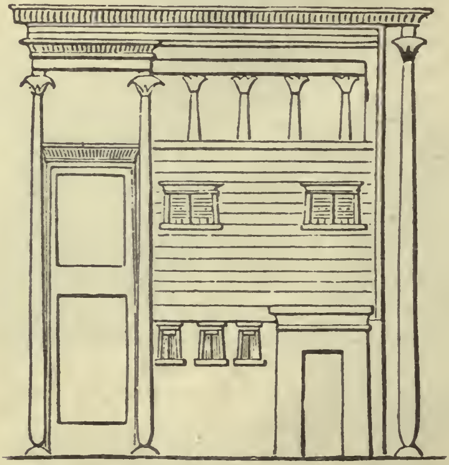
Most of the buildings were temporary rough wooden structures, and depended chiefly for display on the tapestry, hangings, banners, blazonry and other decorations hung upon the bare walls. The brewery where beer and ale were prepared; the butlery from whence wines and other liquors were distributed; the sewery, whence the table linen, equipage and provisions were given out; and the wardrobes whence great men dispensed the liveries and garments of their household—a very large item of expense in those days—were the chief apartments of a palace or great manor. In the wardrobe were also kept the special dainties of that age, such as almonds, figs, "raisins of the sun," ginger, and the rose and violet-colored sugars of Alexandria then coming into use among the wealthy.



DOOR OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE

Window-glass, while used in Italian churches in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries, was scarcely known in English houses until the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and then sparingly as an imported luxury. In 1386, four counties were levied upon to secure enough glass to repair the windows of a single chapel. The glass used was of Flemish and Norman importation, and the cost threepence half-penny per foot, including cost of glazing (in lead), about $1.05 modern currency.

Henry III generally had the wainscoting of his palaces painted green, "starred with gold," on which ground pictures were painted in panels, ovals or circles, the subjects being taken from the Scriptures, lives of the saints, or old romances. Sometimes the green and gold wainscoting was simply bordered with medallions. The walls above the wainscot and the ceilings were, when not lined with wood, finished with "plaster of Paris" and, like those of wood and even of stone, often painted in colors or gilded. Indeed, the wooden or stone finish was seldom left in its native beauty, and even the ashlar masonry of the castles and manor-houses then standing was often painted or worked in checkered or like patterns.



THE FRONT ELEVATION OF AN EGYPTIAN CITY HOUSE

The American colonists naturally copied to some extent their old homes in Europe, but for a while lived largely in log huts with roofs of bark and thatch, and even in caves, and Indian wigwams, and when they had leisure and means to build better houses, they rarely reproduced the heavy timber and plaster outer walls of the Elizabethan era. In New England especially, the old houses, many of which still date back to the Seventeenth Century, when not of logs, are nearly all of that simple, dry-goods-box style of architecture, which was slowly blended with Grecian pillar and portico in the Eighteenth, and effloresced into every possible extravagance and commixture of architecture in the Nineteenth Century. Many of the earlier homes had the second floor so framed as to overhang the doors and windows of the first floor; sometimes, but not always, for purposes of defence. The walls of certain "garrison houses" were filled in with brick or "grout," making the lower rooms veritable fortresses, in whose deep window-seats fair girls still love to dream of the days when the peaceful meadows and forests about them often concelaed an insidious and merciless enemy.

In New York the peculiarities of German and "Low Dutch" home-building were closely imitated; as at Albany, where a popular geography stated, so many inhabitants and so many houses "stand with their gable ends to the street."

A few handsome mansions reproduce Old English types, though much more largely in the Southern than in the Northern colonies, but the general type has been and is chiefly, to the present day, a mortised timber or "balloon" frame boarded up and shingled on the roof and sides, or as in later years, sided with clapboards over a lining of building-paper.

At first the pioneer carpenter had to get out his own lumber, felling and barking the trees, splitting the great trunks with wedges, and hewing plank, timber and rafter into shape with broad axe and adze, or wearily at work in the sawpit on boards and furring. Laths were split out of thin *puncheons*, and cedar shingles were "rived out" from the short blocks with a *froe* or *frow*, a long, thick wedge-pointed blade, set at right angles to a long handle, and driven into the wood by a mallet-club, like that used by the Egyptian carpenters six thousand years ago. These riven cedar shingles, shaven smooth and edged on a "jointer" often lasted for a generation, without renewal.

Up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century almost all buildings were framed of heavy timbers, carefully mortised together and secured at the joints by strong dowels or wooden pins, which were often turned out in a lath or roughly shaped and smoothed by being driven through a perforated steel plate, called a dowel plate.

The wall-frames were often put together on the ground and lifted and moved into place, by the united exertions of scores and sometimes of hundreds of men, to whom "a raising" was an occasion of general interest and festivity. Great skill and care were required to raise the larger frames, and serious accidents often resulted, from a failure to work properly and together, a failure sometimes due to untimely hospitality in the matter of "refreshments."

Some sixty years ago, however, the American carpenters began to use the "balloon-frame," built up of dimension lumber, spiked and braced together, and this construction has become the type of modern framing.

The inside finish, with all its mouldings, panels, doors, sashes, etc., were made by hand, and the kit of moulding planes alone owned by a master carpenter fifty years ago made up a formidable list. But after the close of the Civil War, wood-working machinery and factories rapidly lessened the burden laid on the carpenter by furnishing doors, window-frames, blinds, sashes, mouldings, mantels, etc., to order, and at prices which were lower than the cost of making them by hand. The improved methods of heating and lighting houses also greatly simplified the problem of tasteful interior finish, and an infinitude of patent roofings, ceilings, paints, floorings, parqueties, veneers, etc., have made it much easier to consult individual tastes than fifty years ago.

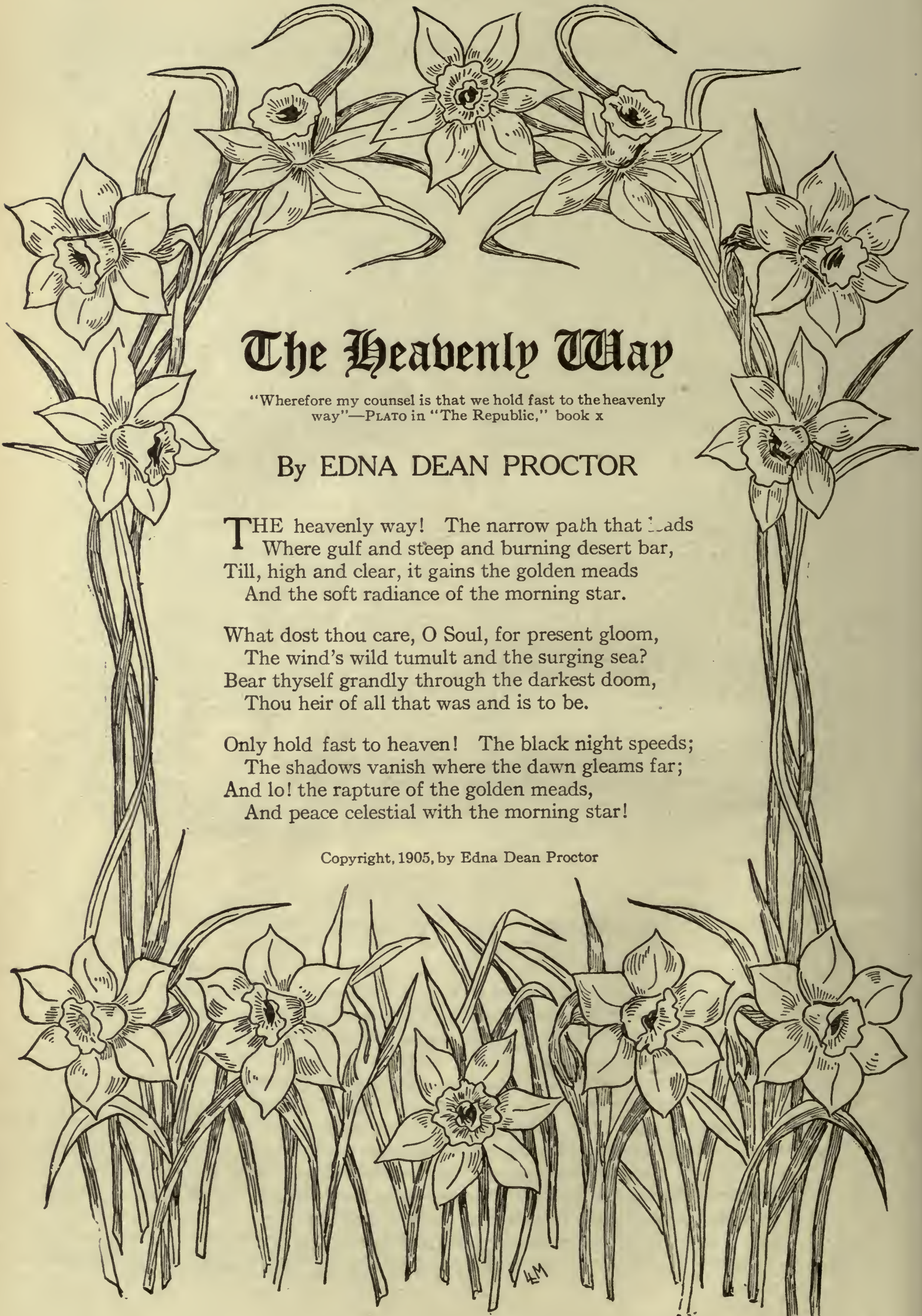
The tendency to use concrete in place of wooden walls and floors is the natural result of an immensely increased cost of lumber and skilled carpentry, and the constant necessity of frequent repairs and repainting.

It is practically impossible for a man today to secure land, near a city, and to build the smallest nest of a house for less than two thousand dollars, and the rental of decent workingmen's homes is much lower in England than in America. No greater benefit could be conferred on this age than the establishment of some system by which a large number of cosy cottages could be built and sold or rented to meet the needs and tastes of the modern workingman. The monopoly and artificially enhanced cost of many materials, and rates of wages which at present cannot be paid by contractors who build on speculation, have for the time being almost paralyzed the building trade, but there are so many specialties constantly put upon the market to replace the ancient and no longer economical resources of the past that it may be safely predicted that the era of wooden construction is drawing swiftly to a close, and that the house-carpenter must soon become a worker on interior finish only.

A ROSE TO A FRIEND

OH, to know why a soul of man blooms under sod:
When the flowers are wov'n in the sunlight of God
Who would call back a spirit, from newly found bliss,
To the blooms that lie buried in bosoms of this?
'Twas the bud of thy friendship in bosom half-blown
That caused me to love thee when its presence was known,
And no garland immortal I'd weave for thee now
Would befit thee without half-blown rose on thy brow.
Aye, the heart to thine leaps, my new friend, yet old friend,
And its warmth draws me nearer, and closer to end
Of our parting, and waits for the dawn of the day
Where the shadows of clay from our lives roll away.

—*C. A. Fernald, in the book "Heart Throbs."*



The Heavenly Way

"Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way"—Plato in "The Republic," book x

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE heavenly way! The narrow path that leads
  Where gulf and steep and burning desert bar,
Till, high and clear, it gains the golden meads
  And the soft radiance of the morning star.

What dost thou care, O Soul, for present gloom,
  The wind's wild tumult and the surging sea?
Bear thyself grandly through the darkest doom,
  Thou heir of all that was and is to be.

Only hold fast to heaven! The black night speeds;
  The shadows vanish where the dawn gleams far;
And lo! the rapture of the golden meads,
  And peace celestial with the morning star!

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The Reversal of the Scriptures
or
DINAH FLETCHERIZES

by Edith Fancher

SCENE—Comfortable and spacious living-room of Mrs. Marsden's suburban home. A group of friends are passing an informal afternoon together in honor of Mrs. Brewster's sister, Miss Archibald, who is soon to leave for her Western home.

MRS. HOLLISTER (*youthful and pretty, enters exclaiming breathlessly*): "O Cousin Mary, I'm very sorry to be late this afternoon, but it took me so much longer to change the hooks and eyes on this dress than I thought it would."

Mrs. Brewster (*a vivacious blonde*): "Do you mean to tell us, Nancy Hollister, that you've actually been sewing on hooks and eyes?"

Mrs. Hollister: "Yes, I have. *Twice.* The first time they didn't seem to come together in the right places, and I made this whole gown, too. (*Looking down at it with modest but unaffected pride. The rest exchange glances of horrified amusement*).

Mrs. Panoken: "What suggested such a daring enterprise, if I may inquire? I thought you hated the very sight of a needle."

Mrs. Hollister: "I do; but after Professor James declared the test of a person's character was the ability to conquer things, and not to be conquered by them, I determined to learn to sew. I bought a paper pattern—"

Mrs. Marsden (*interrupting sternly and with repressed excitement*): "Isn't that the gown Madame Dupont made for your Christmas dinner party?"

Mrs. Hollister (*delightedly*): "Oh, do you recognize it, Mary? That was the only time I ever wore it. You remember Jeems spilled soup on the front breadth and changed the color."

Mrs. Brewster (*her eyes twinkling, leaning lazily forward, her chin in her palms—with an insinuating voice*): "Do go on, Nan! And so you bought a paper pattern and evolved this creation. I didn't think it of you. Turn around. I want the effect of your maiden effort to sink in. (*Mrs. Hollister radiantly complies*). Oh, not so fast! Slowly, slowly! You're a wonder, Nan. How did you know which pieces went together?"

Mrs. Hollister (*flushed and triumphant*): "The directions were really quite simple. They said to join similar notches.’

Mrs. Panoken: "It's marvelous, Nancy. There's no doubt about that, but isn't it a trifle, just a trifle, loose?"

Mrs. Hollister (*walking to a pier-glass and surveying her handiwork*): "I made it that way very specially. If there's no strain on the seams a garment lasts so much longer (*shrieks of delighted laughter*). Then Signor Maraschino says I *must* practice deep breathing to round out my voice (*enthusiastically*). Why, I can just take in gallons of air in this gown."

Mrs. Brewster (*with roguish solemnity*). "And not drag a single hook from its anchor."

Miss Archibald (*tall and athletic, seizes Mrs. Hollister around the waist, dances a few steps with her and sings gayly*): "Oh, you've heard of the Man from Glengarry. The Man with the Spade and the Hoe, but this dainty maid puts Worth in the shade. She's the maid you simply must know."

Mrs. Beverly: "Do stop your nonsense, Pauline. I wish to know what Mr.

Hollister thinks of his wife's clever effort."

Mrs. Hollister (*visibly depressed in a deprecatory tone*): "You know how extreme Jack is in his remarks, sometimes, and how particular—"

Mrs. Brewster: "Yes, yes, Nan, we all know how he likes to see his pretty wife arrayed like the lilies of the field, that toil not, neither do they spin. Were his remarks rather torrid?"

Mrs. Hollister: "He declared it was big enough for two of me, and if I didn't take it off at once he would feel like a bigamist."

Mrs. Beverly (*with good-humored irony*): "You went to the other extreme, then, I suppose, and put on that exquisite, rosy-posy dream of a gown."

Mrs. Hollister (*brightly*): "Why, how did you know? That's exactly what I did. I just *had* to keep that one when I sent the others off."

Mrs. Brewster (*falling back dramatically in her chair*): "Aha! The plot thickens. May I ask where your wonderful rainbow wardrobe has vanished?"

Mrs. Hollister (*earnestly*): "Last winter when the hard times swooped down on us so suddenly, I was afraid to wear all those lovely things Jack insisted on my getting when his uncle's legacy came. I thought people might suspect he had been speculating if I began dressing so extravagantly, and cause a run on the bank. One often reads of such things."

Mrs. Marsden: "But what became of the gowns? You didn't send them to the Salvation Army?"

Mrs. Hollister: "No, I packed them off to Jack's cousin, Alice."

Mrs. Brewster (*jestingly*): "Your impulsive generosity must have greatly pleased Mr. Hollister.

Mrs. Hollister: "He did think it rather strange until I explained the real business part of it and then, although I couldn't see anything funny about it, he laughed and laughed till he fairly toppled over on the divan, and said if I had only taken him into my confidence earlier, he could have adjusted matters. He would have posted Uncle Jabe's will by the teller's window and made a sworn affidavit that his wife had not embezzled any of the bank's funds for her new finery."

Mrs. Marsden (*dryly*): "Alice must have felt herself a modern Cinderella when the Prince in the guise of an expressman arrived. I don't understand yet why you chose to wave your wand over Alice Ward. I always supposed she had a soul above mere clothes."

Mrs. Hollister (*warmly defensive*): "Why, she just loves fluffy, ruffly, trailing things, but her salary as instructor in Blank College isn't very large, and she is helping to put two of her sisters through the University, so she just has to buy clothes that are neat and durable. Now that I've told you so much about her, I'm sure you will be interested to know I had the happiest kind of a letter from her this very morning. She announced her engagement to Professor Willis and says she dates his interest in her from the evening she wore that shimmery butterfly gown. She said it had a most magical effect and symbolized a transformation in her feelings. She was so light-hearted, sparkling and attractive that she quite surprised herself and others." (*Mrs. Marsden's colored cook, jolly and corpulent, enters with a tray of tea and cakes, while Mrs. Hollister is speaking, and as an old family servant, feels privileged to remark on what she has heard*).

Dinah: "'Deed, Miss Nannie, it's de solumn truf. Clothes duz mak a heap of difrunce. Look at dat wuthless Sally Peters. She done bewitched our minister wid de lace dress ob Miss Cuttings dat her muther had home to wash and do up. Yaas, um, clothes and what you eat duz mek de pusson—specially what you eat. (*Glancing down with a sigh at her ample proportions, but adding more brightly*): I done guess you all will have to Fletcherize on dem cakes, 'cause dat little rascal Mastah Hughie and a passel ob his school-mates done got into my pantry and most cleaned it out. I'd be mighty pleased if Mistah Fletcher would git after dem boys." (*Walks out majestically*).

Miss Archibald (*appreciatively*): "Oh, these delicious cakes! But what does Dinah mean? *Fletcher* seems a name to conjure with. Do pluck out the heart of this mystery, Mary."

Mrs. Marsden (*laughing*): "Oh, you all know of Fletcher, the exponent of eating."

Mrs. Panoken: "We are all exponents of eating, it seems to me. Do you mean the man who insists on each mouthful being chewed one hundred and forty times?"

Mrs. Marsden: "Oh, it isn't so bad as that. He advocates masticating the food until it becomes a liquid. He claims it will increase your strength one hundred per cent, both mentally and physically, and decrease the cost of living. He also affirms it will make you happier, healthier and therefore more useful."

Mrs. Brewster: "But where does Dinah come into the story? Did you explain the system to her?"

Mrs. Marsden (*with a reminiscent smile*): "Yes, Dinah is always complaining of a misery in her stomach and it is simply because she stuffs herself on the good things she concocts—so I went into the kitchen one day when she was eating. She had enough set out to satisfy the whole family. I told her what to do and said I was sure she would feel much better if she would try it—(*a pause*).

Mrs. Hollister: "What happened then, Cousin Mary?"

Mrs. Marsden (*gleefully*): "I went out again at three o'clock. Dinah still sat at the table. Still chewing. 'Why, Miss Mary,' she said, 'de misery done left my stummick, but now hit's in my jaws. They's so tired I can skasely budge 'em.' 'Why not stop?' I suggested. She looked at me in amazement. 'Why, honey, I ain't et skasely anything yit. I has to eat to keep up my strength. (*Most of the chicken, the sweet potatoes, salad and corn bread had disappeared*). Things duz suttinly taste good and juicy,' she continued in a tone intended to convey her impartial judgment, 'but my jaws is jist like a merry-go-round. Meks me sorter dizzy. Cohse hit's all right fur you and Mas'r John who don't have nuttin' to do but help mek de laws, but whar am I gwine git de time fur udder t'ings ef I has to set here so long ebbery meal?' 'Mr. Fletcher says we don't need to eat so much if we chew the food well,' I said. 'Huh, honey, I guess he'd change his mind if he'd step into old Dinah's kitchen. He wouldn't be sassified wid jist one stingy piece of my Lady Baltimore cake, or two or three of my waffles, or anything else *I* cook; now would he, honey?' I weakly agreed and fled."

Miss Archibald (*smiling mischievously*): "I don't wonder that you were overcome by the tide of Dinah's eloquence. It cast a spell over me, too. This has been a wonderfully exhilarating and instructive afternoon—I have learned that to be happy, healthy, sparkling and attractive, one must wear her prettiest clothes and Fletcherize. Unexpected vistas open up before me! Our minister at home is still unmarried! Perhaps I can find a duplicate of Miss Cutting's lace gown and pay for it by becoming a disciple of Fletcher."

Mrs. Marsden: "I perceive you have also learned the recipe for eternal youth, Pauline. The receptive mind never grows old. I foresee the success of your experiment, and that Dinah will insist on baking your wedding cake."

Mrs. Beverly: "It does seem as if these modern times demand a reversal of the Scriptural injunction—'Take no heed what ye shall eat, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.' "

First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M.D.

BOSTON, MASS.

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PART IV

POISONS and Poisoning. Any substance which, taken or absorbed into the body, will produce death, is a poison. Poisons act in several different ways, either by destroying the tissues or by acting upon the brain and nervous system. Those which act as an irritant by destroying the mucous membrane of the mouth, oesophagus, stomach and intestines are known as irritant poisons. Those that act upon the brain and nervous system are known as systemic poisons. An irritant poison produces violent pain and cramps in the stomach and bowels, nausea, vomiting and sometimes convulsions. A systemic poison, sometimes known as a narcotic poison, produces stupor, numbness, drowsiness, coldness and stiffness of the extremities, cold perspiration, vertigo, weakened eyesight, delirium and sometimes paralysis of the extremities. Both the irritant and systemic poisons are frequently taken for suicidal purposes and also sometimes by mistake. It is not always necessary that a poison be swallowed—many of the fumes of dangerous drugs are so powerful as to cause death from simply inhaling the fumes—as an example, prussic or hydrocyanic acid. Then again certain metals in which people work daily gradually become absorbed through the skin and produce a chronic diseased condition from which they frequently die—for example, lead found in paints from which so many painters have been poisoned.

The reason why, in the past, there have been so many suicides from poisonous drugs, is the fact that up to within a short time, it has been a comparatively easy matter for anyone to go to a drug store and get any kind of a poison, without a physician's prescription. Even the most deadly drugs, such as carbolic acid, arsenic, opium, cocaine, etc., have been obtainable without any question. Now, however, in most states and large cities, on account of laws passed, it is much more difficult and in some places almost impossible to obtain poisonous drugs, except when prescribed by a physician for legitimate purposes, and if the laws are only more strictly enforced, it will soon be impossible for anyone to obtain them. Then again, there are many instances where people are accustomed to have a family medicine chest, in which are kept not only harmless remedies, but, owing to carelessness, also alongside of them the most dangerous poisons, without having them properly labeled; and sometimes in an emergency, perhaps in the middle of the night, in the dark, thinking they can place their hands on some harmless remedy, they get a poison by mistake and do not realize their mistake until it is too late. Such powerful poisons should never under any circumstances be kept in the same place with household remedies.

Among the various irritant poisons, taken either intentionally or by mistake, are those containing arsenic, such as Paris green, rat poisons, fly papers and solutions, also the various salts of mercury, lead, phosphorus and various substances used for scientific purposes. Also the strong concentrated acids, carbolic, nitric, sulphuric, etc., and the strong alkalies, soda and potash.

It is a strange, but interesting fact, that one of the most frequent irritant poisons used for suicidal purposes is carbolic acid, and a more agonizing death could not be selected. Why anyone should select this poison, it is hard to understand, unless on account of the fact that it is cheap and easily obtainable. This form of poisoning can usually be easily recognized by the odor, which is well known, and by the white burns or marks on the lips and mouth which are typical of carbolic acid poisoning. The first aid treatment, as well as any kind of treatment that can be given is the same. In the first place, send for the nearest physician and notify him that it is a case of carbolic acid poisoning that he is expected to treat, so that he can bring a stomach pump and the proper chemical antidote in order that he can be prepared to treat the case properly. In the meantime, as carbolic acid kills quickly, the first aid treatment must be prompt in order to get results. If possible cause the patient to vomit, by giving an emetic, such as ipecac or salt and water—a tablespoonful to a pint of warm water. This, however, frequently fails to work on account of the irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach. One of the best chemical antidotes is epsom salt in solution. Another good chemical antidote is alcohol—the only trouble with this remedy being that it cannot be given in a pure form. It has to be diluted with water, and for that reason loses its efficiency. Just exactly why alcohol counteracts the effect of carbolic acid is not known, but if, for instance, carbolic acid is splashed on the hands, if they are at once immersed in absolute alcohol, there will be no resulting burn.

There are as many systemic poisons as irritant, and these are used intentionally and accidentally. Most of them are the refined drugs used for medicinal purposes, such as opium, morphine, belladonna, strychnine and many others. One of the most important differences between irritant and systemic poisons is that the irritant poison begins to act immediately and produces its deadly effect quickly, whereas the systemic poison has to be absorbed and carried to the brain and nervous system before results are fatal. Thus it can readily be seen that while in all forms of poisoning it is important to act quickly, it is of the utmost importance in systemic poisoning to remove the poison before it has a chance to be absorbed.

Probably the most frequent systemic poison used is opium in some form, either laudanum or morphine. The symptoms of a case of opium-poisoning are as a rule typical. There is usually a sickish, sweetish odor to the breath, the person is either very drowsy or in a profound stupor and if not too far gone, can be aroused by shouting in his ear or by violent shaking, but sinks into slumber again at once when left alone. The respirations are very much slower than normal, and may be reduced to four or five a minute. The pupils of the eyes are always contracted to a pin-point. The first aid treatment consists of first sending for a physician and notifying him of the nature of the poison. Then in the meantime give an emetic, such as has already been suggested, and if the patient can swallow give two or three pints of warm salt water and thus produce vomiting. The reason for this is that it dilutes the poison and when the patient vomits, the stomach is washed out. One of the chemical antidotes for opium poisoning is tannic acid, which can be dissolved in the warm salt solution. After the patient has vomited and if he can swallow he should be made to drink large quantities of strong black coffee, as this stimulates the heart and respiration. Besides this the patient must be kept awake by lashing with switches or by walking him up and down between two attendants. Frequently it becomes necessary to resort to artificial respiration.

Another drug which is usually taken accidentally is strychnine, in the form of pills, and this unfortunate accident happens most often to young children, who get hold of a box of pills and think they are candy, which results as a rule in a horrible death and suffering. The typical symptoms of strychnine poisoning are violent convulsions. These convulsions come on suddenly and are sometimes so severe as to throw the person several feet, then again they are sometimes so severe that the head and feet are drawn backwards, so that the body is doubled up backwards. These convulsions follow rapidly one after the other and soon result in death. The slightest noise, touch or draught of air is sufficient to cause the convulsions. The first aid treatment is to first send for a physician, notifying him of the nature of the poison. In the meantime give an emetic and large quantities of warm water with tannic acid dissolved in it, as the chemical antidote; after that it is up to the physician to administer bromides or an anaesthetic to overcome the convulsions. The thing to do if possible, is to get rid of the poison before it has had a chance to be absorbed, for if a poisonous dose of strychnine has been absorbed, it is almost impossible to counteract its effect, and as a result the person dies.

General rules to be followed in the first aid treatment of poisonings. Send for the nearest physician at once and notify him of the kind of poison suspected so that he may bring a stomach tube with him, also the chemical antidote for the particular poison taken. In the meantime, provoke vomiting, by making the patient run his finger down his throat, or give an emetic, such as ipecac, or give salt and water. By making the patient drink two or three pints of water and then causing him to vomit, it washes out the stomach almost as well as a stomach pump. He should be made to vomit several times, but not to such an extent as to cause exhaustion. After the stomach has been emptied sufficiently, a bland soothing liquid should be given, to coat over the irritated mucous membrane of the stomach, particularly if the poison has been an irritant one. Milk with eggs, flour and water, gruel and mucilaginous drinks are soothing to the irritated stomach. Frequently following poisoning the patient is weak and depressed, feet and hands are cold, with cold perspiration on the forehead and palms of the hands. This is due to the shock to the nervous system, and requires stimulants, such as hot drinks, tea, coffee, gruel or broths.

For acid poisons use alkaline antidotes, such as lime, whiting, soda, chalk, plaster, tooth powder and even wood ashes. For alkaline poisons use acid antidotes, such as vinegar or lemon juice. In giving an antidote, never wait for it to dissolve, but stir it up in water and give immediately. The following table gives a complete list of the most common irritant and systemic poisons, their symptoms and treatment:

Poisons	*Symptoms*	*Treatment*
Unknown		Emetic, bland liquids, stimulation.
Acids Sulphuric Nitric Muriatic	Staining and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels; intense vomiting.	Alkali, bland liquids, rest, stimulation.
Acid Oxalic	Staining and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels, intense vomiting.	Emetic, chalk, bland liquids.
Acid Carbolic	White burned marks on lips and tongue; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels; insensibility, collapse.	Alcohol in large quantities, bland liquids, rest, stimulation.
Alkalies Hartshorn Soda Potash Lye	Staining and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels, intense vomiting.	No emetic, an acid (vinegar), bland liquid, rest, stimulation.
Arsenic Paris Green Scheele's Green Fowler's Solution	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness; vomiting.	Emetic, beaten-up egg, castor oil, rest, stimulation.
Corrosive Sublimate **Tartar Emetic**	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness, and vomiting.	Emetic, strong tea, raw eggs and milk, castor oil, stimulation.
Phosphorus	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness, and vomiting.	Emetic, magnesia, eggs beaten up, no oil.
Iodine	Staining and severe burning of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels.	Emetic, starch and water, bland liquids.
Opium Laudanum Paregoric Chloral	Patient drowsy; later insensibility; slow, deep snoring breathing; pupils of eyes contracted very small; flushed face at first, then livid.	Emetic, keep patient awake by vigorous measures; keep up breathing; artificial respiration if necessary; strong coffee.
Belladonna	Pupils of eyes dilated; peculiar flush of face; dry throat; gait unsteady; delirium.	Emetic, rest, warmth to legs and arms; strong coffee.
Nux Vomica **Strychnine**	Spasmodic convulsions, stiffness of muscles.	Emetic, purgative; absolute quiet.
Aconite	Peculiar numbness in lips and tongue; later, numbness and tingling in arms or legs.	Emetic, warmth; strong coffee.
Alcohol Chloroform	Deep stupor, snoring breathing; face pale.	Emetic; 20 drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a teaspoonful or more of water; keep warm.
Decayed meats and vegetables	Sickness and vomiting.	Emetic, purgative, teaspoonful powdered charcoal.

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

(Continued from December number)

CHAPTER XV

EXPLANATIONS—

MY first concern, as I hurried below to make preparations for the transfer, was as to Ward's condition. My own plan was to leave him on the "Homer," induce my lady to accompany him if possible, and so obtain medical treatment for him at Scarborough, but to my gratification, I discovered him conscious and apparently doing well, with my lady in close attendance. Despite the rolling of the little craft and the decidedly cramped quarters, she had succeeded in making him quite comfortable. The hemorrhage had been stopped, and the main danger now to be feared was the reaction from the shock.

"What's next move, old man?" he whispered weakly, as I leaned over him. My lady had retired for a space, leaving the old woman to help in case of necessity. I told him what I proposed to do, but he shook his head in disapproval, muttering: "No, no."

I knew it would be most unwise to excite or cross him in any way, so I merely inquired quietly what he thought best.

"Get me aboard the other ship," he whispered, "I want—to—be—in—at the death—and—I may be of—of some use, Milton—in advice—Get me—there."

"Do you think you can stand being transferred?" I questioned.

He nodded his head, and I saw by the look on his white face that he was determined. Just at that moment my lady returned, and I arose to offer her my seat by his side.

"I want to take his pulse," she explained, as she placed her fourth finger on his wrist, and lay a tiny little gold watch on the coverlet. "Isn't it remarkable," she continued, "my watch went in spite of that ducking—I thought water always stopped watches."

It was the first time she had referred to the events of the past night. Before I could reply, she went on: "I have not thanked either of you for rescuing me yet, but I will—I do thank you very much—I scarcely know how it all happened—there was the shock and I was in the water before I realized it, but I must not speak of these things now; they will only excite Mr. Willet."

Ward grinned, and shook his head. "Tell her, Milton," he whispered.

"Tell her what?"

"That I nearly knocked her over the head for hanging on," he explained.

My lady heard his faint whisper, and her features lighted up with a smile. "I would not have blamed you if you had; I must have been terribly in the way at that most inopportune moment; tell me truly, was it all arranged between you; did you contrive that the ships should bump together and so give you the chance to escape?"

"Ask no questions, my lady," I advised.

"And I shall be told no stories, I suppose; that is very sage admonition, Mr. Brice."

"Miss DeArcey," I said, changing the subject, "what would you wish us to do now? Mr. Willet and myself are going aboard the little craft that is alongside; if you wish, you can remain on this boat and be landed at Scarborough." I watched her closely, as I made the suggestion.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, her face flushing up, "I wish to go where you go—you—

you see, Mr. Brice," she continued, confusedly, "I—I wouldn't quite know what to do or where to go if I was put ashore at Scarborough—can't I—can't I stay with—with you?"

Ward was dozing off. There was no one in the little cuddy but my wounded chum, my lady and myself. She looked most bewitchingly pretty, as she stood there with that embarrassed, appealing look. A thousand times since our interview in the stateroom on my first arrival on board the "Revenge" had I cursed myself for my churlish behavior then, but never more vehemently than at that moment. She seemed such a child—and yet such a woman. How had she ever become mixed up with that desperate crew and their fiendish aim?

"I can—can't I?" she was almost pleading.

I cursed myself for my hesitation. "Of course, of course, my lady," I assured her. "In fact," I continued, "I consider myself responsible for the disaster that befell you, because—"

"Oh, you must think me most horrid," she half whispered, glancing hastily at Ward's still form, "most horrid to be associated with these—these men. I wish—oh, I wish I could make you understand how it all happened. I didn't know they were going to—to be so desperate. I—I want to explain something to you, Mr. Brice—now—may I? You know I had just left the convent at St. Albans, where I had been educated. I—I have no parents—I—I told you a story about the Count. He is—is only a connection of mine on my mother's side. Oh, what must you think of me? He came to St. Albans; he was my only relative—and took me away, and then he explained a small part of this horrible plot—only a very small part, and I—I—it seemed such a lark—I agreed, and they used me for things they could not do—things in which a woman was required, do you understand? I played my part, but little by little I began to understand what they intended doing, and then I charged the Count with it, and he laughed in my face. What could I do? I was practically in their power—oh, do you believe me? Can you understand how it all happened? I worried and worried. I saw how wrong it was, and last night at dinner when you and Mr. Willet were there, I determined to get away if possible—if—if it was not too late. I was—"

"Mademoiselle," I interrupted, "tell me, did you fall overboard last night on purpose?"

She shook her head, as she smiled through the tears that started to her eyes. "No," she whispered, "I had not nerve enough for that. I think—I think that Providence intervened there—oh, I am so happy now that I am free from them—can you—oh, you must, you will, won't you—you will stop this horrible thing? I feel as if I was responsible for it. Do, do stop it, Mr. Brice."

In her intense eagerness she had drawn so near to me that her breath fanned my cheeks. Her hands were clasped, as if in prayer, and her beautiful violet eyes were pleading with mine.

With a mighty effort I cast aside a mad temptation to take her in my arms and rain my kisses upon that upturned face. I drew myself up to my full height. "Mademoiselle," I said, gravely, "with God's help, we can and will stop this thing; can I count on you?"

"Here is my hand upon it," she said simply, with a frank, comradish air.

Seized by an uncontrollable impulse, I pressed her hand to my lips. "I am thrice armed now," I whispered.

There was a sound of feet outside, and a voice called loudly:

"Mister Brice, Mister Brice, be ye an' yer chum an' the lady ready—there's no time fur loafin' round."

I strode toward the door. "We are ready," I said, "but I want a stretcher of some sort for Mr. Willet—he insists on coming on the 'Scout.' "

"I knowed as he would, an' the boys is bringing one down—here it be—easy, there, lads, easy, luff up."

Ward roused himself, and we placed him gently on the improvised stretcher and carried him without mishap up the companionway, and then lowered him into the little gig that was waiting alongside.

A five-minute's pull, and we were under the lea of the speedy-looking "Scout." It was ticklish work, in the rising swell, to get him safely aboard, but it was accomplished without accident, and as soon as I had seen him comfortably settled in the little after cabin, I again made the trip between ships and brought over my lady.

She sat quiet and reserved by my side in the stern sheets, as a couple of sturdy fishermen bent to their oars and sent the little gig flying over the gray water that lay between the two ships. The old woman aboard the "Homer" had discovered somewhere an Inverness waterproof, and in this my lady had encased herself. Her mood had changed again, and she was now the happy, gay, careless schoolgirl. "Isn't it a lark?" she cried. "Here I am in the middle of the North Sea with not a trunk to my name—my entire worldly possessions consisting of a last year's dinner gown and an Inverness stormcoat!" And then the schoolgirl was blotted out and the woman stood in its place, as she leaned toward me and inquired earnestly: "Is she—that ship, I mean—fast enough to catch them? And," she added, as she gazed anxiously into my face, "what will you do when you do catch them?"

"Stop their game," I muttered grimly, my thoughts again turning to the enemy, "or—" I added, and then stopped.

"Or what?" she demanded.

"My lady," I said, "to use what you would call an 'Americanism' it's 'Pike's Peak or Bust.' "

CHAPTER XVI

FORCED DRAFT

The "Homer," like a wounded duck was trailing away toward the Yorkshire coast. The "Scout," black smoke pouring from her high yellow stack, her sharp, lofty bows cutting through the swell like a knife, was tearing northward as fast as two thousand horsepower could drive her turbine engines, the white foam trailing astern, as her twin screws churned the waters. Her forward deck was piled high with coal, for Captain Jimmy had left the "Homer" only enough fuel to carry her in. "Me bunkers is full," I heard him exclaim, "but I wants me decks down with Newcastle, too, fur this 'ere boat's a witch fur burning up the coal." On the bridge, the ancient skipper was pacing briskly to and fro, pausing now and again to call some instruction to the helmsman inside the wheel house, who answered with a steady, monotonous, "Aye, aye, sir."

It was a typical day for the German Ocean—a drizzling rain, a heavy rolling sea, and but little wind. For all he was twelve miles out, Captain Jimmy had a man in the bows with the lead, who ever and anon sang back in matter-of-fact tones: "Twenty fathom, sir—eighteen fathom, sir—twenty-two fathom, sir." They had a lookout in the bows and another in the crow's nest, and from the man aloft presently came the shout: "A fishin' fleet ahead on the starboard bow, sir;" followed instantly by the sharp order from Captain Jimmy of "Port your helm." "Port it is, sir? Aye, aye," came the immediate reply. The "Scout" answered her helm like a thirty-footer, and the mist swallowed up the fishing boats. Evidently, the skipper did not wish his whereabouts reported by sharp eyes.

I was standing close to Captain Jimmy, endeavoring to pierce the mist, when the look-out cried: "Steamer dead ahead, sir," and after a moment's inspection of the stranger, the skipper called down the tube, somewhat hastily:

"Captain Harvey, on deck wid ye, please."

A moment or so later and the burly form of the "Homer's" captain scrambled up the ladder.

"Be that her—take a look?" demanded Captain Jimmy, handing his glass over.

"Looks uncommon like her—by Jinks, it *is* her—but, what in thunder has she done with them two barkers that was on her? Can't have got 'em aboard the other craft yet, eh?"

"There ain't no twelve-inch guns on her that I can see," muttered Captain Jimmy.

"Mr. Brice, can you see 'em? You be more usted to them toys than we be," and Captain Harvey thrust the glasses into my hand.

I swept the decks of the "Assist" (for her it undoubtedly was) carefully, but not a sign of her cargo was to be seen. Her two big guns were gone. "She's got rid of them," I said, turning toward the two salts.

"Could she have got 'em aboard t'other ship, think ye?" demanded Captain Harvey.

"That's what she's done with them; they had them all slung ready to hoist, and if they had the nerve to make the transfer, there's nothing to stop them. The trouble was they had no one on board who was used to such work, but when they lost me they *had* to do it. Depend on it, Captain, that the 'Revenge' now has those two guns, and is headed north as fast as her triple screws can propel her. There's nothing between her and her quarry, and there's nothing can stop her now but this little craft, twenty miles astern. It's up to us."

"Then, by Jinks, we'll make good!" thundered Captain Harvey Cassel, as he gripped the rail of the bridge in suppressed wrath. "What say, Captain Jimmy?" he demanded.

For answer, the ancient sailor spoke a few words into the tube. There was an immediate tinkling of bells, and I felt the "Scout" shake herself like a thing of life, as her powerful engines commenced to work under forced draft, and her long, black hull carved its course through the rolling deep with increasing speed. Then Captain Jimmy turned on his shipmate: "Captain Harvey," he croaked, "get ye below now and shake up them stokers; work 'em two on and two off, and tell 'em it's a third extra for short shifts."

"Put me on the end of a shovel!" I cried. "I can take my trick in the bunkers if you're short-handed."

"Nay, nay," muttered Captain Harvey, "stay ye here hon the bridge. Ye're more use—Stand clear on that craft, Captain Jimmy, we've no use fur her now—Hi'm below if ye wants me," and next moment his broad shoulders disappeared down the ladder.

The "Scout" had not been loafing before, but now she was fairly eating up the distance. She was built on beautifully fine lines—long, slender and graceful. Her steel hull was vibrating to the music of racing machinery; the black clouds of smoke were fairly boiling from her tall stack, and the spray was flying like snow over her high bows. The wind was rising, and the sea becoming more choppy and she shivered like a thing of life as her master drove her into the teeth of it. The "Assist" was already lost to sight in the scudding mist, which were now breaking up before the fast-rising gale.

The dash for the Lofodens had commenced. The "Scout" was racing under forced draft, and as I realized the momentous results that depended on her—on us—I caught the fever of the mad race, and true to the fighting breed from which I sprang, I longed for the battle.

Eight bells clanged out. It was noon, and the watch changed. I went inside the chart house. She was doing 21.9; both propellers making within a few revolutions of each other, the engines running even and smoothly. Now and again the screws would be lifted clear as the racing craft dipped her nose into one of the great swells, and the staunch hull would quiver and wrack itself to the race of the blades as they were lifted, whirling madly, out from the churning sea. Old Captain Jimmy did not spare her. He drove the long, slender hull into the teeth of the rising gale. The foam surged over her bows and charged racing up to her forward companionway; then leaped in mad riot through her scuppers. Her hatches were battened down and everything made snug for a wild night. The new watch came out in their oilskins; the bow lookouts were not replaced, and the watch in the crow's nest was lashed there.

"Hi ain't takin' no chances with man overboard ter night; Hi ain't a-goin' ter stop fur nothin'," croaked old Captain Jimmy, as I joked him over his precautions. "Hi'll be abeam o' the Shetlands this time termorrow," he continued, "an', if they be afeared ter drive that craft on theirs, they'll be takin' me wash then."

"If we're to save the game it has to be done in the next forty-eight hours," I responded. "Once that craft gets them under range of her twelve-inch, they are lost."

"Hat wot distance now, sir, do ye suppose they could stand ter get in their knocks?" inquired Captain Jimmy, as he clung to the rail of the rolling bridge.

"Six thousand yards would be easy work for them."

"Ye don't say now!"

"With those fine pieces they would have the whip hand at eight, or even ten thousand in a moderate sea. There's only one chance, Captain Jimmy; that is for us to get word and let them run for it."

"I knows one o' 'em as won't run, Mister Brice," affirmed the old salt.

"I know another," I said quickly.

Captain Harvey Cassel had climbed up the ladder as we were speaking. He overheard the last two sentences, and his great hand came down on my shoulder with a crash. "By the Lord Harry," he roared, "it does me good to hear ye, fur I was minded the same way 'bout 'em. Hi'll back Eddie's boy, and Mack ain't a son of the hold country if he runs fur it, and—"

"Aye, aye," interrupted Captain Jimmy, "the sayin' is 'never two but three,' and his nibs with the fierce upper lip covering ain't no lout when it comes to a scrap; there'll be only one quitter in my hopinion, and that's his—"

"Gentlemen," I interposed, "you overlook one fact in thus rejoicing in the fighting qualities of those we seek to save."

"An' that is wot?" demanded both the salts in one voice.

"That it will make our task the more difficult. We seek to warn them that they may escape. They will wish to remain and fight."

Captain Jimmy glared at me for a moment, then his old thin voice croaked out, "An' good fur 'em, that's wot I say."

"Hand that's wot Hi say," bellowed the master of the "Homer."

"And that's what I say," I repeated, "for we'll stand by them in any case, eh, gentlemen?"

"Sairtinly," croaked Captain Jimmy.

"Bet your life," roared the "Homer's" skipper.

"Here's my hand on it," I cried.

And we three gripped hands on our compact.

CHAPTER XVII

AMATEUR SURGEONRY

"Dinner's hat two bells," remarked Captain Jimmy. "We 'as dinner hat dinner time an' not hat supper on this 'ere craft."

"I'm ready for it now," I confessed, as I climbed down off the bridge.

I discovered my lady making herself very much at home and very useful.

"I was just on the point of sending Tommy"—indicating a diminutive-looking cabin boy—"to hunt you up," she exclaimed. "Martha and I have set the table, and the chef has managed to excel himself. See," and she waved her hand toward an inviting-looking table. "Linen, silver and decorations, but they are spoiled by these horrid rail things that Martha would put on. The first course is soup. Tommy, serve it, please—can you manage to walk along with it—it is rolling dreadfully, isn't it?" she concluded, appealing to me.

I could but smile at the elaborate repast she had contrived to conjure from the galley. "How about Mr. Willet?" I inquired, my thoughts turning toward my chum.

"I was just going to tell you," she rattled on, "he's doing so finely; he has no temperature to speak of, but really, you know, the ball should be probed for; I wonder how we are going to do it—there is no surgeon aboard, of course."

"I guess that's up to me, mademoiselle; I have done it before. By the way, have you seen Captain Harvey lately?"

"He passed through here a few minutes ago all black and grimy. He said he was 'showin' the boys how to fire up,' and he certainly looked like it."

Captain Jimmy joined us a few minutes later, and we three sat down to that strange dinner. It was very evident, however, that the old salt's mind was on the bridge rather than at the table, and after ten minutes of furious eating, he abruptly left us, and rolled up the companionway.

"I'm going in to see Ward," I said to my lady.

"Martha is with him, of course, and he seemed quite comfortable when I left him; if we can only find the ball everything will go all right, I am sure," she replied.

Together we made our way into the stuffy little cuddy. Ward was sleeping soundly, and we did not disturb him. The sea was increasing every moment, as was evidenced by the rolling and pitching of the

"Scout." I offered my arm to Mademoiselle, and piloted her along the narrow passageway back to the cabin.

"Now," she suggested, "I am sure you wish to go on deck again, so don't worry about me; I am going in to look after Mr. Ward. Tonight, or in the morning I wish you could see about probing; I think it should be done, don't you?"

"I would prefer a smoother sea before I do; we will see what the morning brings," I said, "and meanwhile"—I paused.

"Yes," she inquired, looking up at me, "what?"

"You must try to make yourself as comfortable as possible—as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Oh," she laughed gaily, "do not worry yourself about me; I have lots to occupy my time; I must look after Mr. Ward—I am his nurse, you know, and—and, in any case—you—you didn't ask me to come with you, did you?—I am sure I must be terribly in your way."

"I don't know what we should do without you," I returned truthfully. "You have been of great service, mademoiselle, to my friend, and we—I am very much under obligation to you. He would have bled to death but for you; will you accept my thanks, mademoiselle?"

She inclined her head with that pretty little foreign gesture of hers. "I have accepted much from you already, but your thanks, although I deserve them but little, I value the most—oh, I wish—I wish," she cried, clasping her shapely hands together, "that this terrible thing was ended—I fear for the results; I fear the conflict that must come; you do not know those men as I know them, Mr. Brice; they will—they *must* win."

"They won't; they *shall not* win," I retorted, as I left her and hastened on deck again.

I was in consultation with Captain Jimmy for half an hour in the charthouse, and after that fought my way forward to the foremast and climbed into the crow's-nest with the lookout. Then I went down into the engine room. A beautifully compact little turbine was installed, and Captain Harvey and four firemen, all stripped to the waist, were shovelling coal into the glowing furnaces with steady precision. It was stifling hot, of course, and the stokers were working in short shifts, two hours on and two off. The engineer, a blocky-looking Scotchman, and his assistant, a young fellow of the same nationality, watched with keen eyes the working of the powerful turbines, moving about amongst the glittering, polished machinery, oiling here, adjusting there, and ever keeping watchful eyes upon the indicators. Sometimes there would be a tinkling of bells, as the skipper on the bridge called for more speed, and then a few short words from the tube. All was very businesslike, with a lack of excitement or undue bustle. I went away well pleased with conditions below decks—there would be no hitch there, I was convinced. I did not offer my services again at the shovel, for I realized I was in no condition to keep pace with those brawny firemen in their exhausting work.

It was Captain Jimmy, himself, who proposed that I should handle the "Scout" for a spell, as he expressed it. "Ye can do, can't ye?" he demanded, as I stood beside him again on the bridge.

I admitted that I thought myself capable of the task. When a man has manoeuvered a great fifteen-thousand ton battleship in company with a dozen others in line of column ten cables apart, and executed the "gridiron movement" a few times, he is not afraid to undertake the handling of a little hundred and fifty ton dispatch boat that answers her helm like a motor craft.

Captain Jimmy watched me as I took charge, and then after a few minutes' scrutiny, rolled away, apparently satisfied that his idol was in safe hands. Truth to tell, there was little enough skill required at this time. All I had to do was to keep her head to the laid course, and now and again ease her, as she wallowed into the heavy swells. She was speeding magnificently, reeling off twenty-two and a fraction with but slight variation hour after hour. Captain Jimmy had a right to feel proud of his handy little craft.

Once a great greyback caught her, and boarded her amidship, racing across her deck and leaping off through the scuppers to port. I caught a glimpse of her skipper's inquiring old face, peeping at me from the shelter of the main deck hatch, as if to demand, "What be ye hat now?" I steadied her in a moment, and the thing did not occur again.

At nine o'clock that night, just as two bells clanged out, I made out the Stavanger light some three miles off to starboard. Captain Jimmy had laid a close course, and cut his corners fine, but as he had assured me he knew the Norway coast as well as he did his own Yorkshire, I was not uneasy.

The old salt relieved me fifteen minutes later, and I was not sorry to climb down and get something to eat; that North Sea wind certainly has the knack of giving a man an appetite.

My lady and I spent an hour with Ward that night. He was wonderfully bright—quite his old self, indeed, and I was greatly cheered.

"This thing must come out in the morning, Milton," he muttered, as I talked quietly to him, "it's here, right here, close up under the shoulder blade—I can feel it; it went right through—feel !"

I carefully raised him and in a moment my fingers had located the piece of lead. It was there undoubtedly, within an inch of the surface.

"I'll get it out now," I said, "there is no use in waiting; it will all be over in a moment."

"Won't you have to give me an anaesthetic?" he queried.

"No, it's not necessary, even if I could get any—just wait a moment."

I left him and made my way to the galley. I selected a sharp, curved knife that the cook used for peeling potatoes, and in five minutes had it as sharp as a razor; then, enlisting the services of my lady, I made the incision, and without a twist the ball dropped out on the pillow. Ward gave a grunt.

"It's out," I said, "look!" and I placed the lead in his palm.

He smiled weakly, as he sank back. "Thank God!" he muttered. "When can I get up?"

"You look a lot like getting up," I said.

"But I will—I will tomorrow," he asserted, with determination.

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," I said.

I left him resting easily, with Martha acting as night nurse.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CHASE

I stood a trick of four hours at the wheel that night, as we raced on through the blackness, coming on at two bells in the after watch. The gale wore itself out by morning, and almost the first gleam of light showed me the Sulen Island scarce two thousand yards off on the starboard bow.

"Aren't you standing close in—too much so?" I questioned of Captain Jimmy, who had just come to relieve me.

"Hi ain't makin' no wide turns," he chuckled, with a broad grin. "But Hi ain't a-goin' ter beach her neither, don't ye fear."

I had turned around to survey the bleak coast aft of us, when I suddenly gripped Captain Jimmy's arm.

"Look! " I exclaimed.

"By Jinks, " he muttered, "if she ain't held us—crept up in the night—'tis her, ain't it?"

"That's her, I'll wager, but I'm only judging by the smoke she's making—let out your last link, Captain! "

I had seized his glasses and brought them to bear on the clouds of black smoke that were pouring out four miles astern of us.

"She'll lose water now," he muttered, "she darsent follow where Hi'm a-goin'—she'll draw twenty foot, won't she?"

"All of it."

"Let her come, then," he growled, as he stood yet further in toward the sinister-looking coast—"By Jinks, look, she's a-firin' on us! "

A sheet of water twenty feet high spouted up half a mile astern, and then a dull, heavy boom broke on our ears. I saw no sign of the discharge; she was evidently firing smokeless.

"She don't seem afeared ter fire on us in these waters," growled the skipper. "She can't do us damage at this distance, can she?"

"Scarcely, unless by a lucky shot—get away from her, Captain Jimmy, get away as fast as your heels can show."

The old salt was talking in the tube, evidently with Captain Harvey. "No, stay ye below," I heard him say, "an' keep them boys a-shovelling on the Newcastle—

give me every ounce you got, Captain Harvey— send Jimmy to the tube." And he talked now with the Scotch engineer. The result was soon apparent.

The "Scout" began to tremble with increased vibration; the black smoke fairly boiled from her lofty stack, and the gaunt cliffs loomed yet nearer to us. The "Scout" was letting out her last link

Closer, closer yet we stood in. I could hear the angry surf breaking on the grim rocks, and still Captain Jimmy held on his course, heading her apparently straight for the huge headland that blocked our vision of the coast ahead. With barely twenty cables sea room we rounded that menacing cape, and as we doubled it and flew behind its shelter on up the coast, there came a crash high up above our heads and the splinters of the shattered rocks fell almost on our very decks.

"None ter soon," growled Captain Jimmy, glancing aloft apprehensively, "now we'll give her a run; a stern chase's a long one."

"That was a close call," I warned, "a lower elevation and they would have got us; can we hold them for another twenty-four hours?".

"Hi'll do it if Hi has ter stop her up with cotton wool!" swore the old man.

We tore across the wide bay and doubled the next headland without getting a glimpse of our pursuer.

"Twenty-three," muttered Captain Jimmy, glancing at the dial, "Hi'd knowed it was in her." He beamed on me with the pardonable pride of a good skipper for a good craft. "Now, if you'll go for'ard an' have the boys shift that Newcastle from the deck ter the bunkers hit'll lighten her by the head and make her steadier— Hi'll bet there's room below fur hit now."

It took us two hours to shift that deck coal, and a dirty job it was, but the "Scout" certainly travelled faster for the change, and the bunkers were loaded to their top planks. Not a sign of the "Revenge" did we note during that time, but the quick succession of capes we doubled might easily have hid her from us, even if she had gained.

At noon we were abeam of the Fro Islands, and then stood out for the long leg across the Scandinavian Sea for the West Ford. It was the last, long dash.

"They'll be bound ter sight us soon now, and then it'll be just a long, stern chase," muttered Captain Jimmy.

"At any rate we shall see if they've gained on us," I said.

"Twenty-three flat—she's a-keepin' it hup," grinned the skipper. "She'll have ter hump herself ter ketch us, I'm thinkin'."

The morning had come off wonderfully clear and fine, but dark, purple clouds looming up to the northwest warned us that it would not last long. Three, four, five, six miles astern we left the Fro Isles, and still our chaser had not hove in sight. Suddenly the lookout up aloft cried out:

"There she be, sir! Eight miles astern ter port!"

"I'll run up and take a look at her," I cried, as, suiting the action to the words, I scrambled up the rigging. "Where away?" I demanded a few moments later of the lookout, as I reached the top.

"Three mile out, sir, and eight astern—see her?"

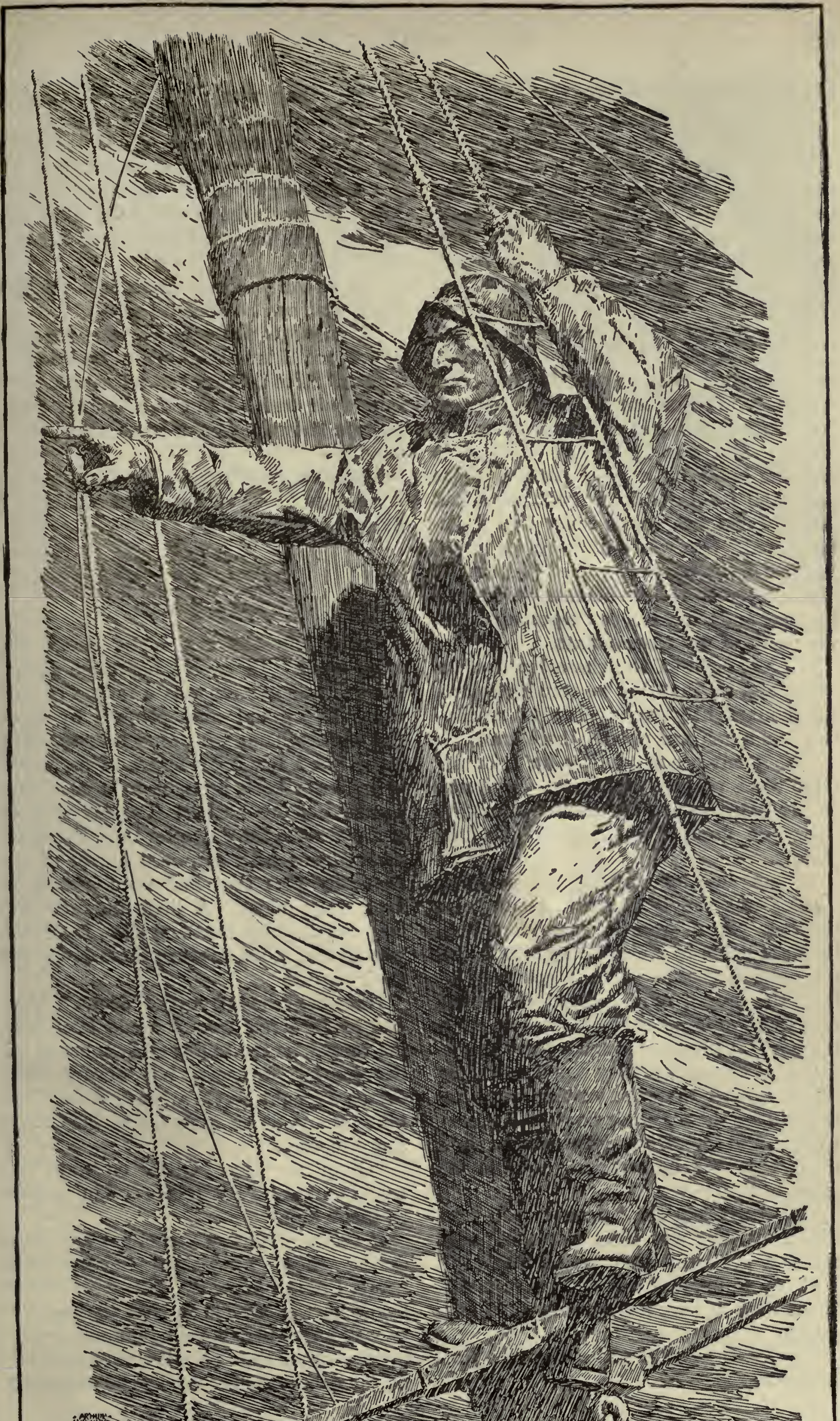
I saw her. She was bowling along at her best clip, but had lost a lot of time in clearing the numerous capes. Now she saw us, and altered her course a couple of points. I endeavored to gauge how she was footing it. We were certainly not losing. More, we were gaining! I was sure of it. If the "Scout" could keep up this pace we should reach our mark first. The Great Coup would yet be spoiled, or at least, their intended victims would get a fighting chance for escape. I climbed hastily down and reported to Captain Jimmy.

"We'll spoil 'em yet, we'll spoil 'em," he muttered, his weather-beaten old face wrinkling up like a map. "Gosh, if we only had the wireless aboard," he lamented a moment later. "Get you signallin' buntin' all ready, Mister Brice," he ordered. "We shan't be wantin' it fur eighteen hours yet, but have it ready, lad, have it ready."

A dull, heavy boom interrupted our conversation. We both glanced up hastily.

"Firin' again, be they—blast 'em!" growled Captain Jimmy. "They can't hit us at this distance, can they?" he demanded of me.

"Not one chance in a hundred, but their range is easily ten miles. It's like aiming



"Three mile ou', sir, and eight astern—See her?"

at a cork when they try from that distance."

"Here comes a squall, too; they won't do no more potting fur a spell, I figure."

With a whoop and a roar the storm came down on us. The sky and sea was blotted out almost in a minute, and the "Scout" staggered, as the blast struck her, then righting herself, as if ashamed of her fright, tore through the charging waves undaunted.

Never have I seen a fiercer squall than that one. It raged for an hour and a half, and then died away as quickly as it came upon us. My first anxiety as the tempest lashed itself out was to locate again our enemy. Our own speed had dropped to eighteen knots for a great portion of the time, and I did not doubt but that it had also affected her speed. Nor was I disappointed. She was hull down far away. We had most certainly gained on her, and Captain Jimmy rubbed his horny old hands together and chuckled, as I reported to him the result of my observations.

We lost sight of the chaser soon afterward, and all that day we tore along at a speed but slightly varying between twenty-two and a half and twenty-three knots.

"We'll have 'em beat by an hour an' more when we gets ter Roost; ye be sure as 'tis Roost—them Lofodens is a mighty straggling group?" queried old Captain Jimmy.

"I am sure of nothing," I retorted. "Roost was simply the first rendezvous; the four yachts were to meet there, but they are liable to cruise off anywhere, but my opinion is that will not get very far from the group; most certainly they will hold their conferences first before any move is made. They were to meet there yesterday, you know, and they would certainly get no further than the visiting stage; today will see them getting down to business, I think, and tomorrow, unless we can warn them, they will be surprised right in the midst of it."

"We'll give 'em the tip, never you fear, Mr. Brice, but wot Hi'm a-thinkin' of is can they get away after we do, that's it."

"They can spread out and get four different ways at once if they wish to, "I suggested.

"But they won't," added Captain Jimmy, promptly.

"No, they won't," I agreed. "and if they stick it out together"—I paused.

"Then eighteen—the speed of their slowest—is the speed of their fastest."

"Right—right ye be," snapped the old salt, "but wot's the matter with takin' 'em aboard this 'ere craft—hall four on 'em, eh?"

"If we can persuade them, it is the best thing that can be done," I said.

"I know wot ye be thinkin' on—it's your Mack, an' Hi'm a-thinkin' on the Widdie's son, an' Hi'm a-figurin' as neither on 'em'll quit their craft—tain't like 'em ter do it, an' you knows it, Mister Brice—then wot'll we do?"

"Don't borrow trouble, Captain Jimmy," I cried, as I clapped my hand on his bent old back.

CHAPTER XIX

MAKING GOOD

Night fell—the last night before the great crisis. In twelve hours we should know if our mission was a failure or success. The grand coup planned by those desperate villains who were now speeding along but a few miles astern of us, would either have been brought to a successful termination or—busted! The day after, or at the slowest the day after that, the world would learn with surprised horror of the dastardly plot that had been brewed in their very midst. A little hundred and fifty-ton dispatch boat and a few loyal men was all that stood between these devils and their victims.

Not a light shone from the "Scout." Now and again a few sparks would leap from her funnel, as the toiling stokers below fed her hungry furnaces, but always their escape brought forth a growl from Captain Jimmy, as he spoke down the tube a sharp reproof.

"Givin' us 'way! Givin' us 'way!" he would mutter. "Hit's slack stokin' as does it, that's hall."

If Captain Harvey Cassel got any sleep during those forty-eight nerve-racking hours, I didn't know it. Whenever I went below he was always in that sizzling furnace room, either shoveling himself or urging the other shift on with mild upbraidings or exhortations. Always he was grimy and black and fearfully hot, but always he had for me a cheery word, and a savagely-expressed conviction that we should "do the beggars yet."

At eight bells in the first watch I paid a hasty visit to Ward. He was doing splendidly, and was loath to let me come away again until I had explained the situation minutely to him.

"Have your night signals as well as day ones ready, Milton," he urged. "We may run into them at any time now, you know."

"You don't expect them yet?" I questioned.

"No, not yet," he said, shaking his head, "but it's well to be prepared; one can never tell. I think that you will find them cruising off the Roost Island at about ten tomorrow morning, and you may have some trouble in making them understand at first; they will be very likely to order you to stand off, and if you have trouble in that way I want you to send this signal to them: Here, give me a scrap of paper and pencil."

He wrote carefully a cipher message and handed it to me.

"Flag that to them, and I think it will work," he whispered, "but perhaps you had better show it to Captain Jimmy first; he's master of this craft and will have something to say about any message that leaves her, understand?"

I nodded. My lady entered the cuddy at that moment, vivacious as usual.

"Isn't he doing splendidly?" she questioned. "He is an ideal patient, except that he insists he can get up tomorrow, and you know he cannot," she appealed to me.

"No," I agreed, "he cannot; he must get into the game from where he lies here."

"Curse it!" growled Ward.

"No bad language, monsieur," ordered my lady, in mock sternness. "Any excitement sets you back. Now, let me raise you; I wish you to take some of this," and she set on the stand a bowl of appetizing soup. I watched her as she skillfully propped Ward up in bed; and fed him like a child. She was such a creature of contrasts—one moment a gay schoolgirl, and then next a tender woman—

> "Sweet woman in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

I had never seen her look prettier than that night—no, not even in that wonderful evening gown of hers. Martha had managed to find an old black dress somewhere, and my lady had gleefully donned it.

"It is like the ones we were dressed in at St. Albans!" she cried, as she rolled up her sleeves, preparatory to waiting on Ward.

My chum simply tolerated her ministrations. Ward has no eye for the beautiful; his whole mind was on this great game we were playing, and he had no eye for "women or other playthings," as he expressed it, although the Lord only knows what he would have done without this "plaything"; but Ward was always glum and in dead earnest; I believe he is a woman-hater, or something of that kind.

I hovered awhile around the little cabin watching her; her movements held a fascination for me, and long after I reached the bridge I caught myself sketching a mental picture of her in that sick room.

At midnight I turned in for four hours' sleep, and at eight bells in the after watch I came on again, relieving old Captain Jimmy. As morning dawned we were abeam of Kunna Head, but it was not in sight. Eighty miles and Roost Island would be in sight. We had evidently outdistanced the "Revenge," and we only passed two other craft—small fishing smacks, who courteously dipped their colors in true Norwegian politeness.

Captain Harvey, who had managed to get away from the furnace room for a few minutes, the skipper of the "Scout" and I held a brief council standing there on the bridge, and roughly sketched in our line of action. I was to get a cutter's crew together, with the long boat slung out all ready, and if, as we hoped, we should find our quest at Roost Island, I was to first signal them and then out cutter and away. Captain Jimmy and his mate were to remain aboard the "Scout" awaiting the result of my visit.

I confess my heart was beating faster as I thought of the approaching meeting. There would be so much to do, and so short a time to get through with it. I set about whipping on my signal flags, for it was now broad daylight.

Suddenly my heart leaped to my mouth as I heard the lookout sing out:

"A steamer away on the starboard bow, sir—two on 'em, sir—no, four now!"

"Aye, aye," roared Captain Harvey, "What're they doing?"

"Standing 'way from us, sir, I think, under easy steam."

"Get up aloft and see what you can make on 'em," ordered the skipper, briskly, and I sprang into the shrouds.

In a few moments I was in the crosstrees, and taking the glass from the lookout, brought it to bear on the four vessels.

"It's them!" I yelled down—"they're just under weigh—that's all."

"Come ahead down, then!" cried Captain Jimmy, and I scrambled down on deck.

We stood along at a twenty-knot clip, and ranged up a mile away on their port side. They presented a handsome sight. I picked out the "Sunflower" instantly, her graceful lines, clipper masts and single stack marking her easily. She was the nearest to me and from her main whipped the Stars and Stripes. On her foremost flew the President's ensign.

CHAPTER XX

OUR GOAL

The two British skippers were very grim and very business-like. I stood on the bridge pointing out to them the four ships.

"That's the 'Victoria and Albert' next her—the one with clipper bows and two stacks."

"Yep," snapped Captain Jimmy, "I spots her Royal ensign. Wot's the next un?"

"The 'Hohenzollern'; see the German flag?"

"The Russian's leadin' boat, then?"

"That's her—'The Standart'—look, the British boat's signalling."

Clearly I caught the two letters, "V. C." (What ship is that?)

"I thought so—wants ter know who we be—right an' proper—right an' proper; tell 'em, Mister Brice," croaked Captain Jimmy.

Instantly I gave word, and my two signal boys ran up the bunting:

"The 'Scout', Great Yarmouth, dispatch boat; important news; let us board you at once."

"Stand off," came back the significant reply.

"Here, I'll wig-wag them; this thing's too slow!" I cried, as I seized a pair of small flags.

"Dash-dot-dot-dot-dash"—like lightning I worked those flags, as I sent Ward's cipher across the water.

A moment later and two white-clad figures climbed up smartly on the flying bridge of the British yacht. They were followed by like figures on the other boats, and for fifteen minutes I had my hands full—then I got the message:

"A cutter, eight men and an officer will be received at the gangway of the 'Sunflower'."

"Your man ain't afraid on us if the others is," chuckled Captain Harvey.

I dropped my flags. "Out cutter and away!" I shouted.

My crew sprang to their work like man o' war's men, and in a twinkling we were pulling for the distant ships.

"Give way, lads!" I shouted, as they bent to their long sweeps, and sent the boat shooting through the green swell.

We did the distance in under ten minutes, and my bowman caught his hook in under the grating of the "Sunflower." A smart-looking young ensign was awaiting me at the top of the ladder. I found myself wishing most heartily that I was in a more presentable rig, but this was no time for false pride.

"I am Milton Brice, late of the United States Navy," I explained as I reached the foredeck.

"Ensign Kirk, at your service, sir," returned the young man; "What can I do for you?"

"Let me see the old man just as quickly as possible," I said, dropping back into the slang of the service quite naturally.

A half smile played about his youthful features for a moment, then he extended his hand: "Follow me, Mr. Brice," he said.

Thirty seconds later and I stood before a smart-looking, clean-shaven man. "Thank God!" I muttered, as my eyes fell on him. I was standing face to face with old Billy Muldoun, who when I knew him on the cruiser "Hartford," was a Lieutenant-Commander, but whose sleeve stripes now proclaimed to be a captain.

"Why, Brice!" he cried, throwing his dignity to the wind, and striding forward, he gripped my extended hand. "What in thunder brings you here?" he added, then glanced a little aft, to where a tall, dignified-looking gentleman was standing, observing the meeting with considerable interest. Captain Muldoun wheeled about and respectfully saluting this gentlemen, said:

"Mr. President, I can vouch for this gentleman. His name is Brice; he was formerly in the service."

For another moment the President studied me, then he drawled slowly:

"Mr. Brice, that is a very extraordinary story you have been telling us with those little flags of yours; you have held our unflagging interest for the last fifteen minutes."

"Mr. President," I said respectfully, "there is not a moment to lose, believe me. I have got here at considerable personal risk to warn you."

"Tell me that yarn again, Mr. Brice," drawled the Chief Executive, "and Captain Muldoun, as he relates it, be so kind as to send it word for word to our friends on the other ships; you have interested them, too, Mr. Brice."

I remember now; I always shall remember the exact words I used standing there on the quarterdeck of the "Sunflower," as I told the President of the United States of the danger in which he and his companions stood:

"Mr. President," I said, "By an accident my friend Ward Willet and myself have stumbled across a diabolical plot to kidnap you; to kidnap His Majesty, the King of England, the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia as you meet here unprotected. We escaped, and thanks to that speedy craft yonder, have just reached you in time to block them if you at once heed our warning and run for it. They may be fifteen; they are certainly not more than twenty miles astern."

The little flags were snapping around me as I spoke, and I knew that my words were being repeated on three other vessels.

"You stated in your previous message that they belonged to the 'Reds'?" questioned the President.

"Yes, sir; they are Anarchists."

"Hum," mused the Chief Executive, "I was warned when I left for this trip to European waters that something would happen if I persisted in breaking all precedents, and now it seems that it is about to occur, eh, Muldoun?"

"Mr. President," I interposed before the captain could reply, "I wish to urge haste. Their craft is fast; it is all our little boat can do to keep away from them. In this ship you will be overhauled and captured in an hour, and the same applies to the other three." I waved my hand toward the rolling ships ahead. "Come oversides at once, sir, and let us get away with you and the others," I urged.

I can see his strongly-marked face now, as he pulled at his chin.

"Well, scarcely," he drawled.

He stood there pulling at his chin for a full minute, while I was consumed with impatience, then in a moment he was all action.

"Captain Muldoun," he ordered crisply, "I will go over in the steam launch to the 'Victoria' at once—make my visit an hour earlier, that's all," he finished, with a chuckle.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a junior officer stepped up and saluting, said smartly:

"Steam launch ready, sir."

"Follow me, Mr. Brice," said the President, and without another word we went down the gangway.

CHAPTER XXI.

A ROYAL GROUP

I could see the group awaiting us on the "Albert," as our launch shot swiftly toward her. The President sat silent in the stern sheets, apparently deep in thought, nor did I venture to disturb him, although fairly boiling over with impatience to be off. I cast a hasty look back at the "Scout." She was just under weigh, crawling slowly up on us. Ahead, the "Victoria and Albert" awaited us.

Suddenly the President broke the silence. "We have already exchanged visits," he observed, "and today we were to meet just informally to discuss the matter that has brought us together. Now this other thing threatens to upset it all. It's decidedly annoying, and I wish to the Lord that we had a few guns on our boat. "Do you know," he demanded, looking sharply at me, "that the 'Hohenzollern' mounts six four-inch guns, and the 'Standart' eight?"

"Yes, Mr. President, I do," I replied, "but of what use are four-inch guns, even if you had a hundred of them, against two twelve-inch? All they have to do is to stand off well out of your range and batter you to pieces; they have the speed of you as well as the range, you know, sir."

"True, true," he muttered, and lapsed again into silence.

We were alongside the British yacht by this time. A short, trim, smart-looking man was standing at the top of the ladder, as we shot under. It did not require a second glance for me to know I was looking at the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. Around him was grouped a little knot of officials, with the tall form of the yacht's commander, Sir Hemming Flowers, looming in the background.

"You are an early bird, Mr. President," the King called out, in bluff, hearty tones.

"It would appear, your Majesty, from what this gentleman informs us, that the other fellow is the early bird, and we are to be the worm—follow me up, Mr. Brice."

Together we ascended the ladder, and I saw the King slip his arm into the President's and walk him aft. I discovered myself to be the object of considerable curiosity from the group of officers gathered at the gangway. I suppose my appearance, let alone my mission, was enough to excite comment from anyone anywhere. I had not shaved since I came aboard the "Scout," and I had slept a great part of the time in my clothes; in fact, I rather expect I looked like a tramp.

"Have a cigarette?" inquired a young lieutenant, thrusting his case into my hands.

I took it greedily. "Thanks," I said, "one will go well, I assure you; I haven't smoked for sixty hours."

"Oh, Mr. Brice!" called the President from the other side, "will you be so good as to come over here."

I pushed the cigarette case back into the officer's hand, and stepped across deck. Evidently it is not etiquette for one to be introduced to a king, for the President simply said:

"Kindly relate as quickly as possible the story you told me, Mr. Brice."

I did it, and I hope quickly enough to please even a king. When I had finished, the President said: "It is really a very extraordinary thing, your Majesty, when one comes to think about it, that neither the 'Sunflower' nor the 'Victoria and Albert' mount any guns of any power."

While he was speaking I noticed a sudden bustle going on at the gangway, and in another moment, to my surprise, the military form of the Emperor of Germany made its way toward us, followed by the smaller, almost frightened-looking Czar. I stepped to the rear and from there watched the greeting that took place. The conversation was in English, I suppose for the benefit of our worthy President, who spoke no other language than his own, so I was able to follow all that occurred. It was, indeed, a memorable gathering—an Emperor, a Czar, a King and a President. Our Chief Executive had, as I was well aware, broken all precedent by thus making the voyage to Northern European waters to meet there three monarchs and discuss with them the great plans of world-wide disarmament. Without escort of warships, almost unofficially, had the great conference been brought about, and this was the opportunity seized upon by these enemies of society to kidnap—nay, to murder, for all I knew—the heads of four great nations. In equipping the destroying vessel that even now was fast closing down on us, they had realized that with a pair of long-range guns and superior speed they would have the luxuriant yachts of their enemy completely at their mercy; they could stand off at six or eight thousand yards and batter them to pieces from a range at which the little four-inch guns of the Russian and German boats would be impotent.

The voice of the German Emperor raised in loud, almost threatening tones, suddenly broke in on my thoughts. He was speaking in fluent, forceful English, with almost no trace of foreign accent. His remarks appeared to be directed to the British King and our President. The smaller, pale-faced Russian monarch was almost shivering in the rear of his strong, aggressive-looking brother ruler.

"Why should we run?" he demanded,

fiercely. "Did I arm the 'Hohenzollern' for her to run before these scoundrels? Go, you, cousin George, and you, Mr. President—your boats are unharmed, but His Majesty here," and he turned toward the cowering Czar, "has a cruiser more powerful than mine. Together we will show this scum a fight—Gott in Himmel!" he burst out, "I'll not show the white feather!"

"The suggestion was, your Majesty, that we embark on this small steamer lying over there, and leave our captains to take care of these yachts," observed the President, in curt, business-like tones.

"Whose suggestion, Mr. President?" quickly snapped the German.

"This gentleman who—" he turned to where I was standing—"has come to warn us. Kindly step forward, Mr. Brice."

I advanced cap in hand. The emperor gave me a quick glance, but did not deign otherwise to notice my presence. There was an awkward pause, which King George broke by beckoning to his captain, Sir Hemming Flowers. "Sir Hemming has a plan to propose which I believe will commend itself to you, Cousin William," he observed. "It even comes under the head of stratagem," he added. The young monarch's face lighted up with a smile as he uttered the word, and then moved aside to make room for the big form of his captain.

There was a hasty conference, which had scarcely commenced when a seaman stepped up, and saluting, reported:

"A large steamer is reported hull down, sir, to the sou'-west."

I glanced hastily across the waters. The "Scout" was signalling frantically, and coming in under a head of steam at fifteen knots.

"Is that she?" demanded the President of me.

"I cannot see her, sir, but it most assuredly is," I responded.

The British captain scarcely heeded the seaman's report, as he went on explaining, without gesture or any expression of excitement, his hastily arranged plan. I caught the words, "Maelstrom—Leading ship—Come about—and running for it."

The frightened-looking Russian monarch made some exclamation, and Sir Hemming retorted quickly: "Some risk? Yes, certainly, your Majesty."

King George made an ill-concealed gesture of annoyance, and the Emperor William spoke some words in a low, hasty tone. Next moment the plan had apparently been agreed upon, for there was a rapid scattering of the royal personages, while our President, smiling and nodding to me, invited me to accompany him, and we went oversides into the waiting launch.

She shot through the water, and in a few minutes I again found myself on the deck of the "Sunflower." Quickly the President explained to me the plan agreed upon, and I hastily made out a message for the anxious "Scout," now ranged up on our port quarter ten cables away.

"Consider yourself under orders of the 'Victoria and Albert,'" was the signal.

"Kindly follow me, Mr. Brice," invited the President, quietly, and I shadowed him up onto the bridge of the "Sunflower."

The British yacht was making a wide sweeping movement, passing the German and Russian ships, who followed in her wake in the order named. Then we swung into line, the little "Scout" bringing up the rear ten cables away.

The "Revenge" was now plainly in sight, fairly boiling through the water. It was too great a distance to distinguish any signals, but while we stood there watching the approaching drama, an orderly gave Captain Muldoun a slip of paper. He scanned it hastily, then read aloud:

"Unless you hove to immediately we shall shell you."

"The wireless brings this, Mr. President," he observed, passing the message on to the Chief Executive.

"The 'Victoria' is spokesman; take no notice," came the careless response.

Whatever the reply of the "spokesman" was, it apparently was unsatisfactory to the "Revenge," for a few moments later a shell burst four hundred yards astern of the little "Scout," followed almost instantly by another a little nearer, and then two heavy booms sounded on our ears.

The crisis had arrived!

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAELSTROM

We *were* running, despite the German Emperor's protest; there was no doubt of that. Strung out ten cables apart the four yachts, with the plucky little "Scout" astern, were flying from the fast approaching "Revenge." The black smoke pouring from the stacks gave evidence that the furnaces were being stoked for all they were worth. Again two huge waterspouts broke on the surface of the sea—this time to starboard of the "Scout," and not three hundred yards away. I judged the distance of the firing ship to be at this time fully five miles, so the practice was really not so bad.

All ships, with the exception of the "Scout," which was keeping her place astern, were now doing their best, and travelling easily at nineteen or twenty knots. It seemed fitting to me that the Anglo-Saxon boats should be in the position of most danger—in the rear of a desperate retreat; what could be a better position for them? I positively gloried in the gallant little "Scout," as she doggedly stuck to her course. I could make out quite plainly through the glasses the figure of old Captain Jimmy on her bridge, and I could imagine very readily the expression on his wrinkled old face, as he growled inside to the steersman: "Keep so, keep her so," and mentally I could draw a picture of the burly form of Captain Harvey Cassel, as, stripped for action, he worked like a giant in the sweating furnace room of the "Scout," shovelling on the coal. Then my thoughts flew to Ward in the little cabin lying there helpless, yet consumed with a burning impatience to be on deck; and by his side would be my lady—my lady of the violet eyes—my Hortense. My Hortense! What was I thinking of? I was awakened from my thoughts by the President lightly tapping me on the shoulders.

"Getting a trifle warm, Mr. Brice," he suggested, and I became aware of a screeching shell tearing over our heads and throwing up a fountain of spray three cables astern of the "Victoria and Albert." We were well under range of those powerful twelve-inch guns, while from that distance, even if the German and Russian yachts had dared to swing and bring their broadside to bear, their little popgun battery of four-inch pieces could not have begun to reach the oncoming vessel. I turned to answer the remark of the President.

"It is only a matter of time, sir, before they will reach us with one of those big shells."

"It appears to me that they are not coming quite so fast as they were," continued the President, still gazing into the distance through his glasses, and apparently taking no notice of my warning.

"No, sir," I said, "you will find they will keep at about this distance and take no chance of our small guns finding them, while they will surely land soon with a great shell and probably put one of us out of action. Is it our intention to stand by one another when this disaster takes place, or is it a case of 'Sauve qui peut'?"

"The plan is this," drawled the President, lowering his glasses and smiling quizzically at me. "But, look—here we go!" His manner had suddenly become very alert, and gripping the rail, he leaned forward, watching intently the maneuver of the "Victoria and Albert" ahead of us.

The yacht had suddenly sheered off to starboard, disclosing the "Hohenzollern" and "Standart" making the same movement to port; our own boat and the "Scout" astern of us were following the British ship. Less than eight hundred yards dead ahead loomed a rocky island, whose precipitous sides towered up out of the dark waters almost into the lowering sky.

"Vaeroe Island!" ejaculated the President.

As we swung yet farther apart two shells burst in rapid succession almost in the very position we had just quit Had we been there they would surely have raked us aft to fore.

"None too soon," muttered the President, "now watch!" He had dropped his leisurely manner, and was now all action. "How is it, Muldoun?" he cried, appealing to the "Sunflower's" commander, who stood just outside the wheel-house, giving his orders to the steersman inside.

"Going all right, Mr. President," came the cool reply.

I could but notice that no one invited our Magistrate to take shelter from his exposed position; I suppose everyone knew the man too well.

The sombre, giant rocks cut off our view of the Russian and German yachts, as we divided, and now we three—the British Royal boat, ourselves and the "Scout" ploughed through the beating waves with the island thirty cables away to port. I heard the crash of more bursting shells, as they struck the high cliffs above us, and then we lost view of the pursuer, as a sharp cape hid us from view.

"Wonder which she'll follow?" queried the President, a grim smile lighting up his hard features for a moment.

A dull roar sounded on my ears. I glanced toward the cliffs, thinking it was the surf beating on them; then, realizing that no surf could make that uncanny sound, looked questioningly at our President. He nodded confidently, as he muttered:

"The Maelstrom!"

In an instant the truth flashed across my mind. We were headed for the Maelstrom, that dread and scourge of the Norwegian coast! The dull roar had increased to a perfect fury of thunderous noise, and now, as we shot past the last extremity of Vaeroe Island, the seething, boiling waters burst into view—a hellish cauldron set in the midst of that dull, gray sea. The Maelstrom, that great whirlpool where mighty ships are caught like feathers and carried down in the vortex to their awful doom in the bowels of the earth, was now raging before us.

Instinctively I discovered myself gripping hard to the slender rail of the bridge, as if anything on the earth, or the seas, the heavens or the world below could save one from the fury of that awful giant. Then my naval training came to my rescue, and I was as calm and cool as anyone on that ship.

The "Standart" and "Hohenzollern" had darted out from the further side of the island, and now almost abeam of us, the five ships steamed down at top speed to their apparent doom.

If the owner of the "Standart" was a coward, his captain was not. Straight as the shot from a gun he stood on almost parallel with the British yacht, headed for that boiling whirlpool, and behind him tore the German ship, the "Sunflower" and "Scout" following the "Victoria and Albert" with the same grim determination.

Suddenly a barred blue and white flag whipped from the after pole of the British yacht, and instantly the little "Scout" sheered off and stood away to starboard, crowding on her top speed as she did. Her place appeared to my excited brain to be almost instantly occupied by the pursuing ship—the "Revenge," her great guns belching fire, and her shells bursting all around us. She had evidently raced at her greatest speed as she lost sight of us around the island, and was now not more than a mile astern. It was a foolish move for her. Thinking it over quietly afterwards, I could only come to the conclusion that they lost their heads during that exciting chase, and fearing we would escape them, closed in on us, heedless of results. They were throwing away the advantage of their long-range guns. There was no time to draw conclusions then. Before my eyes was taking place an exciting maneuver—the famous "gridiron" evolution—but, Great God, under what conditions? On the outer edge of that fearful whirlpool, with the swirling, boiling waters roaring for their prey, I saw the "Standart," followed by the "Hohenzollern," turn in half a circle. Bunting was leaping from the poles of the "Victoria and Albert," and at the same moment we commenced our in-curve. Here was our position, but no words can describe the nerve-racking suspense of those few awful minutes.

The "Revenge" was evidently taken by surprise at our sudden movement. First she yawed a minute, letting go with the big twelve-inch as she did, and I saw the splinters fly amidship of the "Victoria and Albert." The yacht staggered like a man struck, then came on again continuing her movement. Next moment the "Revenge" thought better of her movement, and came on again at full speed. The four yachts crossed each other's bows at a dangerously close angle, and bore down on the "Revenge" under every ounce of steam—the Russian and German on her starboard, the British and American to port. The "Standart" and "Hohenzollern" gave her their broadsides as they came—they could do so without hitting us at that minute, and three at least of their shells found their mark, for I saw their crash and noted the confusion they made. The "Revenge" swung her pair of guns over to port and gave us their contents, still making the

"Victoria and Albert" her mark. In the excitement of the moment their aim was hurried, and neither shells took effect, for all the range was so close. The Russian and German stopped their firing, and with every ounce of steam bore down on the enemy. I felt our own yacht leap forward under her forced draught, as she rushed to the attack.

The maneuver had developed! We four were to ram our enemy—two to starboard and two to port. Thus beset on each side, the "Revenge" shot forward to escape the impact, going at tremendous speed. So fast did she travel that we missed her completely, all four yachts converging astern of her. For a moment it looked like a disastrous collision, but smart seamanship and prompt handling saved us. We crossed right over, and so close that the port battery of the "Standart" carried away our port boats and some tackle. The "Victoria and Albert" and the "Hohenzollern" just cleared one another.

Aboard the "Revenge" was confusion. They put their helm down and endeavored to come up on us, but she refused to answer. Then I saw their three propellers reversing at great speed, in an endeavor to back.

"She's caught! By the God she is!" cried the President, for the first time showing any excitement.

"It's got her!" I yelled. "The Maelstrom has her—look!"

Captain Muldoun, leaning over the rail, watched with calm mien the tragedy that was taking place before our eyes. For another minute he stood gazing at the struggling, quivering ship, then he turned away with a groan:

"We've done," he muttered, "but, by God, it's awful!"

From the doomed vessel arose a fearful cry—the cry of men in fear of death. The "Standart" was again opening fire on her, but a flutter of flags from the British ship stopped it.

"That's murder," growled Captain Muldoun, "there's no need for that."

Frantically, madly, the lost ship strove to escape her fate. The boiling sea around her was surely, swiftly sucking her toward the vortex. In vain she endeavored to head up; in vain she reversed. She was like a child in the arms of that awful sea.

Fascinated, horrified, I watched her approaching end, as we stood well clear of the awful trap, steaming slowing back and forth. It was not long in coming. Now she was caught in the inner lines. Dizzily round and round she sped with sickening speed. Nearer, yet nearer, always nearer to that treacherous, deadly calm in the centre, until at last, with an oily, quick motion, her bow rose high in the air, and stern foremost she was swallowed up in the great whirlpool.

The "Revenge" was gone!

The Great Coup had failed!

CHAPTER XXIII

CONCLUSION

No happier fellow than I existed in all this world on that June morning—just nine months after the failure of the Great Coup—when I led to the altar at St. Mary's my bride, Hortense DeArcey, and no fairer bride ever passed up the historic old aisle.

Ward was there, clean-cut, unemotional, short of speech as ever. His presence was really necessary considering he was acting as my best man, but I think he enjoyed the ordeal but little. He said he gave in and came simply because I had never done the thing before, and he trusted I should never do it again.

Hortense said she would vouch for me that I never would.

Quite a few notables attended that wedding, and some *exceedingly* notable personages sent representatives, while at my persistent insistence, two less notable, but perhaps more interesting personages came up from Great Yarmouth—the two deep-sea fishermen, Captain Harvey Cassel and Captain Jimmy.

They blew into town the night before the wedding like a breath of the gale from their own East Coast, and "tied up" at a little inn just off Fleet Street, where they became my guests.

"Now, by the Lord Harry, sir, ye're startin' hon a voyage w'ere the charts bain't much, and w'ere ye must take yer own soundin's, but I reckons as ye've shipped a mighty good 'and for'ard," observed Captain Harvey.

"Maybe," croaked old Captain Jimmy, "as Mister Brice'll be the for'ard 'and, an' 'tis 'im has his signin' articles—ha, ha, ha!" and the old salt laughed heartily at his own joke.

Hortense and I spent a most delightful seven weeks at her old home in Southern France, and then left for an extended trip in "God's Country." All's well that ends well, but I wish before I bring to a conclusion this narrative, to attach to it the following clipping from the *London Queen* of the day following our marriage:

At high noon yesterday a fashionable wedding took place at the Church of St. Mary's, the contracting parties being Mr. Milton Brice of Chicago, U.S.A., and Mademoiselle Hortense Marie DeArcey, niece of the late Count Leopold DeArcey, of Montpillier, Southern France.

The bride, who looked most charming in a gown of white satin and Irish point lace, came into church on the arm of Count Felix Zelmot, an old friend of the family, Mademoiselle DeArcey being the last of her line.

The groom's best man was his friend, Mr. Hugh Ward-Willet, and a large congregation witnessed the ceremony, which was fully choral. The happy event was made more than usually interesting by the presence of the representatives of no less than three Crowned Heads and a President of the Great Republic.

In connection with the above extraordinary gathering it will perhaps be well to remind our readers that the groom and his best man are the two gentlemen who figured so prominently in the great attempted Royal kidnapping case some nine months ago, and it is understood that Mademoiselle DeArcey is the young lady mentioned at the time as being rescued from the would-be kidnappers by the gentleman who has now so happily become her husband. Rumor, of course, has added her share to the story, and it has probably not lost in the telling, but it is safe to state that if the inside facts of that sensational episode were made public they would appear even more startling than at present. A representative of the *Queen* accidentally stumbled across two East Coast deep-sea skippers, who unfolded a most wonderful tale of the stirring events of that exciting period, but they were unfortunately located and hurried away by their friends before we had time to listen to the conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brice left immediately after the ceremony for the South of France, where the honeymoon will be spent, after which the happy couple will engage in an extended tour of the United States, the groom's home.

Among the gifts, which were unusually numerous and costly, was one from His Majesty which attracted great attention. It was a study in oils of the Maelstrom, especially painted by command of the King by Sir Arnold White, and pronounced by critics to be the celebrated master's best work.

The significance of the subject chosen will not be lost upon our readers, who will recall that the last dramatic scene in the attempt to capture the Royal personages was laid in the waters of the great whirlpool.

Equally significant was the gift from the President of the United States, which consisted of a solid gold cigarette case, with the initials set in diamonds, and the motto: "Vincit amor patriae."

The German Emperor and His Majesty the Czar also sent presents by their representatives, but they were not on view.

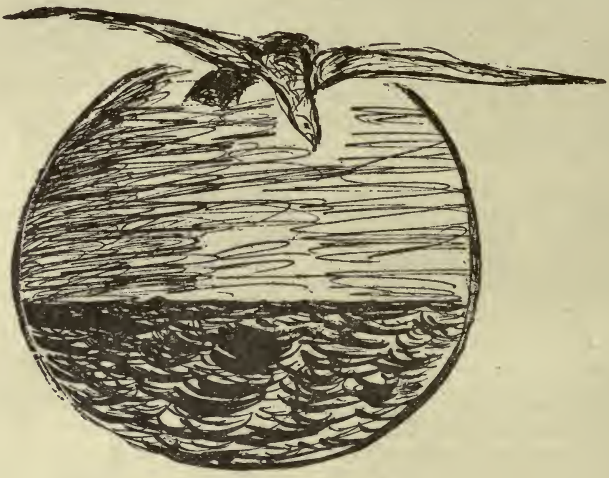
The *Queen* takes this opportunity of joining with the rest of mankind and offering to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brice their hearty congratulations and their best wishes for the future.

WITHOUT YOU

WITHOUT you, love, the day would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would forget to wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn,—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would darken at its height;
The world of all its glory would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer, forlorn,—
Without you.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



Fancy's Realm

OH, let me lie on the albatross' wing
As it rests in its boundless flight
O'er the bosom of the waving ocean;
There fain would I sleep tonight.

The harmony of the wind and the wave
Would bring peace to my troubled soul,
The wondrous imagery of my dreams
Leading still higher to the goal.

—*William Janvrin West.*

The LIBRARY of LIES

by Stuart B. Stone

I HAVE not an atlas handy, and ever in my mind the map of the world appeared a jumbled, jargon-crammed splotch of feverish colors; but I should judge Effingham center to be some five or six thousand miles from the choppy little kingdom of Balkanita. The somnolent Podunkian Center is peopled with placid philosophers and amiable idlers and dream-folk; its architecture is of brick and pine in the proportion of fifteen to one, all duly emblazoned with the blue-and-scarlet, silver-shaded sign-handiwork of the tramp painter; the only ruffling event in its history was the holding of the State Grange convention in 1883. Therefore it was to Effingham Center that I repaired to weave the web of romance about Prince George Gabriel Milan Alexander Damian Karageorgevitch of Balkanita and the rich Miss Rockingham. Stephen Lloyd Atherton has never made pretensions to realism, an it please the court.

After arranging with the good Mrs. Vincent that for the sum of seven dollars a week, in advance, I was to be served with two eggs done on one side for breakfast and was not to be called thereto before half-past eight, I went to the Carnegie library of Effingham. In the catalog I found abundant promise of local color for my opening chapter—the frowning, feudal castles, the skirted shepherds of the hills, the gay court-in-miniature, the vineyards and the threatening shadow of the Bear. Making out my bibliography, I approached the librarian's counter. The librarian's scant coiffure was of a yellow, muddy-gray. Her eyes were penetrating, her nose most aquiline. The librarian would have inspired respect in the breast of a Visigoth. The Athertons belong to the Society of Friends.

"I would like—" I began, "I would like very much—" I broke off, conscious of a voice, enchanting, wonder-chorded, pure gold for sympathy.

"No, ma'am, the plot of 'A Tale of Two Cities' is not laid in St. Paul and Minneapolis," said the voice. "And I couldn't furnish you the complete works of Mrs. Southworth in one volume."

A young woman had emerged from behind the rack that held the green-and-gilt Waverley series. She was chestnut-haired—rich with its tumbling masses—pink-and-cream cheeked, hazel-eyed. But to array her in Parisian conceptions and necklace o' pearl and Helena Rockingham stood forth.

"Well—what do you want, sir?" came the jarring voice of the lady librarian. The divinity, hearing, lavished her deep, expressive eyes upon me. I blushed. I could not remember my name, multiply six by thirteen, recite the briefest of the beatitudes. A century rolled by. I faced the grim librarian, a staring, gaping figure of unrecalling asininity.

"Fudge!" sniffed the librarian, after the world had turned the twenty-four hundredth milestone.

"Darn!" said I, and broke for the folding doors.

Behind me I heard the divinity snigger. Let her snigger! I would draw on a vivid imagination for the meeting of the lovers in the Balkanitan hills. It is for dilemmas like this that an author's imagination is given. Let the chit snigger. See if I cared. Elisha was laughed at—so was Ben Franklin—and the fourth reader boy who cried "Wolf!"

But, after an hour's brooding beneath the red-floss motto, "Knowledge is Power," in Mrs. Vincent's best spare-room, I began to chide myself for my rout. That I, the author of eleven published works of fiction, including last season's notable best-seller, "The Princess Amazona," should speckle crimson and turn tail under the gaze of a lady-dragon and a hazel-eyed child, was preposterous. I would return and establish my dignity.

This time the divinity herself waited upon me. She was wonderfully helpful, suggestive, sympathetic. She even cited an especially conscientious and microscopic work by Villari, which I had overlooked. Had I visited Balkanita? Was I contemplating a tour?

"I am writing a book," I informed her, with some degree of steadiness. "It is a romance with Balkanitan setting."

"Oh!" cried the goddess, softly, sweetly, wonderingly. She looked at me as if I had displayed the Great Hope diamond or turned a serpent into rod-of-gold.

"Oh, an author a real, live literary man!" she repeated, clapping her hands. I strutted to a nearby table and for an hour I sat there turning the pages of atlas, encyclopaedia, travel·sketch and consular report. At the end of that time I had accumulated this reference note:

"Balkanita is a small kingdom—hazel eyes and chestnut-brown hair—lying between the 43d and 44th parallels—and two most distracting dimples—and the Black Sea."

For a week I worked at the table in the little library accumulating notes from the tourists, diplomats, soldiers and war correspondents who had sojourned at the court of Balkanita. It was, of course, a shameful wasting of time—with Mrs. Vincent charging steadily for the two eggs done on one side, even though half the time I did not rise at eight-thirty to eat them. But they were good, lulling hours, and I quieted conscience by the fact that, in watching Venicia Gregory flit among the serried ranks of Comedie Humaine and Waverley, Romance and Realism, Sybarites, Platonics and Stoics, I was at least absorbing color for my heroine, the rich Miss Rockingham.

At the end of the week, in the midst of a pleasing revery, I sensed the faint perfume of mignonette, and looking up found Miss Gregory at my shoulder. She was holding the five books of old Gibbon in her arms akimbo.

"Is—is this your first book?" she asked, a bit reverently.

The awe in her liquid eyes would have agitated a stronger man. I tilted my chair upon its hind legs. "It is my twelfth," I boasted.

"Twelfth!" she gasped. She even dropped the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," affording me the chance to return it.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" asked Venicia, after a moment. "You see, I adore books—and bookmen. And down here in Effingham Center we never see a real, live genius."

"My name is Atherton," I told her.

"Atherton," repeated Venicia, as if endeavoring to recall.

"Stephen Lloyd Atherton," I amplified.

"Stephen Lloyd Atherton," she repeated, unenlightened. In a moment she added apologetically: "Of course, there are so many authors—great and famous—and I know of only a few."

I had heard her recite the thirty-odd novels of Harrison Ainsworth to one patron, the forgotten sensationalities of Gustave Aimard to another, the weird concoctions of Mrs. Radcliffe to a third. A shadow of disappointment crossed her pretty face, followed by a faint ray of hope.

"What are the titles of your books?" she asked eagerly.

"The Princess Am——," I began chestily, then stopped. As I have intimated, if, under normal conditions, I have one virtue in the catalog, it is modesty. I dislike greatly to be stared at, to be pointed out as the author of this and that. I have a mortal distaste for having my books discussed in my presence. I had come to Effingham Center to be quiet and to write the moving romance of Prince George Gabriel. Perhaps if I had taken more time for deliberation—perhaps if I had taken none at all—perhaps if I had been from under the demoralizing spell of Venicia's eyes—perhaps—a plague upon your "perhaps." I glanced up at a row of prim, stiff tomes under the general heading, "Gardens and Gardening." A heavy, gray volume displayed the title, "The Propagation and Culture of the Barcelona Cabbage." A slanting ray of sunlight from a western window brought out the whitish lettering.

" 'Cabbages that bask in the Sunlight,' " I answered, in happy inspiration.

"Ah," murmured Venicia, "what a queer title!"

The eagle-nosed librarian was frowning our way. " 'The Glooming Dragon,' " I continued.

"How very odd!" commented Venicia, relapsing into disappointment.

Someone in a distant corner laughed. " 'They that Make Merry,' " I quoted, and checked myself. Conscience—the still small voice—cried out that I was too glib at this title-making. Already I regretted my extravagant effort. Venicia's hazel eyes regarded me steadily, sorrowfully. I am not a forceful man. I could not start again with "The Princess Amazona." I compromised—I sighed. Venicia echoed the sigh.

"What is the plot of your new story?" she asked.

"It is of a Balkanitan prince of the blood," I said, springing at the opportunity to be utterly truthful once more. "In his native hills he encounters an American girl—rich, beautiful, vivacious. Prince George—impetuous, fiery, romantic—loves the girl. He comes to America disguised as a Greek tradesman, titleless, moneyless. He contrives an acquaintance with the heiress and wooes her, with no recommendation but his own good face and personality."

I paused. Venicia was nodding enthusiastically. "How does it turn out?" she demanded. "You wouldn't end it in the dark and grewsome fashion affected by some of the realists? You wouldn't hold true lovers apart, would you?"

"I don't quite see the finish," I answered. "She's bound in time to discover the deception—if it be a deception. What should a true American girl do?"

"Oh, love is greater than—" began Venicia.

"—than—" I prompted.

"Than all the deception in the world," said Venicia. "What are the names of your other books?"

I wavered between truth and fiction. Among other accomplishments, I am a talented waverer. "You wouldn't recognize them," I compromised again. "Nobody in this wide world would recall them." I sighed for the second time.

Venicia sighed also. Venicia's sigh was of sympathy—for the unremembered eleven books—for the man-who-knew-not-how—for the ink-stained toiler and dreamer who toiled and dreamed without recognition and without reward.

"Miss Gregory," called the "Glooming Dragon," "are you going to stand gossiping all day?"

Venicia departed, sighing for the third time.

The following week I divided my time between Mrs. Vincent's best spare-room and the Effingham public library, glowing with the thought of Venicia's golden sympathy, chilling with the realization of my unworthiness and making precious little progress with George Gabriel Milan of Balkanita. At the end of that period I found myself still dabbling after Balkanitan local color. Then it was Venicia came to my table, a gorgeous-backed duodecimo in her hand.

"I have taken the greatest liberty," she confided. "I think—I don't know—you see, I thought maybe a study of this book would aid you in—in technique, style, plot construction, in attaining popularity. He is my favorite author." Venecia is most charming when enthusiastic.

"By all the Six Best-Sellers," I responded, "who is this prodigy?"

She handed over the volume. It was

"The Crimson Blade," by E. Kelmscot. A silly book of swashbuckling.

"Tut, tut," I growled. "Whatever you do, don't throw Kelmscot at my head."

"But," said Venicia, "he is popular."

"Advertising," said I.

"He is intensely interesting."

"Artful," said I.

"And a stylist."

"A word-juggler," said I.

Venicia colored exquisitely, whereupon I knew that I had been rude. "I believed —I so wanted you to succeed—I thought you might be able to acquire inspiration and ideas from Kelmscot."

"If it had been anyone else."

"I believe you're jealous," said Venicia suddenly. Then she moralized. "No struggling author can afford to be jealous."

"Miss Gregory—" I began.

"Oh," said Venicia, "I didn't mean to be rude. It is only—only that I felt— but what of Prince George? You won't send him back to Balkanita without the lady Helena?"

"The wretch has deceived her—" I started; but Venicia had gone to find something dear and lovely by Miss Braeme for an old lady with an ear trumpet.

With the prince royal of Balkanita en route for the home of the free, I could not justify myself in dallying longer in the Effingham public library. Therefore I spent long hours under the damson plum tree in Mrs. Vincent's horse lot, inducting the Prince of Balkanita into the mysteries of the city of the four million, regretting my lapse from veracity, resolving to correct my position, retreating from my resolve through fear of losing the golden sympathy. I had not meant, in my questionable excess of modesty, to give her the impression that I was a plodder and a failure. Yet, so awkwardly had I managed the affair, no person with a grain of sense could think otherwise. To be an unknown and unlisted author of eleven never-mentioned books with outlandish titles! Possibly she thought that I had even paid for their publication. My blood dribbled at the thought. I determined to go and set myself as nearly straight as I could do without exposing my sorry deception.

"Miss Venicia," I told her in the little parlor that evening, "I fear that you may have—er—possibly been led to jump at conclusions regarding me—that is—"

"Oh, dear no," interrupted Venicia, misunderstanding, blushing gloriously. "I never jump at conclusions."

"I mean about my books," I hastened to say. "The fact is, one of my novels has been translated into the Arabic."

"Oh," said Venicia, looking relieved, "which one?"

There it was again. I stammered, choked, stared helplessly into Venicia's eyes. "The Angel," I blurted, so fervently that Venicia blushed.

"But I thought," she objected, "that a novel, to be translated into the Fiji, Eskimo or any of those barbarous tongues, had to go through about ninety-nine editions in this country first, and I never— I never—" Venicia paused and looked at me rather troubled.

I regretted my foolish boasting. I took refuge in bridling. "Do you mean to insinuate—"

"N-n-o-o-o," denied Venicia; and reverted to Etherington Kelmscot. I was chagrined, exasperated, confounded.

"Hang Kelmscot!" I thundered.

Venicia bit her fresh, red lips. "It would be a loss to *real* literature to hang a man whose every novel has sold in its tens of thousands without having to be translated into the Arabic, the Hottentot or the Patagonian."

So I had progressed with Venicia to the point of quarreling.

Before I reached Mrs. Vincent's spareroom, I regretted my silly effort to reinstate myself in Venicia's good graces by boasting. The next day I hung penitently about the public library, leaving His Royal Highness to struggle alone in the great metropolis. But Venicia selected books on orthography, astronomy, the Copts, the measles, rhubarb, rodents and the Renaissance for all kinds of people and did not look my way. Finally I penned her in the corner by the Elsie books and told her that "The Angel" had been translated into the Arabic merely because any old thing could be palmed off on the heathen, and that I was a sham and a failure. I was glad that I had thus humbled myself. Venicia beamed on me, cited the lesson of Bruce and the Spider, wormed from me the facts that I had also written "Doors that Flap Behind Bookmen" and "A Literary Liar," declared her belief that my titles were too fantastic, pleaded the cause of the Prince of Balkanita, and allowed me to press her hand for one feverish moment as the Dragon-Librarian sought the Areogapitica upon a high, cobwebby shelf. Finally she brought out E. Kelmscot and insisted that I worship the fellow as the king of present-day romanticists.

"But he isn't," I protested earnestly.

"Oh, well," pouted Venicia, "if you will persist in being stubborn!"

After that, I played a weak-kneed, spineless part, zigzagging from humility to vaingloriousness, from abject repentance to further mendacity and stultification and back again. I declared "Cabbages that Bask in the Sunlight" to be a nature-fakey allegory laid in a Tuscan garden, with a squash and a cauliflower for heroes. I stated that "A Glooming Dragon" was the old story of Saint George re-worked in words of one syllable. As the only means of preventing Venicia from borrowing "The Angel," I was forced to explain that Mrs. Vincent's pup, Bilk, had chewed the volume. I read her extracts from the sentimental scenes of my novels—the proposals of the Duke of Sandringham, the renunciation of Calvo the Monk, the plighting of the troth of Lisbeth and Ricardo—while she nestled beneath my sunshade.

"Oh," Venicia would exclaim prettily, "if you can do work like that, I don't see why—" Whereupon I would drop the book and win a rebuke from Venicia.

I floundered, repented, boasted, hemmed, hawed, allowed Mrs. Vincent to rob me on the pretext of "extras," wished that I might die, exulted in the mere joy of living and—yes, and loved. Venicia sighed, beamed, criticized, hummed witching songs, derided my extemporaneous plots, ripped apart my extravagant titles, saved Prince George from heart-crush, snubbed me, enthused over my readings and cuddled close under the silken sunshade.

There was one thing between us—Etherington Kelmscot. Venicia called him the literary man of the hour and the worthy successor of Gautier and Dumas. She insisted that I study, imitate, idolize the man. But with all my wishy-washiness, on this one point I could not wishy-wash. I had, at least, to retain my self-respect.

One day in early autumn, having attained the middle of chapter nineteen, I threw down my pen. The Prince of Balkanita was upon his knees. The beautiful, beautiful story, old as his Carpathian summits, had been told. The lady Helena knew him only as a common tradesman. Crimson spots burned in her cheeks. She must say something—for he waited. Romance demanded that she murmur "Gabriel—my beloved!" Reason put into her mouth this: "It cannot be." But my falcon pen, heeding neither romance nor reason, let her remain dumb. What fate awaited the Prince—the lady or the mitten? Aye, there was the rub. I slapped on my hat and strode down to the Effingham public library.

Venicia was dragging down the Henty books for a lord of the marble arena. She did not seem to sense my presence.

"Venicia," I said, after I had shifted from foot to foot as long as I deemed compatible with literary dignity, "Venicia, I'm bound to have your assistance."

She looked my way, cold as some goddess of reason. "Indeed," she commented.

"Indeed" from Venicia conveys more than three volumes of heroine-patter by Bulwer-Lytton. "Venicia—oh, Venicia—what is the matter?" I agonized. The Henty devotee stood gaping at me.

"Fraud—deceiver—impostor," withered Venicia. "I have searched the American and United States catalogs year by year. There is no trace of 'Cabbages that Bask in the Sunlight.' 'The Glooming Dragon' was never published. The others are not listed."

I groaned.

"Plagiarist," continued Venicia. "That exquisite idyl you read to me about Calvo the Monk is another man's work. I found it last night in a book called 'The Princess Amazona.' "

I groaned again. The Henty worshiper whispered loudly that the long-haired guy was sick. Venicia turned haughtily to wait upon an old gentleman who sought to know of comets.

"Venicia," I shouted, so that the Henty follower dropped "With Clive in India." "The Prince Gabriel is on his bended knees. Should the lady Helena take him for himself alone — risking, believing, blindly trusting?"

Some note of agony in my voice must have held her. Besides she had always plead the cause of His Royal Highness. Venicia hesitated. I brushed into the little enclosure.

"Venicia Gregory, will you marry me?"

She handed "Schlegenburger on Terrestrial Gravitation" to the open-mouthed urchin and gave "The Cat of Bubastes" to Father Graybeard.

"But—" protested Venicia.

"Will you," I pressed, "risking, believing, blindly trusting?"

"But—" insisted Venicia.

"Hey!" cried Father Graybeard. "This book is all flags and battles."

"Hi!" yelped the Henty devotee. "This here's a school book about stars and what makes it rain."

"Will you, Venicia?" I asked for the third time.

"Y-e-e-s," said Venicia. "But that beautiful renunciation scene is from 'The Princess Amazona,' by Etherington Kelmscot."

"I'm Etherington Kelmscot," said I, and squeezed her hand beneath the covers of the rejected "Terrestrial Gravitation." "Only my publishers and immediate relatives know that Kelmscot, the novelist, is in real life Stephen Lloyd Atherton. I fibbed about the titles and plots in order to keep the secret."

I scribbled on the blank sheet of paper I had brought these words: "'Gabriel, my beloved,' said Helena Rockingham."

"That's dear of you," whispered Venicia over my shoulder. Then she exchanged the "Terrestrial Gravitation" for "The Cat of Bubastes."

REMINISCENCE

EDWARD WILBUR MASON

TO me the sight of roses on the briar,
Brings swift a dream of storied Helen's face;
And all my soul entranced with lovely grace,
Drinks like a moth of beauty's flame of fire.

The clouds of dust that on the winds aspire,
Recall the thought of Caesar's majesty;
And something in the courtier's soul of me,
Bowing its head, is thereby lifted higher!

To me the mighty city's iron height
Recalls Olympus, and the crowd that plods
The channeled street and struggles day and night,
Brings back a vision of impassioned gods;
And all my soul aroused to brotherhood,
Salutes with awe the common multitude!

Creegan's TUNNEL ADVENTURE

by Frederick Willis

CREEGAN, Hayes, Eagan and Pridey, the tunnel workers, and Kelly, the ward politician, were all sitting around McMann's stove in the corner saloon on Henderson Street, Hoboken, one cool evening in March, 1905. They were all silently smoking their short, clay "T. D." pipes, for though

"The Indian with his pipe of peace has
slowly passed away,
The Irishman with his piece of pipe has
surely come to stay."

"Do yer mind, b'ys," said Eagan, meditatively, as his pipe belched forth a cloud of smoke, "the accidint that was after happenin' to poor ole Conlin, on the night of October 9, 1903? He was wurruking in the south bore of the Noo York and Noo Jarsey railroad company's twin trolley tunnel under the Hudson River, near the Jarsey City shore. A leak was after bein' sprung bechune the steel-plated roof of the tunnel and the tail end of the borin' shield, which was followed up by a blow-out. The silt and water rushed into the box, and the body of poor ole Conlin was found thirty-one days arfter in a lot of weeds which came up from the bed of the river."

"Sure, that was a tough death," remarked Pridey, puffing hard on his pipe, "and do you mind, b'ys, the case of Mike Burke, the man from Phillidelphi, who was killed in the same tunnel, on June 30, 1903? He was caught in the machinery which they used for runnin' the cyars. Arrah! it's a dangerous bizness."

"And do yuz also mind," said Mike Lynch, the bar-tender, as he carefully polished a glass on his apron (he being an interested and privileged bystander), "that cave-in about twinty-five years ago, when most of yez wuz kids, in which more than twinty men lost their lives? That made 'em give up the attimpt to make a tunnel bechune Noo York an' Jarsey City."

"Yis," said Hayes, taking a huge swallow from his glass, "an' me brother wuz a brakeman on the Erie whin five cyars loaded wid coal standin' on the thracks over the Pennsylvania tunnel at Weehawken fell into the hole—but luckily nobody wuz hurt that time."

Silence once more fell upon the company as they smoked in quiet contentment.

"Creegan," remarked Kelly at last, as he held up his right hand with the fingers distended to signify to the bartender that five extra beers were required, "would yer mind bein' after tilling us about that advinshure yer wuz after havin' in the tunnil the other day I wuz home, sick?"

"Sure, Kelly, if yer want to hear it, although Lord knows I'm after bein' sick for the tellin' of it so many times," replied Creegan, who was a small, pale, wiry Irishman of about twenty-four years of age, apparently, "but perhaps some of these b'ys who wuz wid me at the time could be after telling the story better than I can; at inny rate they can help me out wid it.

"Yer see, Kelly, it wuz this way. The boss who is buildin' the tunnel under the river from Brooklyn to Noo Yorrk for the Rapid Thransit Commission, offered me high wages if I wud worrk at the danger p'int up in the front of the ditch, me knowin' all about me bizness. Yer see the East River Tunnel is bein' bored from both sides of the river by the Noo Yorrk Tunnel Company, and on the Brooklyn end at the foot of Joralemon Street and forninst the Woodruff stores where I wuz worrkin' we had got about two hundred feet from the shaft and were well under water. Yer see the tunnel is like a big tube and we have to keep back the mud and water with compressed air of about sixteen pounds to the square inch. Gee! but don't I remember how me ears were after bleedin' when I first had that weight on 'em! But Hayes or Johnny Eagan kin tell yer more about the tunnel than I kin, Kelly," continued Creegan modestly, "altho' I know the ways of the crittur pretty well.

"Yer see it takes eight min to keep the blades free and clear that are eatin' into the river mud, and we have to have two sets of locks. In the rear box made by the lock nearest the shore, the min are shovellin' back the dirrt an' mud. In the front box where the blades bite the mud is where the fun is. What we calls an 'apron' divides the box into two parts; four men they work above it and four men they work below. Now it is in the front box where we min are after gettin' the most pay. That is where the danger point lies, for yer see it is only the air presshure which is after keepin' back the mud and water. If the tunnel springs a leak, why look out, that's all. If the air bubbles out, the river is likely to come in on us at any moment and then it's all over but the shoutin' and the takin' of us away to the cimitery. We fellers have to have plenty of bags of hay and sand to use like corks to a bottle, in case she springs a leak.

"Now me frien's and meself," said Creegan, pointing to his three companions, "had jist commenced worrk the other mornin' when I hears an unusual soun' above the grindin' of the machinery, a sort of cracklin' and crumblin' like I have heard in an approachin' thunderstorm, that heavy air on our ears makin' it sound more peculiar. Of course I looks at the walls, and there I sees above me head the ooze was a shiftin' and bubblin', and the water was beginnin' to trickle down in big drops.

"'The bags, b'ys, the bags!' I yelled as loud as I could, although yer can't hear a voice in the tunnel very well. Me frien' Hayes, he grabs a bag of sand and plunks it up forninst the spot where the water is a bubblin' out, an' I starts for another bag, and jist thin it all takes place. But jist here's where I'll let me frien' John Pridey tell the story for a piece."

"Well, Mr. Kelly," said Pridey, as he bit off a liberal section of that dainty known as "Soldier Boy," (his pipe having gone out in his interest in Creegan's story), "the next thing as I knows I finds meself a goin' thro' the air jist like I had been blown away by a dinnimite blast (as I wuz once before, Lor' bless me), an' Eagan and Hayes and meself all found ourselves tying our legs in monograms up against the back o' the lock. But where was Creegan? Shure, he must have gone up like a rocket with his hands stretched out forninst his head, for there we sees his feet and legs a hangin' down from the hole in the roof and kickin' like mad, but no more of Creegan to be seen. He was a kickin' and squirmin' just like he had been a fish caught on a hook, and for the life of me, if I had been killed on the spot, I couldn't help laffing at the sight. But I soon stopped that when I saw the position we wuz all in. There was Creegan up there, plugging the hole. Now if we all took hold and pulled him back, the river would come in on all of us. Was it better to save the lives of three min by lettin' one die, or should we all die together? For a quarter of a minute we stood there not knowin' what to do when suddenly the fates decided it for us. I hears a rush an' a roar, and thin I sees Creegan's feet go up like a flash out o' sight, and then the river came in on us. But strange to say the leak stopped as quick as it began, and the presshure of the air came back on our ears. Then the b'ys from the lock behind who had heard the rumpus and knew somethin' wuz up, came in an' pulled us out.

"Now, Creegan, yer go on wid yer story," said Pridey, once more refilling his pipe, and taking a long, refreshing drink from his schooner. Story-telling is always thirsty work.

"Arrah, min," exclaimed Creegan, while his little gray eyes twinkled with amusement. "I was thin havin' the time of me life. The fust thing I knew I was jerked up to the ceiling like I had been tied to the drag rope of a balloon. I found meself stuck in the mud, head fust, an' I couldn't get up nor down, and the mud and pebbles of the river bottom a chokin' of me like as I would be strangled. O, the minny thoughts of the sins of me past life I had, run thro' me head as I hung there for a minute which seemed days and days long, and me with me breath mos' gone. I knowed what had happened. While us fellers were all pluggin' up one leak, another had started in a spot we did not suspect, and the compressed air trying to get out carried me up to the hole like a wet snowball. I knew I could not get back for the presshure was too strong, and me only hope was to butt up thro' the river bed, an' me not knowin' how many feet of mud I would have to go thro'. Talk about Hiram Buttinski—he wuzn't in it wid me. An', oh, the thoughts I thunk at that time. I remembered once readin' a story in me boyhood days of a Prince who was so fond of plum puddin', that his father, in order to break him of the habit, had a small room made of puddin' built for his son, and the only way the boy could escape was by eatin' his way thro' it. He got so sick of eatin' that pudding that he was mos' ready to die—but it cured him of the habit and he never touched puddin' afterwards. Sez I to meself, sez I, I guess the only way out o' this is to eat me way out, and I opens me mouth to say good-bye to the b'ys, when instanter it is filled with the mud and pebbles of the river and I finds meself nearly chokin' to death. I thought of many of me bad deeds in that awful minit, and pertically of the five dollars I owed McCann for drinks. I knew I could not get back and so I jabbed and butted into the mud and pasted away jest as I used to go for Eagan when we wuz b'ys together. Just as I feel me breath goin' for good, I gets free and wid an awful rush up I goes into the open air as high as a house, an' I sees a great light and gets one look at the Brooklyn shore and down I comes into the icy river wid me breath gone and I just able to keep afloat, while I tries to fill up me lungs a little with God's fresh air.

"Then I seen a boat a-comin' alongside, and though me hands were nearly froze, it was that cold, I managed to catch hold of the rope they threw me."

"An' what was you a-thinkin' about when yer wuz up in the air, Dick?" asked Mike, pouring out another beer. "Did yer think yer wuz goin' straight up to St. Peter's?"

"Shure," said Creegan, "I didn't have time to think of anything till I struck the water, and thin I stretches out me legs and finds they wuz all right, and then I feels of me ar-rms, and shure, they wuz all there, and I thinks to meself, 'indeed, I don't believe yer can kill an Irishman.' And thin they rowed me ashore, took me to the grogery and after puttin' a few hot whuskies into me, I felt like another man. Ah, shure, it is whuskey which is the grand invintion.

"I had to laff at the way Mike Maloney, one of the longshoremen who pulled me into the boat, told the story. Mike spun his yarn while they wuz warmin' me up in the saloon. Mike sez, sez he, 'I wuz on the dock a-lookin' off to'rd the Statoo of Liberty, when all of a suddint I sees a bubblin' and a boilin' on the surface of the water jist about half a block away. Then I sees the bubblin' stop, and up shoots a big geyser like one I seen in the Yellowstone, about thirty feet high, an' on the top of it I sees something black like the body of a man go whirlin' 'round and 'round, mixed up with boards, rocks, hay, sand and mud, and thin I skips to untie a boat and shouts "Man overboard" and in two minits we had yer in the boat, Dick.'

"The company wanted to do somethin' for me, but I only took a day off to rest up. The ambulance surgeon and the police thought somethin' must be done for me, but a few drinks and a trolley over the bridge wuz all I needed. You fellers (pointing to Hayes, Pridey and Eagan) wuz worse off than I wuz, although you wuz more scared than hurt. They put a few stitches in me head an' I wint home, put on me b'iled shirt (widout de collar) and turned in wid me boots on. Me poor ole mither she cried over me, an' me sister called me a careless mon, an' a bunch of me nabors hearing of the story come aroun' an' takes me here to McMann's. Sure, it was a good thing for McMann, for he did a rushin' business all the rest of that day an' evenin' and he marked me score off the slate an' told me he hoped I'd get blown up through the river at least once a week in the future.

"Brother Jim he sits out on the steps an' tells about 150 noospaper photographers an' reporters that there would be no more picters that day, and it wuz too bad to worrit poor people what had troubles of their own."

"The remarkable thing about this advinshure," said Hayes, "is the fact that the three of us who were left behind after Creegan went up, got out alive. Accordin' to all rules of tunnels what I have ever worked in, the rush of mud an' water should have done the bizness for us poor divils. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the air would have been pushed out of the bubble, and thin the mud an' water would have settled down, drowning us like rats in a cage. Probably a rush of mud and silt plugged the hole after Creegan shot through."

"At inny rate," exclaimed Creegan, "I'm sick o' hearin' this story ag'in, an' it's only told for Mr. Kelly's binift.

"Here, Mike, set 'em up ag'in."

AT JERUSALEM

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

I STOOD by the Holy City,
  Without the Damascus Gate,
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
  And the day was wearing late,
And swept its wide horizon
  With reverent, lingering gaze,
From the rolling uplands of the west
  That slope a hundred ways,
To Olivet's gray terraces
  By Kedron's bed that rise,
Upon whose crest the Crucified
  Was lost to mortal eyes;
And, far beyond, to the tawny line
  Where the sun seemed still to fall—
So bright the hue against the blue,
  Of Moab's mountain wall;
And north to the hills of Benjamin,
  Whose springs are flowing yet,
Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
  Its dome above them set;
And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
  Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are 'round Jerusalem
  The Lord is 'round His own.

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A LAST WILL

by

B · F · Mc Millan

HE was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction, he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away.

Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy at school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this, my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly as I may to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

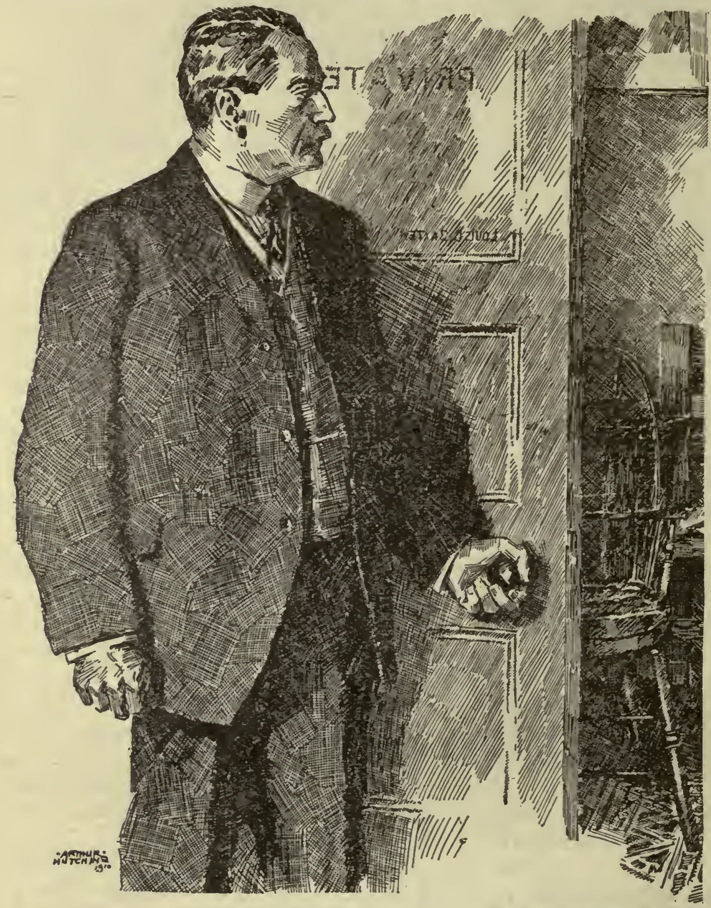
"My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"ITEM—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the right thereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"ITEM—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises: and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs; and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of cares.



"*He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men*"

"ITEM—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"ITEM — To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions: and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"ITEM—And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, or young men, I leave a memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution: and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

(Signed) Williston Fish.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

By W. C. JENKINS

THE attitude of the United States regarding the high cost of living is about like that shown in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed ring: It is always the other fellow who is responsible and not oneself. We accept high prices for what we produce with a virtuous air of having gotten only our just deserts, whereas we strenuously object to paying higher prices for things produced by others; and so we raise the question of blame.

Committees of Congress and various commissions have been trying to fix the blame. It would be only fair to say that we are all to blame, for the fundamental reasons for higher prices of things lie to a large extent back of the present generation and beyond the power of present control.

Once a Colorado plainsman, who took the Pikes Peak trail in '59, complained that "these days are not like the old days." Now he works on a ranch for forty dollars a month and board. In the old days he got from twelve to fifteen dollars a day. Asked concerning the cost of flour, pork, clothing and other necessities in '59 his answer showed that he had nothing left, as indeed his character would indicate. But when it was said to him that he was no better off in those days than now he answered: "Well, maybe not, but I had the fun of spending the money." It is so with most of us; we prefer the large income, even though the outgo is proportionately as large.

This magnificent continent was built up through geological ages, its hills and mountains stored with precious metal; its plains underlaid with coal, oil and gas, hidden for the later uses of the race; its soil was first created and then made rich by a workman who asked no wages, and the forests were grown regardless of expense. And nature presented this continent so rich in all that is of value to humanity as a free gift to our race, whereupon we, or our fathers, began to exploit it and convert the wealth, which had been centuries in creation and development, into usable and marketable forms. We converted the soil elements into crops without regard to replacing them, and when the soil in one farm became exhausted we abandoned it and moved to another virgin spot. Trees, which nature had been a hundred, two hundred or five hundred years in growing, we cut down, used the best of them and let the rest decay or burn or grow, as chance should direct, on untold millions of acres. When we began to mine we dug out the coal which was most easily secured and of the best quality and left half the fuel value in the ground to be buried by cave-ins. In our gold and silver mines we skimmed off the cream, and now we are going back for the tailings. So it has been in all our development; we have not produced, we have simply converted what nature produced into something we could sell.

Everything used to be cheap on this continent, for the reason that all that corn, wheat, cattle, hogs, cotton, lumber, coal and oil cost was simply the labor of converting these freely given natural resources into salable commodities, plus a profit, little or big, as opportunity permitted.

If we or our fathers have been to blame, we have nevertheless all received the benefit, for on the basis of these cheap things we have built up a great nation; and if from the beginning we had conserved our resources instead of exploiting them, the development would have been slower, to what extent it is impossible to say.

As we approach the end of these virgin resources, we are concerned about replacing those which can be replaced, or of making the utmost possible use of those which cannot. We demand that the soil shall not be mined but cultivated. We demand that the forests shall be replaced and that those which remain shall be used so as to perpetuate them; we ask that our mines shall be so handled as to prolong their addition to our national welfare.

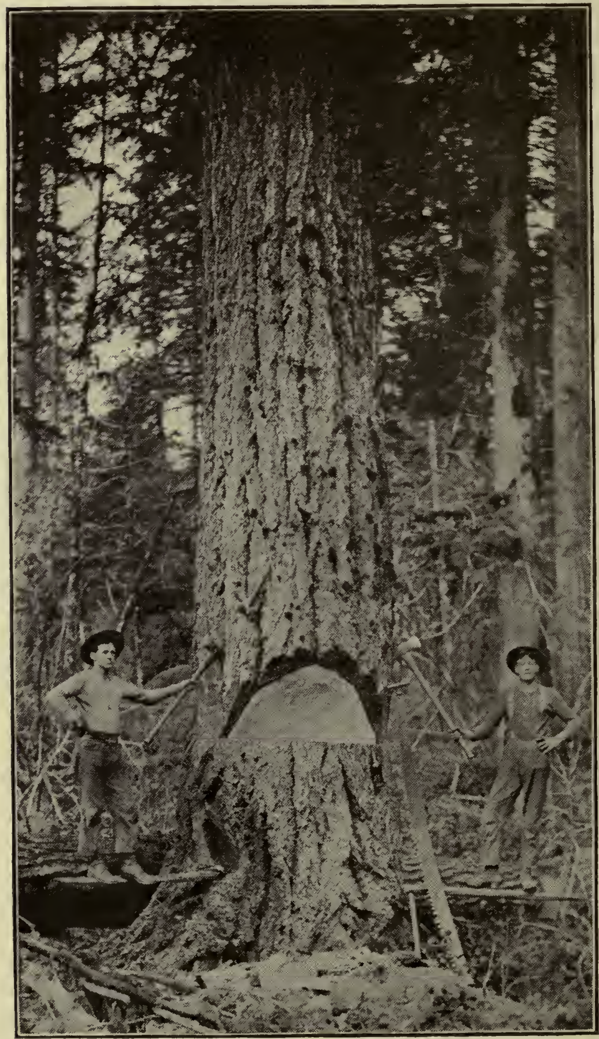


Photo by courtesy of the American Lumberman

A DOUGLAS FIR, CONTAINING ABOUT 16,000 FEET
Worth $24 at $1.50 a thousand feet; cost to grow $183.36

The forests attract no small amount of attention, and great is the clamor against the lumbermen, but all of us have used the resources which we particularly had in charge in the same way and have treated the forests, so far as we had to do with them, with even less respect than have the lumbermen, because the latter are dealing with the thing out of which they make their living.

When this continent was opened to the white race a solid forest, magnificent in variety and quality, covered from the Atlantic shore line westward to well beyond the Mississippi. At first this forest was free to everyone, but as settlement began the woods were allotted to individuals, or for the use of the settlement, and gradually private ownership in them was recognized; yet for two hundred years most of the forest area was open to exploitation by anyone who could make use of it.

Up to seventy-five years ago the forest was a blessing to the extent that the settler could make use of it, but an encumbrance beyond that point. The early settler in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, or Tennessee built his house and his sheds out of the timber on his land; used what he could for fencing, and perhaps in some places sold a few logs for the market; but for the most part he had to fell the trees, roll them into heaps and burn them, for it was always more important to raise men than trees, and he must have room to grow corn and wheat that his children might have bread.

The lumber industry developed with the cities. The Dutch settlers on Manhattan Island found enough timber on the island for their first wants, but eventually, as the nearby forest was cut away, they went up the Hudson for their supplies. Every city as it grew had to go farther and farther away for its lumber and timber and shingles and everything of wood it needed, and so the lumber business came to be gradually more than a purely local industry and finally stretched out beyond the forests of New England, New York and Pennsylvania into Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. With the increasing demand and the diminishing supplies in the older lumbering states it extended South and finally West, where now the sound of the saws is mingled with the roar of the breakers of the Pacific —but always, until very lately, the timber of the continent seemed inexhaustible.

WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Field marked (K P N), fertilized with 77 pounds blood, 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash, yielded 8 2-3 bushels. Field marked (P N), fertilized with blood and phosphate without potash, yielded 6 bushels, making an increase of 2 2-3 bushels, due to the 50 pounds of sulphate of potash. Value of wheat 90 cents to $1.00 per bushel, cost of potash $1.50, which is the maximum price for potash, shows the potash more than paid for itself in the yield, although the difference in the stand on the two plots is not as striking as where no fertilizer is used. Referring to photo on page 376 you will note that the field without potash tested 56 1-2 pounds per bushel, while the field with 50 pounds of sulphate of potash in the fertilizer tested over 57 pounds per bushel. If the wheat was sold by the struck bushel a larger price would be received for that testing 57.1 pounds than that testing 56.5 pounds, and so the net gain from the field fertilized with a well-balanced fertilizer would be greater than from an improperly fertilized field. A point to be brought out here shows that accurate methods in farming pay far better than haphazard methods.

Until within forty years there was hardly any timber land in the United States that was sold on the basis of a close estimate of the quantity per acre. Good pine land could be secured from the government at almost a gift or bought for a song from the homesteaders or other original holders. Timber was cheap. Its ownership was not prized, and it was treated as a cheap thing.

The people wanted cheap lumber and they got it, and out of it was largely built the cities, villages and the homes of all the people, until these days of concrete, brick and steel. Even thirty years ago a price of more than two dollars a thousand feet, board measure, for standing timber was a rarity; and such a price was paid only in sections where the industry was developed and for preferred classes of timber. At that time practically the whole yellow pine territory of the South could have been bought at from sixty-two and one-half cents to $2.25 an acre, while the timber of the Pacific Coast, except a little redwood and fir lying so close to the water that it could practically be felled into it and floated to the mills, had no value at all that anyone could quote. Even ten years ago the Northern Pacific Railroad Company timber lands in Washington—one million acres—went begging a buyer at seven dollars an acre and were turned down by everyone until finally Frederick Weyerhaeuser—he of the far-seeing mind—succeeded in capitalizing a company to take them over.

It is no wonder, in view of the fact that timber was little regarded and was used as a cheap thing, that it was from our standpoint wasted by settler and lumberman alike. But note for a moment this fact: Nature spent years in growing a beautiful pine, straight as a column in a cathedral, tall as the loftiest ship's mast, white, light and soft—the delight of the woodworker. Nature counted not the investment or the interest charges nor hazard of fire or wind or disease. The forest, perhaps, had been building for twenty-five thousand years and for five thousand it had seen no change. Trees had grown to maturity, died, fallen and been succeeded by others, and then man came as the inheritor free of charge of this age-long process and simply converted it into lumber with practically no regard for the cost of raw material—the tree standing in the forest—and sold it at the cost of conversion, plus his profit, if he was fortunate enough to secure a profit. Even a profit was ordinarily hard to get, because the forests seemed exhaustless and they were free to any exploiter and competition was unrestricted. But then came the time when it was seen that there was, after all, an end to the forests, or if they were inexhaustible that the nearby supply was coming to an end, and standing timber came to have a value.

CORN ON MUCK LAND
Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. No fertilizer applied. Photo taken August 12, 1910

Now we face the certainty that in the not far distant future, timber must be grown as we grow wheat or cotton; and when we come to grow trees we must pay the cost. The anticipation of that not far distant future is already felt in the market value and the quality of our timber supplies. The government has put into reserve most of the forests still remaining on public lands, and private holders, at last realizing the real value of their possessions, are putting a price on them which will save them from waste.

The lumber industry shows the same controlling conditions as does the agricultural soil—scarcity first; and, second, the necessity of replacement by actual growth and investment. Lumber is not high-priced today—it was simply too low-priced a little while ago. When we actually arrive at the point of paying the cost of our lumber the present price will seem insignificant.

A forester has made some careful computations as to what it will cost to grow different kinds of timber. In each case he assumed a land value of only three dollars an acre and a cost of planting that acre with trees of seven dollars. On this basis white pine, which is now worth, on the average, in the United States, about eight dollars a thousand feet, board measure, would cost fourteen dollars at the end of ninety years, when it would have no such quantity of clear lumber as we have enjoyed in the past. Red oak, that quickly growing species, and not the heavy, strong and enduring white oak, would cost $28.39 in one hundred years. Poplar in a hundred years would cost $27.23, whereas now its average price in the tree is about $4.64 a thousand. Yellow pine furnishes more than a third of all the lumber produced and used in the United States. There are several

CORN ON MUCK LAND
Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. Applied 200 pounds per acre of muriate of potash in spring before planting. Photo taken August 12, 1910

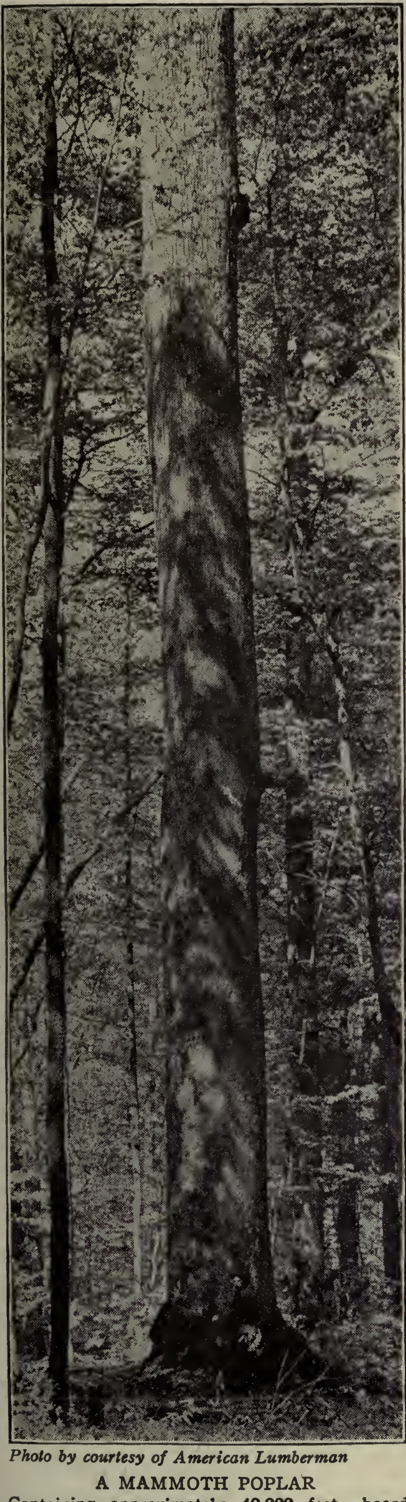


Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman

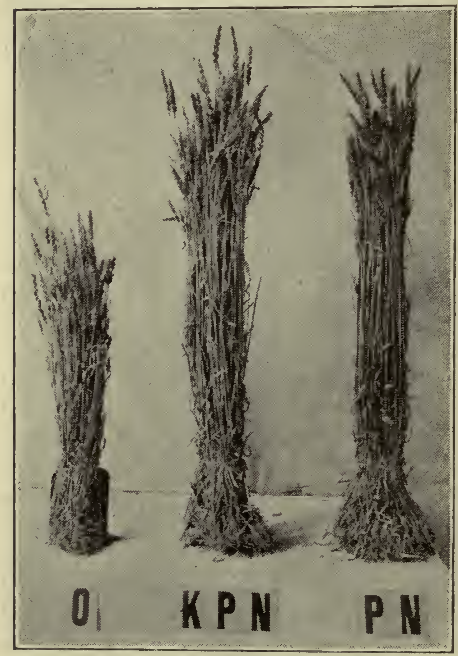
A MAMMOTH POPLAR

Containing approximately 40,000 feet board measure, worth $185.60 at present market value of $4.64 a thousand feet. Cost to grow $1,089.20

TYPICAL SOUTHERN RED OAK TREE

Containing approximately 8,000 feet board measure, worth $16 at present market value of $2 a thousand feet. Cost to grow $227.12

species. Averaging them all, the present value is a little over three dollars a thousand feet. Loblolly, a fast-growing species, would cost to bring it to fifty years of age $4.70, but the long leaf, the famous pitch pine of commerce, the Georgia-pine as the architects know it, would cost at the end of one hundred years $22.28, and then it would but poorly compare with the magnificent trees standing today, which furnish the basis of commerce in the woods, and have been growing from two hundred to 250 years. Douglas fir, or Oregon pine, the chief product of the Pacific coast forests, is worth today less than $1.50 a thousand feet. Many of these trees have been five hundred years growing, but in only a hundred years its cost would be $11.46 a thousand.



WHEAT GROWN ON WORN CLAY SOIL

By W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Photo shows characteristic wheat grown on field fertilized with well-balanced fertilizer with plenty of potash (K P N) and wheat grown without potash (P N). Samples pulled roots and all from soil. Roots plainly shown

When the country reaches a point that it is willing to grow trees it must pay prices which make those now prevailing insignificant. It will simply duplicate the experience of western Europe, where prices are from two to ten times those prevailing in the United States, and as the cost of stumpage—the standing timber—advances, so must the cost of its product, as the consumer buys it, also increase.

The soil problem is very similar. It is true that ordinary crops are of annual growth while trees require from thirty to 150 years to mature. But crops without fertile soil are impossible and, while the lumbermen have been marketing what nature gave them free of charge, many farmers have been doing identically the same thing by selling soil fertility of untold value which they acquired for a song. Only in the last few years have we begun to realize the serious aspect of the agricultural problem. So long as there was virgin soil to rob of its fertility, the inevitable end was obscured. But now that consumption has overtaken production, and there are no more states like Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Nebraska to be exploited, the American people have awakened to the true situation and are inquiring whence are to come the necessities of life at prices that seem reasonable.

The truth must be told with brutal frankness that we have been mining the soil instead of tilling it; that with the finest body of agricultural lands in the world we excel in wheat-growing only the peasants of Russia and the ryots of India; that we grow less than one-half the wheat grown in England, France and Germany on land that had been farmed many centuries before the first plow penetrated the American soil.

In many localities in the United States may be seen woeful wastes from lack of organization and tools for different types of farming; loss from systems in which labor is not kept fully employed on the farm and from fluctuation in labor needs; loss from neglected machinery; loss from idle lands on roadsides and in fence corners; loss from lack of product-storing facilities; loss from unmarketable fruits and vegetables and the failure to utilize such products for feeding and canning; loss from proper education and training of farm managers and workers; loss from wrong methods of marketing and loss from lack of proper financial credit.

A continuously flung flag will never mark an unusual event; so long as the price of food products remained about the same, good or bad systems of farming failed to impress the mind or to arouse any particular attention. But since the American people have seen every farm product that enters the kitchen door greatly advanced in price, it is perhaps not strange that a searching inquiry should be made in an effort to locate the cause which has produced the effect.

We have been gradually, but surely, approaching the present problem for more than a quarter of a century, but only within the last few years have we begun to realize the seriousness of the situation. We now find that, notwithstanding the virgin acres added by the million, the yield of grain per average acre has been slowly declining for forty years. We find, too, that our farmers have burned up the humus of the soil by excessive cultivation and lack of proper fertilization and they must restore, at great expense, the phosphorus and nitrogen they have sold for a song to feed the people not alone of their own country but of other nations.

WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Field marked (O) produced 1.7 bushels and received no fertilizer. Field marked (K P N) fertilized with 77 pounds blood, 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash, and yielded 8 2-3 bushels. Difference in stand and yield both strikingly in favor of fertilizers

The permanency of agriculture lies in proper rotation of crops and in the conservation and systematic building up of the fertility of the soil. This doctrine, though disregarded by thousands of American farmers, is not a new one. It was asserted in the earliest English work of importance on agriculture, "Ye Boke of Husbandrie," published in 1534.

Twenty-eight years later Martin Tusser published his famous "Five Hundred Points of Husbandrie" in which he says:

> "Otes, rie or else barlie, and wheat that is gray
> Brings land out of comfort, and soon to decay.
> One after another, no comfort betweene
> Is crop upon crop, as will quickly be seene.
> Still crop upon crop many farmers do take
> And reap little profit for greediness sake."

A study of agricultural conditions, as today presented in this and other countries, will not enable the searcher for truth boastfully to laud the American farmer. He will find conditions of farming in many parts of the United States but little advanced over those of Mexico, ancient Egypt and others of the less progressive nations of the Old World. He will be amazed at the comparative results of fifty years of American agricultural progress with that of Japan. For half a century the people of this progressive little nation have been gaining ideas and lessons from the farmers of the universe and the result is not only a tribute to their energy, but well worthy of emulation.

The frugality and thrift of the German farmer has increased the cultivated fields of Germany and greatly enhanced their productivity. The national growth and resources have been correspondingly stimulated. The German farmer is a firm believer in crop rotation, the use of manures and commercial fertilizers and has secured thereby a greater production per acre as well as an added value to the land.

From the very verge of bankruptcy at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a prominent position among the nations of the world is the result of intelligent and thrifty farming methods in the little Kingdom of Denmark. In that country agriculture has advanced to a high state of perfection due to the intelligence and general thriftiness of the Danish farmers. The same is true of Holland.

Soil robbers are unknown in France. Although centuries old, the agricultural fields of that country are producing forty bushels of wheat per acre—a yield three times as great as the average wheat yield in the United States.

Although not land owners, the majority of English farmers are among the most progressive and intelligent of the world. Over eighty-five per cent of the farm lands in the United Kingdom are still held in large estates and are leased to tenants. These tenants compose the great middle class of the nation and are the backbone of the monarchy. Not only are the lands tilled under scientific and approved methods but a careful study of the most advanced systems of stock-raising has been going on for many years. No other country can show superiority in the quality of domestic animals, and none has produced so many varieties of the standard breeds.

If state legislatures would appropriate sufficient money to send delegations of farmers to the little island of Jersey, they would bring back ideas of incalculable value to the country in general. They would find a land area of but forty-five miles in extent, supporting a farm population of over twelve hundred inhabitants to the square mile. Farm holdings are necessarily small and every foot is cultivated in the most approved manner. The land is kept at the maximum of production all the time. For hundreds of years Jersey cattle have been the only kind allowed on this island. Land values range from $1,500 to $2,500 per acre, and the average annual product of a Jersey farm exceeds $250 per acre, and this is in a state where the general agricultural conditions are considered greatly inferior to those of many parts of the United States.

Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman

A WHITE PINE

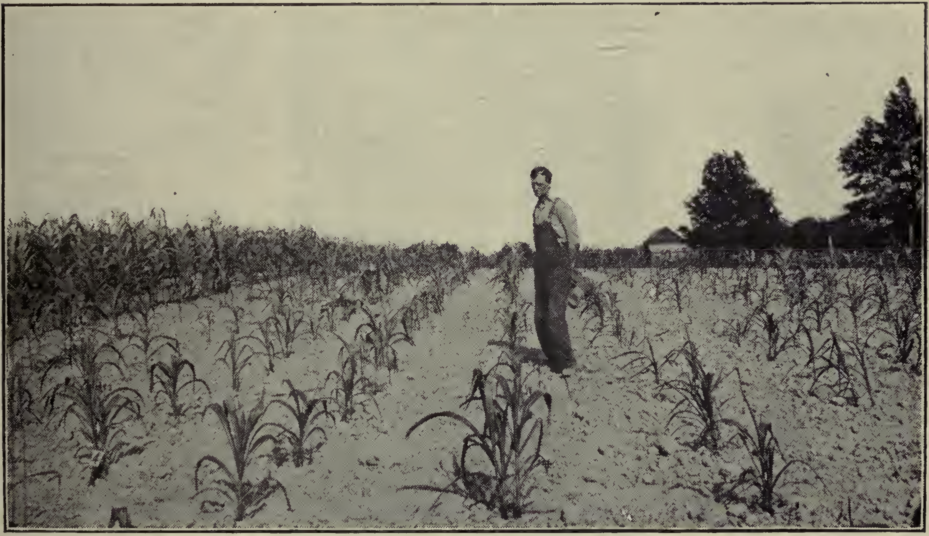
Diameter 30 inches, will average about 2,000 feet of lumber per tree

The history of American agriculture, at least until very recently, must be a history of bad farming. In this country, owing to the great stores of wealth which the past had accumulated in the soil, it is only within recent years that the question of the supply of plant food has assumed any practical importance. As long as there are virgin fields at the disposal of the soil robber the restoration of exhausted fields was of little consequence. The final result has been that the wealth which has been accumulated in the soil for thousands of years has been exhausted in less than a half a century. Not only have these stores of plant food been utilized, but much to the discredit of the American farmer, they have been wasted.

Yet the farmer must not be too harshly blamed. He was simply doing the best he knew how. It was cheaper to move to virgin soil than to replenish his worn-out acres. Like the lumberman he availed himself of nature's free gifts and sold his products at prices that were reasonable. He followed the lines of least resistance and adopted types of farming akin to mining, and in the final results he drew from the resources of the soil fertility until it was exhausted; in other words, instead of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, he destroyed the one that grew.

No lower prices in wool are probable because the day of free ranges for the sheep men is rapidly drawing to a close. Cotton will advance in price rather than decrease, for the reason that much of the soil fertility in the cotton states has been exhausted which is evident by the diminution in the crop.

Everything in the past has been sold at virgin soil prices. The cost of a large proportion of these virgin soils did not exceed ten dollars per acre; hence the annual interest charge for each acre was not more than sixty cents. In virgin soil the average wheat yield is about thirty bushels per acre; therefore with a sixty cent interest charge the expense per bushel for interest would only be two cents. Many farmers are raising wheat on land valued at one hundred dollars per acre and through soil exhaustion are only getting a yield of fifteen bushels to the acre. In such cases the annual interest expense is six dollars or forty cents for every bushel raised. In view of these facts lower prices on food products can hardly be expected.



CORN ON BADLY WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Corn in foreground to which no fertilizer was applied. In background to the left, corn to which 80 pounds blood, 250 pounds acid phosphate and 100 pounds sulphate of potash had been applied broadcast per acre. Photograph taken August 15, 1910

Our greatest national agricultural asset is the character and intelligence of our farmers. The most inexperienced and ignorant man can make a living by farming in new soil; all that is necessary is to plow, harrow, plant, till and harvest. Exploitive farming only requires a small degree of intelligence, while conservative farming, whereby the best forms of stock-raising for a given locality is applied, requires more than an ordinary amount of brains.

In the more newly settled regions of the Dakotas, the semi-arid plains region and the upper Columbia Basin of Idaho and Washington, the original fertility of the soil still suffices for the production of good crops under the most unscientific methods of farming, though it is not difficult to find many instances of decrease in crop yield. Over the great body of agricultural lands in the Mississippi Valley extending from the Canadian line to the Gulf, and from the Appalachian mountains to eastern Kansas and Nebraska, may be found large areas of land that have been farmed long enough to exhaust their original fertility. Many of the more progressive farmers have changed from the exploitive system of farming to the conservative system and have adopted methods which tend to build up the soil's fertility, but the movement is far from general.

Farming never can be organized as thoroughly as manufacturing, nor with profits along such narrow lines. The man who tills the soil will always encounter many forces and conditions which are only partially controllable even by men of the greatest knowledge and skill; but he has before him a wonderful field for development. If in the taming of a continent some mistakes have been made, they have been incidental to experimental problems encountered in frontier life, but they are not beyond correcting. It is possible to plant more productive forests than ever grew wild; more forage can be grown on the ranges than grew before and we can renew the fertility of depleted soil so that it will yield one hundred bushels of corn per acre instead of ten bushels.

Unfortunately agricultural labor has grown scarcer and poorer during the last few decades. The immigration of the peasantry of Northern and Western Europe, formerly so abundant as to furnish a steady supply of the best kind of farm labor, has, in recent years, almost ceased. The horde of immigrants now coming to the United States is largely from European cities and of little use a farm laborers. Henc it is imperative tha

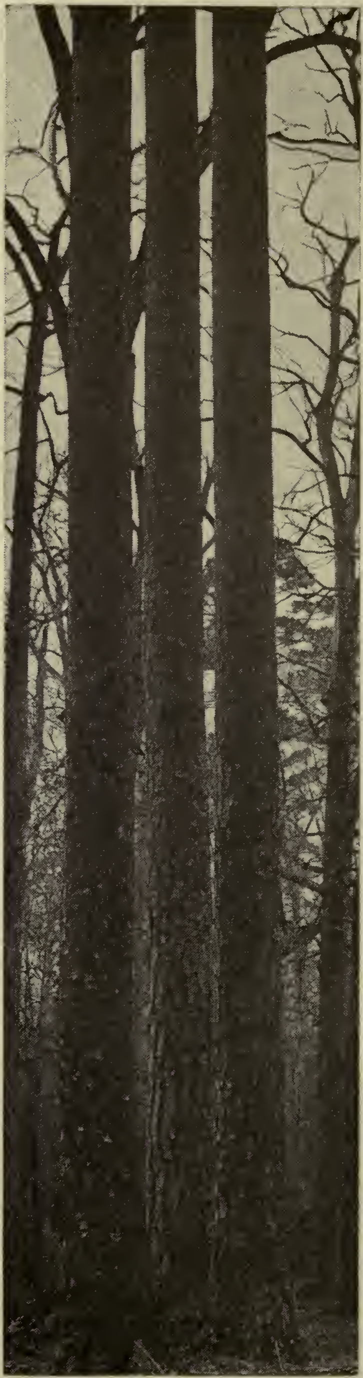


Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman

A YELLOW PINE, 50 FEET SHOWN
Diameter 30 inches, will cut about 2,500 feet of lumber per tree

American agriculture should be made so attractive as to induce a fair proportion of the brightest young men to remain on the farms. This attractiveness must be created by other means than by mere theoretical discussion on methods of farming with which the farmer boy is often more familiar than his instructor. Farm life with its intimate relations to the biological and physical sciences is really the ideal place for the energetic young man bent on scientific investigation. The intellectual development realized by the breeding of a new plant or berry, or a new and superior grain of corn, far exceeds in interest and importance the endeavors of the average farmer boy who goes to the city. To drain the country of its brightest minds in the future, as has been done in the past, is to invite a continuous intellectual decline of the farming class. A free, active and intelligent farm population is the backbone of every country and no increase in wealth, no triumph of the industries is possible when the intelligence of the rural population is on the wane.

There are few exceptions wherein the exploitive types of farming have lingered beyond the legitimate life. These exceptions may be found among the cotton farms of the South, in the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland and in certain wheat lands of Southern Illinois, Western Kentucky, and Southern Missouri. Yet the great wheat fields of the Sacramento Valley have reached a point where waning fertility and a general unprofitable yield is plainly noticeable. A dozen years ago the Willamette Valley of Oregon passed through this experience, but in that section a change to dairying and other types of livestock farming have brought the soil back to its original fertility.

Perhaps it should be stated that the lack of capital prevents many of the farmers from adopting the most conservative and profitable types of farming. The equipment of an ordinary cotton farm in the South, including buildings, livestock and implements, would not exceed ten dollars per acre. The grain farm of the West requires an equipment that amounts to approximately twenty dollars per acre; a well-conducted hay farm requires forty dollars; the raising of stock demands a much larger investment, and a properly equipped hog farm must have an expenditure of seventy dollars per acre, for buildings, fences, livestock and machinery; a good dairy farm requires an investment of from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars per acre.

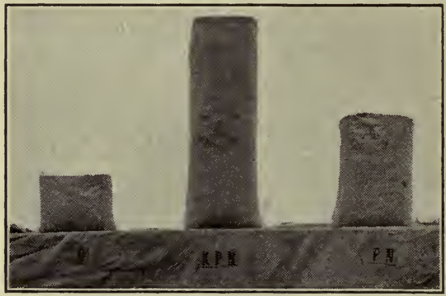
When we remember that the Great West has largely been settled with pioneers without capital, we are not surprised that the present types of farming should have prevailed; but a campaign of education among the farmers with the object of inducing them to adopt a more improved type of agriculture is imperative. They should be shown that while they are raising thirty bushels of corn per acre it is possible to raise one hundred bushels; that under more approved methods their wheat yield could be increased from fifteen to thirty bushels per acre, and this, with only a slight increased cost to their farms, for better labor and fertilizers. It would

OATS ON MUCK LAND

Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. Oats on left was grown on field which had received 200 pounds of muriate of potash in 1909, previous to planting corn. No fertilizer used on the oats direct. This shows the lasting effect of potash fertilizer. To right oats grown on corn ground to which no fertilizer was applied in 1909. Photo taken August 27, 1910. The fertilizer oats yielded 51 bushels per acre. The unfertilized 21½ bushels per acre.

be possible by united efforts to practically double the yield of nearly every crop in this country. This has been done in many of the older countries of Europe on land that was farmed for centuries.

Twenty years ago the use of artificial fertilizers was practically confined to the Atlantic Seaboard and largely used by fruit-growers and truck-raisers. During the past two decades the use of commercial fertilizers has traveled westward at a rapid pace. To more or less extent they are used by many farmers from the Atlantic Coast to Eastern Kansas, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Ohio River and northward as far as Michigan.



WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, harvested 1910. Unfertilized acre marked (O) yielded 1.7 bushels and tested 54.5 pounds per bushel, and contained 6 per cent smut. Acre fertilized with 77 pounds blood and 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash marked (K P N) yielded 8 2-3 bushels and tested 57.1 pounds per bushel and contained but 2 per cent smut. The acre fertilized with phosphate and blood marked (P N) yielded 6 bushels and tested 56 1-2 pounds per acre, and contained 2 4-5 per cent smut

In 1900 the value of commercial fertilizers in the United States was about fifty million dollars; more than one hundred million dollars will be spent this year. Some farmers place a dependence in chemicals to the extent that fully ten per cent of the value of their crop is returned to the soil each year in the way of commercial plant food.

Many scientists assert that it is not necessary for farmers to engage in stock-raising or dairying in order to maintain the fertility of the land. This can be done by commercial plant food, supplemented by the use of green manuring such as clover, alfalfa, or other legumes, for the purpose of maintaining the humus content of the soil.

With the present and increasing shortage of labor in the rural sections, it would seem that if more crops are to be produced it will have to be done by more intensive cultivation and by the use of reliable commercial plant food. The fertilizers do not ruin the land as some farmers suppose, because in the experiments begun more than sixty years ago in Rothamsted, England, the land treated with commercial fertilizer still maintains its fertility equal to that where barnyard manure has been applied. By observing the precautions of right farming, the fertility of productive land can be maintained for generations to come.

In any community where fertilizers have been rightly used, it is a common experience to find farmers producing fifteen to thirty bushels of corn more than neighbors who practice the haphazard methods. Conservative farmers can get as much from eighty acres of land and be in much more favorable circumstances than their exploitive neighbors who plant 160 acres. They have no money invested in half-worked or idle lands; and they get much better returns from capital invested.

As the late President Cleveland remarked, it is not a theory but a condition that confronts us. It will be of little avail to indulge in recrimination—more constructive farm methods are needed, and the sooner they are put into effect the sooner will the price of food products cease to fly upward; yet the people should not expect the old standard of prices to be reinstated. Those prices belonged to a period of virgin resources wastefully and recklessly used. Now we have arrived at a time when we must conserve, build, grow things; and such a condition involves costs unknown to our fathers.

THE NESTOR OF EXPLOITATION

By R. E. NORTON

WHERE is there an advertising man who has had anything to do with advertising on a large scale who has not been impressed by the original, earnest, practical individuality of Thomas Balmer, who has dug the holes, set up the posts and strung the wires that have brought the whole advertising and purchasing world into communication? For nine years Mr. Balmer was advertising manager of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in Chicago, where he was the herald of many important business events.

THOMAS BALMER

Later he became advertising manager of the Butterick Trio, but, while always an enthusiastic advocate of whatever line he represented, his relation to magazine advertising or general publicity has been that of a scientific expert. He has always been able to present the best side of any particular medium or form of advertising, studying every feature of each proposition and grasping both its advantages and weak points—as a skilful captain sails his ship, making the most of her best points of sailing, and not relying wholly on his dead reckoning, but making daily observations to correct and keep the true course.

Many hundreds of young men, now successful advertising solicitors, date their first inspiration to the wise counsel of Thomas Balmer. His retirement from active business has lately called up many such reminiscences and evoked much enthusiasm concerning his splendid services. Mr. Balmer has always insisted that hard commonsense, and not chance, produce success in advertising, and, while pointing out ways in which many advertising men and firms have lost money by injudicious exploitation, holds that business men today realize more fully than ever the immense value of properly informing the public concerning their wares.

But that information has to be given in the right way, as Mr. Balmer says:

"'See that you are not the bulldog that is hanging on with his teeth to a bar of steel, rather than the dog that has his teeth sunk in the beefsteak.'

Mr. Balmer regards the advertiser from a psychological standpoint, and believes that the most impressive advertising is that which conveys a positive mandate—"have you not seen" is much less forceful than "go and see." He does not approve of advertisers "squinting," but insists that to secure success the truth must be boldly told, and there should also be a readiness to shoulder all responsibility regarding the goods. Mr. Balmer says that salesmen are doing even more than the clergy in the campaign for honesty and truthtelling

He also maintains that the higher and better ideals of government are aided by the higher standard that advertising is attaining.

Young men who are prominent in the bold and aggressive exploitation of modern advertising, and discarding tyranny of old conventional ideas and customs, are not only adopting the methods of Thomas Balmer, but his ideas, and working out an ever-improving science of publicity.

Many an aggressive campaign has been conducted by Mr. Balmer, to advance the cause of advertising. I recall that once he gathered together his entire force of solicitors in New York and the West and put them into New England for a week to call on the New England manufacturers and wound up by a big dinner in Boston, creating an unwonted interest among the textile manufacturers which soon bore fruit and could not have been secured in any other way. Textile advertising as at present conducted may be said to have commenced with that campaign.

He had previously made a similar campaign in Philadelphia, where he concentrated his entire soliciting force on the 700 manufacturers in Philadelphia and neighborhood, and very largely increased the volume of business coming from Philadelphia to the Butterick Trio.

Mr. Balmer's arrangement united the soliciting force of a large number of magazines to develop advertising in the city of Cleveland, and later led a similar campaign in cooperation with the solicitors of other magazines in the city of Detroit, just as a body of evangelists might plan to sweep down upon a town and get to work in the churches. Mr. Balmer has been truly an apostle of honesty in advertising and has done much to raise the standards of this class of literature throughout the world.

A man of cheerful disposition and pleasant address, he has not ignored the social side of advertising, and has been called the grandfather of all the exploitation clubs of America. He initiated the Agate Club in Chicago.

In later years Mr. Balmer has been prominently identified with street railroad advertising, and has given this phase of publicity such impetus that it would be hard to find a car going to and from the cities that has not some evidence of his personality. This now firmly established medium of publicity is singularly effective in scattering advertising bacteria all over the country, spreading them even more rapidly than measles and whooping cough microbes. Just as foreseen by Mr. Balmer, "what we saw on the cars" is carried by travelers all over the world.

If advertising were regarded as the science it truly is, and had become a part of the university curriculum, no lecturer on a chosen subject could command more widespread attention than Mr. Thomas Balmer on his line of work. What Charles W. Eliot is to university education today he is to exploitation. Whether all his ideas are accepted or not, there is but one opinion as to Thomas Balmer's splendid achievements and uplifting influence in advertising. He may well retire from actual work with the consciousness that his past effort is crystalizing into a mighty force, for every year sees rapid advance along the lines initiated by Mr. Balmer years ago. He remains a counsellor and leader, an adept in the art of producing results, who is admitted to have done more than any other American to advance methods that have become peculiarly associated with the United States, and whose efficiency is admitted all over the world.

TRUTH, THE INVINCIBLE

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,—
  The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers.

—*Bryant.*

Concerning The INCOME TAX BILL

by Senator Wm. E. Borah of IDAHO

IN ORDER that the people of the United States should be fairly taxed—that is, burdened only with their fair share of the enormous amounts levied upon them by civic, state and national taxation, I advocated an income tax which should reach the wealthy, whose personal and family expenditure can never subject them to such relative taxation as falls through the tariff and real estate assessments on the men of moderate income and family responsibilities. In order that a part of them at least should understand why my associates and myself ignored mere party considerations in our action in Congress, at the suggestion of the editor of the NATIONAL I have given herewith a summary of ideas and argument advanced in an address on the subject.

Those who are members of the majority in the Senate and who are advocating an income tax do not concede that they are outside of party lines or that they are advocating policies or principles which are new or radical. We believe we are advocating policies and principles that are well accepted as a part of the faith to which we subscribe, and that we are advocating principles as old as the revenue laws of the United States. We advocate an income tax not as a temporary measure for the purpose of securing revenue for temporary purposes, but because we believe it should be a permanent part and portion of our revenue system.

I have reread within the last few weeks the cultured and faithful biography of John Sherman. Although read with that object in view, I did not find that that great leader in his day was given to radicalism, socialism, or that he was often swung from his moorings as a conservative statesman. He was one of the steadfast and sturdy councilors of this country in a very trying hour. Long after the war had closed and after we had had the experience of an income tax for some several years, after we had known its benefits and its defects, its failures and its virtues, and after the necessity of maintaining it as a war tax had passed, this distinguished leader of his party, in 1871, said:

WHAT JOHN SHERMAN SAID

> They have declared it to be invidious. Well, sir, all taxes are invidious. They say it is inquisitorial. Well, sir, there never was a tax in the world that was not inquisitorial; the least inquisitorial of all is the income tax. . . . There never was so just a tax levied as the income tax. There is no objection that can be urged against the income tax that I cannot point to in every tax. . . . Writers on political economy as well as our own sentiments of what is just and right teach us that a man ought to pay taxes according to his income. . . . The income tax is the cheapest tax levied except one.

Referring at that time to the bank tax.

Again he said:

> It is the only tax levied in the United States that falls upon property or office or on brains that yield property, and in this respect is distinguished from all other taxes

SENATOR WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH OF IDAHO

> levied by the United States, all of which are levied upon consumption, the consumption of the rich and the poor, the old and the young.

WHAT PRESIDENT HARRISON SAID

I would also call attention to a later Republican leader. While he was not at the time specifically discussing the income tax, he was discussing the basic principles upon which that tax is based, and that is the obligation of property and wealth to the Government, which protects property and wealth. This is the language of Mr. Harrison, after he had retired from the presidency:

> We live in a time of great agitation, of a war of clashing thoughts and interests. There is a feeling that some men are handicapped; that the race is sold; that the old and much vaunted equality of opportunity and of right has been submerged. More bitter and threatening things are being said and written against accumulated property and corporate power than ever before. It is said that, more and more, small men, small stores, and small factories are being thrown upon the shore as financial drift; that the pursuit of cheapness has reached a stage where only enormous combinations of capital, doing an enormous business, are sure of returns.

Again he says:

> The great middle class of our people has never failed to respond to the fire alarm, though they have only small properties at risk, and these not immediately threatened. But there is danger that they will lose their zeal as firemen if those in whose apartments the fire has been kindled do not pay their proportionate share of the cost of the fire department.

* * *

WHAT ALEXANDER HAMILTON BELIEVED

I am one of those who look upon Alexander Hamilton, all things considered, as the greatest intellectual force that ever dealt with the science of government.

There was in all that he did that fascinating air of mysterious power, that indescribable force which moved with triumphant ease to its immeasurable purpose. His career was the most sudden, the most startling, the most brilliant, and the most masterly of all of his compatriots. And he was never greater, never more of a statesman and a patriot, than when he advocated the policy as a part of his general-revenue policy of laying a portion of the burdens of government upon property and upon wealth, along with consumption. He was charged in his day with being the special advocate of property and of property interests and of wealth, the minion of power, the advocate of royalty. He was in favor of a government strong enough and stable enough to protect the vested rights and the gathered fortunes of men against the passions and the prejudices of a day, but he did not belong to that shortsighted class of statesmen who, believing in protecting property and property interests, believe also in relieving property and wealth from its corresponding obligation to government. You will search in vain through the works of Alexander Hamilton to find any help or any argument which would enable you to relieve property and wealth from the obligation of meeting a portion of the burdens of government.

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DID

The first "income tax," so called, bore the name of Abraham Lincoln, and was supported by the great men who surrounded him upon that occasion.

I am not willing for one to concede that the policy which fixes the burdens of government upon property and wealth is not a Republican principle. I am not willing to concede, above all things, that there has been engrafted upon our constitutional power that which is an absolute exemption of property and wealth from the burdens of government. I am not willing to have it admitted that the constitution, as made and framed by the fathers, was such as to exempt the great property interests of this country from the taxing power of the government even in the hour when the very exigencies of government may involve the life of the government itself.

* * *

I favor an income tax not for the purpose of putting all the burdens of government upon property or all the burdens of government upon wealth, but that it may bear its just and fair proportions of the burdens of this government.

We believe that every tax system based upon consumption should be supplemented by a system which taxes property and the wealth of the country; not for the purpose of inciting class feeling, but simply calling upon the great interests of the nation to share that part of the burden of government for which they receive an unquestioned benefit.

* * *

NEEDED TO PROMOTE ECONOMY

But I advocate it for another reason—and this will seem strange, I have no doubt, to some—and that is as a teacher of economy in public expenditures. For more than a hundred years we have been making speeches in favor of retrenchment and curtailing public expenditures, and as consistently and persistently voted the other way. It is a notorious fact in our political history that the Congresses at which the voice of retrenchment has been the loudest have been followed invariably by Congresses in which the appropriation was largest.

We knew when we met here last fall that we were facing a deficit. We knew that there was the cry going up all over the country that there should be a revision of the tariff downward, and we knew that in the midst of universal peace and of prosperity we were actually contemplating putting a tax upon the necessaries of life which we do not produce in this country.

If there was ever a time in the world when the voice of retrenchment should have been heard and heeded, it was at the beginning of that Congress; and yet we are told by the leader on the Republican side that Congress appropriated $50,000,000 which we could just as well have left in the treasury and without embarrassing the government one particle. If that be true, what a fearful indictment of this Congress, and how futile it makes all the promises with reference to retrenchment.

Our Secretary of the Navy tells us that we must have another navy as large as the one we have. This sounds to me like discord. He must have spoken with authority. I am not to discuss the question of the necessity of these ships; that is for another day; but I do say that if we are to build new ships and to continue to compete with the naval building of the world that expense should be visited to some extent at least upon the property and the wealth of this nation.

If this is the part of retrenchment, if these expenses are to be met, can anyone contend that we should continue to impose that burden upon consumption? It may be necessary to continue to build these ships. It may be necessary to go on until we will be able to overawe the nations of the earth, and until, like the father of Frederick the Great, we are lonesome without the music of the sentry's tread. But if it be true that we must continue to do so, upon what basis and upon what theory can men say that the whole burden should rest upon the men who pay practically as much when worth $500 as the man who is worth $500,000,000? Take a part of the burdens off the backs and appetites of men and put it upon the purses of those who will never miss it, those who enjoy the pomp and circumstances of glorious war—without the war.

* * *

LESSON OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

To illustrate further, our system of taxation had its origin in the period of feudalism, when the tax was laid upon those, and those only, who could not resist the payment of it.

The plan then was earnestly argued in those days—that it was a proper distribution of the burdens of government that the clergy should pray for the government, the nobles fight for it, and the common people should pay the taxes. The first fruits of that system, and the first modification of that system, were had during that economic and moral convulsion which shook the moral universe from center to circumference—the French Revolution. Historians dispute today as to the cause of the French Revolution. If you would know the cause, you will not find it in the days transpiring with the fall of the Bastile; you will not find it in the days when Robespierre, drunk with human blood, leaned against the pillars of the assembly, as he listened to his own doom. It is back of that. It is in those immediate years preceding, when the burden of government had become intolerable, when the stipends paid to the miserable satellites of royalty had become criminal; when bureaucracy reached out into every part of the nation and bore down upon the energies and the industries of the common man; and when eighty-five per cent of that fearful burden was collected from the peasantry of France, which forced them from their little homes and farms into the sinks and dives of Paris, where the French Revolution was born.

The history of taxation is well worthy of the attention of those who believe that, in order to maintain a republic, we must always have at the base of our civilization an intelligent, free, and, to some extent, an unburdened citizenship. No, we will not repeal all taxes; but we will distribute the burdens; though we may not do it this session, and I do not suppose we will, we will do it before this fight is over.

* * *

THE INCOME TAX NOT SOCIALISTIC

But it is said to be socialistic. The great and honored lawyer, Joseph Choate, the pride of two hemispheres, hard pressed for legal arguments against the tax in the Pollock case, turned and denounced the tax as socialistic—socialistic to lay a fair tax upon wealth, to sustain and keep in operation a great constitutional government. When the State or the government sees fit to lay a tax which may take thirty per cent of the income, the fruits of the labor, of the man of ordinary means, that is the exercise of constitutional power. But when you lay a tax of two per cent upon incomes, so slight a burden that it would scarcely be felt, that is socialism. Man's intelligence should not be so universally discredited. But he says if you can lay a tax of two per cent you may lay a tax of fifty or one hundred per cent. Who will lay the tax of fifty or one hundred per cent? Whose equity, sense of fairness, of justice, of patriotism does he question? Why, the representatives of the American people; not only that, but the intelligence, the fairness, the justice of the people themselves, to whom their representatives are always answerable. There is not a constitutional power but in its last analysis rests for its fair and equitable enforcement upon the sense of fairness and of justice of the people. Especially is that true of the taxing power, a power that has been used more than once confessedly for the purpose of taxing a business institution out of existence as in the case of the state banks. All the powers of this government in the last and final analysis in the matter of their abuse or non-abuse rest upon the intelligence and the fairness of the people as a whole, and you can safely rest the power to impose this tax with them also, provided you do not dam up the even flow of the stream of equity until it shall burst forth in an uncontrollable torrent of wrath.

I neither envy nor feel ill toward the man of wealth. Moreover, I believe strongly that a government which does not protect property and the gathered fortunes of men when honestly gathered will not long protect either the liberty or the life of the humble citizen. I have never hesitated when property rights were attacked and wealth as such challenged in the name of riot and crime, to help hunt down those who thus sow the seeds of lawlessness in a government of law. I know that when our constitutional safeguards are torn away, when the law becomes the plaything of individual men, that in that fearful struggle the first man to go to the bottom will be the common man, the toiler, and the producer. If there is any man in the world who is interested in maintaining this government just as it was made, protecting as it does so carefully the rights of individuals, rich or poor, maintaining laws, and protecting rights under the law, it is the common citizen in the common walks of life. The ordinary man, the great toiling millions, have prospered and been made happy just in proportion as government has become a government of law, and in the main just in proportion as laws have been enacted and enforced, just in proportion as established law and order have taken the place of the caprice and ambition of individuals or the passion and hatred of mobs. We all understand this, and the people understand it. There is no place in this country today where there is such a deep-seated reverence for the government, such a profound regard for the law and all men's just rights under the law as down among those who constitute the great body of our citizenship, the small banker, the small merchant, the small farmer, and the toiler. The crimes of the century, the contempt for law, and the disregard for the Constitution, the disrespect for our government so prevalent, are found among the great and powerful—they are the ones who are sowing seeds of lawlessness. Let them return and take their place inside the plain provisions of the Constitution and under the laws of the land before they talk of socialism and of the decay of the Republic.

I do not believe that the great framers of the Constitution, the men who were framing a government for the people, of the people, and by the people, intended that all the taxes of this government should be placed upon the backs of those who toil, upon consumption, while the accumulated wealth of the nation should stand exempt, even in an exigency which might involve the very life of the nation itself. This cannot be true; it was never so intended; it was a republic they were building, where all men were to be equal and bear equally the burdens of government, and not an oligarchy, for that must a government be, in the end, which exempts property and wealth from all taxes.

A FRAGMENT

WHOSO has ever loved has known of these;
The tempest, and the plunge in straining seas;
The hymns of peace; the incense of the heart
Arising in the morn, when only two
Are gathered in the quiet of a wood;
The blending of the evil with the good;
The sinking of the old within the new;
The playing of a long and untried part.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

The Unrolling of the SCROLL

by Minnie Barbour Adams

THERE was a subdued hum of preparation as Wyndham entered the operating room. Doctors came in briskly, asked a question or two about the wreck, and went about their duties; nurses prepared tables and sterilized instruments; and all was in readiness when the wide doors noiselessly slid back to admit the stretchers with their ghastly burdens.

Whitney, the head surgeon, beckoned Wyndham and, together, they took from the foremost the cruelly mangled body of a girl and laid it on a waiting table.

"Pretty little thing, isn't she?" Whitney said when they had worked over her in silence for some time, giving an inquiring twist to a suspiciously limber arm.

Wyndham painfully straightened his tired body and glanced indifferently at the face of the girl. He had never seen her before, but there was something about the sweet, unconscious face that attracted him strangely; and his casual glance became so prolonged and intent that Whitney had twice spoken before he roused himself, not without effort, and set about cutting off a small, torn shoe that stained his hands unpleasantly in the process.

"No use," Whitney said at length, abruptly. "We're only wasting time."

Wyndham stared at him stupidly. "Wasting time?" he repeated. "But, you see, I—why, we can't let her die, Whitney," he said, his haggard face growing anxious and troubled.

"Guess *we* haven't much to say about it," the other returned carelessly.

"But—oh, don't you understand?" Wyndham cried desperately. "We've *got* to save her!"

Whitney looked at him curiously, then shook his head.

"Can't do it," he said tersely. "She'll never regain consciousness."

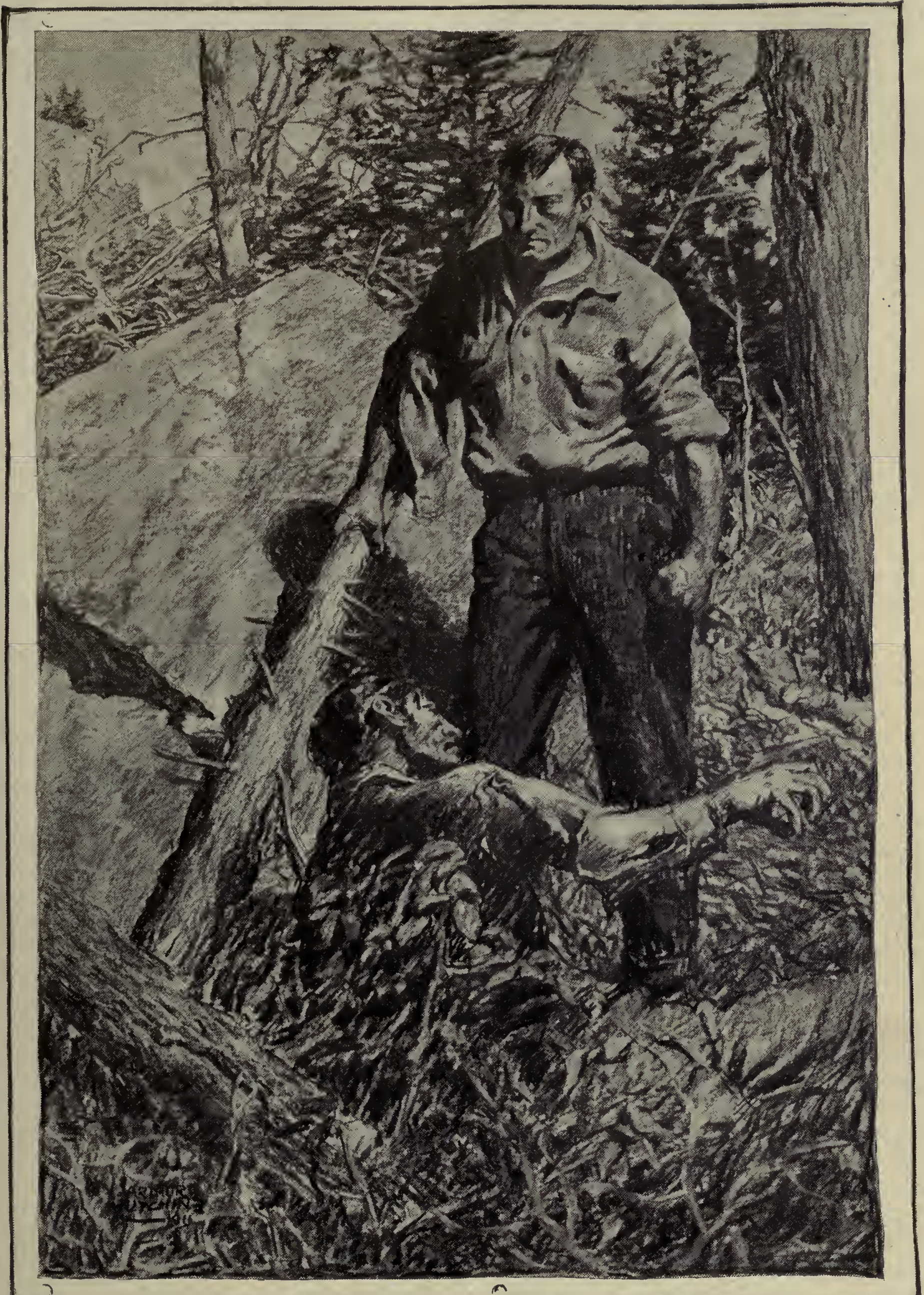
Wyndham groaned.

"Brace up, boy," the older man said kindly, laying his hand soothingly on Wyndham's arm; "you're half crazed for want of sleep. Come, help me patch up the rest, and then I'll promise not to call you for a day or two."

"Not to the emergency ward; take her to the Sargent room," Wyndham said in a low tone to the waiting nurse; then, with a long look that he realized with sickening impotence might be his last, he stumbled after the head surgeon.

Others, fresher and stronger than he, went down under the strain and horror of that awful day; but he continued doggedly, doing his work surely, if mechanically, for ever before his tired eyes was the sweet, serene face of the unconscious girl. It mercifully intervened between him and the horribly distorted face of the dying engineer; between him and the hard, brazen features of a woman who shrieked and blasphemed till the ether cone came as a welcome extinguisher.

Did she live? he wondered dully; or, when he escaped from the shambles, would he find the pretty room empty—awaiting another occupant? Were they watching beside her, doing all he would have them do for her; or, with the hospital



One hand was free—both, and his panting adversary was beside him on the ground.

(See "The Unrolling of the Scroll," page 384.)

THE sheer dynamic force of the intrinsic value of the goods themselves is what sells and increases the sale of

Carter's
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Underwear

by the thousands and hundreds of thousands of garments each succeeding year. Their wearers know what underwear comfort means. **Do you?**

At all good stores.

Made in Massachusetts (not in sweat shops)

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Makers of Fine Knit Underwear
Needham Heights, Mass.

Send us the name of your dealer and samples showing the dainty fabric and silk finish used on women's, children's and infant's garments will be forwarded to your address.

taxed as it was to the utmost by fire and wreck, would she receive only the necessary attention? He set his teeth and worked on feverishly.

"Go to bed, Wyn," Whitney said peremptorily late that night when the last victim had been trundled away and he had time to notice his friend; "and don't you let me see you out of it for twenty-four hours."

Wyndham hastily flung off his stained gown and hurried to the Sargent room. An overtaxed nurse was arranging things for the night, and it was not till he had dismissed her for an hour's much needed rest that he turned to the bed.

She had not changed greatly, he decided, taking one slender, inert hand in his; only the shadows beneath the long lashes that lay on her cheeks were a little deeper, the lengthening and relaxing of the short, full upper lip more pronounced. Had it not been for her pallor a casual observer would have thought her asleep.

How exquisitely beautiful she was! How softly the dark, silky hair framed her flower-like face, little babyish curls and tendrils clinging lovingly to the waxen brow and smooth, rounded cheeks.

He found the scarcely perceptible pulse, and realized that Whitney was right; the end was very near. He hoped that someone—her mother, maybe—was waiting for her. It would not be so hard to let her go if he knew that loving hands were outstretched to greet her; though it suddenly came to him with overwhelming certainty that life would never be just the same to him again; that, in some inexplicable way, this unconscious girl had entered it and, in leaving, would take with her all the joy and zest of living.

Must he let her go without a word, without a glance from those dear eyes? Oh, he couldn't bear it! He must try—

Bending above her, his feverish hands upon either shoulder, his wild, bloodshot eyes fixed despairingly on her calm face, he concentrated all his waning faculties upon her. "Do you hear me?" he whispered tensely. "Do you hear me? Oh, my God, don't go this way? One word—one look!"

Was it imagination, or did the long lashes flutter slightly, the faint smile about the sweet mouth deepen?

"Don't go! Don't leave me!" he begged, kneeling down beside her, his lips to the little half hidden ear. "I love you, dear, and life without you—oh, don't you understand—now that I have found you—" He sprang up, his hands locked in his hair.

"You shall not go! No one shall take you!" he raved. "Not your mother; not even Almighty God!"

He brought himself up abruptly. Was this delirium or insanity? With a mighty effort he calmed himself, leaned down with his lips to her ear and said confidently, a ring of exultation in his voice:

"You *shall* not go! Do you hear? You *shall not* go!" Again the waxen lids fluttered ever so slightly.

O God! there *was* some way to save her, he thought wildly. He'd call Whitney. He'd call the nurse. There was oxygen—electricity—

His uncertain feet tripped on his overturned chair, he staggered—recovered himself—and fell heavily, the polished andirons receiving his tired head.

* * *

The day was done. The sun had sunk behind the Hindu Kush mountains, but the reflection from the snowy peaks still flooded a narrow valley with a rosy light. Here, in the rock-ribbed cradle of the human race, a group of stalwart men, resting from the toil of the day, lay sprawled on the grass. There was laughter and jests among the younger ones, serious converse among the older, and all seemed content, save one, the youngest, who lay apart, his shapely hands locked beneath his blonde head, his eyes, moody and sullen, fixed on the changing sky.

Deeper and deeper grew the shadows, and the rosy light faded slowly as though loth to leave the valley to the encroaching night. One by one the sounds ceased till, save for the occasional cry of some wild animal in the forest above, the valley was still.

Suddenly the eldest of the group broke off in the midst of a sentence and rose hastily to his feet, standing with reverently bowed head and folded hands. The others, looking in surprise for the cause, saw a tall, patriarchal old man issuing from a nearby tent; and, rising quickly, they stood by their brother.

Public Library Lawrence, Mass.

"My sons," the old man said, extending his palsied hands in benediction, "my sons, there is something of which I wish to speak. Come close, for talking wearies me and I have much to say."

The eldest, whose hair was already silvered, brought a sheepskin from the tent and made a seat for him against a convenient tree; another brought a gourd of cool water from the goatskin suspended near; while the youngest, banishing the gloom from his face, carefully drew the cloak about his father's shoulders. Then the old man spoke, his voice gathering strength as he progressed.

"It seems but yesterday," he said, laying his hand affectionately on the head of one of his sons, "that my hair was as dark as his and you were little, helpless children about my knees; but you are grown now, most of you have children of your own; but the valley has not widened to your needs, neither have the mountains crowded back to give you room. There is no longer pasture on which to graze your flocks, nor soil to till for your sustenance."

The faces of the men grew grave and anxious, and they nodded in corroboration though, at his next words, they lifted their bowed heads, and interest, if not hope, replaced the gloom.

"A trader—he who rested with us three nights gone—tells me that there is much land to the westward; pastures for a thousand herds, and fields for grain that stretch onward to the setting sun. Thither you must go; you and your wives, and your flocks, and all your possessions. I have done."

His head sank wearily on his breast and his eyes, dim and unseeing, were fixed on the ground at his feet. There was silence for a time; then the eldest asked: "And you, father, you will journey with us to that far land?"

The old man roused himself with an effort. "No," he returned, "I am very old. I have but one more journey to make and on that one I must go alone. I will abide here with your sisters until that time."

During the ensuing days there was much bustle and excitement in the little valley; much mending of tents and trappings; much gathering and preparation of food. All were eager and hopeful, except Nathan, the youngest, who performed his tasks mechanically, or wandered gloomily apart.

In the early morning hours of the day of their departure he climbed far up the mountain; and, standing on a rocky spur, looked out upon the land of his birth. Far below him he saw the assembling of the herds and the long train of laden donkeys slowly filing out through the pass. He had seen them many times before; little bands of the young and adventurous, tired of the narrow confines of the valley, starting out into the great unknown; always to the westward; always, never to return. He, like the others, would never see it again; never look upon the kindly face of his father; never see his sisters—or Miriam again.

He dropped down on the rock and buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud. Where was Miriam? She had disappeared a short time after his father had bade them go; and though they had searched diligently for her, especially he and her betrothed, they had found no trace of her. Could it be that she loved him, even as he loved her; and that grief at parting had driven her to the lake as it sometimes had other maidens of the tribe? It were better so, he thought fiercely. He would rather see her dead than given to brutish old Ahmed, who would break her young spirit, and to whom she would be but a slave. But he must go. One last look about him, and then—

He rose to his feet, and his eyes fell to a ledge a few feet below him. With a despairing cry he plunged recklessly down.

Miriam was lying on the narrow ledge; dead, he believed at sight of her ashen face. Kneeling beside her he took the slender, inert hand in his and gazed long and wistfully on each loved feature. How beautiful she was! How soft and abundant the dark hair that framed her exquisite face!

He was glad that she was dead—out of the reach of old Ahmed. But, as he bent over her, convulsed with grief, the dark eyes suddenly opened and the pale lips parted in a contented smile. They still smiled, inscrutably, when, after a parting that to him was worse than death, he stumbled down the mountain after the departing caravan.

He understood the smile when, late that night, being unable to sleep, he wandered back over the way they had come, and she called to him from the thorn thicket in which she was hidden.

"I could not stay behind," she told him wistfully. "I would rather die than go to Ahmed. But you are sad; you are not glad I followed?"

Glad? His eyes answered the question; but he said gravely:

"You know the laws of the tribe, Miriam? If they discover you, it means death to both of us."

"Yes," she said calmly. "But they shall not find me; and when we reach the land of which your father spoke we will search out a little valley among the hills, far from the others, where I can abide near you."

As the days passed it seemed as though her wish might be granted. Seated on the donkey he had given her, her few wants abundantly supplied, and watched over by the man she loved, she followed ever just so far behind, protected from wild beasts and still wilder marauding bands by the close proximity of the caravan.

Nathan's brothers had grown accustomed to his love of solitude, and he was allowed to range at will; sometimes before, but most often behind them, for his was the keenest eye and the surest hand. Thus he found it possible to journey many delightful hours at her side, and to sit beside her during the long nights while she slept, her pretty head upon his knees.

He had thought he loved her when he used to see her among the other maidens in the valley; that no love nor no despair could have been so great as his when she had been given to Ahmed, or when he had bidden her good-bye on the mountain; but, these nights, as he watched over her in the wilderness and felt the trustful, clinging touch of her little hands and heard her soft breathing, he felt a fierce, mad passion; a wild, delirious joy of possession beside which his former love of her seemed but a boyish affection.

Why, now, he would take her life with his own hand rather than give her up to Ahmed, should he follow them. But what about that other menace that was ever on their track; that shadowy something that took the old and young alike? Would he ever forget that awful night when it had come so near her? Their journey had been still young when he had ridden back one night to find her parched and burning with thirst, her soft eyes wild and hunted, with no knowledge of him in their depths. A terrible fear had clutched at his heart. Was he about to lose her, after all? At least he would go with her into the great silence. But the herbs and roots—of which he had unusual knowledge—had driven off the shadow; and, soon, she was her merry, happy self again. Was ever man so blest? he often wondered, his heart aching with a vague, yearning pain.

It was nearly sunset one night when he started on the backward trail. The caravan was traveling slowly, drifting hither and yon like a flock of weary birds seeking a place to rest. They had reached the land of which the trader had told them; and, even now, the tired herds were feeding upon the grassy plains and drinking at the many streams that flowed through them.

"I am going back," Nathan had told his eldest brother, who had already pitched his tents, though some of the younger ones were still pushing on toward the great river Oxus. "While following a drove of strange beasts three days ago, I came upon the land I wish for mine."

"Can you not abide among us, Nathan?" his brother asked. "At least, until you have taken a wife. It is not well for man to dwell alone in the wilderness."

But he had pretended dissatisfaction with all but the land of his choice; and, taking his few possessions, was even now approaching the wooded hillside where he had bade Miriam wait for him. To-morrow they would start southward; and, when they were far away from the tribe, they would pitch their sheepskin tent, plant the grain he had so carefully guarded, and life together would begin.

He would be there very soon now, he thought exultantly. He would see the flash of her bright eyes as she peeped at him from some thicket, and hear her happy laughter when he pretended that he could not find her.

He left the herd behind, peacefully grazing, and stole silently forward. There she was now, creeping stealthily from tree to tree. Why this caution? Had she seen him? Was this some new game?

At that instant the stooping figure stood upright, and the heart of the watcher contracted with fear. It was not Miriam, but Ahmed, huge, grim and terrible; and he was evidently watching the unconscious girl, for his eyes gleamed with fury.

Nathan crept warily through the dense underbrush till a pebble, dislodged from above, caused him to raise his eyes. There, crouched in a narrow fissure among the rocks, was a score of hideous savages. They had seen neither him nor Ahmed, but were looking and pointing gloatingly at something just out of his range of vision. A step more, and he saw Miriam sitting in a little open glade, busily weaving from a pile of rushes at her feet. Never had she seemed so dear or so fair to him as she did this minute that was to be her last; for, already, his flint-tipped spear was poised for flight.

She was clad in the tunic of white fur they had finished the night before, and there were crimson flowers at her throat and in her dusky hair. She was singing happily to herself, but ceased as she held up her work and eyed it critically, a smile upon her lips. Only for one agonized, breathless instant did he see her thus; then, with a snarl, Ahmed sprang toward her, one great hairy hand outstretched; and the savages hurled themselves from their hiding place upon both.

"Miriam, Miriam!" screamed Nathan, and would have sent the spear on its mission of mercy had not strong hands seized him and borne him down. He struggled fiercely, though handicapped by a strange, numbing weakness. There! One hand was free—both, and his panting adversary was beside him on the ground. He got heavily to his feet, eluding the detaining hands. Where was she? All had vanished save the man who was babbling in an unknown tongue, and another that he took to be a woman.

He called again, despairingly, and heard a faint, answering cry. But what was this? Walls had suddenly risen to encompass him; bright lights that could not possibly be stars were twinkling over his head; and there were strange things in his way that were neither rocks nor trees. Stumbling toward the opening from whence her answering cry had come, he saw her lying on a narrow bed, while before it another woman, strangely garbed, disputed his way. He brushed her aside and flung himself upon the girl.

"Nathan, did you see?" she breathed, her eyes wide with terror. "O Nathan! Ahmed—and the wild men—"

"They are gone, dearest. We are safe," he assured her, stroking her hair and kissing the hand that frantically clutched his coat. He felt safe and secure, for he had suddenly become aware of Whitney's presence; and Ahmed and the wild men could "go hang" for all of him.

"You were gone so long," the girl complained, stroking his cheek with a trembling hand. "And I was so lonely."

"I know," he said pityingly. "But I have brought the herd, dearest, and I'll not leave you again. As soon as you are better" —he became aware of her bandaged arm and shoulder—"we will travel southward to the fair land we saw that day, and—"

"And we'll pitch our tent beneath the great tree to which the grape-vine clings?" she asked delightedly. He nodded. "And Ahmed and the wild men will never find us there?" she continued happily.

His eyes met Whitney's and he chuckled.

"Well, I guess not," he said confidently. "Why, they wouldn't last two minutes inside the city limits, would they, Whit?"

The girl's eyes followed his glance and saw a man standing puzzled and uncertain at the foot of the bed. They wandered on to the white-capped nurse; to the white walls of the room; to her bandaged arm; and then to the face bending above her.

"I don't—don't understand, Nathan," she faltered weakly.

There was silence for some time. The doctor and the nurse exchanged glances, but did not speak; and the face of the kneeling man was a study. Once he put a tentative hand to his bandaged head and glanced accusingly toward the fireplace; once he half rose to his feet as an ambulance clanged up to the entrance; but, at length, with a little shrug as though the problem was too much for him, his gaze again rested on the girl. Their eyes met; his adoring, hers trustful and very tender.

"Neither do I understand," he returned cheerfully. "At least, only this part of it." And, stooping, he kissed her on the lips.

A Plea for CLEMENCY

by Florence Miriam Chapin

"IT is almost four o'clock, Robert." The man at the desk, intent on his work, did not look but responded absently: "I have almost finished."

His wife resumed her book, and for a time the only sounds that broke the stillness were the ticking of the clock, the scratching of a pen or the turning of a page, and, from without, the soft thud of falling snow as small drifts melted and slid from the gambrel roof.

But the woman grew uneasy and at length spoke again. "Come, Robert, you are over-doing."

This time he made no answer and, crossing the room, she seated herself on the arm of his chair. "It is late," she urged, arresting his pen. "You must not work any more today."

"But I'm not tired, dear—do let me finish it."

"Is there much more? Won't tomorrow do?" Her hands were on the papers ready to gather them up.

He drew the manuscript from her gently and imprisoned her hands. "It's all right, Diana, I'm not tired, really, and if I put this thing off it may never be finished." She still seemed dissatisfied, and he added slowly: "Let me work at it now while I may. I've tried so many times before and never felt quite equal to it until today—and this strength may not last."

"It cannot if you work like this," she pleaded. "Come, put it up until some other time."

"I wasn't speaking of physical strength," he answered strangely.

"No, no!" as she again tried to take his writing from him: "Let me work at it now while I have the courage."

Something in the tenderness of his voice startled her. "Why, Robert!"

"Well, Diana?"

"Why does it seem so hard—is it such a dreadful story?"

"Not dreadful—no; yet, in the last analysis, it is a soul picture, dear."

"Oh!" she deprecated slowly. "It sounds shivery—not quite normal."

"It isn't."

"Then don't bother with it, Robert. It would be a pity, when your work has always been so splendidly free from that unhappy key. And I have watched so closely of late for fear you would strike it. It seems to be a phase of invalidism."

"Soul analysis," mused the man. "It is not so dreadful—when you've grown accustomed to the idea. Have you never tried to fathom a human heart?"

"No!" Her great, dark eyes searched his face wonderingly.

"Not even mine?"

She shook her head, puzzled, distressed. "I have no right, except to what you reveal to me. It belongs to you—and your God."

"Perhaps—yet nothing is sacred to the analyst. He knows where, in the shadowed chambers of the soul, skeletons in armor lie deep hidden from the light of day."

The woman drew away from him and gained her feet. "Ah, no!" she cried. "You have no right to tear life's rose like that—time will deflower it, and lay bare its heart."

"But," he interposed more gently, "I am merely recognizing finite limitations."

"Doesn't it come nearer criticism of the Infinite?" she breathed. "Don't, don't do that, Robert."

"Little Puritan!" He watched her gravely for a moment and suddenly caught her hands. "Try not to set your ideal of life too high, Diana. There are heights that some of us can never hope to reach, and clemency is our only sanctuary."

"You think me, then, without charity to those who—"

"Have you ever had to stand the test?" he broke in quickly.

She shook her head. "But try me and see, since you doubt me."

He watched her as she crossed to the window and rested her arms against the lattice. "I may," he ventured, after a little.

"You!" There was wonder, incredulity, in her voice as she faced him.

His smile grew quizzical. "Am I infallible?"

She did not answer, but pondered his words slowly, and he waited for her.

"I don't know," she said at last, reluctantly. "But that would hardly be a test. Love cannot judge, Robert."

"How I wish I could believe that, Diana!" He rose into sudden vehemence, then checked himself. "But it is the very opposite of truth. Only when the farthest depths of our nature are stirred can we be truly tested."

"Love would swing the balance weight," she persisted quietly. "Hurry with your work—the light is going."

She turned again to the western window and her eyes, gazing out upon the winter landscape, swept the frozen lake and lifted to the snow-capped mountain and the last radiance of the swiftly setting sun. It was a cold sky, clear and windless, and as the flush of sunset faded into dull-toned gray, Diana shivered and drew down the shades. The warm room with its deep rich coloring, the crackling fire, and the heavy Eastern hangings seemed more suited to her temperament than the arctic scene without. Yet in spite of the barbaric beauty of the room it was a strangely isolated spot in which to find a woman of her type. She was like some rare exotic that, with all its tender nurturing and transplanting, persistently proclaims its foreign birth and custom. In truth she was an exile, driven into this waste of snows and silence to escape the grim shadow with its dark prophecy that followed her husband's footsteps. No longer pursued, but entrenched and garrisoned, the long siege nearly ended and victory in sight, her heart welled up in love and gratitude for this wild battlefield, yet, forever hidden in her deep dark eyes brooded the love of home, a longing for life and the city they had fled from with such blanching faces.

She lighted the lamps, toyed with the fire for sheer joy of it, and then busied herself with some sheets of music on the piano, humming now and then in a low voice as some old favorite came uppermost in her hand.

"There!" Robert Garrison laid aside his pen. "It is done at last."

"Oh! I am so glad. Now you can rest and—shall I sing?"

"Not now, dear. I want you to read this first."

She took the manuscript from him, and as her eyes fell to the page she laughed. "No title, Robert?"

"It is for you to name, Diana. The story is yours—for you alone."

Again she laughed. "The king writes stories to amuse his idle consort. Splendid!"

"Read it, and then answer that." Garrison's voice sounded dry and thick, and, as he turned and went back to throw himself down in a chair by the fire, his wife's eyes followed him closely. He coughed once or twice, and the exertion brought a faint color to his cheeks, but after a little he grew quiet and Diana took up her reading.

The man never moved in the half hour that followed, but his face grew steadily ashen and the lines about his mouth sharpened as though with pain.

There was a quick rustle of paper and a little suppressed sound of emotion as the wife laid down the manuscript. "Where is the rest? It isn't all here, Robert."

"That is all there is, Diana."

"All!—but the ending, dear?"

"Is for you to tell."

"I—I fear I do not understand, Robert."

"I mean that it is a true story—and I know no more than I have written."

"True! There is a man like that?"

They were facing each other now, the width of the table between them, and Garrison's voice was strangely calm as he answered: "Yes, Diana, there is."

The woman seemed to hear the beating of her heart in the pause that followed.

"Who is he?" came her low whisper.

Again the silence held them with its awful potencies, and the man's words seemed drawn from him by the mighty chain of his will alone, as he slowly answered: "He is standing before you."

Quick and steady came her exoneration. "I do not believe you."

But even as she spoke her face went gray above the warm crimson of her gown, and a low cry died on her white lips, for in the resolute face before her she read the confirmation of the truth.

"It is the truth—before God," he avowed simply, and waited in silence for her judgment.

But Diana's mind groped with slow painfulness through the chaos built of his confession, and only an inarticulate "O, why!" answered his appeal. It was long before she spoke and the man stood the burning quietly, forcing his eyes to endure the other's misery even when she sank into a chair and bowed her head in her folded arms upon the table. She made no sound—her very calmness frightened him—and even when she raised her face there was no sign of turbulent grief about her; all her anguish seemed to concentrate itself in her voice, as she said at last, "Tell me everything."

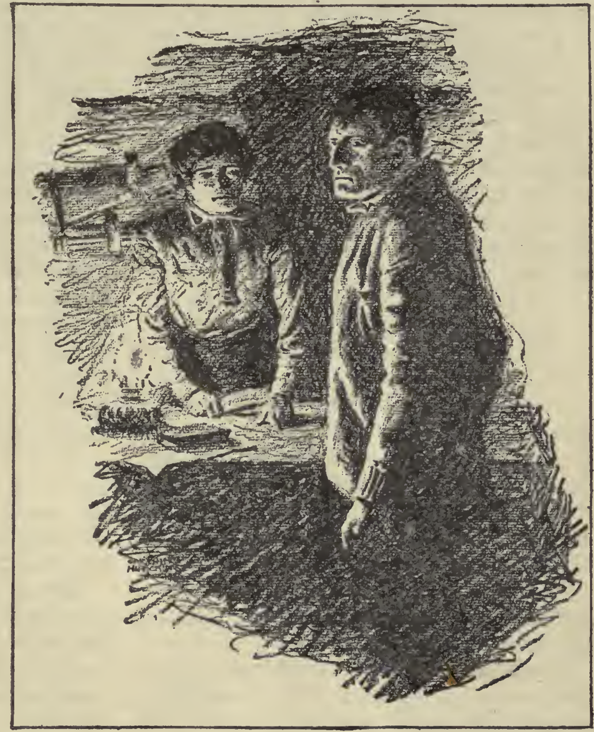
"You've read all there is to tell, Diana, in the story. I found the book, in manuscript, among Walter's papers after his death. He, I doubt not, had forgotten its existence, and everything was left to me—there was no one with a stronger claim."

"If you make excuses and give reasons for your act I shall hate you," Diana whispered hoarsely.

Garrison felt the whip of scorn in the low-spoken words, and a flame of color rose and died in his white face. "I am not doing that. I want you to have the facts, no better—no worse—than they are."

"Could they be worse?" came the stern accusation. "You robbed the dead!"

"No! my sin was to the living—to you, my wife." Suddenly he was on his knees before her, eyes levelled to hers as he offered her his defence. "Do you remember," he implored her, "asking me, long ago, to prove myself worthy of being what you so often called me—Fortune's Child? I must bring, you said, a something not made with hands—some territory of the mind which, by right of conquest, I had made my own. It was while I was thinking of this that Walter's manuscript came into my possession. I read it at first curiously and then, seeing the possibilities that it held, set to work to see what I could make of it. I don't think I had any definite idea in view even then, but the thing fascinated me. When the end came, after weeks and weeks of careful revision, the thing seemed wholly mine by right of conquest—even as you had



"Who is he?" came her low whisper. . . "He is standing before you"

said. The theft was gradual, Diana—the actual committing of the deed a triumph, for the foundling denied its birthright and betrayed its foster parent."

"And then—and then?" she hurried him on.

"Nemesis did not leave me long alone, and if it had not been for your great happiness I would have made the wrong public at the very first. Again and again I tried to face you with the truth, only to be met with some fresh burst of enthusiasm as soon as the book was mentioned. Your joy held me fast. I was caught in a net of my own weaving. It was then that I set to work on 'Cecilia.' Is it any wonder the book has always been your favorite when every word, every letter in it, was written to you, for you—a confession and an expiation? Oh, my dear! believe that what I lacked was not the power to reveal my act, but the strength to give you pain. It has taken me three years to rouse the courage to crush you so—yet I cannot live any longer with this miserable shadow between us."

In the silence that followed the woman rose from her chair and moved away as though she dared not trust herself to linger near him—but her eyes fell before the dark misery in his.

"And it was all built upon the sands," she murmured piteously.

"Diana!"

"Of what value is that which is founded upon falsehood?"

The words Garrison would have spoken froze upon his lips as a child's clear treble sounded suddenly through the camp.

"I saw a moose, Daddy, dear!" The diminutive sportsman bounded in with a rush and took his father by storm. "It was a drate, big moose—O, awful big!—but I guess p'raps I could have got him, if I'd had your gun."

"You young scoundrel! Where've you been?"

"Oh, with Alecs. I don't know 'xactly where—ever so far from here," with a child's supreme indifference for direction, "but maybe some day Alecs will take you with us and show you," he finished magnaminously. "And muver, too," he added, on second thought, turning with a laugh and running to Diana.

She did not speak, but gathered her boy to her with a great sob.

He looked up wonderingly, the laughter gone from his face. "Did I hurt, Muver?"

His mother kissed him quietly, quite calm again. "You did not mean to, dear," she said gently. "Come, you are cold, and hungry too, I know." They went from the room together, Diana's slender arms clasped about the child, and Garrison, as he watched them, felt that somehow it would always be like that now—one of them must stand alone.

All that evening and the following day things went on quietly and as usual, only the child was always with them. If he went out Diana went with him, and when, in the early evening, he fell asleep by the hearth she carried him off to bed and did not return again that night.

Garrison silently understood and accepted the ultimatum. Since she willed it thus he had only to obey, but as he came to realize what her quiet acceptance of fact meant his sorrow took on a keener edge, and he paid the penalty in sleepless nights and days of even heavier grief, veiled by inertia.

On the third morning Diana was engaged in a snow-battle with Dick when the sound of sleigh bells and a cheery shout broke in upon their play. "Heigh there! Hello, youngster!" someone shouted.

The speaker was a man enveloped in a great coat, seated on a queer sled built of logs. As the horses drew up beside them, he sprang out with a laugh and outstretched hands.

Diana stood immovable, but the lad sprang to his side. "Oh! it's Dr. Cecil, Muver," he said excitedly.

"So it is, boy! Dr. Cecil stole a march on you this time, sure enough. Diana, don't look as if you had seen a ghost—I'm really the same old Cecil. Faith, girl, I looked for a warmer welcome! Have you grown so a part of this solitude that you do not recognize one of your own kin?"

"You startled me so," she faltered, giving him her hand. "I was thinking of you just as you called. Robert is not so well."

The man's face clouded. "Where is he?"

Diana nodded toward the camp. "In there."

Thornton put the boy down. "Wait a bit, Dickie. I must see your daddy."

Something in Garrison's face as he opened the door startled his friend.

"Hello, Bob! Got quarters for a stranger?"

"Did she send for you?" demanded his host, closing the door and leaning heavily against it.

"She? Oh, Diana—no! I was coming down next month anyway, but I saw a little leeway and I skipped. Can't say much for my reception so far, but there's a storm coming and there'll be no getting out of these woods for a day or two. Better make the best of it, Bob!"

Garrison made no reply to Thornton's badinage, and the physician studied his face keenly for a little. "Come farther into the light," he urged, drawing the other toward the windows. "Humph!—it isn't your lungs this time, Robert—you're breathing as well as any man—but you're not much to look at! What's up?"

Garrison went the length of the room in silence. "Why not call it the lungs?" he finally said.

"No! I'm hanged if I will! Come, out with it."

"Well—I have told Diana," came the slow response.

"Told Diana what—you—oh, the devil!" The physician flung his head back in quick exasperation. "Now why, in the name of all that is idiotic, did you do that?"

"I hardly know, Cecil—except that I could not stand it any longer."

"I might have known you would do it," growled the physician, striding rapidly up and down the room. "I suppose this stillness and solitude have worked upon your imagination until you have made yourself out a scoundrel of the first water. Robert, you're a fool."

"Granted, but hereafter I intend to be an honest one. If you knew—"

"I do know, man, but I've no patience with such foolishness. You know what I think. Theoretically you failed at the very first—well, you're not the first to do that—and you won't be the last. The finished book was yours—solely the work of your brain—and the reward was rightly earned. Good Heavens, Robert, read that first manuscript and then read yours—rename the characters and their identity would never be thought of; follow the two styles—there is no analogy anywhere. Would Walter's climax have succeeded?—would his weak ending have taken as your masterly one did? It is a great book—and it is yours."

"That is all true, Cecil, but it doesn't soften the fact that I stole the original idea. Walter conceived the thought; I made it live, if you like—but the first principle of dishonesty remains."

"Principle of fiddlesticks! You harmed no one but yourself, and you're paying that heavy debt. Look here, Robert—you failed in moral truth when you gave that story to the world as your work. It was a foul beginning and if you had stopped there, God knows we might have censured you, but you have risen, as the poet would tell us, on that stepping-stone of your dead self. You are more the man today—can't you see it, Bob?"

"Yes." Garrison smiled a little. "You'd make a good counsel for the defence, Cecil—but I'm going to face the court on my own charge. It will go pretty hard with Diana, though. I'd not ask for heavier punishment than the sight of her face when the crystal broke."

Cecil wheeled suddenly. "What does she say?"

"Scarcely anything. In this sudden loss of faith she cannot find the turning of the road—nor can I show it to her."

"Well, Robert, I believe I always knew this would come some day. You had to work it out your own way, but I've known what the end would be. And you're right, too, man—only—if it were any woman but Diana!"

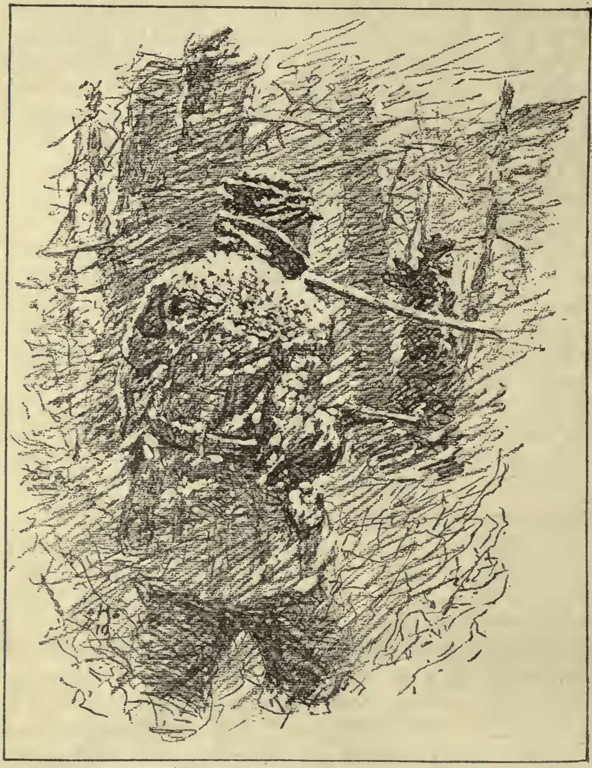
Garrison nodded, with a quick intake of the breath. "That is so true that it hurts, Cecil."

Thornton put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Look here, man, you tumble over there on that couch and get some sleep—if you don't, I'll give you a hypodermic. You're morbid over this thing. Diana isn't having a very comfortable time of it just now, but if she is the woman I think her she'll come out all right. Fire purifies—you ought to know that, Bob."

"Remember that it is her first—"

"Yes, but each one of us has to take our turn at the crucible—and it's her hour now. The thing is as inevitable as night and day—her world is too close, too ideal, and Life has scarcely touched her until now. Well, shall I get the needle?"

"No, I'll turn in. Lord, but I'm glad you came, man. Wonder what I'd done without you for my father-confessor these last three years! You're a brick, Cecil."



The physician came up to her

"Go to sleep!" thundered the doctor, disappearing toward the camp kitchen, seeking satisfaction for the inner man and a chat with the half-breed guide.

It was some little time before he saw Diana again. The snow began falling by noon and the short afternoon shut in early, but Cecil and the guide tramped about for hours regardless of the storm. As they mounted a rise of ground near the house, on their way back, Jacques pointed to the figure of a woman that outlined itself against the hemlock shrubs below them. Cecil nodded and went back, while the guide pushed stolidly on toward the camp.

When the physician came up to her, Diana was standing braced against a giant tree, on the margin of the frozen lake. She acknowledged his approach, but without speaking, and they both watched the storm for a little in silence.

"It's increasing—hadn't you better go back?" he finally ventured.

"No. I like it."

Again he waited, but she slipped back into her reverie.

"Robert is all alone, Diana," was his next suggestion.

"Alecs and Jacques are there—and Dick."

"But they are not exactly like a woman."

She would not follow him, however. "Alecs is as gentle as a woman any day," she protested quietly.

"I'd give worlds to read your mind as you stand there, Diana. One might fancy that you saw a vision in yonder grim old mountain."

"I was wishing for my mother," she confessed very gravely.

The physician was conscious of a smart. He was a healer of bodies, not souls. "Softly, Cecil, thou fool, this is woman's work," he mused within himself. He stole a glance at his companion and saw how pale she was in spite of the exhilaration of the storm, and how steadily the pain burned in her clear gray eyes. "Is it, then, so very hard, dear?" he queried gently, bending toward her.

Startled, she turned her eyes full upon him with her first visible sign of emotion. "You, too? He has told—"

"I have known always, Diana."

She moved away from him, and caught at her throat. "Not—from the first?"

He nodded. "Don't you see?—he had to tell someone. You were the one who really mattered most, but he could not bear to give you pain."

"Ah—if," she breathed.

"It's true, Diana. No force outside of his own conscience compelled him to make this avowal."

"But the crime, Cecil?"

"The crime —ah, think of his expiation! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes, yes —but I thought him above reproach."

"I know, dear—you thought 'the king could do no wrong.' Diana, temptation is never very far away; it's a hand to hand fight at most—and luck wins more often than not. And we're all such frail soldiers at best that—one hesitates to cast the first stone."

"And you too have seen—"

"The tempter's face? Yes, child," and he smiled with gentle pity into her bewildered eyes. This lesson from the Tree of Life hurt both the teacher and the pupil, was his grim thought. "I won, but can never feel very proud of my victory, for I came so near to beating a retreat."

"Could you have failed as Robert—" her voice, tremulous and tired, trailed off into silence.

"God knows," he answered gravely: "but I envy him the courage that dared him face your reproach."

"Suppose I fail him?" she whispered, above her breath. "Suppose my courage—"

"If you fail now, what right will you have to expect mercy from the woman who in after years may be called upon to show compassion to your boy?"

"Don't!" she cried. "Anything but that!"

"And yet," he persisted gently, "if Robert could—"

"I know—I know," she broke in vehemently; "but when you take them both from me what have I left?"

"Am I taking them from you or have you turned away?"

"That hurts."

"I know. It's a trick life has, Diana."

"And you've spoiled all my dreams—every one."

"Yet dreams are a small part of things. Life's mostly a field of battle, as I told you—but there's honor in the struggle and glory in the victory."

Her face was still pale, even against the snow that clung here and there to her sables, but there was a new light in her eyes and Cecil watched it eagerly. All at once she lifted her head and the light burst into sudden radiance.

"If that is true—then I've been very near deserting."

"No, you haven't," the man declared stoutly, "but for a first battle it was a pretty stiff one. Come, dear."

They went back slowly and in silence through the snow. It was dark now, and from the camp many lights streamed in pale yellow rays upon the white world without.

As Cecil reached the door she laid her hand upon his arm detainingly. "Wait," she whispered, "there is something else. I want the old manuscript—Walter's."

"What for?" he turned and tried to read her face through the darkness, but could make out nothing. "Make your peace with Robert first," he begged. "It must be a pardon, not a reprieve."

"Yes—but get it for me, please."

Garrison sat in a great chair by the fire, the boy asleep in his arms. He looked up quickly as the two entered and raised his hand in warning. Diana slipped off her snow-covered cloak and crossed the room softly. Divining her intent, Garrison raised the child to her arms and turned away without speaking. For a moment she wavered, and two scarlet spots flamed through her paleness; with their child in her arms she would have refused him nothing, but only Cecil saw the wonder in her face. He would have taken the boy from her as she neared the stairs but that she shook her head and clasped her arms more tightly around the unconscious Dick.

When they were alone the physician crossed to his friend. "Good —you've had some sleep, but not enough. Robert, where's that old manuscript of Walter's —is it here?"

Garrison searched the doctor's face earnestly. "Why?"

"Never mind that, Bob. Let's have it."

Opening his desk, the novelist drew from one of the pigeon holes a bulky packet, but he held it tentatively in his hands instead of passing it to Thornton. "See here, Cecil, if I didn't trust you heaps I'd never turn this over to you. I don't want her won by such means."

"Bother take you for a meddler, Robert! Go back to the fire, and try a little more trust, man."

A latticed balcony ran around three sides of the room and from this the sleeping apartments led. The physician sat down facing the stairs, made a pretext at reading, and waited for Diana. He was uncertain just what plan she had formed, but he refuted his first thought that she might be seeking to alleviate Robert's guilt by analytical comparisons. Whatever her path it would not be evasion—of that he felt assured.

Although waiting for her return, he was conscious of a start when he looked up and found Diana's eyes upon him. She had opened her door quietly and stood there on the balcony, her folded hands resting against the balustrade, as she watched the scene below her. There was a drowsy quiet in the great room, though now and then the tinkling of glass and silver came from the corner where a servant was laying the table, and without, the storm, increasing in violence, beat a sharp tap-tap against the windows. Diana searched Garrison's face eagerly, but his closed eyes revealed nothing of the brooding sadness within, and her gaze came back to Cecil. As his eyes met hers she put her finger to her lips, cautioning silence, and bent toward him over the balcony.

He nodded, pointed to the folded manuscript on the table, and went once more in search of his half-breed friend as Diana descended the stairs.

The novelist seemed to feel her presence and turned toward her as she crossed to the hearth. Save for a strange look on her face he would have spoken, but as she passed him and bent over the fire, thrusting the manuscript toward the flames, he caught her roughly.

"No, Diana."

"Why not?"

"It's like destroying evidence—damning evidence."

"I must burn it."

"What good can that do?"

"You are acquitted—why should it not be destroyed?"

"You read it?"

"No."

"Yet you acquit me—"

"Unconditionally." She freed herself from him and stood up. "But it is I who must plead for clemency—I failed so miserably—and I promised so much."

"No, no, Diana—you shall not!"

"I must—but first let me burn the packet? Think of Dick—if he should find it sometime—and misunderstand as I did. Think of his pain—and ours! I may burn it, dear?"

He did not answer, but she saw how his defence weakened at her words, and with a swift, willful movement she stooped and flung the manuscript into the heart of the fire. Her hand sought his while they watched the pages crisp and blacken, and she felt his fingers twinge in hers as he suffered in this final rite of his expiation.

Suddenly the paper caught and burst into a flash of yellow fire. Diana turned her brilliant eyes full upon him then.

"Look," she cried, "it's all in the flame now, Robert."

CHICAGO'S Marvelous Electrical Development

What Thomas A. Edison has Lived to See

By W. C. Jenkins

THERE is no chapter in American history more interesting and more astonishing, from a commercial standpoint, than the remarkable strides in electrical development during the last quarter of the nineteenth, and the early years of the twentieth centuries. Today there is invested in electric lighting company properties in the United States approximately $1,250,000,000, or about fourteen dollars for every man, woman or child in the country. What the investment will be in another twenty years, no one can predict with any degree of accuracy.

Thirty years ago electric lighting was a marvel—today it is indispensable in practically every home. Every day sees some new application of its utility which adds to the comfort of the home, or the easier and cheaper transaction of business.

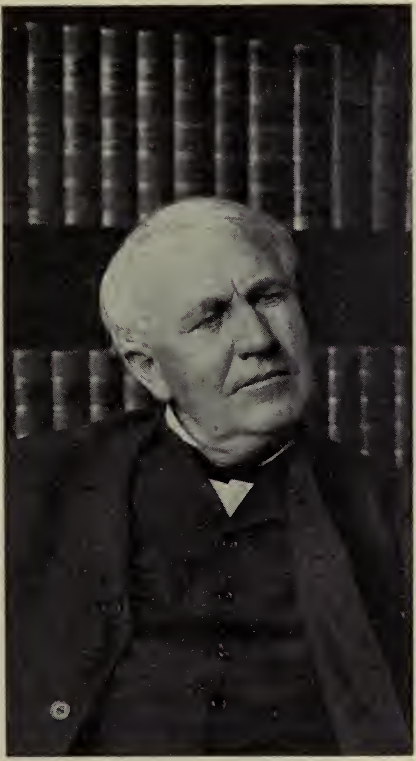
The history of electric lighting and power can be largely covered in a thirty-year period; and the remarkable electrical development in many large cities, particularly Chicago, during that period must be regarded as little less than phenomenal.

In 1885 the system of the largest Chicago company covered an area of one-eighth of a square mile; today that of the Commonwealth Edison Company covers an area of approximately 200 square miles.

In 1878 Thomas A. Edison secured his first electric lighting patents. In the years between 1882 and 1886 alternating current and the three wire system came into general use.

In 1886 Elihu Thomson made electric welding commercially practicable. About two years later the Sprague Electric Railway was put in operation at Richmond, Virginia, and successfully operated. This was the beginning of electric railways history. In the same year was begun the building of the first central station of any importance — that of the Chicago Edison Company at Adams Street, Chicago.

The Paris Exposition in 1889 marked a milestone in the electrical industry. It was at this exposition that the now much used Watt and Kilowatt were defined by the Electrical Congress. The next year electric power transmission was successfully accomplished.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The Chicago World's Fair of 189 marked another milestone in electrical development. Many electrical appliances, which are now important features of the industry, had their beginning at the fair.

The year of 1895 is noted electrically for the invention of the X-ray machine and Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

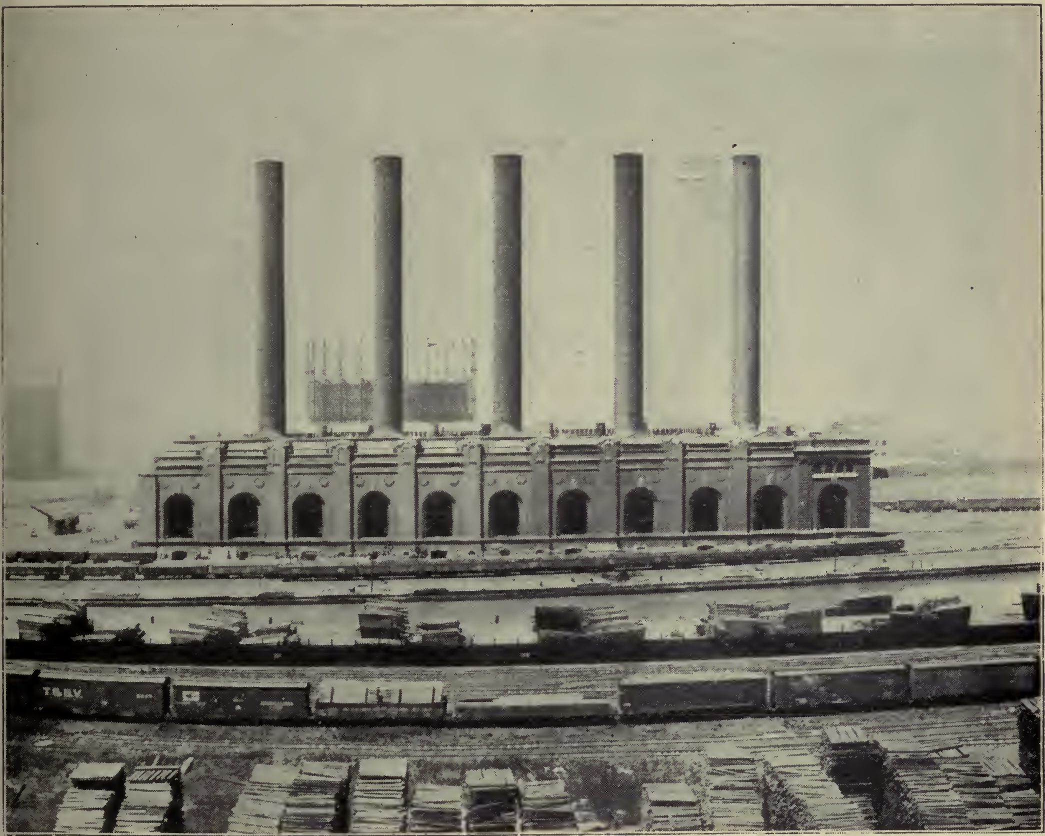
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FISK STREET (right) AND QUARRY STREET (left) POWER HOUSES OF THE RIVER, COAL TRAINS, COAL STORAGE ON GROUNDS, ETC. NOTICE THE

More recent years have seen the invention of the wireless telephone, great development in the application of electricity to motive power on street and interurban railways and a general expansion of its use for heating and other domestic necessities.

But little more than a quarter of a century ago, and within the memory of comparatively young men, the only means of artificial lighting were gas, kerosene and the tallow dip. Before the invention of the Welsbach burner gas was an expensive and unsatisfactory illuminant, and its use was practically confined to the rich. The great middle and poorer classes resorted to kerosene lamps and tallow candles. Even today there is some question as to how far it has emerged from the experimental stage.

There was no one, not even Mr. Edison, who foresaw the great development and popularity which electricity would acquire within three decades. In fact, there were many who boldly asserted that because of dangers to human life and greatly increased fire risks, the use of electricity would never be adopted to any considerable extent. But so quickly was this prejudice overcome and so rapid was the development that this, the youngest of the applied arts, speedily passed from the experimental stage to a necessary public-utility, and is now regarded as indispensable in our everyday life.

Many difficulties arose during the early days of electric lighting. Mr. Edison found that electrical distribution on a large scale was as much of a secret as an unexplored continent. He saw the public on both sides of the Atlantic engaged in a violent controversy as to whether it was possible to ever make electricity of commercial value. All kinds of comparisons were made as to the difference between the cost of gas and electricity, and it was boldly asserted that unless Mr. Edison could provide an illuminant that would compete with gas, its utility would be neither practicable nor possible.



COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY, OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THE LOCATION ON THE CHICAGO SMOKELESS OPERATION OF THE IMMENSE CENTRAL POWER HOUSES

Undaunted in the face of opposition and prejudice, Mr. Edison and his corps of assistants planned his first central station during the winter of 1880. The details of construction were on paper, the dynamos had no existence except on the drafting board and nothing was known of the requirements for successful insulation or house-wiring. No manufacturing establishment existed that could supply the material needed, and Mr. Edison had to abandon the laboratory and the drafting room to equip and manage shops in which to manufacture the necessary apparatus from generator to lamp.

The development of arc lighting preceded that of incandescent lighting by several years. An arc lamp had been exhibited in Chicago as early as 1878; but the new system did not attract any particular attention until 1880 when a fifty-light arc dynamo was installed in the basement of the Young Men's Christian Association Building and on June first the plant started with forty lamps rented. The price obtained for the service was $1.50 per day for ten-hour lights, and seventy-five cents from dusk to midnight.

The apparent success of the new method of lighting encouraged other concerns to engage in the business, the Vandepoele Electric Light Company being at that time one of the strongest companies. This concern installed a number of arc light plants for various hotels and business houses in the downtown districts. The new system had gained such immediate popularity that isolated plants began to spring up in every direction in the business section of the city. The economies of the central station were unknown at that time.

The first Chicago company to apply for a charter and permission to extend wires through the city was the Brush Light Company. As might be expected, the gas companies organized a strong opposition and the entrance of the electric companies was fought from every angle. The gas companies had powerful allies in the insurance men who were apprehensive of the increased fire risks and with a prevailing impression that the advent of electric lighting brought with it greatly increased dangers to human life, it is perhaps not strange that a franchise was difficult to secure. After much debate the council finally granted the Brush Light Company, which was largely financed by Jesse Spaulding and Robert Law, the right to suspend its wires from buildings. Several fires occurred in consequence of improper wiring and the privilege granted by the council was soon withdrawn and the company ordered to place its wires underground.

Every great industrial corporation had its beginning; some were launched under the most advantageous conditions, while others had their inception in an obscure workshop where nothing but energy and a firm determination to succeed appeared as assets. The beginning of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, one of the largest electric lighting companies in the world, may be traced to a little electrical supply shop located at number 126 Clark Street in 1868. This insignificant little concern was conducted by George H. Bliss and L. O. Tillotson. Later the firm moved to number 247 South Water Street, and in the great fire of 1871 the shop burned. In 1874 the company was merged into the Western Electric Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Bliss had been an intimate associate of Thomas A. Edison and he secured the agency for the "Edison Company for Isolated Lighting" for Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. One of the conditions was that Mr. Bliss should organize a company with offices in Chicago to introduce the Edison appliances in the territory, and in 1882 the company was launched.

The first Edison plant in Chicago was installed in the factory of the United States Rolling Stock Company. It was a simple affair with a capacity of 130 eight-candle power lamps. The second was a small exhibition outfit installed in Field, Leiter & Company's wholesale warehouse. Within the next few months a number of additional plants were installed, the most important being the Palmer House dining room, two floors of the McCormick Reaper Works, the Republican Life Insurance Company Building, Rand McNally Company and the Calumet Club.

The first Chicago residence to use electric light was that of J. W. Doane on Prairie Avenue. Shortly afterwards the neighboring residences of Judge Dent, Joseph Sears, Edson Keith and Marshall Field were wired, and in order to supply current to these residences a small generating plant was installed in Mr. Doane's barn, from which Edison underground tubes were laid to each house. The capacity of the plant was 550 lamps and though comparatively insignificant, it has the honor of being the first central station in Chicago for incandescent lighting.

The Bliss agency was unable to finance an undertaking of the magnitude which the industry had immediately assumed and a number of Chicago business men lent their aid and money in organizing the Western Edison Light Company, which began business in 1882 with $500,000 capital. The new company took over the contracts granted to Mr. Bliss and opened offices at number 51-53 Wabash Avenue. In the basement of this building a sixty-light dynamo was installed and this was soon supplemented by a 250-light machine. From this plant the company distributed incandescent lighting to several adjacent stores on Wabash Avenue.

The first theatre in the world to use incandescent lamps was the Academy of Music on Halsted Street, Chicago, the plant being installed by the Western Edison Light Company. The theatre was wired for 150 sixteen-candle power lamps. The lighting was confined to the Auditorium, no electric lights were used on the stage as dimmers had not been thought of at that time. On the opening night, after the new lights were installed, the actors struck claiming that it was impossible to make up by gas light and play their parts under the glare of the electric lights. It was with difficulty that they were persuaded to proceed with the second act.

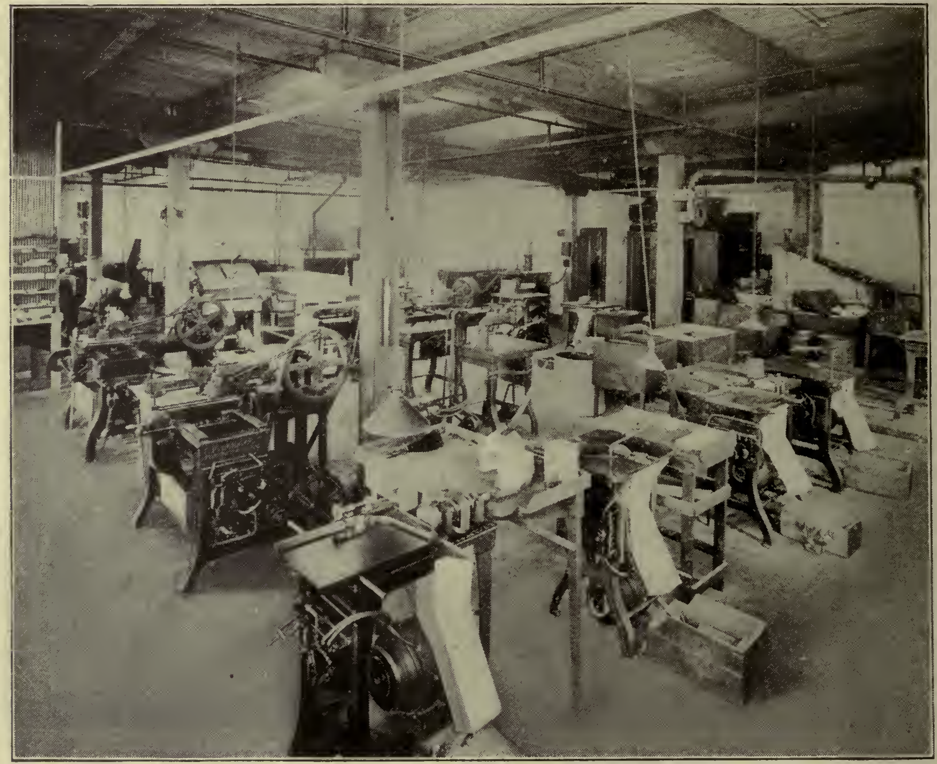
The first theatre to be completely lighted with incandescent lamps was the old Haverly Theatre, then located on Monroe Street, where the Inter-Ocean building now stands. This plant consisted of two dynamos with a capacity of 637 lamps. On the opening night, only sufficient lights were started at first to enable the ushers to seat the audience. When the curtain rose every light was turned on, causing tremendous sensation among the audience and eliciting applause that continued for fifteen minutes. The innovation was so successful that McVicker's Theatre and the Chicago Opera House immediately installed similar plants.

GRAND
OPERA HOUSE
ANNA HELD

OLD VIEW OF SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO
Typical illuminating down town, exclusive of State Street, in 1903

For a time the Western Edison Light Company devoted its energies largely to the installation of isolated plants, the central station idea being in its infancy. Mr. Edison was devoting his energies in an endeavor to overcome difficulties in the New York plant and it was not until the latter part of 1882 that its practicability was fully demonstrated. The apparatus used in the Pearl Street Station, New York, was not adapted to the requirements of smaller communities. Following the success of the experiment, modified plants were installed in other districts of New York City and in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts. In 1887 the building of the first station in Chicago was started.

The period from 1883 to 1887 is memorable for the rapid increase in the number of small isolated arc light plants, installed in various sections of Chicago. Lighting companies were organized on every hand and prices began to tumble to a point where there was little, if any, profit in the business. From the original charge of $1.50 per lamp per night, competition had in some cases forced the price down to fifty cents; but the demand for electric light was established beyond all question. In the spring of 1887 the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company was incorporated and in a short time acquired a number of isolated plants, having a total of 930 lamps in service. For a short time these various and scattered properties were operated separately, but one by one they were connected with a central station on Washington Street and in less than two years the company had in service about 2,000 lamps. The logical necessity of the central station had been demonstrated, so had the limitations and disadvantages of the arc light.


PRINTING AND ENGRAVING PLANT. INDIVIDUAL MOTOR DRIVE

In 1887 the people were clamoring for small and flexible lighting units and this demand signalized the organization of the Chicago Edison Company, and the general introduction of incandescent lighting on a large scale.

When the Chicago Edison Company was organized in 1887, there were less than a hundred concerns in the United States engaged in central station service. Today there are upwards of 6,000 central station companies in this country. In 1887 the entire central station investment did not exceed $10,000,000; today the total capital employed in this industry approximates $1,250,000,000.

The early plan of the Chicago Edison Company was to immediately install a central station and distributing system. Accordingly a piece of land at number 139 Adams Street was secured on a ninety-nine year lease and the erection of what is known as the Adams Street Station was begun in June, 1887. The first units provided for about 10,000 lights and the plant was placed in operation August 8, 1888. A contract had been given a construction company to furnish and install the wiring for 5,000 lights in buildings located in the downtown districts, the lights being installed free of charge to the customers.

The new company had no monopoly of the industry, for very shortly after that time the Fort Wayne Electric Company was distributing incandescent lighting at a flat rate of $1.00 per lamp per month, its principal plant being located in the Adams Express Building. The company also operated another plant in the basement of the Alhambra Theatre from which point it competed with the Edison Company for South Side business. For the first few years every step was an experimental one; but general progress resulted from the efforts.

BLUE ISLAND AVENUE LAMPS—NIGHT SCENE
Merchants pay for lamp post illumination

In 1892 Mr. Samuel Insull took charge of the affairs of the Chicago Edison Company. It was at once shown to the board of directors that a central station company should be prepared to furnish electricity to all classes of customers within its territory, not only for lighting but also for commercial purposes and with the least possible delay he proceeded to put this principle into practice. At that time the Adams Street plant was in anything but an efficient condition. During the period of an unusually heavy load, the appearance of the station suggested a glimpse of Dante's Inferno, the engines being pushed to their utmost capacity, and in the roaring dynamo room the smell of shellac and varnish from the armatures told the story of inefficiency. In the boiler room the half-naked firemen were shoveling coal with demoniac energy, while at the rear of the building the glowing stack filled the atmosphere with clouds of smoke. The general conditions tended to give the impression that an explosion might furnish the climax at any moment.

The station was originally planned for 40,000 lights, and was at this time running to its full capacity. Every inch of space had been utilized and the question to be considered by the management was to provide for present and prospective business. A plan was suggested providing for the rental of a portion of the basement under the old Rand McNally Building, located across the alley in the rear of the Edison Building. It was promptly authorized and additional engines and dynamos were immediately installed in the auxiliary plant to take care of the increased load.

The company then turned its attention to the matter of competition in the downtown districts and in the spring of 1893 absorbed the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company. The Edison Company paid to the owners of the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company the sum of $2,195,000, which amount was raised by the issue of Chicago Edison Company debentures bearing six per cent interest. Shortly afterwards the two plants owned by the Fort Wayne Electric Company were purchased and about 7,000 additional lights were connected to the Edison Company from this source.

ONE BOILER ROOM SECTION OF THE FISK STREET STATION
of the Commonwealth Edison Company. This section supplies steam for one Turbine

There has been, during recent years, a noticeable tendency toward the consolidation of small individual stations into large systems with extensive networks, and this has brought with it the wholesale "scrapping" of plants and apparatus and the installation of appliances of far higher efficiency and economy in order to meet the demand of the public for cheaper and better service.

The policy of consolidation and absorption adopted by the Chicago Edison Company resulted in the company securing practically the entire lighting industry in Chicago in 1897, when it organized the Commonwealth Electric Company. The Commonwealth franchise was for fifty years from June 28, 1897, and was said to be the best ever granted by the city of Chicago. The plan was to organize all the small companies surrounding the Chicago Edison Company territory under the Commonwealth ordinance. Eight companies were brought into the new concern, mostly all operated on the outskirts of the city. The Chicago Edison Company thus secured immunity from competition. The consolidation secured harmony in the operation of the electric-lighting interests of Chicago and was deservedly considered an important achievement in the electrical and financial world at that time. The gross revenue of the different companies at the time of consolidation amounted to between $350,000 and $400,000 per annum; but these receipts were largely from an arc light service.

SOUTH WATER STREET, PRODUCE COMMISSION DISTRICT, CHICAGO

The consolidation of electric-lighting companies, while looked upon with considerable apprehension by the general public at that time, was really a stride in municipal advancement which but few failed to realize. Chicago had been liberal in granting franchises and permits to lighting companies, and as a result there had been built several systems of various degrees of excellence and stability. To the engineers of the Chicago Edison Company, which had acquired a number of these properties, was then presented the problem of unifying the systems, but the changes had to be without materially sacrificing the value of the investment represented by the generating apparatus and lines of the existing stations. In addition to providing for the existing load every new addition to the system had to be designed for the future as the probable development had always to be considered.

A series of problems constantly confronted the company's engineers. As the convenience and the desirable features of electric light and power were being more fully appreciated, and especially when the cost was reduced, electric motors began to be used more liberally. This meant a big increase in the load at the station as well as in the size of the district to be served; and how to meet the increase successfully and economically, though simple today, was a problem of great importance at that time.

Perhaps few business enterprises require a higher order of intelligence than the successful management of a central station. Success depends, to a large extent, on two vital principles: reducing the cost of production to the lowest possible point, and disposing of the output in large quantities at low prices. The first principle requires the highest order of scientific engineering and the second involves a necessity for the best kind of salesmanship. Undoubtedly the wonderful development of electric service in Chicago has been gained by the application of these two principles.

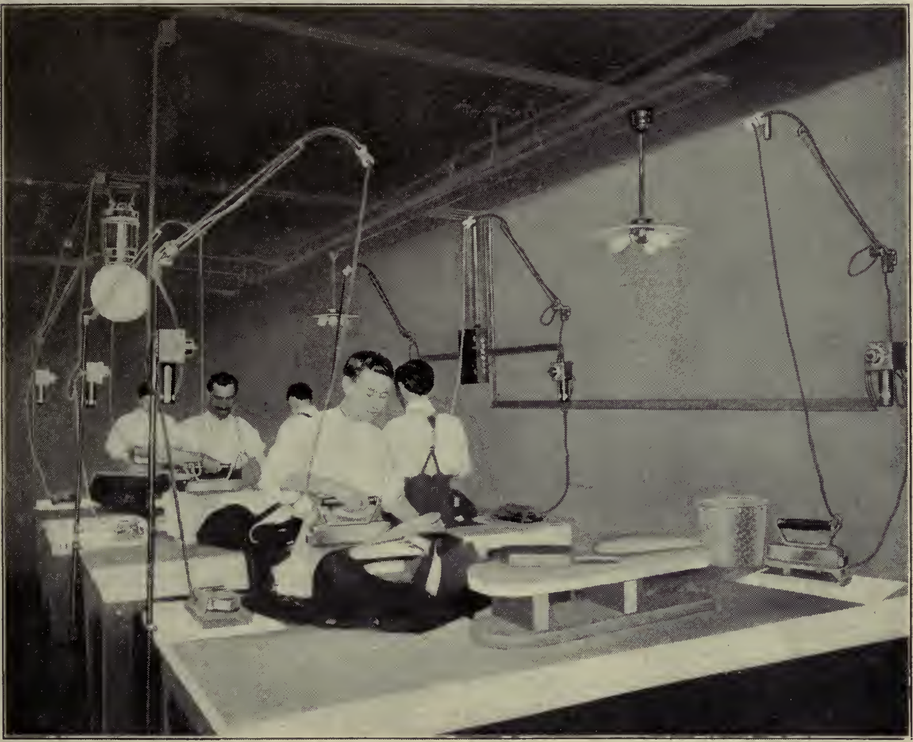
President Insull's theory is that the central station business has become a vast manufacturing industry, and that if the companies are to successfully serve the people, they must develop, to a large extent, the wholesale supply of current to large users, such as public-service corporations and the transportation companies and furnish same at a low cost.

STATE STREET ELECTRIC DECORATIONS DURING THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE IN AUGUST, 1910

There are, probably, few lines of business that are benefitted more by reduced cost of production in consequence of increased output than the central station business. This is true today in consequence of the introduction of the steam turbines. While the principle of the steam turbines is not new the commercial application is of comparatively recent development. The limitation of the reciprocating engines for central stations has been placed at 12,000 horse power, this being the largest ever built. Steam turbines have been built for twice this capacity and it has become possible to obtain a large increase in power output without any additional cost for fuel, the turbines utilizing steam which was formerly discharged into the air.

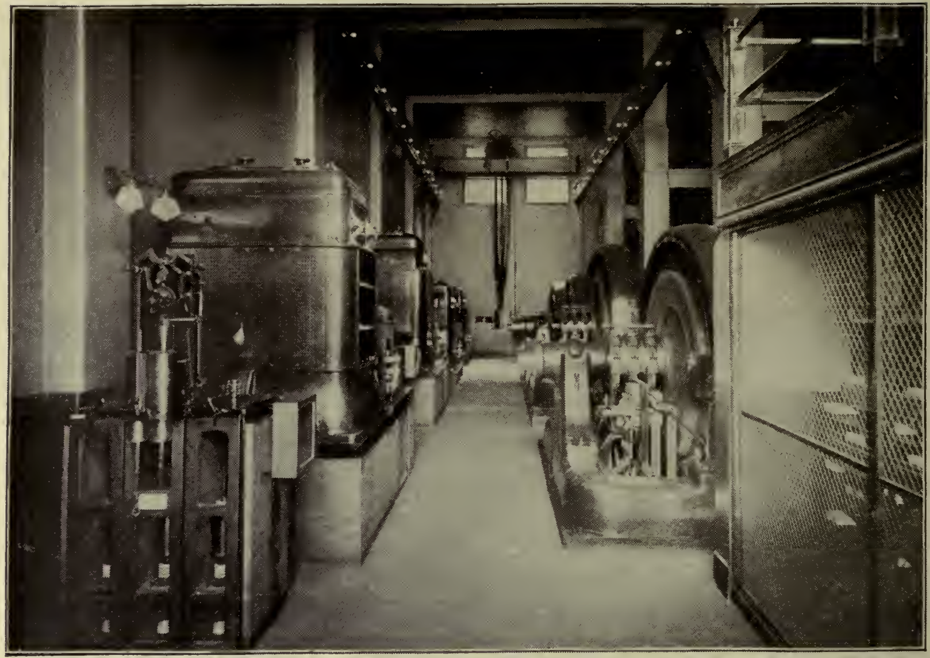
To the Commonwealth Edison Company credit must be given for its pioneer work in demonstrating that the steam turbines of large capacity can be successfully used in central station work. In 1903 the company installed the first 7,500 horse power steam turbine ever built. The construction of turbines of this size was, at that time, a matter that involved many unknown factors. It was, from a financial viewpoint, a courageous undertaking to step so far ahead of the industrial procession, but the fact that the company acted wisely has been fully demonstrated. The installation of turbines of this size incites no unusual comment today.

The enormous development which has taken place in Chicago during recent years has no equal in the history of electric lighting. The month of April, 1910, was the most successful month in the history, so far as the number of individual orders are concerned. The total number of new contracts secured by the Commonwealth Edison Company during that month was 10,398, against 8,466 for the same month in 1909. The average was about 400 for each working day. Of these 107 a day were taken over the counter at the Adams Street office. The remainder were secured by agents. To handle this large volume of business it was necessary to maintain a large night force not only in the order department, but in several other departments.



ELECTRIC PRESSING IRONS AT CLOTHING STORE ALTERATION DEPARTMENT
Showing automatic temperature control tests

No one, not even the most far-sighted electrical engineer, foresaw the great



VIEW IN MARKET STREET SUB-STATION, COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY
Showing station transformers and rotary converters

development in electrical service which has taken place in Chicago during recent years. When the Fisk Street Station was under construction in 1903, the National Electric Light Association held its annual convention in Chicago. Most of the engineers in attendance visited the Fisk Street Station and it was the unanimous opinion that a station of 105,000 horse power capacity was sufficient to provide for a future growth of many years. No one predicted what actually took place, as in less than five years it became necessary to enlarge the station to 150,000 horse power capacity. Later this was increased to 180,000. So insufficient was the capacity of the Fisk Street Station in 1908, that the company was not only compelled to enlarge the plant, but to build the Quarry Street Station across the river with a capacity of 126,000 horse power, and this with the Harrison Street and the Fifty-sixth Street Stations contain a total generating capacity of 330,000 horse power. Orders have been placed for units with a generating capacity of 60,000 horse power for the new Northwest Station now in process of construction. This new station, when completed, will be one of the finest in the country. It is designed for an ultimate capacity of 360,000 horse power.

The company's great storage battery service is not included in the foregoing figures.

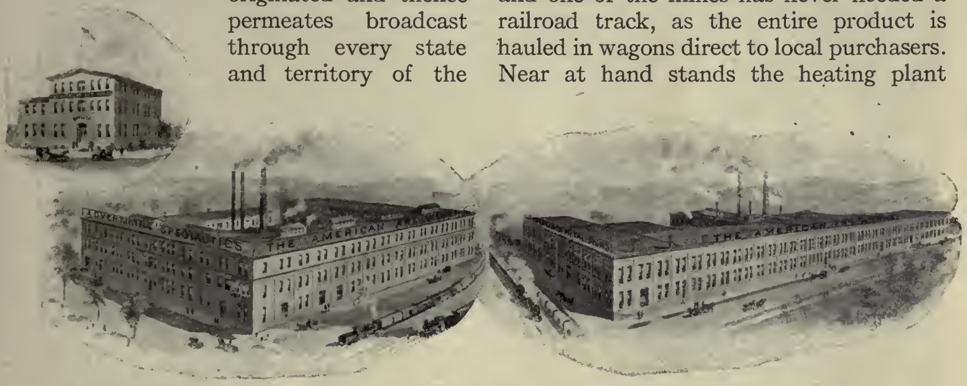
It is practically certain that the company will be compelled to increase its local capacity by at least 60,000 horse power each year, in order to supply the increased demand and maintain its present excellent service. And it is not a rash prediction to state that the capacity in the year 1920 will exceed 1,000,000 horse power.

(*To be continued*)

Coshocton, the Inland Art City

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ONE really ought to visit Coshocton, Ohio, incidentally to acquire the proper pronunciation of Co-shoc-ton—a most melodious Indian name when spoken without a stumble! The "Sign City" it is called, in hardly adequate expression of its prestige as one of the most famous inland art centers in the country. For here the finest commercial art-work is originated and thence permeates broadcast through every state and territory of the republic. Popular art was given birth in Coshocton and in the country, on every highway and byway, almost wherever the eye can rest within the boundaries of the republic, one can find a Coshocton creation in effective lettering and illustration.


PLANT OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS AT COSHOCTON, OHIO

Some years ago I promised President C. B. McCoy of the American Art Works of Coshocton to visit the town, as early as when he was editor of a newspaper established by the late Joseph Medill of the *Chicago Tribune*. The old office still exists, just as established by Mr. Medill when he set himself up as a real editor in order to win the hand of the daughter of a New Philadelphia editor, who insisted that his son-in-law should be more than a mere printer.

To appreciate Coshocton fully, one must first realize the beauty of the surrounding landscape, for the Inland Art City nestles at the junction of two beautiful rivers beside which historic old canals form narrow expanses of still waters, reflecting verdant banks and overhanging trees.

Adjoining Coshocton are mines from which coal sold at ninety cents and $1.20 a ton is hauled direct to the consumer, and one of the mines has never needed a railroad track, as the entire product is hauled in wagons direct to local purchasers. Near at hand stands the heating plant of Coshocton, one of the few in the United States which furnishes water heat to the houses in pipes centered at the electric light station.

The great industry for which Coshocton is now famous is its sign-making and advertising specialties, a business originally established in a country printing office. Its first specialty was an issue of burlap school-bags on which advertisements were printed and these bags at once attracted the public, and aroused a general interest in the possibilities of specialty advertising. The next important innovation was the development of the metal sign, which had its beginning in the little old-time insurance sign which the farmer proudly tacked over his door when his homestead had been insured. Then came reproductions of oil paintings, and later designs from original canvases; every kind of novelty that can possibly be conceived is now used, and the final triumph has been the metallic sign, which reproduces some of the most artistic and beautiful paintings in the world, many of which are originated by the artists and phrase-makers of the American Art Works at Coshocton.

At the offices of the Works, just across the way from the depot, the walls, easels and racks are covered with exquisite samples of the novel creations that have made Coshocton famous the world over.

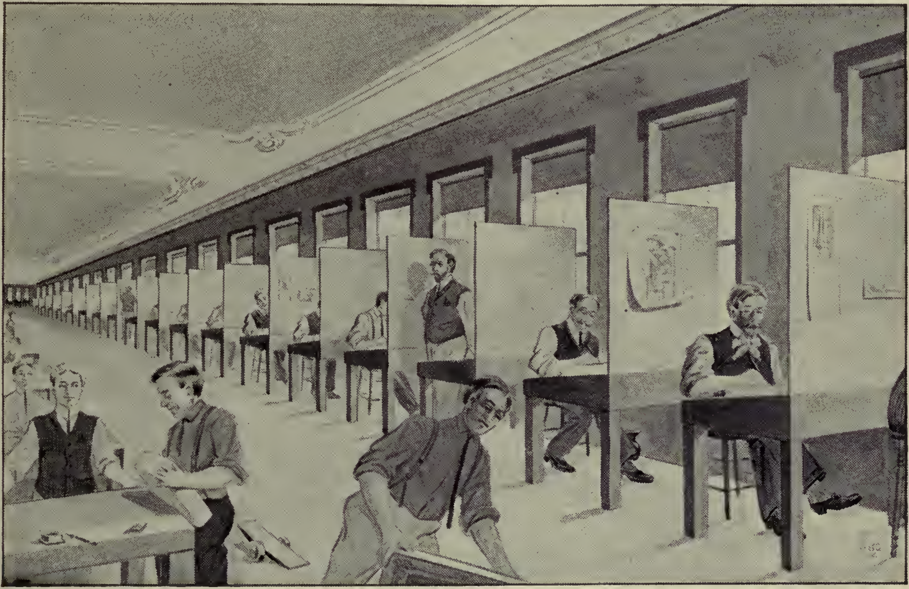
The metallic sign department has developed wonderful proportions during the past few years, and has been one of the most revolutionary innovations introduced in the history of advertising. In the novelty department, a host of new ideas in buttons, souvenir trays, pocket-books and fans—in fact, every kind of novelty imaginable, even to the political campaign button containing sand—real sand—from Oyster Bay, forms a very museum of advertising specialties.

In the studio of the Art department on the second floor, a large force of artists is at work evolving original and dainty designs and ideas for the use of the largest advertisers in the country. Here among the rafters is displayed the complete canvas of Howard Chandler Christy's famous "Evangeline"—and a real masterpiece it is, with its wonderful portrayal of the winsome Acadian maiden, the restful charm of Grand Pre, its peaceful farmsteads, the broad Basin of Minas and distant Blomidon. Every designer seems inspired with the true spirit of artistic evolution, and an atmosphere of genius and appreciation of "art for art's sake" blends with the spirit of commercial enterprise.

THE LITHOGRAPH STONE LIBRARY OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS AT COSHOCTON

At the Omaha meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, I heard an address by Mr. Lewellyn E. Pratt of the American Art Works as he heralded with true fervor the fame of Coshocton, and later discussed "Specialty Advertising," the subject nearest to his heart, in a way that held the rapt attention of his audience. His theme was "Service," insisting that service was and must be the thought uppermost in specialty advertising as well as in other branches of publicity. "It isn't the purpose of the American Art Works to sell signs," he said, "but to project ideas and give *service!*" This service includes the suggestions of word-phrases and illustrations that crystallize into trade expressions worth thousands of dollars to the advertiser through the accentuation of value to the articles advertised through taking trade names.

The processes by which these signs are made are intensely interesting. The designs are lithographed on steel, and the varied colors and delicate gradations of tint and effect suggest the unfading brilliant pigments of Rubens or Rembrandt. For in this little city gather artists from all over the world, enjoying life and art as if domiciled in the picturesque art centers of Europe. The old court house in the square is already adorned with a novel decoration, representing the historic treaty negotiated with the Indians by General Bouquet on the site of Coshocton, over two centuries ago.


THE LITHOGRAPH ARTISTS' ROOM OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS AT COSHOCTON

The most impressive feature of the American Art Works is the co-operation that exists between every department and every individual; all seem to be loyally working together for one purpose, and everyone appears eager to keep his work up to the highest standard—the slogan is to "Keep up the Quality." All over the building the chief thought in the minds of the workers seems to be the attainment of the highest excellence in all the work to be accomplished.

Every department bears witness to the great field of publicity opened up by the exploitation of specialty advertising. Artistic metal signs are only one form of the popular branches of exploitation. The exquisite signs, plaques and novelties originally used chiefly by large brewers are now being utilized for souvenirs in all lines of textile and household commodities; for all manufacturers are realizing that the subtle concentration of popular thought creates a demand that grows and gathers force as it is constantly kept before the user. Among hundreds of novelties of this kind are many well known to the patron of the cigar counter and the soda fountain—such as the dainty little Coca-Cola tray for the soda-font, with the lettered trade-mark graced by a reproduction of one of Hamilton King's best paintings.

A convention of the salesmen of the American Art Works is held each year, and the proceedings of these meetings are an inspiring demonstration of the force of modern advertising. The address of President McCoy at the last meeting of this kind contained many terse and striking epigrams. He insisted that none of his people were employes, but rather co-workers; that everyone in the company shared alike its successes and reverses; and that the elimination of personal prejudices, likes and dislikes, was one of the basic causes of the success of the Works. The fundamental principle that whatever is reasonable is right was maintained, and the basis of the great achievements of the American Art Works was the universal acceptation of this principle of co-operation, working together, talking together, thinking together, succeeding together—in the fullest sense of the word. Few industrial establishments have come to my notice in which this spirit of working together and developing in not only mechanical but artistic endeavor, is so impressively manifest as at Coshocton.

Every detail is given close attention all along the line, and there was not a worker in the building who did not seem to follow out the key given by one of the salesmen at the last convention, in nine magic words:

"Read, read, read,
Look, look, look,
Think, think, think."

If anyone has a suggestion to offer to another department it is carefully considered, and with the concentrated ideas of six or seven hundred employes of a vast variety of temperaments, both practical and artistic, the results can be imagined. It is said that if a man wakes up during the night at Coshocton with a brand new advertising idea which he feels must be developed at once, the factory of the American Art Works is ready to be opened, even in the wee hours, recalling Emerson's manner of writing by a lighted candle through the night.

After a visit at the American Art Works, the future of art as related to commerce impresses itself vividly as it exists and creates at Coshocton. If the development is as great in the next decade as in the past ten years it is plainly to be foreseen that through the greater distribution of artistic signs and advertising specialties the factories of America will be brought closer to the consumer than ever before, and that their novelties entering into the everyday life of the people will exert a positive and effective medium of art culture. The factory and sales department of this institution work hand in hand, and are not teamwork and co-operation the keynote of the successful manufacturing and industrial interests of today? The successful salesman has the hearty co-operation of those in the shop, where every man is willing to sacrifice personal vanity to push toward achievement the greater ambitions of the institution of which he forms a part.

A modest little sign in the outer office of the Art Works announces "Every Salesman Will be Given a Hearing." There are no forbidding cage-like partitions, everything is open and everyone welcome, whether selling or buying. The cultivated habit of keeping the eyes and ears open, and watching out constantly for new ideas, represents a phase of American industrial life that makes progress as inevitable as the rising and setting of the sun.

Sometimes the men in the shop feel that they want to go out on the road awhile and try to sell their work and incidentally gain ideas, often the artistically inclined salesman feels that he has an idea he would like to work out himself in the factory to satisfy some exacting customer. Everyone is ready to assist in the evolution of an idea; and truly the most salable commodity that exists in the advertising realm today is the simple idea. In the hours spent at Coshocton, I felt that I had come in close contact with the living springs that permeate the great world of business exploitation.

At a luncheon at the Country Club—a picturesque old farmstead amid towering elms on the hillside overlooking Coshocton—I met the kindred souls that come from far and near to get ideas, and make plans for advertising styles and specialties in much the same way as the modiste goes to Paris to know what is winning favor in that never tangible but ever present realm of "Popular Favor."

A FLIGHT TO THE SOUTHLAND

By THE EDITOR

THE presidential party were on their way to visit Panama and the Canal Zone, and storied Charleston, South Carolina, and her hospitable and courtly people had prepared a fitting and generous celebration for President Taft's visit. The garden walls of mottled green, enriched by those softened tints which only ancient design and the lapse of time can give, the cobble-paved streets, and Doric and Corinthian architecture, carry one back to other years and give a subtle aura of stately ancientry to the homes of ante-bellum days. The tiny lawns, mossy trees and shrubbery hedges, clustering about homelike dwellings that carry a touch of the last century, made the early morning drive another impression from the entry into New York City with its "Kef," "Kef," in feverish staccato.

In historic Marion Park the school children were gathered, at nine o'clock, to greet the President, and under the stately memorial of John C. Calhoun, almost within sight of Fort Sumter, President Taft stood erect in a carriage and addressed the thousands of children who greeted him with waving flags and cheers in boyish treble and the soft Southern girlish alto. In the harbor, the "Tennessee" lay ready to weigh anchor for the cruise to Panama, and the steel gray hull of the massive ship, in the beautiful harbor of Charleston, presented a scene that should have been immortalized by the artist's pencil. Far out toward the entrance stood Fort Sumter, where the first sparks of the Civil War were struck from Northern flint by Southern steel, and every beach and inlet has an historical interest that can never fade away, so long as courage and skill in attack and devotion and endurance in defence are honored among men. The old market just down Meeting Street, with its massive walls, is still, as it has been for centuries past, the scene of many merry and quaint market-day gatherings. There is something about Charleston that makes one want to linger awhile—even the railroad trains pay special homage, as it were, to the courtly city, by politely backing in and out of the station with a gracious bow on arriving and a shrill salute on leaving.

The presidential party started for the Yacht Club Wharf, and embarked in a launch for the naval war dog, leashed in the harbor. The President pulled his overcoat cover up as he started on his cruise; the executive salute of twenty-one guns was fired; the great anchor chains clanked, and off the "Tennessee" steamed for Colon.

The query "Why did President Taft sail from Charleston?" was given a variety of answers. "Because of the people here," said a Charlestonite with true native pride, but north of Charleston is the most dangerous point on the Coast and the turbulent waters of Cape Hatteras, of which the old sailor rhyme saith:

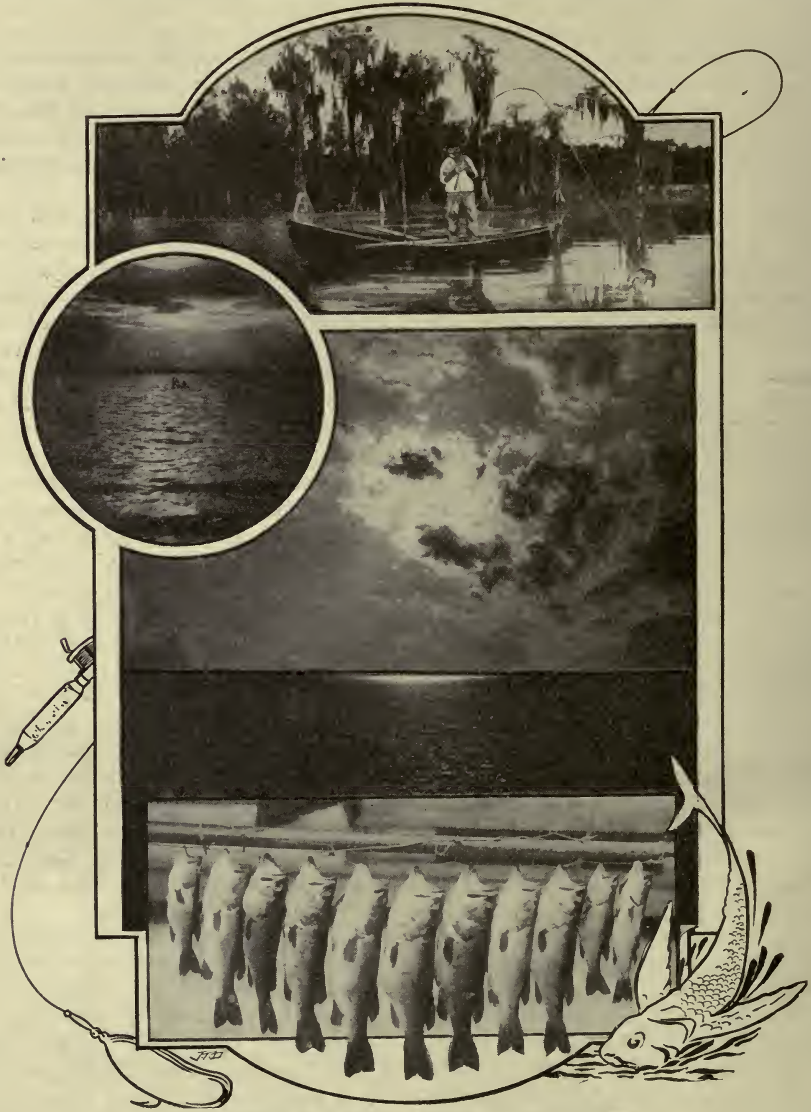
"If Carnaveral you pass
You'll fetch up on Hatteras."

as many a good ship and gallant crew have realized to their utter destruction. In sailing from Charleston rather than from New York or Norfolk, the terrors of the sea and the "Cape of Storms" were avoided.

But Charleston boasts that she is nearer to Panama than New Orleans, and that the President's sailing from that port when he visits the canal clearly shows that one of the chief Southern ports for Panama trade will be Charleston. At some of the old wharves were steamships loading with cotton for Europe, and it is not unnatural that Charleston should feel a pride in her natural advantages as a seaport. When vessels ply from Atlantic to Pacific ports through the Panama Canal, Charleston expects to gather toll on her share of shipping.

* * *

After watching the "Tennessee" until far out to sea, there was just time to catch the train South, and run down to Waycross, Georgia, where a delightful few hours were spent with Senator G. W. Deen, whose energy and enterprise have done much to make this little town famous. In the Grand Hotel block, of which any city might feel proud, Senator Deen maintains his offices, which are veritable expositions of the wonderful products of his section of Georgia which is being rapidly developed. Sea Island cotton, pecan nuts, sweet potatoes and many other products are handsomely displayed.



JUST HUNTING AND FISHING IN FLORIDA

Senator Deen is one of the pushing men of the South, and has done much toward developing his section of Georgia. Just now several thriving colonies of new settlers have found here all that could be desired, in the way of opportunities for making new homes and earning their own living direct from the soil. The Senator has been very successful in locating a number of Italian colonies, though they may sometimes be called Genevan. A story is told of how he located one colony on some land in the morning, and before night every stump was afire, and the colonists getting ready for clearing and planting. Over a hundred thousand more acres of rich lands are shortly to be reclaimed from swamps. The prosperity of farmers around Waycross and the rugged health of the large families tells the whole story at a glance. The great problem of the South is to get the small farmer at work, says Senator Deen. And after seeing and realizing the advantages offered in the fertile lands of the South, one must perforce wonder that men will struggle against poverty and ill-health in the city when the greatest opportunities in cultivating the land lie before them.

Over the rolling acres the train sped to Savannah and on to Florida—direct into the gateway of Florida,—for Jacksonville is the metropolis of that state. There is something fascinating in the busy activities of this flourishing seaport. Named for General Andrew Jackson, who twice captured Pensacola from its Spanish garrison before the final transfer of Florida to the United States, it has maintained its lead and prestige, and the immense influx of Northern tourists and settlers during past years is reflected very effectively in the recent census returns. Jacksonville has certainly made a remarkable record, which is not to be wondered at when one visits the city and sees its handsome buildings and splendid shipping and industrial advantages.

A SCENE IN FLORIDA WHICH LOOKS GOOD TO THE NORTHERNER IN THE WINTER

A motor drive over to Riverside with Captain C. E. Garner, who used to sail on the St. John's River in his early youth, was a rare treat. The great trees, the beautiful sea-view, the fine home of the Country Club—small wonder that those who retire from active business life and flock southward to escape the rigors of a Northern winter, come to find ease and happiness on the banks of this beautiful river.

There is a complete course of architectural study in the varied and artistic residences and cottage homes of these dwellers in *Linda Florida.* From severe

Gothic and oriental Moorish to classic Queen Anne and stately Colonial—every style of architecture appears represented.

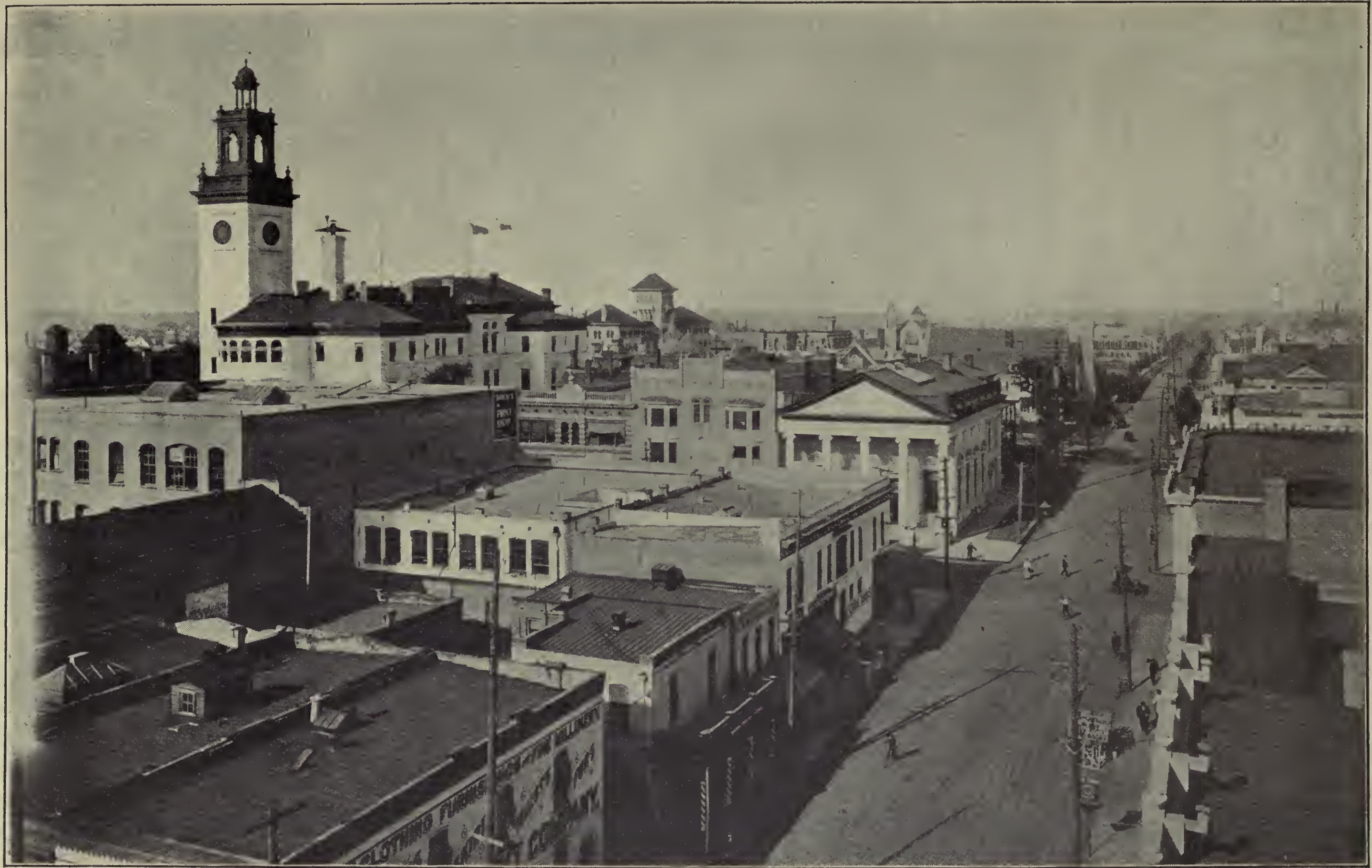
The vistas of the avenue of palms and the grand boulevard, bordered by two rows of palms, and in the center beautiful stretches of park, in which an almost tropical luxuriance of foliage is apparent, must be seen to be properly appreciated. But like all practical citizens, and as the head of the Jacksonville Board of Trade for many years, Captain Garner always points with special pride to the city waterworks and the electric plant. Artesian wells afford an ample supply of water of excellent flavor, which flows from seven great wells into a large reservoir, and is there aerated and distributed. The oil for fuel used in the electric plant is brought direct from Texas, and is supplied at very low cost. Jacksonville has long been known as one of the best-lighted cities of the country, owing to the low price of electric lights furnished by the city. The electric light and waterworks plants, managed by a capable commission, have been a signal example of successful municipal ownership.

Captain Garner relates many incidents of the early days of Jacksonville, and on the walls of his office in the Florida National Bank are photographs of the city after the great fire of 1901, contrasted with the Jacksonville of today. In that great fire, the real test of Jacksonville's citizenship was made. All creeds, all parties, all classes, united in the great work of rebuilding, and several prominent men virtually gave their health and lives in carrying out the task of reconstruction.

It was at Jacksonville, in the office of Mr. Griffing, that I tasted my first persimmon, and found it remarkably good, too. I puzzled Mr. Griffing when I asked, "Where is the pole?" for he had forgotten the old saying, "The longest pole knocks down the most persimmons." Mr. Griffing is a well-known agricultural expert, to whose office many farmers come for counsel as to how to make the best use of their lands, and I readily found it, although even his home address was not given in the announcement in the Florida edition of the NATIONAL.

A large and handsome paved boulevard has recently been completed "from Jacksonville to the sea" by which the future proportions of the city can be estimated. The boulevard is bordered on either side by foliaged semi-tropical luxuriance, and runs through the Oakwood villas, which are in charge of Mr. W. C. Warrington.

ON THE BEACH DURING ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS AUTOMOBILE RACES IN FLORIDA



A VIEW OF A PORTION OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, SHOWING THE TOWN HALL CLOCK TOWER

There are seaside resorts close at hand. Ocean-going steamships come up the river night and day, and a large amount of passenger and freight traffic from New York comes by water transportation at freight rates that make it possible to sell many goods from New York and New England for the same prices at which they are sold at home.

The fact has long been established that Jacksonville is to become one of the great cities of the South, and the suburbs are being developed to make it one of America's ideal home cities, while the climate is alluring and attractive when the wintry winds begin to sweep across the continent.

All around Jacksonville there has been a wonderful era of farm development. The Maxville farms, located not far away, have produced crops of Sea Island Cotton and many other diversified crops which have been pronounced unrivalled. Here this company have forty and eighty acre tracts in which they take great pride; getting just the right people to develop their lands to the best possible advantage. The Maxville settlers are enthusiastic over the results of their crops; as one of the colonists said: "Nothing anywhere equals Maxville. It's good enough for me."

Across the bridge are the great fertilizer works, and nearby stands the house in which Talleyrand lived when an exile from France. One can almost picture the noted Frenchman seated under his pecan tree, writing his famous treatise in which he declared that republics were but "moulded sand." Perhaps the fact that he lived so near to the stretch of Florida sand may have had something to do with the metaphor.

Jacksonville is the chief center of Floridian activity. The promotion of the new celery or grapefruit plantations; the drainage of the great Everglade district, a project which has been of interest for many years past; the opening of new colonies; the building of new railroads—all seem to center in Jacksonville for promotion.

The two-million-dollar contract for the draining of the Everglades is being rapidly pushed to completion, and there is great activity on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee. Three immense dredges starting from the East Coast, and three more eating into the mud, saw-grass and hummocks from the southern bight of Lake Okeechobee, are reclaiming great areas of jet black soil, of illimitable depth, said to be capable of producing anything that can be cultivated in a sub-tropical climate.

At the Lake Okeechobee headquarters an hotel has been built and many small farmers have purchased homesteads. Mr. Malcolm McClellan, the president of the Florida Land Development Company of Jacksonville, who had just made an extended survey of the route of the great canal, told me that there was no section of the world which could offer the gardener and fruit-grower such possiblities as the reclaimed black soil of the hitherto despised Everglades. There is a very healthy "boom" on already, and a sub-division recently sold out by Mr. McClellan's company on the south shore of the lake will undoubtedly be all settled within the year.

In the Florida Homeseekers' Association are evidences of work that will mean much for the future of the state. Large colonies from foreign countries are locating on their lands and building up communities that will in the future reflect credit upon American citizenship. Through this association thousands of people are migrating to Florida and undertaking their work with the same aggressive determination with which the pioneers of the great West built up a galaxy of states years ago.

Under the arrangements made with such companies as the Florida Homeseekers' Association, many of the handicaps of the early colonists are obviated. Settlers are given every assistance to get a start—the only thing demanded by the company is desirable settlers—settlers who will till the soil and build up prosperous homes. The company is under the efficient management of Mr. Sidney B. Wood, a young man who is thoroughly in love with the great undertaking with which he is so prominently identified, making it a true homeseekers' enterprise in every sense of the word. "What we want above all things," declared Mr. Wood, "is homeseekers—real homeseekers. If they seek a home, we have it for them."

* * *

Along Lake Okeechobee and the Kissimmee River, for since the days of the great freeze, every point has been studied to find spots in Florida immune from frost, it has been found that in the southeast of this body of water, which is at least two miles wide, the oranges and other citrus groves escape the biting northwest winds, which are tempered in crossing a large body of shallow water. The northwest wind is to Florida what the east wind is to Boston, penetrating and devastating. All through the state, the number of Northerners who wish to escape the east or cold west winds is increasing. Many successful and thriving colonies are being built up throughout the state. At the famous Prosper Colony, and in fact at many others all over the state, the people are finding how much can be accomplished by building up communities on practical, co-operative plans, rather than in the old ways which have always ended in ultimate dissolution. The rights of the individual are first considered, but always with the public welfare in mind. The great turpentine forests and large areas of prairie land have been slow in development, but the alluring climate makes one forget that the dollar profits are everything. The path is not entirely rose-strewn; there are serious obstacles to overcome in Florida as everywhere else, but the permanent home spirit of the new settlers of the last decade, a very significant feature, forecasts a brilliant future.

JUST A BIT OF FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT THAT MAKES A BREAKFAST RIGHT

When you travel in certain sections of this great country, you have to go by triangular routes. The longest way 'round is the shortest way to get to Pensacola, and many travelers bound for Jacksonville go by way of Montgomery. Pensacola has a charm all its own. It's just large enough to be neighborly, and the good townsfolk are altogether charming. When I travel through any of the states and am given a suitcase full of books and pamphlets telling about crops, mines, agriculture and buildings, I am impressed by the aggressiveness of the projectors; but what appeals most to the wayfaring editor is the people themselves. I enjoyed every hour in Pensacola from the moment I was whisked to the doors of the San Carlos in a neighbor's auto, and found myself inside of a palatial but home-like hostelry such as even New York might be proud of. Mural paintings that illustrated the historic story of Pensacola were on the walls, and in the corridors and lobbies one met many people of Pensacola, for the hotel was built by subscription from nearly everybody in the city, and each individual seems to take a pardonable pride in it. The music was good; the dining-room a picture of merriment and good cheer—the shrimps excellent. There seemed to be an atmosphere of sociability and homeliness about the hotel; it was not only a stopping-place for strangers, but the meeting-place of the townspeople.

The band from the Navy Yard was playing its bravest and best in patriotic airs from the San Carlos balcony, while the honored and beloved Admiral Lucien Young was surrounded by gay groups begging for yarns concerning old times and far-off lands. The Mississippi-to Atlantic Waterways Convention was in progress. Speeches were being made at a furious rate in the assembly room of the hotel, and among the speakers was Congressman J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia, than whom a more energetic champion of waterways never existed. Congressman Small was in the forefront of the oratorical battles; Senator Fletcher was in the chair—and when it comes to effective work in the Senate, few of the Southern Senators have been more successful in giving Florida what she deserves than the senior Senator from the Land of Enchantment. In the gathering were representatives from St. Cloud and St. Andrews, and other towns identified with large colonization projects. The Southern people realize the vital necessity of water transportation, and there was so much talk about water at the meeting that when the suggestion came from Admiral Young to adjourn the club—the motion was promptly carried—and more waterways were discussed.

Everywhere it was gratifying to hear the splendid encomiums of the Florida edition of the NATIONAL and to learn that it was a regular visitor in so many homes. On the trains and in the street-cars, one could understand from the way the November NATIONAL was prominent in the public eye that there was an energetic Floridian pride in the state. In the afternoon, after visiting the city associated with many pleasant memories, came a trip to Fort Barrancas, an historic fortress that goes back to Spanish days and had its rebaptism of fire in the Civil War. The old circular moat and moss-grown walls with the great garrison flag grandly fluttering down when the stars and stripes were lowered and the evening gun was fired at sunset, made a suggestive picture. With so many traditions of the storied past, is it to be wondered at that the inhabitants who have grown up in the shadow of the old fort should be gentle and hospitable in spirit?

After making an annual winter trip to Florida for many years, the allurements of the state fasten themselves upon one. Perhaps more people are personally interested in Florida than any other state in the Union, for every year thousands of tourists journey southward, and most people who once visit the state come away with the title of a small square of land tucked deep in the inside pocket. Irrespective of all its resources, the majority of people are drawn to Florida in order to escape the rigors of a Northern winter.

As the visit in the Land of Enchantment drew to a close there was an unconscious shiver as the "ticket for Boston" was called for, and the overcoat collar turned up.

* * *

As I dally with my morsel of grapefruit in the morning its flavor recalls memories of beautiful groves of the dark-leaved, white-blossomed trees whose gigantic spheres have become a daily visitant at so many breakfast tables in American homes. And with it come visions of white sea-beaches, vistas of palm and banana, thickets of odorous pineapples, bowers of clustering roses and, most of all, the happy faces and kindly hospitality of friends who do not have to waste half their strength in fighting zero weather.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur B. Wilson

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

THE engrossing musical topic of the hour has been provided by Mr. Puccini. The first production on any stage of his latest opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening, December 10, has set this town of Gotham agog with arguings and disputation. There is talk of "American" and "national" music, of the ability of a foreign born composer to write, and of alien singers to interpret it, and of various other mighty questions relevant and irrelevant, from "Who shall deliver us from the curse of the ticket speculator?" to "Who shall write us a lyric drama, that, whatever its period, will catch the heart of our life, the mode of our speech and the spirit of the air we breathe?"

Whatever the merit or timeliness of the debatable themes suggested by the introduction of Mr. Puccini's much-anticipated work, this fact is indisputable. The occasion was one of true significance. For the first time in the history of America, a composer of distinction had chosen to make the first production of his work in this country rather than in Europe. It was a new thing under the sun that the next day Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Milan and Rome, cities where operas have been produced, should be reading the dispatches from New York of a first production of an opera for which the entire musical world had been waiting with eagerness. It was also a new thing that a European composer should have chosen for his theme a distinctly American drama, with locale, atmosphere and characters representative of a definite period in our national development, and Mr. Belasco's play was essentially and emphatically such. This is not unmindful that Verdi, in his "Un Ballo in Maschera," after being restrained by official interference from having a king murdered, laid his plot in the colonial period in Boston, where the murder of a governor was of scant importance. Bellini, in his "I Puritani," also dealt in an unnatural way with an American story; neither was indicative of American life.

This first performance of Mr. Puccini's new opera was notable in itself. It was given on an extra night at redoubled prices. There had been an unprecedented demand for seats. On the Thursday preceding, as high as $125 apiece, and by one account, $150, was paid for orchestra chairs to the sidewalk traffickers who possess more acumen and less conscience. Be it said, furthermore, that by eight o'clock Saturday night, there were signs of more conscience and less acumen, for there were tickets to be had at half-price. Manager Brown of the opera house deserves commendation for his efforts to prevent this pernicious merchandizing. To a degree he was successful.

Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza had exercised great care in the preparations for this performance. There had been numerous rehearsals. The last of these had been under the direction of Mr. David Belasco, whose mastery of stagecraft was constantly apparent in the elaborate ensembles, and in the makeup and deportment of the principal singers.

The latter included four of the most able members of the company. Emmy

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Destinn, the Bohemian soprano, was chosen by Puccini to create the part of Minnie, "The Girl"; Mr. Caruso was Johnson, the thief, and Mr. Amato, Rance, the sheriff. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

The presence of the composer lent the occasion added distinction. The audience completely filled the theatre and was of marked brilliance. The musical life of the city was represented. Mmes. Nordica and Sembrich witnessed the performance from boxes. Scattered about in orchestra chairs were Mr. and Mrs. Homer, Antonio Scotti, Alfred Hertz, Josef Hofmann, Walter Damrosch, and Henry Russell, of the Boston Opera, who will produce the opera there later in the season. The most distinguished guest was doubtless Engelbert Humperdinck, who is here supervising the rehearsals of his "Kingschildren," which Mr. Gatti will produce the latter part of this month for the first time on any stage.

There were repeated curtain calls after the first, and particularly after the second act. There was hearty applause for the artists and Mr. Toscanini, but at the appearance of Mr. Puccini and Mr. Belasco, a mighty wave of enthusiasm swept the house. There was another demonstration when Mr. Puccini was presented by Mr. Gatti with a wreath of gold. The tumult which possessed the audience after the great climax of the second act was a memorable feature of the evening to those who witnessed it.

To inquire into the structure and character of the music it is necessary first to notice the libretto which Mr. Puccini's collaborators, Guelfo Civinini and Carlo Zangarini, have provided the composer and the character of its text.

EMMY DESTINN

The Bohemian soprano who created the title role in the new American opera, "The Girl of the Golden West"

The action of Mr. Belasco's thrilling melodrama of California and '49 will be recalled as being quick, sharp, short-breathed and incisive. The dialogue is of like nature. It was expressive, appropriate, not because of its elegance and sweep of phrase, but because of its inelegance, its bold and uncouth rigor. These rugged, brawny men and this girl, as brave and fearless as she was pure in heart and body, talked not of interior, of hidden, mystic or psychic things, but of the simple, the exterior, the obvious and altogether human doings of life, and I shall allude to this later in its relation to the music. The dialogue of the play was not apt for musical setting, particularly for the long and flowing lines of sustained melody which abound in Italian verse, and are akin to the Italian temperament.

At the outset here was a text which was neither vocal nor lyric, for words which may be delivered effectively with the speaking voice in a play may appear undignified and inconsequential when elevated to the more intense and exacting speech of lyric drama.

Confronted by this difficulty the librettists have done what they could to make a sympathetic Italian version of the story which should keep the local color as far as possible and at the same time be vocal. To find an absolute equivalent in the Italian for the vernacular of these Forty-Niners was a palpable impossibility.

The composer's task was more difficult. His fondness and skill for intoning long-breathed phrases for the singing actors would often be of but slight avail. If he would keep the dramatic dialogue moving at its proper swiftness of pace, he must give the voices terse, concise and rapid recitative, by which they could narrate the progress of the story, and to the orchestra a flood of tone which should bear them up, at times supersede them, and at times break with them into emphasizing accent.

There is nothing new in this tendency to write less of melody, smooth-curved and luscious, or poignant and burning, for the voices and more for the orchestra. It was beginning to be his way in "Madam Butterfly" and in "Tosca," and yet both bear witness of the fecundity of his imagination in melody. Nor has he wholly suppressed it now. There were ways to arrest the action long enough to let each principal sing at least one song of romance and bel canto, the sheriff in the first act, Minnie in the second and Johnson in the third. The last is an inspired page of sustained and spontaneous song written in a manner worthy of Puccini, the suave and graceful melodist. There is an aria by Wallace, the negro minstrel in the first act, and, in the second, for Wowkle, Billy's squaw, a hymn to the Sungod, by Wowkle, Billy's squaw, which has no particular Indian characteristics or color.

Although the story of Mr. Belasco's drama may not be forgotten by those who witnessed the play, it may be well to note the skeleton of the plot with what changes have been introduced for the sake of operatic treatment.

Minnie has inherited from her father the tavern known as "The Polka." Here the miners gather to play cards, drink their whiskey, attend "school," kept by "The Girl," and, like feudal lords in their mountain fastnesses, to hold a court about her, as chivalrous in deference, as unimpeachable in honor, as any of the time of Charlemagne.

The principal event of the first act is the arrival of Johnson, whom Minnie remembers to have met one day on the road to Monteray. All that precedes or follows—the brawling, the arrival of the post with letters for the boys, and Rance's declaration of love—is but embellishment. Minnie inspires Johnson with a sincere admiration for her, which is a new and strange emotion to him. When he has gone, she stands under the spell of his words.

The second act takes place in Minnie's cabin. Johnson arrives at her invitation. After introductory episodes, which include Wowkle's mildly Indian melody, and Minnie's telling of the out-of-door joys of her life, and of its loneliness, Johnson declares his love, if insistence upon a kiss be such, and there is a scene of passion and intensity.

Rance, the sheriff, who loves Minnie madly, and in vain, who saw her preference for Johnson in the tavern, and is sullen with jealousy, comes to the cabin believing that Johnson is the Ramerrez he desires, and that he is in hiding there. Minnie has secreted Johnson behind the curtains of her bed and diverts the sheriff's suspicion. He and his posse leave, but not until he has taunted her by revealing her lover's identity, and as proof, by producing a picture of him secured from his former mistress, who has betrayed him.

Minnie, flaming with anger and deep resentment, arraigns Johnson with his treachery, and commands him to leave her. He pleads for the extenuation of his guilt, but she is inexorable. He staggers out into the raging snowstorm and a shot is heard. There is a sound of a body falling against the door. Minnie opens it. As deeply consumed now by the power of her love as a moment before by that of her hatred, she drags in the wounded man, and compels him to climb to safety in the loft above.

Rance arrives this time determined he has located his game. Minnie again evades him and spurns his love. As the sheriff stands at the door with an eloquent gesture, there occurs the striking incident upon which turns the progress of the drama. Upon his outstretched hand he discovers a drop of blood, one of Mr. Belasco's exquisite but potent devices which cross the chasm of the footlights and grip an audience.

The wonder of it is that Mr. Puccini, master of stagecraft and of orchestral effect that he is, has not caught the theatric value of this subtle bit of play upon the stage, which at best is none too obvious, and has not revealed and emphasized it by some sudden, incisive stroke in his orchestra. The sustained phrase in the horn against an unbroken series of accenting and accompanying chords cannot be said to characterize.

Minnie's wager with Rance for the game in which she "stacks" her cards, and wins release for Johnson and for herself, as far as Rance is concerned, are well-remembered, swift-moving events of the second act and the heart of the drama.

The third act of the opera instead of being set in the tavern takes place in a noble forest of great trees with a range of the Sierras in the distance. This scene in the Metropolitan production was of such beauty that upon the rising of the curtain its audience broke into applause.

Rance is obliged by his oath to refrain from the chase of Johnson, and must therefore content himself to remain near the footlights, keep the narrative going either by dialogue or soliloquy, and to smoke huge and fumiferous cigars. Meanwhile his henchmen, on foot and horseback, pursue the hounded man, who apparently has a way of roaming first upon one side of the stage, then on the other, thus necessitating the passing and repassing of the full hue and cry. It is the apotheosis of lurid melodrama, and as done at the Metropolitan was a masterpiece of ensemble, of illusion, and of the craft of the stage.

MR. TOSCANINI
Who conducted the initial performance of "The Girl of the Golden West"

Johnson is at last brought into sight a captive, and the gang is about to lynch him when Minnie's cries are heard. She alights from a galloping horse, defies the captors, then wins them to grant her the life of her lover, and the two depart as she sings farewell to her California.

Such is the thread of the story. It is built upon a theme as old as history, the redemption of man through the overpowering, the triumphant love of woman, the one principle of the world that has held him above the level of the beast, and given him the rank of a king.

Wagner glorified it in the triumph of Elizabeth's pure love over that of the sensuous Venus in "Tannhauser," and in the devotion even unto death of Senta in "The Flying Dutchman." It is a theme big with the realities, the passions, the heartbeat of human life. It is not confined to rude miners and a brave woman, true to herself in the grim, tense days of early California, when men "struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved, and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of today." Elemental passion has shaken the world in every clime, but this drama has a clear identity, an individual color, a definite nationality. It is permeated by the breezy, wholesome resonance and tang of glorious mountains, noble trees and fine pure air.

It deals with men and one woman who live outwardly and with exulting prowess in this essentially physical world. There is a touch of the soul in the lesson scene—safely enough transplanted from the third act of the drama to the first of the opera—when Minnie tries to teach these gruff, big-hearted "boys" something of the story of redemption through love. If they comprehend, it is probably a version of the respect and the love they bear this girl. Again, Johnson's conversation, his more worldly wise ways and knowledge of life awaken deep within Minnie a dumb striving, a longing for something better than the tavern and its barter, which she begins to realize is sordid. And she never had but "thirty-two dollars worth of education." The exaltation and sweep of her love is the great spiritual element of the play, and this she reveals in bold superb strokes of heroic proclamation and accomplishment.

This is not a drama of intricate, subtle and interior process and analysis of soul.

Its psychology lies near to, or wholly upon the surface. It is often as elemental as nature itself.

Such is the controlling, the communicating spirit of the play. What of Mr. Puccini's music? To first sum up generally its traits, there are to be noted several things. He has subscribed very heavily, indeed, in the whole tone scale which divides an octave, like all Gaul, into three equal parts, in which half steps and minor thirds shall be no more. He has become very fond of acute and unpalliated discord. When Minnie puts on the tight party shoes before Johnson's arrival, she does so to the sound of a diatonic series of bald chords of parallel sevenths. The major seventh has no terrors for Mr. Puccini. He has secured a very striking effect at the close of the first act where he has mirrored the voices of aspiration and the wild longing with which Johnson inspires Minnie, by a vanishing chord of the unresolved major seventh upon the tonic of C major. There is a pungently acute passage in consecutive seconds in trumpets, clashing upon each other, as Minnie rushes in to save her lover, but in these and other instances, the music sounds. It spurs the emotion and bears it to the hearers. Mr. Puccini has also made use of constant variation of tempo and of rhythm. He has kept the pace of the drama.

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DUPONT
CARUSO

Courtesy of the Victor Talking Machine Company

He has used a sonorous and resourceful orchestra. The score calls for a piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, English horn, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contra bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, four trombones, two harps, glockenspiel, celeste, bass drum, cymbals, tambourine, triangle, fonica (an arrangement of bells in B, E, and B, the two B's being on the first space above the bass, and the middle line of the treble clefs respectively), and the usual strings. The composer has mixed his tints of orchestral color with skill and with that peculiar note of personality which characterizes him. He has shown himself a cunning, resourceful master of dramatizing music.

Of the less technical traits, the observer of his score and the auditor at the performances notice at once the elaborate system of leading motifs which he has employed. There is a "redemption" theme proclaimed sonorously at the beginning of the short introduction. There is a theme announced by oboe soon after the first curtain, indicative of Minnie. A variant of it, acutely harmonized, returns at her appearance and is identified with her. It is repeated when she begs for her lover's life in the last act. Johnson has a succession of vigorous chords in "rag-time," whatever the aspersion intended upon his character may be. Rance has a brutal and insistent motif, and when entering Minnie's cabin there sounds a suggestion of the crunching, implacable chords of the Scarpia theme in "Tosca," a group of tones which seem essential to Puccini, for they are to be found in "La Boheme" and in "Madam Butterfly." There is a "homesick" theme sung by Wallace, the negro minstrel, and there is even a theme for Billy Jackrabbit, the Indian. These characterizing melodic and harmonic figures are dressed in varying designs and are worked over with skill and effectiveness.

The diminishing use of melody in the voices, and the substitution of dramatic narration of the story has been spoken of. The nearest approach to set aria may be found in the minstrel's song, in Minnie's account in rather florid style, in act two, of her joy of riding her pony through the valley and her love of the mountains, and in Johnson's superb romanza in the last act when death impends.

There is one frank and undisguised

"tune," which is already whistled about town as though it were floating funny verses and a catchy chorus at some musical show. One of the most obvious signs of the composer's clever use of derived themes is his development of this tune, with the quality of the dance hall upon it, into a series of lovely commentaries upon the love element of the story. If the patriotic American were to search through Mr. Puccini's score to find a hint, a suggestion, a chance earmark of his native land, or of the time and circumstance of the drama, this meagre and sentimental succession of notes as first heard before its metamorphoses is approximately the extent of his reward. Will he not find an echo of an Indian melody, a few shreds or patches of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star Spangled Banner"? Verily, he will not. Of course Puccini has used the latter in "Madam Butterfly," but the last word has not been irrevocably said with it, if I am not mistaken in Frederick Converse's score of "The Sacrifice," another opera of California and the late 40's which Boston proposes to bring to light in February.

It is to be granted that Mr. Puccini has often written music for his orchestra which betokens and emphasizes the incident, which magnifies and proclaims the emotion and the mood. He has done the first in the tense and hammering heartbeats of the muttering double basses as Minnie plays her last and victorious hand before the sheriff bids her "Goodnight" and leaves her, and he has done the second in the towering climax of overwhelming passion which follows.

But the fact remains that for the greater part of the three acts, the orchestra and the impressions which it creates are of one world, and the stage with its appeal to the eye of another. The drama is not a tale of sophistication, of interior nor mystical feeling. The music from the very outset is such. Just what the relation between the science of acoustics and the temperamental or suggestive properties of music may be as applied to the whole tone scale, that subtle and appalling mode of speech, containing the words of both unearthly beauty and terrible foreboding, is yet to be determined.

It is hard to conceive how anything could be more expressive of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" than Debussy's score with his use of it, but Maeterlinck had written of people who lived as in the hush of a dream apart, in solitudes peopled by strange and mysterious powers, untroubled by a sheriff, whiskey, poker, the scramble for dollars even uncoined, and the prospect of lynchings.

Photo by Mishkin Studio

MME. CARMEN MELIS

Soprano at the Boston Opera House, where her Tosca has excited admiration. Mme. Melis will sing the part of Minnie in the production of "The Girl of the Golden West" to be made by the Boston company this month

It is an essentially human quality that Mr. Puccini's music too often lacks. It delineates feeling at times with great power, but not always as it would be known to men who are gruff, outspoken, square-from-the-shoulder, and yet tender.

He has written of a form of life, and of a type of people that are wholly strange to him, and has no doubt tried to infuse local color into the writing. But the inevitable constraint is frequently apparent. A man's sympathies cannot be indigenous to every soil or clime. Italy is not what the West was in its sturdy and incorrigible infancy. "The Girl of the Golden West" has been called an American opera. It is nothing of the sort. It is indeed composed of a typically and representative American drama dressed up and served with much of the flavor of an Italian music melodrama, itself strongly seasoned with the acrid harmonies of the modern French school, but it is not consistently American in character.

There is a place for the whole tone scale and its haunting, elusive spell, but when by means of it, Minnie tells Joe, Harry, Happy and the rest of them that "there's no sinner who can't find the way of redemption," she is limiting salvation to sinners of fastidious and sophisticated tastes. This is but one of moments in which the music sounds strangely labored, aloof, complex and out of tune with the situation. There are too many pages which seem an irrelevant and incongruous accompaniment to sombreros, flannel shirts, cowhide boots and the rough and ready talk of miners. There are others transcending thought of nationalism or "school," which make direct, untrammeled and forceful appeal to the emotions.

The success of this opera with the public is to be determined. Its presentation was admirable. Miss Destinn warranted the composer's choice of her to create the part. Mr. Caruso acted with surprising appreciation of the role and sang superbly. Mr. Amato gave a splendidly balanced performance in voice and impersonation. Mr. Toscanini conducted with the poetic spirit and the authority which characterizes him. The stage management throughout was commendable.

When the opera is produced in Boston, Mme. Carmen Melis will sing the role of "the Girl." In the production by the Chicago company, it will be taken by Miss Carolina White, a young singer from Boston.

Whatever the objection may be to the music as an exotic product, the probability is that if Mr. Caruso has opportunity to sob out enough high notes, in phrases arched as the rainbow, then it matters not whether the atmosphere or the suggestion of the music be that of Milan, Singapore or the distant isles of the sea. There will be a golden west in the box office, and in the theatre the noise of applause, as the sound of many waters. Therefore we shall soon be a musical people, and this is all as it should be.

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
  O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
  Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
  With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
  His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself, and all the world;
  Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
  Sleep sweet, good-night! good-night!

Ellen M. H. Gates, in "Heart Throbs."

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By FREDERICK HULZMANN

PERHAPS it is the holiday season—when one naturally thinks of forests of Christmas trees and oceans of toys—that makes the children so prominent a factor during the Christmas and New Year's holidays. At other times they may be overlooked, but just now the youngsters represent the "prime factor" in every household.

The different lists this month give evidence of special effort to entertain the young people, not by means of nonsensical, farcical dialect pieces, but through selections truly educative. Possibly the various companies have been doing this good work right along, and parents may already have taken advantage of the opportunity afforded their young folk through this medium—it may be that the season and sentiment were necessary to bring the matter to my personal attention.

Be that as it may, "Little Orphant Annie" on the Victor, "Santa Claus' Workshop" on the Columbia, and the act from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the Edison list, show that the younger generation is now being duly considered even in the selection of musical records.

* * *

The special Christmas numbers on the holiday Victor list—Adams's "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Every Valley Shall be Exalted," and "Comfort Ye My People" from Handel's "Messiah"—will have a universal welcome. They are faultlessly recorded on twelve-inch Red Seal records, and sung by the well-known tenor, Evan Williams.

Kipling admirers will appreciate Witherspoon's rendition of "Rolling down to Rio," also on the Red Seal list. Quite excellent on the flute is Pessard's "Andalouse," played by John Lemmone, who, it will be remembered, is accompanying Mme. Melba on her American tour.

Two operatic medleys are offered by the Victor Light Opera Company; gems from "Our Miss Gibbs" and from "Olivette." The "Alma" duet from "Alma, Where do you Live," still playing at Weber's on Broadway, is decidedly "late" and well sung by Miss Barbour and Mr. Anthony. Direct from stageland, also, are "I'm Fancy Free" from "Girl in the Train," and "Mary" from "Our Miss Gibbs."

Harry Lauder in "Wee Jean MacGregor" is as usual acceptable. The medley "River Shannon," with themes of "My Cousin Caruso," "Lily of the Prairie" and "Where the River Shannon Flows" makes an excellent two-step.

Children and grown-ups alike will be delighted with the recording of James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie" —also Holman Day's "Aunt Shaw's Pet Jug,"—on double-disc No. 16831, recited by that inimitable entertainer, Henry Allan Price. I cannot too strongly urge on both the Victor company and the parents in Victor homes, a continuation and an appreciation, respectively, of this sort of record.

For the youngster at school who dreads "Recitation Day" with its endless preparatory rehearsal at the hands of "Ma" or "Teacher" so that inflections and expression may be correct, a record such as this is of strong educational value. The "swing" of the selection will be learned after putting the cylinder on two or three times, and the youthful speaker who has mounted the platform and poured forth his soul according to the manner of the talking-machine artist, will always be called upon on "Visiting Day," "Friday afternoon" or other momentous occasions when the "best speaker" is in demand.

* * *

"Santa Claus' Workshop" on the Columbia list ought to delight the little ones; it tells all about the room where the jolly patron of Christmas wields hammer and anvil to form the toys which he scatters throughout the land at Yuletide. It is placed on a double-disc record with "Christmas Bells," an excellent violin and harp duet.

Another good Christmas record is A918, double-disc, containing that impressive old Christmas carol, "The First Nowell," rendered by the Invincible Male Quartette, and "Medley of Christmas Carols," Columbia Brass Quartette. The latter organization is an acquisition to the Columbia ranks, and its novelty alone ensures for it a favorable reception.

Just now one can interest folks as at no other time in music solemn and sacred—the season seems to require it, or the spirit of Yuletide to create it. Here, then, are Anthony & Harrison, whose specialty is in this field, in "Some Sweet Day By-and-By," the well-known gospel hymn. "Adeste Fideles" has been excellently arranged on the opposite face, as sung by the Columbia Mixed Quartette.

There are a couple of very good holiday selections on the two and four-minute indestructible lists: "Around the Christmas Tree," band and children's voices; "Christmas Echoes," Band and Quartette.

The "hits" of Chas. K. Harris make a creditable showing when gathered together. Double-disc record No. A926 gives them in medley form, played by Prince's Orchestra. I note that only Mr. Harris's late songs are included; those old favorites, such as "Always in the Way," seem at last to have been successfully shelved.

The announcement that Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 2, Parts I and II) has been recorded by Prince's Band will be appreciated by all students of that great composer. His series of fifteen rhapsodies is one of the best in representative national music.

It seems good to have something from Raymond Hitchcock. "And the World Goes On" and "Ain't It Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make?" are well suited to his style.

* * *

Every Edison owner should have at least one of the Christmas records on the December list. There are three excellent selections; "Bells of Christmas," Edison Concert Band and Chorus; "The Birthday of a King," James F. Harrison and Mixed Chorus; "The Angels' Song," Edison Concert Band and Chorus. Then there is that charming sacred song, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," as sung by Miss Marie Narelle.

The good work being done by Len Spencer & Company has been mentioned before; this month, in the first act of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he is wonderfully good. The complete cast of characters is represented—St. Clare, Aunt Ophelia, Eva, Uncle Tom and Topsy herself, besides banjos and other accompaniments which make things as realistic as possible.

Our old friend, "Uncle Josh," is back after going through the pangs of "roomatics," which he vividly describes. Cal Stewart is a true impersonator, and is very welcome again.

Among xylophone artists, Mr. Charles Daab has an enviable reputation. That very difficult fantasia, "The Mocking Bird," is rendered by him this month, and is quite pleasing on the xylophone.

Indian songs were quite the thing half a decade ago, but though the demand has for a year or two been somewhat on the wane, occasionally something really good comes up from the music publishers. The Edison people have recorded a little Indian love melody of Kerry Mills, "Valley Flower," sung by Frederic H. Potter and Chorus.

Selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," one of Victor Herbert's best operas, are offered on Amberol Record No. 569.

The Grand Opera list has been selected with especial care. There are selections by Slezak, Jorn, Giorgini, Mlle. Bori and Miss Kurz.

WHAT CO-OPERATION MEANS

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ONE MILLION persons receiving each month and sometimes twice a month a letter from a single concern is a startling revelation of modern business and industrial life. It is an indication of many things, chief among which is this: That the small investor is glad of the opportunity to participate in the profits of approved enterprises which are brought to his attention through the personally addressed letters of a substantial house.

A corporation that writes to a million persons at least once every month is the product of an age of concentration. Capitalists have for years cliqued together for greater profits to themselves and the exclusion of the man of little capital. But a great power has always been in the hands of the men of average capital. When the persons with small sums to invest *do* combine their capital, they have a fund able to set up in business to compete with any power, to take advantage of any money-making opportunity if a means for safely and intelligently selecting investments is at hand. Here enter the Sterling Debenture Corporation which though only in the fifth year of its life has risen to be the largest corporation of its kind in the world. It has become a tremendous power because it discerned one need of the American people in the matter of investments. The founder believed in the good common sense of the American people and they have returned his confidence.

But to bring the individual investor in touch with great financial and business enterprises and to give the man of small means the opportunity to participate according to his capital in such projects as have hitherto chiefly benefitted the millionaires of Wall Street was a task beset with many difficulties. It was a slow process for the promoters through the mails of legitimate and practical enterprises to overcome the natural resentment and distrust engendered by the old school of capitalists. It took courage and money and patience and no end of hard work to raise up a business along lines that had for years been misused and abused, and to stand pat until the whole public should be able to discern the unmistakable signs of sincerity and fair dealing. This the Sterling Debenture Corporation of New York City has done—created a national investment place for all peoples, an institution so founded and managed that its securities are entirely out of the speculative field and cannot be reached by the machinery of Wall Street. Such an organization partakes of the spirit of democracy and is typical of republican America.

As a guest of the Board of Directors of the Sterling Debenture Corporation at a noonday luncheon in their offices in the Brunswick Building, Madison Square, a glance at my hosts solved the mystery of how so great an organization had so quickly grown from obscurity to the prominence of a corporation whose patrons are to be found not only in practically every city and village in the United States but whose clientele extends to Europe and even to China and the isles of the sea. These men who had set an ideal and pushed to the front in spite of the most strenuous and unsparing antagonism, are all in the prime of life, full of vigor and courage and the resolution that sticks. Possessed with individual traits and gifts of administration, they constantly make their energies still more effective by maintaining a perfect unanimity.

Before this directorate, including as it does men of exceptional qualifications for various divisions of the work, and possessing a diversified type of mentality and temperament, a proposition once up for discussion goes through a process quite out of the ordinary. The light is thrown upon it from every possible angle. Out of a rich experience in varied fields, the members of the directorate are able, as a board, to gain many points of view. From their corps of helpers they, if need be, can draw an infinite number of side-lights. Yet all this power of penetration is not final. Before the Sterling consents to offer the stocks or bonds of any corporation to its correspondents it practically exhausts the field of investigation by running down the last detail; by calling to its aid and giving free lance to independent experts in various lines. If an undertaking passes the Sterling process of investigation and still stands strong as something worthy the confidence of investors, then the skill, the strength, the buoyant optimism of the whole organization is devoted to making it a success.

Many organizations have been carried to fruition by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, but its greatest work has been the introduction of the Telepost to the favorable consideration of the whole people. The Telepost is the new system of telegraphy which is making telegrams as common as postal cards. The Telepost sends by machine a thousand words a minute over a telegraph wire, which rate of speed is a long step in advance when it is recalled that the old method of sending telegrams relies upon hand operation with an average speed of only fifteen words a minute. The Telepost can send more messages over one wire under its system than can be sent by sixty-five wires under the old system which other companies are using. The lines already established demonstrate that the Telepost can handle messages at a lower rate than any other telegraph company in the world, making a charge of only ten cents for a ten-word "Telecard" transmitted by wire and delivered by postal card at destination; twenty-five cents for a twenty-five-word telegram, delivered by messenger; twenty-five cents for a fifty-word "Telepost" delivered by mail at destination; twenty-five cents for a one-hundred-word "Teletape" delivered by messenger. The Telepost has a uniform rate for all connected points such as the government has for its rates of postage. No wonder then that the Telepost met the monopolistic opposition when it started out, and no wonder that public sentiment is with it, now that the people see their opportunity either as investors or simply as patrons of an improved system of telegraphy. All these facts are, however, well known to the hosts of people who are already interested in this great project, either as stockholders or as altruistic co-operators in the upbuilding of what has come to be regarded as a people's institution.

During the last year the Telepost has been extending its lines over the Middle West and has been most heartily welcomed. Public sentiment and the good reports that the cities using the Telepost service are enthusiastically sending on before it, are now effectually offsetting the opposition that was hurled at it from the beginning. Boston, Portland, Louisville, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago are already centers for Telepost business.

The Telepost has been founded on an unusual plan. Its stock is apportioned by states and so widely distributed that it will be impossible for any trust or monopoly to get control of it. The number of shares each person may hold is limited. But to make still more certain that the Telepost shall remain a free and independent institution giving one rate between all points and that rate so low that it makes telegrams available for all, a Board of Voting Trustees has been formed. The Board of Voting Trustees is a later-day modification of the Tribune of old. It is an institution of public-spirited men *each* of whom is armed with the veto power—the power to forbid any action tending toward the impairment of the independence of this telegraph company. The Telepost must perforce remain a free and independent concern without merger or alliance with the telegraph trust.

The great test of the merit of a new utility is its power to develop new business. The Telepost has the magic of developing new business. The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the adding machine—all these utilities in their own way attracted new business. The Telepost in its own way developed a new class of business, and it will gain more and more business as the system is extended. What it has already done and what it is doing have demonstrated that the business awaiting this company in every part of the United States is of a volume that can only be compared with the post office business.

Mr. H. Lee Sellers, the president of the Telepost Company, is a man of marked ability and his work in bringing the subject before Congress when an entrance into the District of Columbia was desired showed his strong administrative ability.

Recurring to the Sterling Debenture Corporation itself: the directors of many corporations meet occasionally. The directors of the Sterling Debenture Corporation hold a meeting every day. Theirs is a directorate that truly directs. Some directorates are constantly *in touch* with the affairs of the corporations, the Sterling's directorate is constantly *pushing* its affairs. No one could meet this board of directors without becoming infected with the enthusiasm which they give to the great projects they have carried to success. The whole organization blazes with initiative and optimism born of sincerity of purpose. But it is not a blind optimism. It is balanced with a knowledge of cause and effect.

F. W. Shumaker is the chairman of the board of directors that includes G. H. Middlebrook, C. B. Seabury, S. E. Findley, E. A. Barron, W. S. Edwards and H. H. Platt.

The tremendous amount of literature sent out by this corporation every day furnishes a study in business methods that might save many a business house large sums. An immense organization of this kind, run like a factory, cuts off expenses at every turn and sometimes in almost bewildering fashion. Expenses that in the ordinary office organization, however large that organization may be, cannot be forced below a certain figure are in this factory-like office pared down as efficiency is forced up. The Sterling Debenture Corporation, by dealing with millions through a system that is marvelously economical (where costs and profits are in every minute matter known to a certainty) *makes money* by *saving money* that individuals or small firms working along similar lines could not avoid spending. As an illustration, the saving of ten seconds on the part of one typist addressing one letter means, when applied to all typists and all letters that are sent out in the course of a year, thousands of dollars.

The keynote of the literature of the Sterling Debenture Corporation is sincerity. There is no straining for effect, no eccentricities to attract attention. The old rule to "call a spade a spade," to begin at A, tell the facts to Z and then stop, prevails. The literature stands in a class of itself, and has been adopted in at least one college as an example and model of what sound and profitable advertising should be.

All men recognize the ring of sincerity whether the word drops from the lips or is printed on paper, and that is why men like to read the literature of the Sterling; and more and more are coming to prefer that investment opportunities be brought to their attention through the mails. By this method they can give as much or as little time as they choose to the subject. They can put the salesman who comes in an envelope into a pocket, and consider what he has to say as they travel, or in the quiet of the home after the rush of the day is over. The salesman who walks and talks may be a diplomat or a hypnotist, but the offer to sell that comes on paper is down "in black and white."

The salesman who walks and talks and is able to get an audience with many men and able to present his case with as much conciseness as is done in a booklet commands a salary that may reach and often does reach twenty thousand dollars a year, besides very heavy traveling expenses. The "salesman" who is dispatched in an envelope, goes to the farthermost point of the country for two cents and no matter how many fruitless calls this commercial envoy may make, this form of solicitation is vastly more economical than would be the employment of personal representatives. An institution, able to do business through the mails with customers all over the world, has a long advantage over other institutions that are obliged to add to the selling costs large salaries and the traveling expenses of many men.

The Sterling plan of business, conducting its dealings through *the mails*, gives the small investor his chance to participate in the profits of big undertakings. In the past the average man had no such chance. "To him that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath," seemed to many luckless investors to have special application to their attempts to place modest sums in positions of earning advantage.

Those who have watched closely during the past five years the gradual building up of this institution are forced to the conclusion that the Sterling Debenture Corporation's sound methods in financing must exercise a general and wholesome influence upon the entire financial world. The old idea that "corporations have no souls," and cannot be held by the same standards of morals and ethics that obtain between men as individuals, is fast giving way to the truer conception that the same code applies with equal force, whether the relations are between man and man, or nation and nation or corporation and individual.

Success is always impressive, and when men and institutions in the past built up material success on the avowed theory that "business is business, and must not be hampered by a too finely ethical analysis," the tendency was to unsettle the convictions and lower the standards of the young man ambitious to make himself felt in the business world. Therefore, amid all this, to see the Sterling, from its foundation of old-fashioned direct dealing, rising up to national greatness is to witness a triumph worthy the thought and attention of all men.

FOR ALL THESE

I THANK Thee, Lord, that I am straight and strong,
With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
That two score years, unfathomed, still belong
To the alloted life Thy bounty gave.

I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

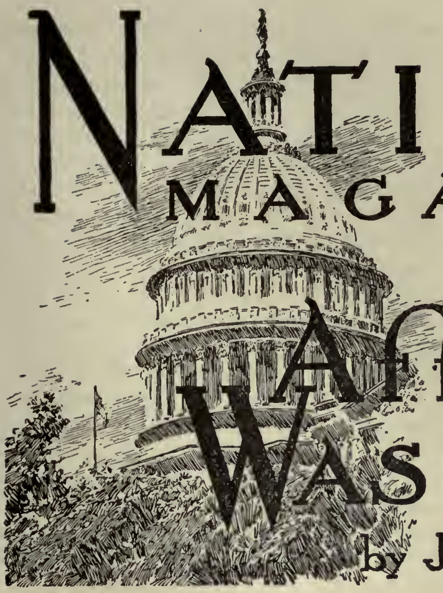
I thank Thee that I love the things of Earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
Yet need not fear the mystery of end;
But more than all, and though all these should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees —I thank Thee for my friend.

—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, in the book "Heart Throbs."

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1911



Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE good Saint Valentine, patron of timid and separated lovers, plays his part in statecraft; for when two men like President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt correspond in hearty words of personal greeting, despite what may be fancied by the public as strained relations, the subtle influence of an exchange of written missives means much.

Saint Valentine's day is the one holiday that finds the Washington social season at its zenith. The custom, handed down from the days of General Washington and on through Jeffersonian times, of sending invitations with all the punctiliousness of court etiquette, has been continued. Formal invitations, receptions and balls are an important factor in that complex code of *politesse* known as "Washington usage."

What might be called disrespectful in one nation is with others complimentary. It was an Englishman, so the story goes, who felt quite indignant when he was given a note of introduction proclaiming him "a good fellow."

"Why, I say," he expostulated, " 'good fellow'—'*good fellow*'*!*—why, that means a perfect rounder, doncherknow—a bounder, a *sport!* 'Pon honor, but that fellow presumes!"

So upon the delicacy of word meanings hinges the effect of correspondence, whether it be the endearing adjectives profusely scattered through the valentine's burden of passionate verse, or the carefully qualifying phrases of a legal document; for the accepted meaning of the written word remains after all its final and permanent record.

* * *

THE old-fashioned valentine is as popular in Washington today as of yore. The small boy impels his childish shaft of satire through the mail at "teacher," and the little, fluffy, lace-like valentine with "raised work" still has a popular place in Uncle Sam's mailbags. Although the valentine mail is not as heavy as at Christmas, there is incontrovertible evidence that the old-time sentiment still clusters about the feast of Saint Valentine's.

The billions of post cards sent out for holiday greetings have had much to do with decreasing the postal deficit. It is estimated that every man, woman and child sent out during the Christmas season at least ten picture post cards, and on every one of these was placed a one-cent stamp. The sale of this denomination is said to be surpassing all previous records, and is substantially cutting down the deficit.

The fact that President Taft is corresponding amicably with Colonel Roosevelt is looked upon as meaning an exchange of political valentines, leading to a peace-pact between the factions of the Republican party, in its preparations for the presidential battle of 1912.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS ALICE WHITE
Youngest daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. White. She makes her debut this season in Washington

"SOME men are so hungry for information that they'll sit up nights with the dictionary to find a new word that will fit a phrase to apply to some enemy!" growled a Representative the other day as he was deep in a pile of books trying to trace the origin of a phrase which had been effectively used in an investigation.

Mr. Richard H. Thornton has made an exhaustive research of those Americanisms which increase in number yearly. First called slang, they later became words or phrases in modern usage. One of the most significant phrases described is "barking up the wrong tree," which originated in 1833 with Davy Crockett. He was talking about the meanest man he ever knew, and said: "I told him he reminded me of the meanest thing on God's earth—an old coon dog barking up the wrong tree." Three years later his use of the expression was again set down: "Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle." It wasn't until 1838 that the phrase found its place in the *Congressional Record*, when Mr. Duncan of Ohio exclaimed: "Instead of having treed their game, gentlemen will find themselves still 'barking up the wrong tree.' "

"Riffle," "make the riffle," "right away," "all right on the goose," etc., have now found themselves permanently located in the American glossary of pure Americanisms.

* * *

THE political pendulum has swung to the other side in the House of Representatives. What was known as the "Cherokee strip"—in which the overflow of Republicans from the right of the chamber was placed with the Democrats on the left—has now been displaced and the Democrats of the left have been invited over to the Republican side of the chamber, which the recent elections have left somewhat bare and desolate. The "Cherokee strip" may be regarded as the barometer of party fluctuations.

With fifty Republican and forty-two Democratic senators, the parties have started fairly even in the new Congress. Senator LaFollette, together with his multifarious collection of papers, pencils, books and pens, has moved over to the Republican side, and it is felt that this close association will lead to still further harmonious relations.

* * *

WHENEVER it is my good fortune to meet anyone who after a long life can recall vividly those things which are known only in the pages of history, a new perspective of past events is obtained. On the pension roll one name goes back to the days of 1776—the daughter of a soldier in Washington's army. There are also living pensioners of the war of 1812 and the Mexican War; and when I sat down for a chat with John Porter of Iowa, who remembered when Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster walked down the aisle of the old Senate Hall, when Abraham Lincoln was known only in his congressional district, James G. Blaine had never been heard of, and Speaker Cannon was a barefoot boy, it seemed a stretch well back into the storied past. And literature—in his day Ann S. Stevens was the best beloved writer and *Graham's Magazine* in its heyday of popularity.

Mr. Porter is a veteran member of the bar from Eldora, Iowa, and he was enjoying every minute of it at the Raleigh. He recalled vividly when the first railroad train set out in 1831, on that famous twelve-mile run from Baltimore to Ellicotville. Many famous men predicted the dire failure of even those few miles of track, and when Morse announced that it would be possible to have communication from city to city over a wire, he was looked upon as a dreamer.

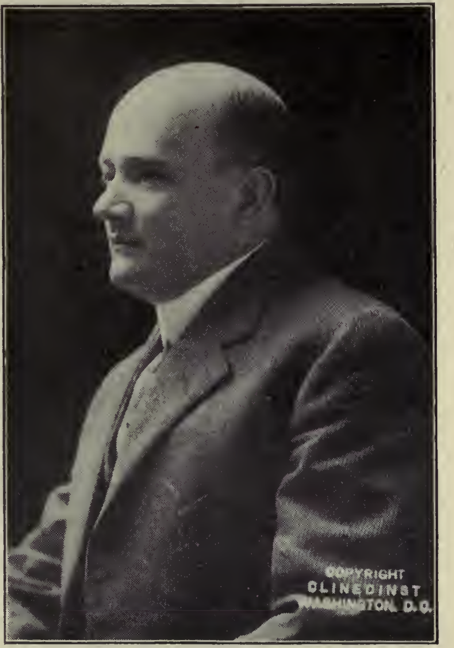
Keenly interested in affairs political, Mr. Porter talked glowingly of the days of Governor Kirkwood and Senator Grimes of Iowa, and the great settlement of the West. "Why, do you know," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "they used to laugh at us for making homes out on the great prairie-wastes in Iowa—as being outside of all possible civilization for centuries to come and all that. Land then went begging for $1.25 per acre, and now it's selling for $200.

"I tell you, things have moved in my day," he laughed and gazed dreamily, as one who sees only the glories of past days and men who are only memories. Mr. Porter was admitted to the bar in 1853, when Roger B. Taney was Chief Justice, and in his eighty-third year is still in active practice before the Supreme Court.

* * *

AFTER every other subject has been exhausted when talking over affairs at Washington, a new cabinet rumor is a safe harbor of refuge. Cabinet rumors have been plentiful and persistent ever since President Taft was inaugurated, but the Cabinet still remains whole and intact at this writing.

The Cabinet selections have not altogether been governed by personal feelings under President Taft's regime. As in the days of emperors and kings, when one minister holds his portfolio longer than another and when certain public men come with unusual frequency to visit the President, it is looked upon as an indication that "something is going to happen" at the White House. But when these rumors are reduced to a common denominator, it generally means that things are jogging along in the good old way. Rumor or no rumor, the Cabinet continues to meet on Tuesdays and Fridays and the same spirit of village gossip that makes enemies of friends through hearsay and idle talk has little weight with practical men who insist that between friends no explanations are necessary, and no gossip seriously considered. They have long



ROBERT O. BAILEY
Who was recently promoted to the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He succeeds C. D. Hilles

since learned that when a Machiavelli first determines upon a disruption of amicable relations, he first sets idle tongues a-wagging, and hopes that his rumor will be repeated—with additions—to the next hearer as fact.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst

MARCHESA CUSANI

Chatelaine of the Italian Embassy, wife of the new Italian Ambassador. Many important hospitalities are planned in her honor. She will also give some very brilliant receptions this season

ONCE upon a time railroad presidents merely visited Washington as a matter of recreation, but now attendance at the sessions of the Interstate Commerce Commission seems to be a part of their official business. The passing of the railroad king—the financier rather than the railroad man—has never been more evidenced than in the sharp contrast of the recent election of Charles H. Markham as president of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Here is a man who actually started his career swinging the pick and driving spikes as a section-hand, a type of energetic Americanism which somehow fires the interest of his fellow-Americans, who never lose the spirit of romance, or forget, in spite of their acceptance and recognition of the advantages of college education, that Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter.

The ablest men of the country have been engaged in the railroad business, and likewise a railroad president can be a real patriot, and his interest in the welfare of the public may be just as sincere as that of his most scathing detractor, even if shorn of his power to issue "passes."

* * *

AS the automobiles were whizzing down the Avenue, a member of the French Legation asserted with true native loyalty that Napoleon was the first great patron saint of the automobile. To the "first automobilist," one Joseph Cugnot, who made a locomotive for roads which has been for years on exhibition at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, the emperor awarded a pension which saved the inventor from dying in want, as is the lot of many geniuses.

In the locomotive which Cugnot planned, guns and ammunition were carried, all of which must have touched the heart of Napoleon, who looked askance at the inventor of so peaceful a means of locomotion as the steamboat. But though Bonaparte called Fulton an adventurer, my friend insisted that the honor of being the patron saint of the modern motor car belonged to none other than the great Napoleon.

* * *

THE Weather Bureau map pointed to a cold wave due that week, and the sniffling M. C. wended his way to the doctor's office. Now besides the cold—which would of course grow worse with a spell of zero weather and doubtless would develop into pulmonary pneumonia—

there was some hard work coming up in the House, and certain legislative matters to grapple with that the Congressman wanted to sidestep.

"Doctor," he burst forth as he stuffed his seventh handkerchief into his coat, "this cold seems to be growing worse—sort of clinging to me. I know," grudgingly, "it's a little better now than when I first came down with the grippe, but—don't you think I ought to go to a warmer climate?"

"Why," demurred the M. D. with a twinkle in his eye, "we're getting on famously now; the cold won't 'cling' much longer. Warm climate!—why, my dear sir, that's just what I've been trying to save you from—going that way before your time!"

* * *

SWINGING along at the impetuous gait now familiar to most Washington folk, President Taft thrust aside all precedents and made an impromptu call at the Post Office Department on Postmaster-General Hitchcock. He arrived about 7 P. M., when most of the force were away quietly enjoying their dinners, and found the head of affairs busy with a mass of complexities, pushing through with the evening's work

The President strolled out through the corridors, gazed up at the massive American flag in the great court, and made himself at home in general. It is doubtful if he often takes a trip that is enjoyed as much as was this, just slipping out at an unexpected hour and calling on one of his Cabinet officers informally, as was his wont in the old days.

Doubtless he made the visit largely to see a Cabinet minister in action in his particular department, especially a department which has shown a saving of eleven million, five hundred thousand dollars during the year.

* * *

IT doesn't seem so long ago, after all, that the President was seen in the House or Senate restaurant enjoying a luncheon and chatting with the different members, when he was Mr. Secretary-of-War. He seems to feel that he hasn't lost his rights as an American citizen, although he may be a President, and he has little regard for the professional formalities of his official position. He moves about the city with the perfect freedom of his predecessor, although wherever he goes the secret service men clad in evening or business clothes, as suit the occasion, are close by his side.

When the President leaves Washington, a Secret Service man goes ahead. If it is a speaking engagement to be fulfilled, a man from the Secret Service Bureau consults the reception committee as to the men who are to meet the President and the policemen to be on guard, and many other details. They must even know in advance who is to drive or to occupy the carriages which carry President Taft to and from the station, who is to introduce him, and who to sit nearby. Every arrangement connected with a public dinner or parade is scheduled to the minute.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst

MARCHESE CUSANI CONFALONIERI
The new Italian Ambassador

Every detail of the trip—almost every movement of the President—is known and timed far in advance, and every precaution taken for his safety every hour of the day and every day in the year, due to the untiring energy of the Secret Service force, who go about all things with as little "noise" as possible. As Chief Wilkie has often said to the newspaper boys, "Say just as little as you can about us."

Photo by Straus-Peylon
HENRY MILLER, THE ACTOR
Starring in Sheldon's new play, "The Havoc"

JUST outside of the Senate Gallery stand the busts of former Vice-Presidents Stevenson, Hobart, Morton, Roosevelt and Fairbanks, which were placed there because of lack of room inside. As the throngs of tourists pass through, they stop to look with admiration upon the beautiful white marble images of our recent Vice-Presidents.

Every door, nook and corner about the Capitol is interesting. Paintings here, there and everywhere flash forth the dramatic events of history from the battle of Chapultepec to the scenes at San Juan.

There is one mystery in the building—the bust of an Indian—and no one seems to know who it is or where it originally came from. It bears no inscription to tell why it is there and the features are so indistinct that no one can discover what stalwart brave has the distinction of occupying a place in the Capitol.

The guides who direct the sight-seers always have at hand a ready fund of inspiration which is thrilling and dramatic at times. The attention of the visitors, as they stand about the conductor, is a revelation of the keen interest which Americans take in national successes, and American worthies, past and present.

* * *

MUCH nodding of heads and many conferences prevailed while determining the question of Republican leadership in the Senate for the Sixty-second Congress. The power and influence of the New England senatorial delegation devolves to a large extent upon Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, the untiring, resourceful, level-headed Senator from New Hampshire.

No one man, say his friends, has ever accomplished more real work from the time he first served in the Senate than Mr. Gallinger. He it was who saw to all the details of the construction of the new Senate office building; he has seen long and active service on the naval, commerce and appropriations committees and has been in close touch with all the federal legislation for a quarter of a century past.

Because of these things and somewhat because of the illness of Senator Frye and Senator Cullom, the leadership of the Senate will probably fall to Senator Gallinger. Still in his vigorous prime, he has that genius for leadership and instinctive knowledge of how things have been done and how they can be done that counts for so much at Washington.

When he finishes up his early morning's work at the Senate office building, he takes the jaunting car across the tunnel and begins work on the District of Columbia Committee, of which he is chairman. He is nearly always on the floor when the roll-call is announced, for many things besides his immediate work engross the attention of the senior Senator from New Hampshire.

The old tradition of leadership passing by reason of seniority—of course when coupled with ability—has never yet been broken, and naturally and logically the leadership of Senator Gallinger in the Senate is conceded. When one realizes that the bulk of all the real work of the Senate is transacted in the committee rooms, it is not hard to understand why such members as Senator Gallinger become leaders in times of emergency, when expert knowledge of all the details of legislation is indispensable.

* * *

A SENATOR who is an ardent advocate of a tariff commission was taken aback when, while waiting in the executive, he spun what he considered a really "phunny" story.

He was telling about the Englishman who didn't want his wife to put on the gown she had worn on the night previous. The wife, surprised, queried: "Why, my dear, what's the matter with that dress?"

"Well, Brown-Jones came to me last night after looking at it, and said without the ghost of a smile: 'Ah, my dear fellow, I see your wife's back from Kensington!' "

There wasn't a snicker. "That's an English joke," admitted the story-teller, with an expression that varied between amusement and discomfiture, "and English jokes are a bit difficult to some."

"You mean to say," drawled a listener, "that he saw the lady's back in her decollete gown from Kensington? Is that it?"

"That's it; that's the joke."

"As a member of the Tariff Commission," stated the other, still without smiling, "I think you ought to put a protective tariff on anything that gets here from England in the way of a joke. Put the duty on jokes and we'll have less of the Punch variety floating around the cloakroom."

* * *

SPEAKING of distinguished men of learning in Harvard, Yale and other noted university towns, I think there are more folks devoting their lives to research in Washington than in any other city in the country. I have a delightful friend living quietly at the Capital, who spends his days in the study of science. I want to reproduce one of his conclusions, exactly as he gave it to me, that I may show the trend of erudition in Washington.

"All phenomenality is the result of changes in the equilibria of ether. When the changes are rapid we have heat, light, electricity, etc., when they are slow we have matter—iron, silver, lead, etc."

These few words, when analyzed, mean a good deal; and, although they may not hold any political significance, they show that something besides political discussion goes on at the Capital City. Why, the *atom* and the *molecule* are now obsolete in political animadversion, and when a congressman wants to show his disgust for an officer he calls him a *diatom*, which under the strongest rays is the most infinitesimal and minute of particles.

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G. HAROLD POWELL

Formerly Acting Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Agricultural Department. He has just accepted a $10,000 salary to be manager of the "Citrus Growers' Protective League," with headquarters in Los Angeles, California. Other countries have profited by Mr. Powell's wonderful experiments in growing, harvesting, cold storage and handling of fruit

My learned friend had also looked over a map of the skies, showing the planets and stars far beyond the reach of the most powerful telescope. These maps were made by utilizing the violet rays, and they show a myriad of other rays and other objects on the photographic plate, far beyond the range of the human eye and the most powerful telescopes.

The science of the skies is one of profound interest, and it does one good to find that the political sky is not the only study of Washington scientists.

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

S. H. SHELDON, AUTHOR OF "THE HAVOC"
Now playing in New York City

THE executive session had been finished without a flurry, the red lights over the door went out, and they were lighting their cigars. Conversation was directed upon Vice-President Sherman's rulings as to the counting of any Senator who had responded to the roll-call as present. Senatorial courtesy heretofore has permitted the members present to refrain from voting if they so desired, announcing a pair, although they may have responded to the roll-call that constituted a quorum.

While not exactly introducing the rules of the House of Representatives into the Upper House, a suspicion of that entered the minds of the Senators who favored the old manner of proceedings, especially since the Vice-President was promptly supported in his decision by the Senators who had been promoted from the House.

* * *

IT was his first visit to Washington, and there is always a bit of sentiment attached to the "first time" that wears off after one has been in the Capital a number of times. The Director of the Census had just made public the announcement that there were more than one hundred and one million people under the American flag—a twenty-one per cent gain in population in ten years—and as the visitor reached the Census Building and stood before the flag there, he took off his hat and waved it enthusiastically as one of those one hundred and one million under the Stars and Stripes. The door-keeper and janitor looked at each other and winked. But it was only an outburst of real and sincere appreciation of being one of the hundred and one million who claim Old Glory as their own.

Sometimes we learn from foreigners real lessons in patriotism. It was the French wife of an American congressman who introduced the custom in Washington of making the Stars and Stripes as prominent as possible in the drawing-room decorations. It makes one feel like throwing up his hat and cheering, too, when he sees such manifestations of loyalty. The practice should find favor in every American home; we made it a rule in ours some years ago that the flag should claim its place of honor. This is only a little thing, perhaps, but what a sad commentary it is upon a great government that in millions of homes can be found not even the slightest evidence of that sentiment that always wells up magnificently during a great crisis or time of peril.

During the Civil War, for example, there were few homes in which the flag was not found. In these days of steam radiators, telephones and all the prosaic utilities that exist, it does seem refreshing to find a sentiment in vogue that will bring out the national colors from the dusty garret at other times than on national holidays. There has been a time and there may again come a time when the old flag will shine forth in its glory over every American home. Why not in the home, if over the schoolhouse?

* * *

IN the round of social dinners, at which exact arrangements must be made for courtesies conferred and returned, and the same people have met and re-met until conversation flags and everyone has exhausted his fund of sparkling wit—even the young man who has gathered together all the bright *bon mots* of Marcus Aurelius and Aristotle—one subject can be depended upon to come up for discussion sooner or later—the family genealogy. At a recent function the company had drifted into the subject unconsciously, and after several had traced their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, the Prince of Orange, King Alfred, and other departed worthies, one lady exclaimed with a glow of enthusiasm: "I wish I could show you our family tree!"

"Hope it ain't rubber!" shot out from behind the screens the piping voice of the younger son of the household, who had been made to wait for second table.

* * *

STANDING near the desk of Senator Tillman of pitchfork fame, the Honorable Lafayette Young, the newly appointed Senator from Iowa, delivered his maiden speech. It occupied just one hour, and although the manuscript lay on his desk before him, he seldom glanced that way, but "warmed right up to his subject" as he proceeded to free his mind of a few matters on which he had evidently formed decided opinions. With all his vigor and forcefulness, Senator Young opposed revision of the existing tariff law because, he insisted, as it then stood it protected the interests of the farmer, and upon the protection of the farmer depended the prosperity of the nation.

His reference to the sedate Senators as "boys" made the members fairly gasp, but a good-natured laugh followed, indicating that no serious damage had been done, and the ice had been effectively broken. The speech was altogether breezy and interesting, and the large attendance on the floor of the Senate, which included many prominent members of the House, to say nothing of the crowded galleries, was a very flattering tribute to the new editor-Senator.

One of the few active and aggressive newspaper men who have occupied the post of Senator, the Colonel didn't let the occasion pass without paying a tribute to his fellow-editors. As is customary with him, he "spoke right out in meeting," determined to say what had been on his mind for some time past, whether the speech would be his salutatory or valedictory as a United States Senator.

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MISS CLARA SWIFT

Daughter of Major and Mrs. Swift, U.S.A. She is this year's debutante and is considered one of the most beautiful young women in army circles

* * *

KEEN interest is always manifested whenever a candidate for the presidency from Ohio is announced. For Ohio is loth to lose the distinction of being the

State of Presidents, rivalling even Virginia, which first held the distinction.

When Judge Harmon visited Washington and ran the gauntlet of the Gridiron Club, which has had the distinction of "broiling" nearly every candidate for the presidency that ever appeared, there was a feeling expressed by every Ohio man that Governor Harmon was "just about right" for the place.

The Governor called on President Taft, at the White House, to pay his respects and renew an acquaintance of many years' standing. He never visits the Capitol without reference to the first time he was called there as a member of the Cleveland cabinet. He was just getting along famously with his legal practice and had never even dreamed of a government appointment, when a very brief note written in the fine, exact chirography of the late Grover Cleveland announced that the President wanted him in Washington to take the post of Attorney-General. And he went.

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GOVERNOR AND MRS. WILSON OF NEW JERSEY
Photograph taken at their home in Princeton

His successful campaigns in his state long ago determined that he is to be the favored son of Ohio at the Democratic National Convention. How far the Buckeye State will go in obtaining the assent of the other states is yet to be seen.

Woodrow Wilson and Governor Dix are strong men to be reckoned with in the East, not to mention Governor Folk and several other prominent leaders of the Democratic party. And then there is a man still living out in Nebraska who in times past commanded the strength of his party.

As the years have passed and views have been modified with the passing of time and the march of events, there are men who in years past fought vigorously against the young orator of the Platte, that would not shake their heads now were William Jennings Bryan to break all records and again become a nominee for the presidency.

* * *

AFTER a visit to the Turkish Embasy I felt that a trip to the ancient East would only repeat the sights and scenes in our own country.

Alas for our dreams of Oriental mystery and delicious indisposition to depart from the traditions and customs of a remote antiquity. Aleppo, once dear to the heart of poet and novelist, who could still find there something of the blissful indolence, primeval passion, picturesque homicidal idiosyncrasies and garish luxury of the days of caliph and emir, is soon to become an up-to-date metropolis.

The American consul informs the state department that "the turbaned Turk" is anxiously awaiting the completion of electric street lamps, a telephone exchange, and a complete line of street railways. Not only are these innovations of the Giaour in process of completion, but "there are lacking water-works, gas plants, modern sewage systems, fire departments," and we are assured that "concessions for any part, or all of these propositions may be had for the asking" and so on, in the land of the Crescent.

Even Bagdad, the city of the "Arabian

Nights" and the capital of Haroun Al Raschid "on whom be peace," has gone after strange gods, and appropriated a loan of eight hundred thousand dollars "for municipal purposes."

Truly "the age of poesy hath fled" or, if not wholly departed, the scant remains of semi-civilization still left will not long remain under the searching glare of the modern arc lamps, which Thomas Edison flashed upon an astonished and wondering world.

* * *

THE deliciously satirical verses of Bret Harte continue to have a new significance as from time to time some new development of the real power and enterprise of the men of the Flowery Kingdom is impressed upon us.

> "Then I looked up at Nye,
> And he gazed upon me;
> Then he rose with a sigh
> And he said: 'Can this be?
> We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor'
> And he went for that heathen Chinee."

When the steamer "Lizanko" arrived at Liverpool with a cargo of frozen foodstuffs from Hankow and other Chinese ports she brought the second invoice of a line of exports which Americans must realize will add greatly to the already serious competition with American products. The cargo included 6,270 frozen pigs, 9,266 packages eggs, 1,504 cases of lard, 8,089 boxes of frozen wild ducks, 3,744 boxes of wild geese, 3,716 boxes of snipe, 1,690 packages of beans, and five hundred boxes of tame ducks, all from Chinese ports; besides 1,883 barrels of salted and some fresh salmon and caviar from Vladivostock, all of which arrived in good order and condition.

When the Panama Canal is finished, and the route for such steamers shorter, meat cargoes will not have to go through the tropics to reach American or European markets, and an increase of such shipments will certainly result.

* * *

EVERY young lawyer, as he grasps the document which creates him a full-fledged attorney and counselor-at-law, dreams of the time when some day he may be appointed to the Supreme Bench. If that ambition continues, and every year is spent in active practice and study, the wish may be fulfilled, and the obscure lawyer may become one of the nine who represent the highest court in the land—calling to mind Napoleon's remark that every private carried in his knapsack the baton of a marshal of France.

All these things are referred to in the widely published sketches concerning the new Chief Justice. The South looked upon the appointment as a most touching and beautiful Christmas gift, for was it not Private White, who carried his musket and knapsack years ago in the ranks of the Confederate Army of America, who was the recipient of good will from a Northern President?

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

CHIEF JUSTICE E. D. WHITE
Who succeeds the late Chief Justice Fuller. He is a Democrat and a former Confederate soldier

The broad spirit that has characterized recent administrations is widely noted and commented upon. Here is a Unitarian President appointing a Roman Catholic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a position as high even as the presidency, and prized even more by the trained jurist who is now in that high office,

WILLIAM HODGE, "THE MAN FROM HOME"
Whose wholesome new serial "The Guest of Honor" will begin in the March issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

and one to which President Taft himself had long looked forward as the culmination of a life's ambition. In the Cabinets of recent years have served Jews and Gentiles, Democrats and Republicans —in fact every phase of belief, every party and every section have been represented without any apparent effort at making this an "evening up." The appointments have been rather the result of the logical growth of a broad national spirit and sentiment, acknowledging force of character and brains, wherever found.

When you see Chief-Justice White leaning back in his chair with his eyes half-closed, or when he asks, with extreme politeness, for certain information, it is interesting to realize that the hands which now wield the pen of the mightiest tribunal of the world belong to a man who was an accomplished pianist in his younger days. Even now he delights in touching the ivory keys. One is impressed with the achievements of the man who was brought from the South while representing the state of Louisiana by President Cleveland, and placed upon the Supreme Bench only to work and win his way to the Chief-Justiceship through merit and arduous work.

* * *

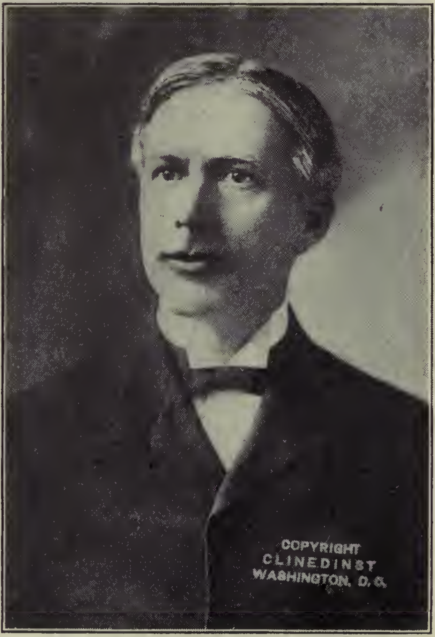
AN interest almost equal to that manifested in the proceedings of the Senate and the House is centered upon the Supreme Court room, which occupies the old Senate Chamber in the Capitol at Washington. While heretofore trade depression has often been ascribed to legislation enacted or unenacted, today the important decisions to be rendered by the Supreme Court are awaited as the master keys that shall close or open the great treasure houses of national activities.

The iron and steel market, which has always been accounted the barometer of trade, suffered a very severe setback during the close of 1910; but it is remembered that when the big cut in iron and steel was announced in 1907, it served to mark the end rather than the beginning of a period of inactivity.

The cases before the Supreme Court, affecting anti-trust legislation and various other matters, constitute a docket of more absorbing public interest than any since the days of the Dred Scott case. The details of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases have been as much discussed as any legislation that has ever been brought before Congress.

* * *

THE serene quietude about the Supreme Court room is perhaps responsible for its being often called by foreign visitors "the most awe-inspiring chamber of the government." The doors are drawn open with a crimson cord—no clanging and banging of doors here. When Justice White asks questions of the attorney making his plea, he begs his pardon for the interruption. The respect and the quiet dignity both serve to inspire in the onlooker a deep sense of awe. Justice Hughes, formerly governor of the state of New York, sits at the end of the row, for you know he's only in his freshman year.



JUDGE W. VAN DEVANTER
The new justice who succeeds the late Justice Brewer

The apparent indifference that sometimes appears to imbue the Supreme Court is wholly deceptive. Perhaps the calm and peace have been acquired only after years of cultivation, for the Supreme Court justices must be eminently reserved, and not give way to the occasional human emotion which detracts from the dignity of the lower courts. Members of the bar from all over the country crowd inside the court room to hear the pleas and watch the procedure in important cases, and dream of the time when they, too, may sit aloft in sombre dignity.

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DONNA BEATRICE CUSANI CONFALONIERI
Daughter of the new Italian Ambassador who has been presented at Court in Italy. She speaks many languages and is the third of a trio of beautiful young women of the Ambassadorial circle, the others being the daughters of the German and Russian Ambassadors

The heavy plush curtains and the rich decorations of the room have a courtly elegance and stateliness that befit the surroundings of the tribunal whose decisions are more far-reaching, perhaps, than those of any other court in the world's history.

THE *London Times* asserts that Miss Helen Taft is likely to attend the coronation of King George V, which sets social Washington agog, for a brilliant bevy of American girls is expected to adorn the festivities of the coronation.

London's great social event is being discussed in Washington circles, for after all there is a strong cousinly interest in affairs British that cannot be repressed. The recent elections in England have revealed a power and influence of Americans in England such as was never dreamed of before. This seems to be resented by the English, which is a little hard for us to understand, since many prominent government officials in America have been foreign-born.

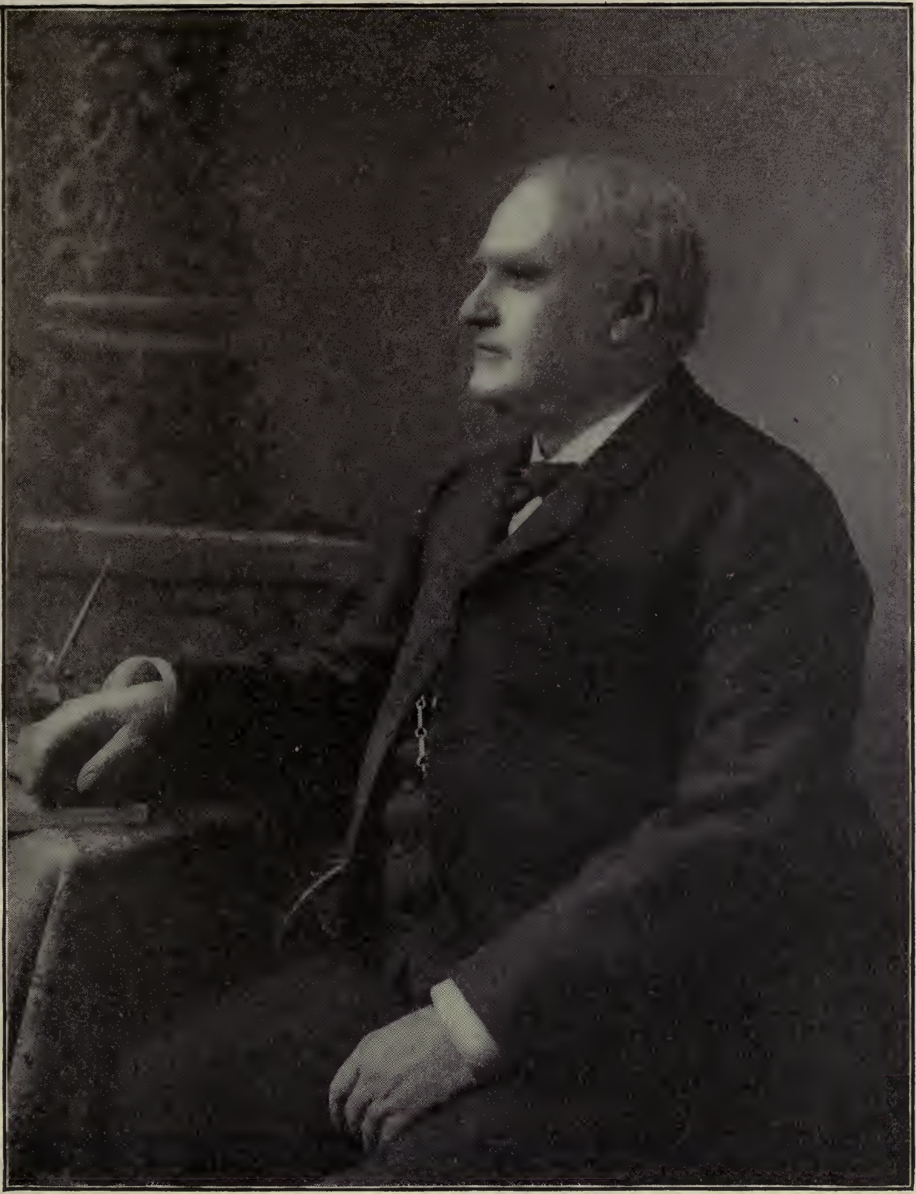
The influence of American women in England is also becoming more and more marked. The members of the Astor family who have seats in Parliament owe much to Mrs. Alva Astor for ensuring them against defeat; and Lady Harrington, the daughter of the late Senator McMillan, was keenly interested in the campaign of her husband, who sought to oust John Burns from Battersea.

* * *

THE opera season in Washington is brief at best, but during its height there is always a traditional fastidiousness in the matter of dress. The powdered periwig and curls, knee-breeches and gorgeous hoop-skirts of past centuries can hardly compare with the gorgeous array of social Washington at the opera.

"Tannhäuser" was being played on a certain night not so long ago, but before the curtain went up and the lights were lowered, a thousand opera glasses were raised and the audience surveyed each other with all the scrutiny of an admiral on the bridge going into action.

It was well into the first act when into the select orchestra circle swept a young man who had left his dress suit at home. He had not even stopped to check his very business-like overcoat—which might have partly saved him from being conspicuous—and he began to grow very red and discomfited by the time "Tannhäuser" was pouring forth his soul in passionate song. While the entrancing music of



THE LATE SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS, OF WEST VIRGINIA, WHO PASSED AWAY JANUARY 4, 1911, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wagner thrilled the audience, the youth of the business dress was seized with an impulse, and he thought to slide off his overcoat while sitting. He didn't observe, in the dimness, that his inside coat came off as well, and there he sat all through the act, far back in his chair, in all the democratic dishabille that pervades a Fourteenth Street moving-picture house in New York. As the lights were thrown on he suddenly observed a white arm—his shirt-sleeves!

Now, "Tannhäuser" is not a comedy, but the spell of the tragedy was rudely broken when the opera-goers discovered a young man hastily pushing his arms through the dangling sleeves of both coats as he made a parabolic exit.

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MISS MAY HAMMOND

Niece of John Hays Hammond, who was presented to society November 19. A very brilliant reception was given at the Hammond residence, which was attended by a very large social gathering

DEBATES of the "red hot" variety among the youthful sons of Congressmen promise to rival the violence of the arguments on the floor of the House. Of course the doings and sayings of these remarkable sons of their fathers are the pride of the members of the House. Congressman Bartlett of Nevada has a precocious son and heir named after Donald Mitchell, the author of "Dream Life," though the Congressman admits he went through the struggle of his life to have his first-born so called.

The young man reciprocates the most unqualified admiration of his father.

The discussion was getting warm. "Huh! Think your father knows more than *my* father, ha?"

"Yup."

"Think he knows more'n any man in Congress."

"Yup."

"S'pose he even knows more 'n the President!" scornfully.

"Yessiree!"

"Does he know more 'n any man in the United States?"

"Yes."

. His antagonist was almost at the end of his resources when a brilliant thought inspired him. "Well, does he know more than God?"

Young Donald scratched his head a moment, and finally decided upon a way to get out of it with filial loyalty and due reverence. "Oh, well," he deprecated, "God isn't in this, you know!"

* * *

MEMORIES of the Gatun Locks were awakened upon meeting Colonel William L. Sibert, a member of the Canal Commission, in Washington. He reiterated, in response to the ceaseless interrogation that was projected on all sides, "The Canal will be completed in 1915," just as he said it standing on the parapet of the great monolith a year ago. Somewhat emphatically he advanced the opinion that the canal should be protected from foreign powers.

"The United States has provided the money and brains to build the ditch," he said, "and should have its full benefits." He pointed out that neutralizing the canal might work to serious disadvantage in time of war, and suggested that if the canal were properly fortified, we could place battleships on either side of the Atlantic or Pacific and thus guard against attack. The Colonel offered the same advice that Vegetius advanced centuries ago:

"Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum," which has been translated in every language and different phraseologies down to the present day, but is generally expressed in terse Saxon as "In time of peace, prepare for war."

* * *

IN the expiring days of their public career, none have retained more real power of holding their friends than Congressman James A. Tawney, who is retiring as Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. Touching expressions of appreciation came to him from colleagues of all political parties.

It was Representative Burleson of Texas, a staunch Democratic candidate for chairmanship of the committee for the new House, who insisted that "Tawney could have his endorsement for any office," and that if his re-election could be brought about among those with whom he had served for many years, there would be an unanimous vote for him among both Democrats and Republicans.

To hold steadfast in high ideals of public duty and integrity, and pass over expenditures aggregating over a half billion annually, and retire from Congress a poor man, is a record of which any man might well be proud.

Mr. Tawney has been mentioned as Governor of the Isthmian Canal Zone, and in Washington, regardless of section or political creed, the splendid talents of the man who has given eighteen of the best years of his life to unselfish and devoted service in Congress have been recognized and he is unhesitatingly hailed as the "man for the job."

* * *

WHEN in a pensive mood nothing gives more pleasure than to slip into "No. 221" of the State Department, where the diplomats of the world are greeted by the Secretary of State. The room is exclusive only on Thursdays, when the diplomats gather to meet the Secretary. It is furnished in black, which adds to its impressiveness, and it seems as quiet as the inner recesses of some ancient library, or the ante-room to the dismal state apartments of a medieval Bishop.

On the walls are portraits, framed in gold, of the eminent men who have held the position of Secretary of State under former administrations, and I thought in looking from one likeness to another: "What an assemblage of famous faces!"

Secretary Hay, at one end of the room, seemed almost about to speak to Daniel Webster, nearby. There were Jefferson, keen-eyed and thin-lipped, and Pickering, determined and cynical; Seward's acute face and Blaine's kindly features.

CLINEDINST PHOTO

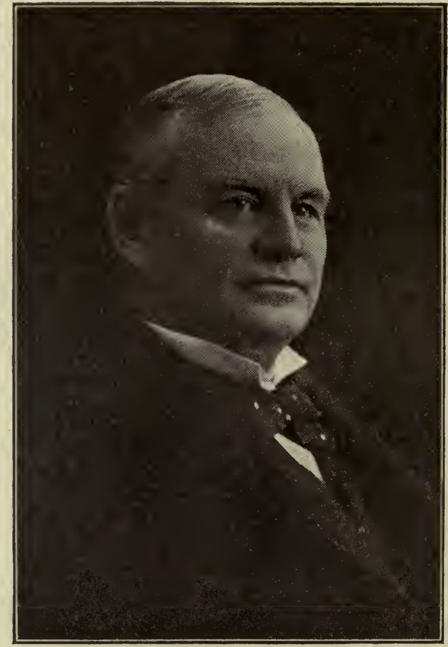
VISCOUNTESS BENOIST D'AZY

Wife of the Naval Attache of the French Embassy, who made an ascension at Belmont Park, New Jersey, with Count de Lesseps. She is the first woman in diplomatic society to go up in an airship. She expressed great delight and was much pleased with her experience

What an appropriate retreat in which to gather the foreign visitors—what a library for the study of facial characteristics! Somber, secluded, with the silence broken only by the ticking of the clock on the dark mantel, the atmosphere seems almost as awe-inspiring as that of Westminster Abbey, the burial-place of Great Britain's most revered statesmen.

Room No. 221 of the State Department when once visited will never be forgotten.

AT the picturesque little city of Manchester, Iowa, Captain J. F. Merry is conducting a notable work. The great railroad system which he represents reaching to Omaha on the Missouri, following the Mississippi Valley from Chicago to New Orleans, with branch lines extending southeast to Savannah, traverses in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, an area of farm lands not excelled by any other railway in the United States.



CAPTAIN J. F. MERRY
One of the prominent Grand Army men in Iowa and one who has made a famous record in developing and selling new lands in the Yazoo Valley

From the very first, when Captain Merry began his service with the railroad in 1860, he became interested in the development of the farm resources along the line. His energetic efforts, largely directed to the exploitation of the Yazoo Valley in the Mississippi, have secured astonishing results in the transformation of uncultivated lands into farms of substantial value. The great drainage undertakings in the lower Mississippi section have reclaimed a vast acreage of the richest soils in the world.

In his modern up-to-date office at Manchester the Immigration Department of the Illinois Central is conducted systematically and with great thoroughness. Novel quarters are those of Captain Merry's—in the basement are tons of printed matter concerning the South and boxes containing specimens of the actual soils from the various counties which feed the railroad, which are later exhibited at the different world's fairs. Thousands of inquiries come to the office requesting information of how to develop and farm in a certain section, and the facts and suggestions are so clearly given that many successful farmers along the route attribute a large measure of their prosperity and the establishment of good farm homes to the assistance given them through this agency of the railroad.

Captain Merry loves his home town, in which he has resided the greater portion of his life. On his farm at "Merryland," a few miles distant, he has had an opportunity to make practical tests of most of the matters of which he writes in connection with his farm development.

"Merryland" is certainly an ideal retreat, and on that perfect evening when I looked upon the fields ripe for harvest, there was a view of Iowa pastoral that would be fitting inspiration for the brush of a Millet—and it illustrates what can be done in the development of a profitable farm, even in localities where the price of land is high. In their beautiful home at Manchester, the Captain and Mrs. Merry, surrounded by their friends, enjoy all the comforts of an ideal home life; and the visitor at "Merryland" recalls the lines of Emerson:

"If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

* * *

REAL Bourbon whiskey, sah, that is! So sof' and fragrant you kin sniff the co'n fiel', sah, whar it come frawm!" The remark recalled the report of the Internal Revenue Bureau, which collected $289,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, at a cost of about $5,000,000 for collection. This income was collected largely on distilled spirits and fermented liquors. A few other articles added something to a total which is one of the highest since the Bureau was established in 1863. Commissioner Cabell expects to report an aggregate receipt of at least $308,000,000 for 1910–1911.

Illicit distilling in the cities and towns, and the operations of the "Moonshine whiskey" in the woods and mountains is regrettably on the increase; the federal officers have during the year seized and closed 1911 illegal distilleries. Comment on this question is rather difficult; it reminds one of the remonstrance of the country editor when an irate advertising undertaker reproached him with having lavished favorable notices on all other advertisers but himself.

"How can I please you?" cried the despairing scribe. "Can I say that your business has steadily increased during the past year, and promises a gratifying development during the year to come? Can I recommend my readers to inspect your latest styles in caskets, and expatiate on the beauty of your last invoice of burial garments? I can and do bear witness to your kindness and ability, but I can't see my way clear to descant on the growth of your business—unless I turn up my toes and furnish you a subject."

So we can hardly rejoice at the flood of money received from sources that require constant warfare to collect it, and a business that consumes annually over four hundred million bushels of grain that would be better used as food. Worse than all this, it entails immense burdens of poverty and crime upon our people.

Commissioner Cabell has had a busy year, but has felt his pathway smoother since executive order has declared "what is" and "what is not" whiskey according to the erudite legal authorities.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE

* * *

SEATED in his office at the Congressional Library, Mr. Herbert L. Putnam keeps in close touch with perhaps the most wonderful development of the country, for through the channels of the Library of Congress flow all the books and periodicals, pictures and other literature concerning copyrighted material. Mr. Putnam has long been acknowledged one of the world's greatest librarians, and his ambition and earnest effort to make the Congressional Library representative and worthy of the great republic should be heartily and generously aided.

The Annual Report lately submitted to Congress notes the completion of an additional bookstack, which fills a courtyard 150 feet long, seventy-four wide and eighty high. It contains 748,000 cubic feet, and forty-four miles of shelving. Nearly a million volumes will be accommodated, in addition to the present collection of over two million books, pamphlets and other articles. Every year about ninety thousand books and pamphlets and fifty thousand miscellaneous articles are added, and the collection promises to become the largest in the world.

The books in the one hundred and fifty miles of shelving in the Library represent only a fraction of what have been entered for copyright; the rest are retained in the copyright files as part of the record, or are used by other governmental libraries, or returned to the copyright proprietors.

So the Library is not a morgue for "copyright trash," but rather embodies that copyrighted material which may be substantially useful as literature. The classification and cataloguing of this collection represents much labor and expense, but Mr. Putnam is working toward making the Library of Congress not only the biggest, but the greatest of modern libraries.

* * *

A WAR on the squirrel? It seems impossible that it should be necessary to take measures to exterminate the pretty little animal which is one of the chief attractions in the public parks. But reports are broadcast that the ground squirrel in California is destroying every year over $10,000,000 worth of fruits, nuts and cereals, and worse still is a menace to public health. The ground squirrel, it seems, has become infected with the dangerous bubonic plague through the rats of San Francisco. Nearly four hundred infected squirrels have been captured east and south of the city, and eight fatal cases of the plague have been laid to their door.

A WINTER SCENE IN THE NORTHERN WOODS

Large numbers of the little animals

have been exterminated by traps, poison and the fumes of bisulphide of carbon introduced into their burrows, but the land-owners seem loath to join in the movement, and it is feared that the government may have to declare war officially on the wee creatures.

However, the ground squirrel is not of the same species as our small gray friends of the squares near the Capitol, and no one need hesitate in Washington to feed peanuts or gumdrops to the timid pets with "plumed" tails.

* * *

THE annals of history have seldom recorded a memorial meeting like that accorded Mark Twain at Carnegie Hall, New York. The purpose of the occasion was expressed by William Dean Howells, the intimate friend of the late humorist, and he insisted that the event should not be marked with gravity; and people laughed heartily during the course of a meeting which is usually suffused with solemnity—what a tribute to the genius of Twain! The addresses by close personal friends were touching tributes, not only in words, but in incident. It was just such a memorial meeting as Mark Twain would have chosen for himself.

Friends were there who had known him since the day of the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"—one could almost see him as he used to stand, delivering those inimitable talks which never were frivolous, though the audience were convulsed, but had underneath the humor a lesson for each one to take to heart. Speaker Cannon read the autograph letter in which Mark aspired to be a real lobbyist, and wanted to have the thanks of Congress because he had kept away from it for seventy years. "If you can't get Congress to pass me a vote of thanks," said he to Uncle Joe, "thank me yourself!"

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE TANGLE OF A NORTHERN FOREST

The speeches made were widely divergent in character, representing every section of the country and almost every phase of the universal appreciation of Mark Twain. The glowing words of Colonel Henry Watterson—what more beautiful has ever been said of one who has passed? Champ Clark's tribute to Twain as a lobbyist shows that even the questionable and opprobrious term "lobbyist" may have at times an honorable intent and interpretation.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS MARGUERITE KNOX

Daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Knox, of the Soldiers Home, Old Point Comfort, Virginia, who is the guest of Miss Frances Miller in Washington this season, and is a great favorite among the younger set in army circles

TALKING of *literature*—why, it pours out like a torrent, even from the document room of the Government! A recent book issued by the Smithsonian Institute, compiled by Miss Frances Densmore, promises to be in great demand in public and private libraries. It contains the ancient songs of the Chippewas, musical score and all, together with characteristic Indian hieroglyphics on birch-bark rolls. Then too, there are portraits of the living singers and some composers, descendants of the warriors and songsters of the Chippewa tribe. A great number of chants are given with titles, and even the peculiar words and meanings from Mainans' "Initiation Songs" to "The Song of the Flying Feather," which is not a zoological but a psychic chorus, whose burden is,

> **"The feather**
> **Is coming toward**
> **The body of the Midewinini"—**

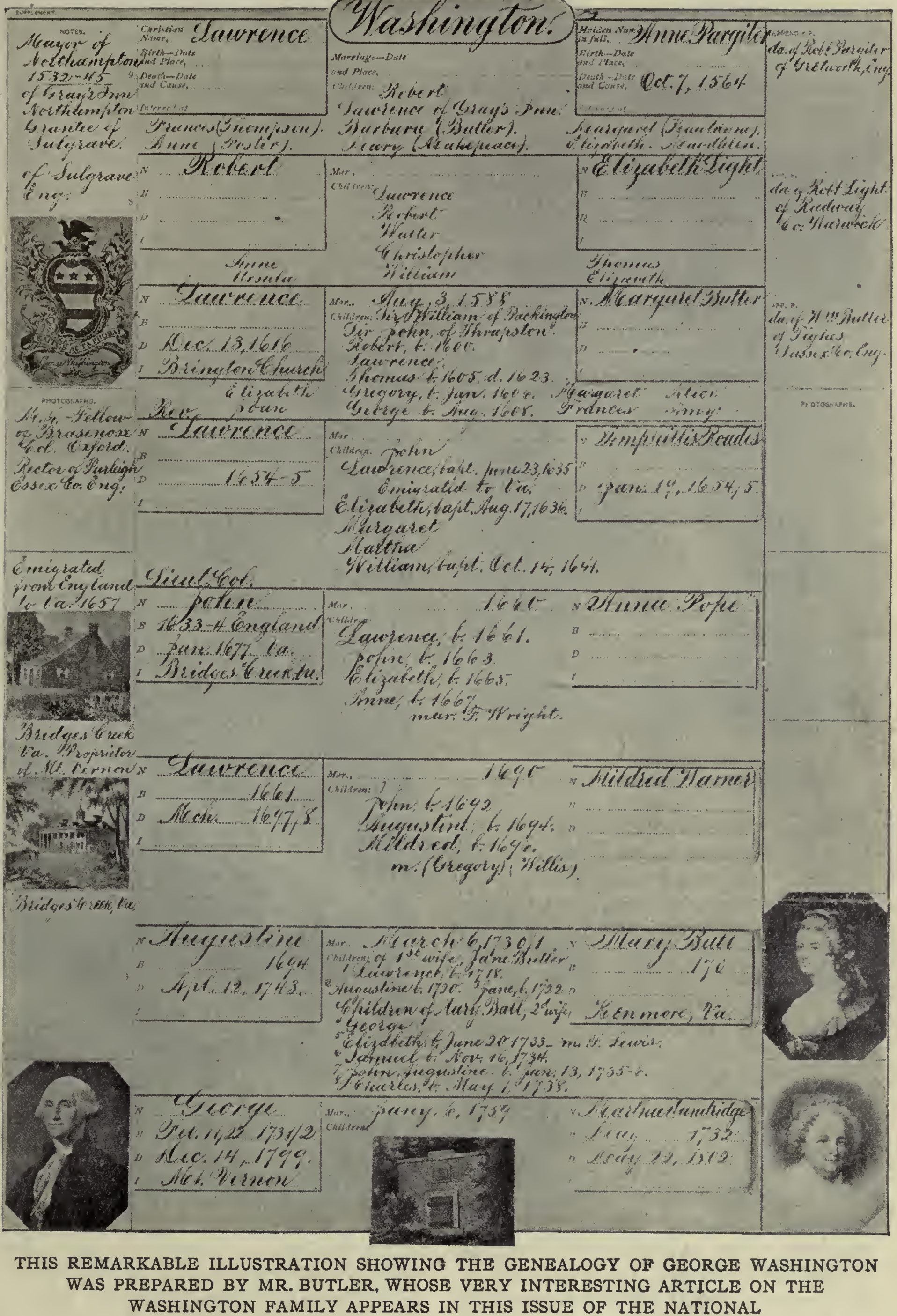
and "Come, Let Us Drink," which has a rather bacchanalian flavor. Here is the "Song of Starvation" recorded with drums, and a "Scalp Dance" without drums! After a study of the score, one could almost persuade himself that Wagner must have received some of his inspiration from the ponderous and weird arias of Mainans. There is the song of the love-lorn maiden whose lover has departed never to return, and the favorite social dance of the Chippewas, said to have been learned from the Sioux—even a "Song of Thanks for a Gift," whose words are translated:

> **"I am very grateful**
> **For what he is doing for me."**

The book is more than a curiosity; it is history, and few government publications have ever aroused such a keen interest among students of the aboriginal Americans.

* * *

GOVERNMENT officials and clerks sometimes play jokes on each other at the Christmastide, when great, black-bound books of government reports, laden with the dust of ages, are tied up, decorated with red ribbon and holly berries and sent to some victim, "With the Compliments of the Season." Imagine the countenance of the recipient when the package has



SUPPLEMENT.

Washington.

NOTES.

Mayor of Northampton 1532-45

of Gray's Inn Northampton

Grantee of Sulgrave.

Christian Name, Lawrence

Birth—Date and Place,

Death—Date and Cause,

Interred at

Marriage—Date and Place,

Children: Robert

Lawrence of Gray's Inn.

Barbara (Butler).

Mary (Makepeace).

Frances (Thompson).

Anne (Foster).

Maiden Name in full, Anne Pargiter

Birth—Date and Place,

Death—Date and Cause, Oct. 7, 1564

Interred at

da. of Robt Pargiter of Gretworth, Eng.

Margaret (Tanfield).

Elizabeth. Haddon.

of Sulgrave Eng.

N Robert

B

D

I

Mar.

Children: Lawrence

Robert

Walter

Christopher

William

Anne

Ursula

N Elizabeth Light

B

D

I

da. of Robt Light of Radway Co. Warwick

Thomas

Elizabeth

N Lawrence

B

D Dec. 13, 1616

I Brington Church

Mar. Aug. 3, 1588

Children: Sir William of Packington

Sir John, of Thrapston.

Robert, b. 1600.

Lawrence.

Thomas b. 1605. d. 1623.

Gregory, b. Jan. 1606.

George b. Aug. 1608.

N. Margaret Butler

B

D

I

da. of Wm Butler of Tighes Sussex Co. Eng.

Elizabeth

Joan

Margaret

Frances

Alice

Amy.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

M. A. Fellow of Brasenose Col. Oxford. Rector of Purleigh Essex Co. Eng.

Rev.

N Lawrence

B

D 1654-5

I

Mar.

Children: John

Lawrence, bapt. June 23, 1635

Emigrated to Va.

Elizabeth, bapt. Aug. 17, 1636.

Margaret

Martha

William, bapt. Oct. 14, 1641.

N Amphillis Roades

B

D Jan. 19, 1654-5

I

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Emigrated from England to Va. 1657

Lieut. Col.

N John

B 1633-4 England

D Jan. 1677 Va.

I Bridges Creek, Va.

Mar. 1660

Children: Lawrence, b. 1661.

John, b. 1663.

Elizabeth, b. 1665.

Anne, b. 1667.

mar. F. Wright.

N Anna Pope

B

D

I

Bridges Creek Va. Proprietor of Mt. Vernon

N Lawrence

B 1661

D Mch. 1697/8

I

Mar. 1690

Children: John, b. 1692.

Augustine, b. 1694.

Mildred, b. 1696.

m. (Gregory) (Willis).

N Mildred Warner

B

D

I

Bridges Creek, Va.

N Augustine

B 1694

D Apl. 12, 1743.

I

Mar. March 6, 1730/1

Children: of 1st wife, Jane Butler

1 Lawrence, b. 1718.

2 Augustine b. 1720. 3 Jane, b. 1722.

Children of Mary Ball, 2d wife

4 George

5 Elizabeth, b. June 20, 1733. m. F. Lewis.

6 Samuel b. Nov. 16, 1734.

7 John Augustine. b. Jan. 13, 1735-6.

8 Charles, b. May 1, 1738.

N Mary Ball

B 170

D

Kenmore, Va.

N George

B Feb. 11/22. 1731/2.

D Dec. 14, 1799.

I Mt. Vernon

Mar. Jany. 6, 1759

Children

N Martha Dandridge

B May 1732

D May 22, 1802

THIS REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE GENEALOGY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS PREPARED BY MR. BUTLER, WHOSE VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE ON THE WASHINGTON FAMILY APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL been opened and he finds a veritable library of tabulations on the food conditions of a decade ago!

The joke is getting to be a pretty serious one with some of the more sensitive souls about the Census Office, who on receiving those antiquated reports in lots of more than "five feet in length," with sarcastic reference to the five foot shelf recommended by Doctor Eliot, open it up with the expectations of a complete Dumas or Balzac only to find old tabular reports of the Census office recently rescued on the way to the junk hopper.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst

MR. H. H. BRYN

The new Norwegian minister to the United States

* * *

AN officer of the government remarked the other day that the over-abundance of literary material is having a tremendous deadening influence upon people's mental digestion. There is so much information accessible on almost every possible subject, that the old-time method of "digging" for information and analyzing it is almost obsolete.

No less a person than Senator Bailey of Texas said that he felt that the broadcast scattering of so-called information has had much to do with precluding the proper presentation of fundamental truths and thoughts. Think for a moment, and you will realize that of the millions of population reading the papers and making the laws, few indeed are at all familiar with constitutional and fundamental principles. There is a flash of illuminating thought here and there, but very little substance in the miasmatic aura of information that floats over the country day by day through certain printed mediums.

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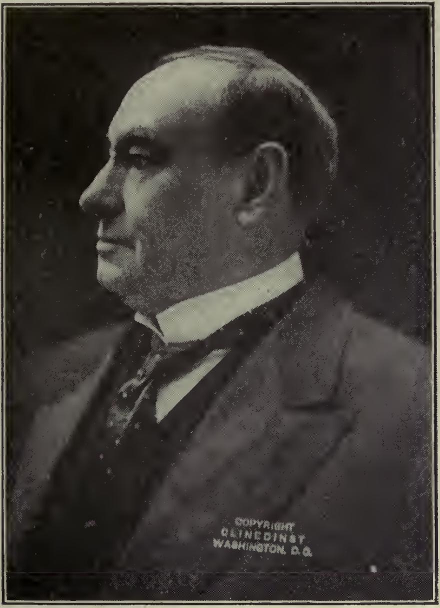
WASHINGTON

MADAME H. H. BRYN

Wife of the new Norwegian Minister, who recently arrived in Washington with her five children. She is very wealthy and will entertain extensively this winter in the capital city

Senator Bailey positively and absolutely declined to take the leadership of the minority in the Senate because of his independent way of thinking and constant chafing under the duress of party associates who are trying to adjust the sails to every public whim. No one can deny the masterly ability of the Senator from Texas, but his temperament little inclines him toward cut-and-dried leadership. He likes nothing better than a good debate and discussion of constitutional questions, and is today considered one of the foremost constitutional lawyers in the Senate. He believes that government interference with private rights is becoming a serious menace. He is in open opposition to the government's policy of printing prepaid envelopes for private consumers, on the principle that if one line is thrown open to the government, all lines should be thrown open—that there is no more reason for their doing this than for selling coal or meat, and that individual rights must be preserved as the basis of constitutional privilege and the oriflamme of democracy, which are in danger of being extinguished in the craze for centralization of legislation.



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY
The government's pure food expert, who recently wed Miss Anna Kelton, of Washington

* * *

MEMORIES of the delightful blueberrying parties in northern Maine and Wisconsin are recalled by a bulletin of the Agricultural Department demonstrating how blueberries can be made a source of profit. It seems as if every product and section of the United States is being studied to aid the people in producing something of market value. Many a peat bog, after being drained for cranberries, has been found especially adapted for the swamp blueberry, which is cultivated in much the same way as the cranberry. The cultivated blueberries have always commanded a good market price, and their large plump, pulpy berries, with seeds almost unnoticed, will always remain a favorite, although the whortleberry is often sweeter and is a close rival.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst

MRS. HARVEY W. WILEY
Formerly Miss Anna C. Kelton, who recently wed the government's food expert

The blueberry is in season for about four months, shipped from South to North and then from North to South, and is perhaps the most distinctively American fruit known. A large proportion of the blueberries which find their way to market have been picked by the Indians and Acadian French of Maine and the provinces, but the rich purple berry found in the swamps and on the moors of Northern Europe and Asia furnishes an immense amount of vegetable food to the savage tribes of both hemispheres. Now blueberries are to be domesticated in American fields.

* * *

THE very spirit of mutual co-operation that founded the nation seemed revivified at the recent conference of the governors of the United States. The relations between the several colonies during their struggle for independence was recalled more vividly than ever by the spirit of common esteem and hope of future co-operation for the great good expressed by the executives of all the states. Ever since the first conference was held at the White House four years ago, there has been remarkable progress in promoting an uniformity of laws in the various states and an admirable unity of purpose, such as was contemplated in the Constitution of the United States. It means much when the governors of the various commonwealths sit down together to discuss these great propositions, and while endorsing and encouraging every durable reform, hold fast to the constitutional privileges which are after all the sheet anchors of national safety.

The conference opened in the beautiful new capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky, and was concluded in Louisville, the metropolis of the state. More business was really transacted there than at Washington, where other interests unnecessarily detracted from undivided attention to the purposes of the gathering. After receiving a royal welcome to the state and city, gracefully expressed through the Governor and Mayor of Frankfort, Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson outlined the aims and scope of the conference. His belief that much good would come to the people of all the states through an interchange of ideas in discussing the problems of each several state as related to the republic as a whole, inspired every governor; and his statement that nearly every great advance in popular government had had its inception in an informal gathering of men who were not official representatives appointed by any special authority, was a striking point.

Photo by American Press Association

GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Reading left to right—Congressman Langley, of Kentucky; Wilson, of New Jersey; Mann, of Virginia; William Jordan, secretary of conference; Davidson, of Wisconsin; Brown, of Georgia; Harmon, of Ohio; Noel, of Mississippi; Marshall, of Indiana; Hadley, of Missouri; Sloan, of Arizona; Plaisted, of Maine; Draper, of Massachuestts

On the second day, when the conference had repaired to Louisville, Governor Eben S. Draper of Massachusetts presided. The chief subject was the conservation of natural resources through state legislation. Many of the governors expressed themselves in favor of state supervision, though the consensus of opinion advocated government control until some other definite plan could be universally agreed upon.

Workmen's compensation acts and many other subjects were discussed. Nearly every governor had a word to say the next day on the question of direct nominations, and while none spoke directly against it, there was a general objection to changing the old methods which have proven efficacious for a hundred years, until they knew just "what they were getting."

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PHOTO

PAULINE WAYNE

The Wisconsin cow, presented to President Taft by United States Senator Isaac Stephenson, arrived at the White House. J. P. Torry, manager of Senator Stephenson's farm in Wisconsin, was Pauline's body guard. She will provide milk for the Presidential family

The Governor-elect of Wisconsin spoke exhaustively on the question, opposing the consensus of the opinion of all other governors who believed that if direct nominations were to continue, there should be some method of preventing the voters of one party from taking part in the primaries of the opposition. Governor Draper called attention to the fact that the direct primary would abolish the selection of men who were not avowedly and formally candidates for office, and believed that the expense of a campaign based on the direct primary would be quite as great as that of the present convention system. His opinion that it seemed objectionable to have the voters of one party nominate the candidate of another excited much comment, and it was the opinion of most of the governors that the people preferred to defer the adoption of the direct nomination of candidates until several of the existing obstacles to its satisfactory operation had been removed. Governor Draper's declaration that he felt that the attitude of the people of Massachusetts was that of "sitting in judgment," reflected the conservative spirit of his state.

Another question—which was of personal as well as of national interest to all the governors—related to reciprocity in automobile laws. All the governors approved of more generous treatment in each state, to autoists from other states; and their vigorous commendation of more uniform auto laws may have been prompted by lessons at the hands of that excellent teacher, ***experience***. The automobile laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut were especially commended, and Governor Draper was again called into the discussion.

In addition to the discussion of important questions, and the amount of work accomplished, the members of the Conference greatly enjoyed the unstinted and hearty Kentuckian hospitality of Governor Willson of the Blue Grass State, which the visiting governors enthusiastically acknowledged.

Photo by American Press Association

MRS. MOLLIE NETCHER

Owner of the Boston Store in Chicago. She recently completed the largest downtown realty deal ever negotiated in Chicago, paying $2,900,000 to the Leiter estate. She carries $1,000,000 life insurance

The possibilities of these annual conferences of the Governors of the states cannot be over-estimated. Their purpose is to bring about in a logical way policies and laws which will establish and emphasize the unity of the nation without in any way imperiling the constitutional rights of the states.

* * *

THE chief citadel that the suffragettes will have to storm when they make an assault on the Capital city is the Interstate Commerce Building in F Street. Rising high with steeple and gables, the headquarters of the Interstate Commerce Commission have maintained barred doors against the business woman. The Civil Service Commission has repeatedly attempted to abrogate the unwritten law of the department, which has been able to hold its own against feminine invasion.

Somehow, when one enters the new Interstate Commerce Commission building, there seems to be a different atmosphere than in any other department of the government. There is a sort of stern masculinity that is in a measure depressing. The telephone exchange had to provide a male operator, but during his absence the company was obliged to install a young lady, who, though not on the payroll of the Commission, holds forth as the only woman associated with the work of the Commission.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, be it understood, has assiduously kept out women employes for a reason. The technical and brain-racking work of the Commission, in grappling with rates and all the intricacies involved in the different suits pending, requires "staying" strength and strong nerves, and a large portion of the expert clerical force has been recruited from railroad offices. Many times the lights in the Commission building are burning bright far into the wee hours, and vexatious details and figures are examined and puzzled over.

The department has stood firmly for thirty years in its determination to exclude women employes, but as to the future—who can say?

* * *

THE average editor would hardly be justified in retaining his emoluments and prestige if he failed to comment, with an extra inflection on the "we"—upon the presidential message. How the annual message will be received by over one hundred millions of people now "censussed" under the folds of the Stars and Stripes must be seriously considered during its preparation. Every word must be weighed, and this year's message is handed down, as it were, "from the bench," for it has the true judicial tone of impartial consideration and final decision. There were vexatious phases and problems to be considered, and it took a large number of words to tell the story, but President Taft's message for 1910 is in many respects a remarkable document.

While it fails to go far enough to please the ardent Progressives; or to altogether suit the ultra-Conservatives, it seems to find the medium, and to reach the people. Suggesting that we have gone now far enough in making laws it advises that it is best to try out existing laws and see how far they are in line with substantial and enduring public sentiment.

As in most of President Taft's public utterances, he manages to squeeze into the last paragraph words that have a journalistic ring, and the lines just preceding the signature embody an assurance that has quieted the fears of many, and given courage to those who feared that he might surrender to the presence of reactionary sentiment.

Line by line, and paragraph by paragraph, every part of the message indicates a thorough weighing and adjustment of conditions and policies. One could almost fancy that a pair of scales had been used in which all matters were fairly balanced, and that the spirit of justice, fairness and conscientiousness in the message as a whole commends it as a most worthy state paper.

* * *

THE probable effect of the operation of the Postal Savings Banks is arousing the interest of students of the monetary situation. It is believed that under this system an entirely new class will become money-savers, and that some of the two billion dollars in currency in the United States, now hidden away, will find its way back into the channels of trade through the Postal Savings fund. At the present time, only one-third of the legal money of the United States is in the possession of the banks.

Under the new system, any individual over ten years of age may be a depositor, even if he banks only the ten cents he saved on soda water, for which he will receive an official card representing his deposit. For each succeeding ten cents the depositor receives a stamp which the receiving teller cancels as a sign that the money has been deposited. When nine of these stamps are received, the depositor really opens his account with the Postal Savings Bank, and secures his identification book, which records the amount of his deposit. Only five hundred dollars may be accumulated by any one depositor, which may be converted into government bonds. Sixty thousand post offices and forty thousand rural free delivery routes will be depositaries for savings. The money received will not be kept in the local post office, but transferred to the nearest national or state bank officially designated by the government. Govern-

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LOUIS D. BRANDEIS
Who stated before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads were wasting $1,000,000 a day through inefficient management. At a conference of railroad presidents he was offered a salary of $250,000 per year if he could point out the alleged mismanagement

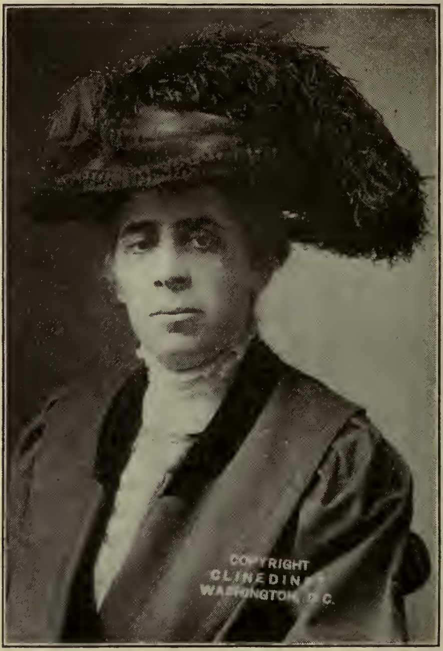
ment depositors will receive two per cent on their deposits, while the banks holding the postal savings funds will pay the government two and one-quarter per cent interest, and the one-quarter of one per cent will, it is thought, cover the expense of the institutions to the government.

MME. ALI KULI KHAN
Wife of the Charge d'affaires of Persia. She will be the official chatelaine of the Shah's legation in Washington. The background of this picture is embroidered with two thousand real pearls

The government bonds are artistic in appearance; the twenty-dollar bond bears a handsome engraving of George Washington, and vies in artistic design and color with the most attractive mining certificates or wild-cat securities.

While new in America, the Postal Savings arrangement has long been established in Europe. It was first worked out in England according to the ideas of one Charles W. Sykes, a Yorkshire bookkeeper, who was afterward knighted by the King. His plan has also been practiccally adopted by Russia, France, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Canada and other countries, and has always met with success. The twelve Pacific coast and intermountain states, including Colorado and Texas, were the first to launch the banks. Twelve postmasters—one from each state—were in Washington during the holidays receiving final instructions before launching the great project for postal savings.

But with all the well-laid plans and experiments in other countries, it is felt by some keen observers that the Postal Savings Bank system in America is yet to be proven a success, and that it will take at least several years before its real value will be generally recognized.



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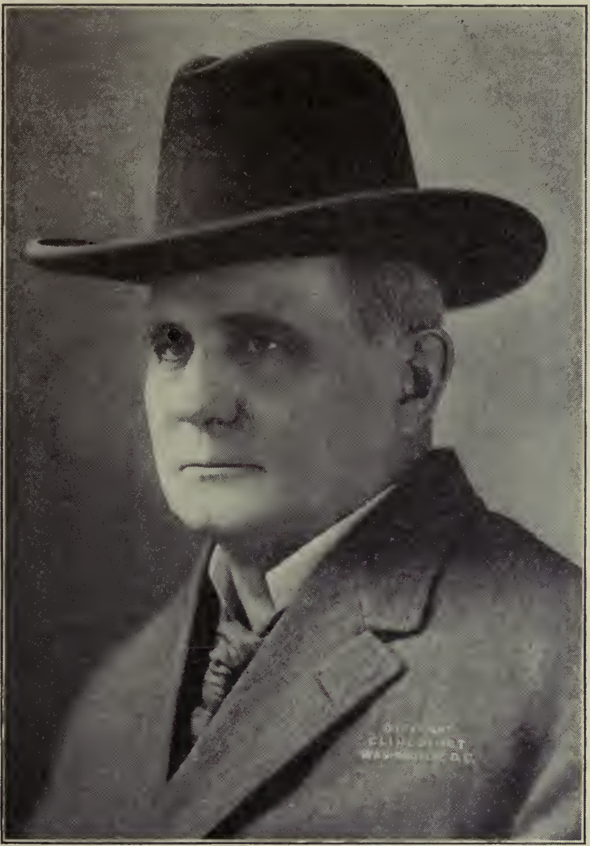
MRS. CHAMP CLARK
Wife of Hon. Champ Clark, who will undoubtedly be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives

PUBLIC spirit has given impetus to the idea of forming a commercial tribunal similar to that of the Supreme Court, which might represent the ambition of every man engaged in commercial lines, as the Supreme Court is now the ambition of every youth who passes the bar as a body of the most eminent business men in the country. Commercial problems are now becoming so complex that it is felt that something more than mere legal knowledge and information is necessary to pass upon great business questions at issue.

Impressive honesty and frankness were voiced in the address of George W. Perkins



HON. CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI
He will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives
This picture shows him as he really is

as he faced a gathering of business men in New York and talked on the practical business affairs of today. He placed his watch on the table before him and timed his remarks for exactly one hour, just as one would schedule a certain hour or half hour for a business interview.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst

BENJAMIN CLARK
Son of Hon. and Mrs. Champ Clark

For years Mr. Perkins has been one of the most active men in the great United States Steel Corporation, and his retirement from the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., to study social and economic problems, is a laudable ambition. An ardent advocate of a Commercial Court to which all business men might aspire, if their ability and record proved them worthy, Mr. Perkins held the attention of every man who listened to his stirring address. He discoursed on the elimination of details as a time-saver, and in giving an example remarked that as an office boy in Cleveland, he had observed that the envelopes sent out were always addressed to the individual, to the firm, city, county, state and "U. S. A.," with the street number carefully affixed in the corner. "Cuyahoga County" was never omitted, but today few people know that there is such a county, and many do not even write the state on the address.

The boundary lines of states and even countries are growing to mean less and less each and every year. Now this is further made possible by advertising; the advertising and prominent publicity of a place or person familiarizes the people, including the postal clerks, with its location. State and county lines are still further effaced by the adoption of modern conveniences and inventions—upon repeating only a few numbers to a telephone exchange, the human voice can be heard for hundreds of miles; one may be transported hundred of miles in a few hours.

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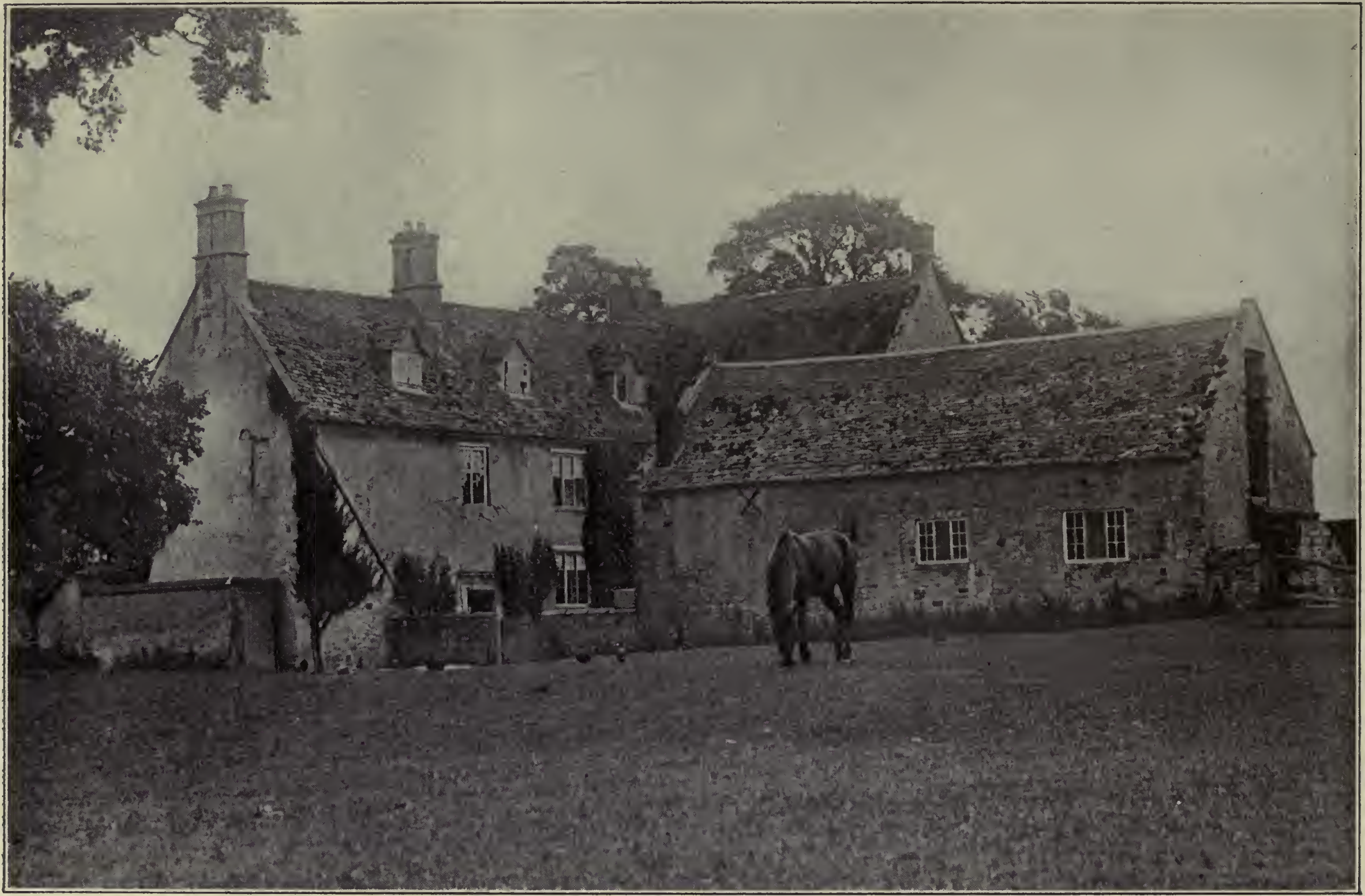
MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK
Daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Champ Clark

These conditions must be taken into consideration in the reorganization and re-establishment of new allignments in the economic world.

It is a great, an interesting and fascinating study, but there are great minds at work on the problems and they will be solved in a satisfactory manner.



THE MANOR OF SULGRAVE, BIRTHPLACE OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

A DAY IN WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

By JOSEPH G. BUTLER, JR.

EVERY patriotic American knows that the ancestors of the immortal George Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—came from England; but few know the exact locality from whence they came, and a smaller number still have visited the region.

While in England during the month of August last, I was attracted by an advertisement of one of the many tours running in all directions from London—"A Day in Washington's Country." I immediately decided to make the journey to the place where the ancestors of our first President were born, where they lived, where they worshipped, where they died, and where they are buried.

The day, August 18, was bright and pleasant. The train left Euston Station, London, early in the morning with a special car attached for Northampton, eighty-two miles distant. From the extensive advertising given the excursion, I anticipated having a score, at least, of Americans as fellow-travelers, anxious to visit the promised land. My surprise was great when it was made known to me that I was the sole excursionist, or, if I may so express it, the one patriot mustered in for that particular day. However, I am pleased to add that the London & Northwestern Railway Company carried out the terms of the round trip contract with the same exactness and fidelity as if the party had been of large dimensions.

At Northampton a very competent guide met the train; after a diligent quest, he failed to discover the large party expected. I was taken through and around the historic town from which Northampton, Massachusetts, is named—the home of one of our great American Women's Colleges.

A word in passing about Northampton—a county borough—under the government of a mayor and town council.

The mayoralty is an ancient office, running back to the latter part of the Twelfth Century. Laurence Washington—great-great-grandfather of George Washington—was mayor in 1533 and again in 1556, serving two terms at different periods.

The town dates back to Roman occupation, and the remains of the ancient Roman wall are shown. The town is also mentioned in Domesday Book, as "Northamtone." Saxon and Dane and Norman successively occupied the territory, and many events prominent in English history are associated and connected with the locality. Danes' Camp is shown the visitor; and Bishop Thomas à Becket's well is walled in and pointed out, where the great Saint and Martyr, disguised as a monk, took a drink before his final flight—all of which is familiar in history and tradition.

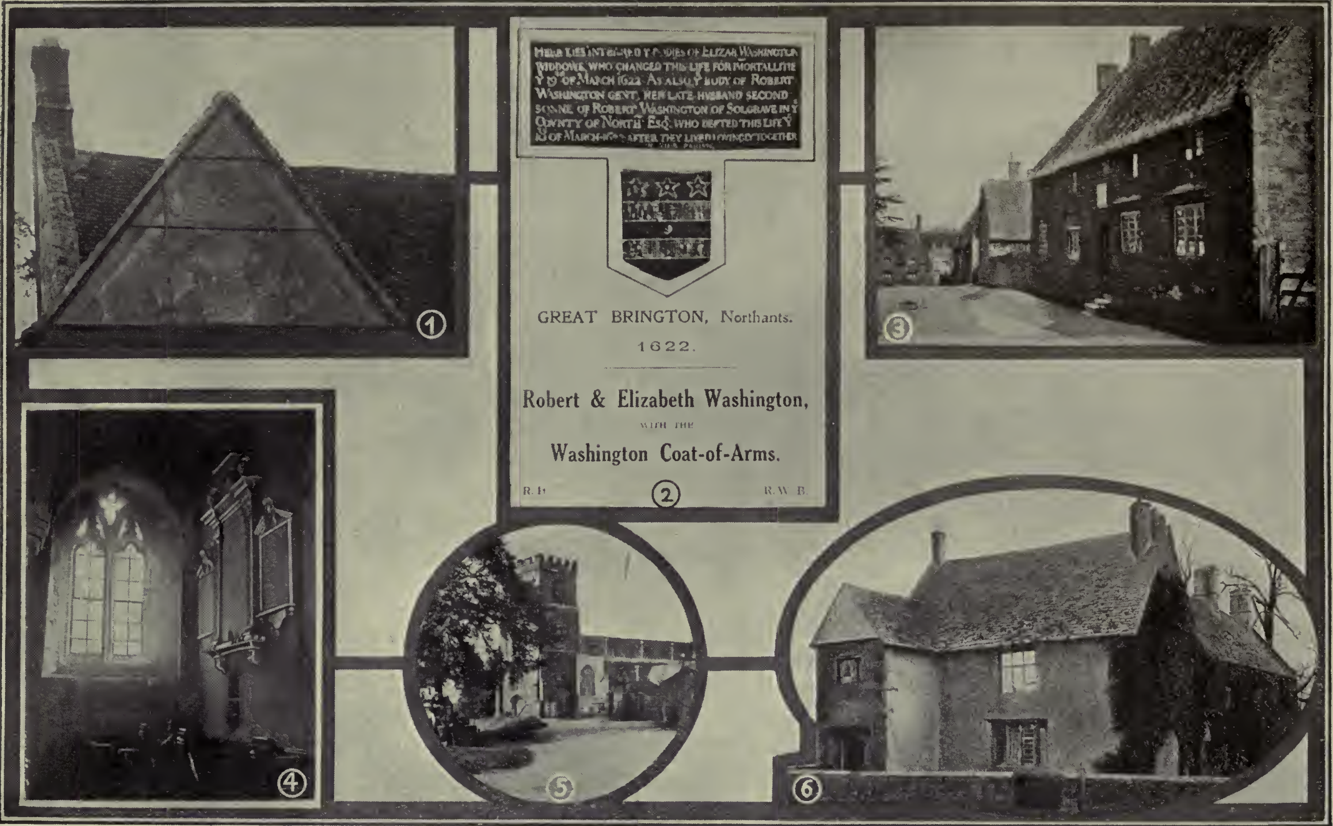
The place contains a number of ancient churches, two of which are quite noted: St. Peter's Church and All Saints' Church, both dating from the Twelfth Century. I copied an inscription from the outside of the front wall of All Saints' Church:

"HERE UNDER LYETH
JOHN BAILES BORN IN THIS
TOWN, HE WAS ABOVE 126
YEARS OLD & HAD HIS HEARING
SIGHT AND MEMORY TO YE LAST
HE LIVED IN 3 CENTURYS
& WAS BURIED YE 14TH OF APR
1706"

I was shown two very ancient houses, one known as "The Welsh House," and the other as "Cromwell's House." I copied fron the principal window in the Welsh House this motto, in Welsh:

"Heb Dyw. Heb Dym. Dwya Digon, i. e. 1595," which renderred into English reads: "Without God, without everything; God, and enough."

The Cromwell House is where Cromwell slept the night before the Battle of Naseby, which is commemorated by a fine monument erected over the battle field a few miles distant.


①
HERE LIES INTERRED Y BODIES OF ELIZAB WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR MORTALLITIE
Y 19 OF MARCH 1622 AS ALSO Y BODY OF ROBERT
WASHINGTON GENT HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y
COUNTY OF NORTH ESQ WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y
10 OF MARCH [illegible] AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER
[illegible] PARISH
GREAT BRINGTON, Northants.
1622.
Robert & Elizabeth Washington,
WITH THE
Washington Coat-of-Arms.
R. B.
R. W. B.
②
③
④
⑤
⑥

1—GABLE ROOF OF SULGRAVE MANOR 2—INSCRIPTION AND WASHINGTON COAT OF ARMS 3—WASHINGTON HOME, GREAT BRINGTON 4—INTERIOR CHURCH 5—CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S 6—SULGRAVE MANOR

Among other noted places I saw "Queen Eleanor's Cross," about one mile from the town erected by King Edward I, in the Thirteenth Century, the main reason for the cross being to induce passers-by to pause and pray for the eternal welfare of the soul of the beloved Queen.

Also St. John's Hospital, founded in 1183, still in use and in good repair; and Abington Abbey, dating from the Fourteenth Century, and of particular historic interest by reason of its early ownership. Sir John Bernard married, for his second companion, Elizabeth, the daughter of Susannah Shakespeare's eldest daughter—the wife of Dr. Hall of Stratford-on-Avon—so that one of the descendants of the great Bard of Avon lived in the Abbey as its last mistress.

David Garrick, the great actor of the Eighteenth Century, planted a mulberry tree upon the lawn, which still lives and produces fruit. It is duly authenticated by a bronze plate, properly inscribed.

Much space would be taken up in recording even a brief reference to the many historical places and incidents interwoven in the history of Northampton, and incidentally in the history of England; so we pass on.

After the tour through the town with the guide, we lunched at the George Hotel, an ancient hostelry with a decided "Dickens flavor." After luncheon a large, first-class automobile—or motor, as it is called in England—was placed at my disposal. With a competent chauffeur and with the guide as a fellow-passenger, the journey was resumed.

Our first stop was at the little village of Ecton, five miles from Northampton, where was born Josiah Franklin, who married young and emigrated with his wife and three children to New England in 1682. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was the youngest son of Josiah Franklin by a second marriage.

We found in the little churchyard a Franklin gravestone inscribed as follows:

> "HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THOMAS FRANKLIN WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JANUARY 6TH ANNO DOM 1702, IN THE SIXTY FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE."

I saw the cottage where the ancestors of Franklin were born. It is still in a fine state of preservation. After the property was permitted to pass out of the hands of the Franklin family, the cottage was enlarged and made over into a school which is still known as the "Franklin School." During our Revolutionary troubles, Dr. Franklin spent much of his time in England and France and often visited Ecton. But, notwithstanding these visits, the property and ancestral home were acquired by strangers.

Our next halt was at Althrop house, the home of the Spencer family and famous for its magnificent collection of paintings, the gallery containing examples by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Holbein, Murillo, Raphael, Romney, Rubens, and others of equal reputation.

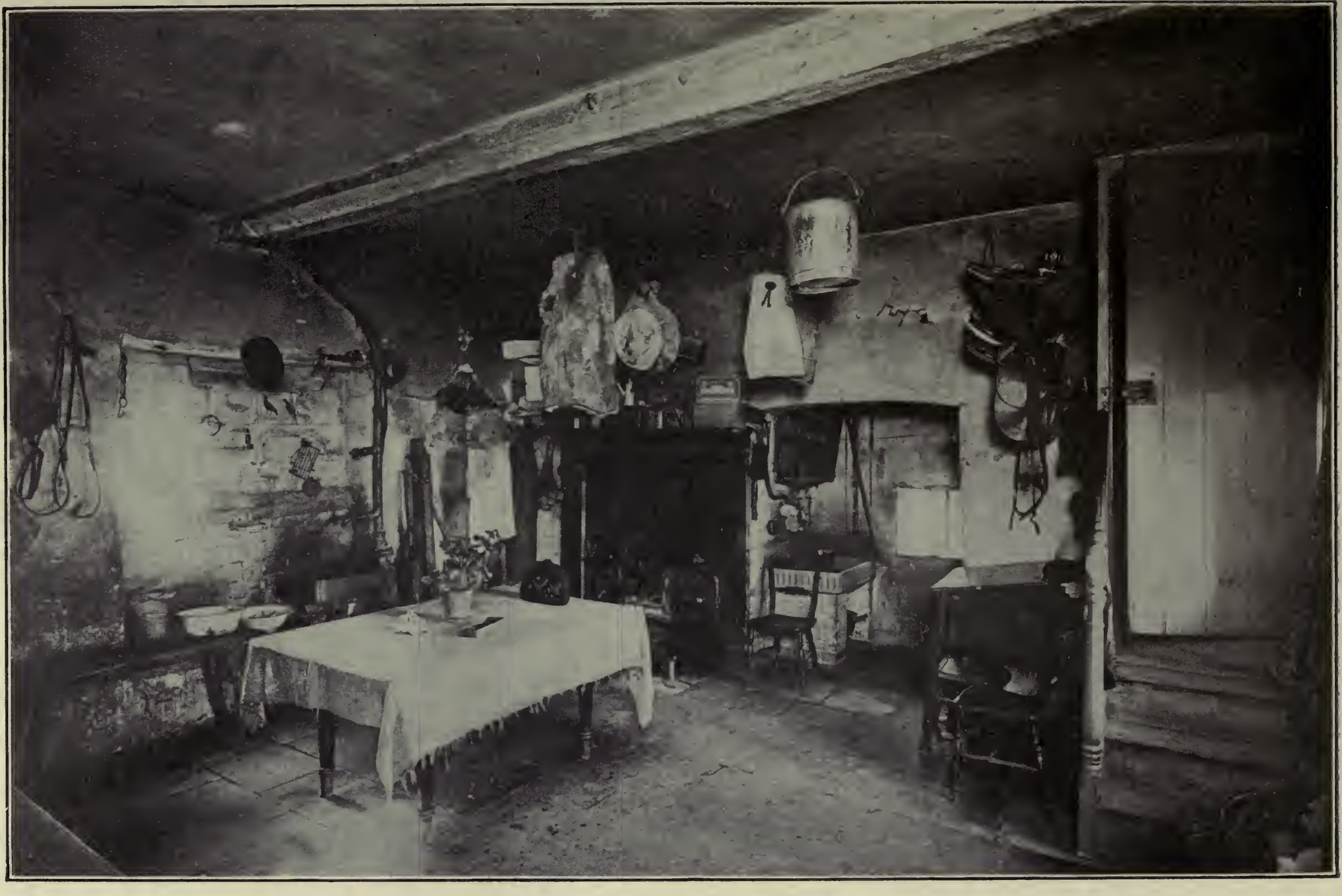
The Earl of Spencer had just died, and his remains were lying in state at the time of the visit. As we passed through the churchyard, his grave was being dug, as it was his last request that he be buried alongside of his wife, although all of his ancestors were entombed in the nave of Great Brington church, dating back to the Thirteenth Century. These Spencer monuments are all in good condition and illustrate the costumes of the various periods. In this same church are buried members of the Washington family. In the chancel is a funeral slab, placed in memory of Laurence Washington, who died in 1616. At the foot of the slab are carved these lines:

> "THOU THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE OF THIS HATH SIGHT,
> "KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNS AS DAY TO NIGHT;
> "BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE REVIVES THE DAY
> "SO CHRIST SHALL US, THOUGH TURNED TO DUST AND CLAY."

The slab was broken and some of the inscription illegible, but the care-taker informed us that the death of Margaret Butler, wife of Laurence Washington, was also recorded, and that her remains were buried beside her husband. In any event, history records that this Laurence Washington's wife's maiden name was Butler.

In the chancel is another memorial slab, recording the death of Robert Washington, brother of Laurence, and his wife, Elizabeth Washington, bearing this inscription:

> "HERE LIES INTERRED YE BODIES OF ELIZAB. WASHINGTON WIDDOWE



KITCHEN OF SULGRAVE MANOR

WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMMORTALLITIE YE 19TH OF MARCH, 1622. AS ALSO YE BODY OF ROBERT WASHINGTON, GENT. HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN YE COUNTY OF NORTH WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE YE 10TH OF MARCH, 1622, AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER."

Robert Washington, as the monument shows, had a "Roosevelt" family, eight sons and nine daughters. Two of the sons became, respectively, Sir John Washington, Knight of Thrapston, and the Rev. Laurence Washington, Rector of Purleigh, Essex, whose eldest son, John, emigrated to America in 1657, and was the great grandfather of George Washington, the President. Both the slabs referred to bear the Washington coat of arms, the distinguishing features of which are three mullets and two bars (Stars and Bars)

In this connection, a letter received from the Rector of Great Brington Church is copied, or rather that portion referring to the Washington ancestry. The letter is in response to one I wrote, asking for information as to the official parish records:

"Great Brington Rectory
Northampton
19th August, 1910

To Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

Dear Sir:—

The only marriage entry of the Washingtons is that of Amy Washington to Philip Curtis, on August 8th, 1620. Amy Washington was a daughter of Robert. Laurence Washington was buried on December 15th, 1616, and his name is entered in the burial register. The only other Washingtons mentioned in the register are:—

"Robert Washington, buried March 11th, 1622, and Elizabeth Washington, buried March 25th, of the same year."

In a church roll which is in my possession, dated 1606, a pew assigned on the south side to Robert Washington and his wife, and a bench outside for his men servants.

I am sorry I have no further information to give you respecting the family.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM MARTIN, B. D.
Rector of Brington."

Thrapston is a small market town, twenty-two miles from Northampton. Our visit to this place was brief, but the information obtained is of value.

Sir John Washington lived and was buried in Thrapston. He was the uncle of the two Washingtons who emigrated to and founded the Washington family in America.

At the west entrance of the Church of St. James, the well-known coat of arms and crest are carved in stone. The Parish Register contains these records:

BAPTISM

1624—PHILLIPUS WASHINGTON FILIUS JOHANN WASHINGTON ARMIGER DE THRAPSTON 27 DECEMBRIS.

1632—ELIZABETH WASHINGTON FILIA JOHANN WASHINGTON (KNIGHT EQUITIS AURATI SEPULTA FRIT DIE JULY 1632.

1639—GULIELMUS WASHINGTON GENEROSUS SELPULTUS ERAT MARTY 25, 1639.

1668—THE WRIGHT WORSHIPFUL SUR JOHN WASHINGTON, KNIGHT AND BARRENNIT MAY 18, 1668.

We next motored to Little Brington, which contains, and which we inspected, a small stone house, known as "Washington's House," and is regarded as the home of the Washingtons after their retirement from Sulgrave.

Over the doorway, upon a smooth, rectangular-shaped stone, are carved these words: "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructa 1606."

Near this house is a sun dial, bearing the Washington Arms, and "R. W. 1617," probably the initials of Robert Washington, buried in Great Brington Church Chancel.

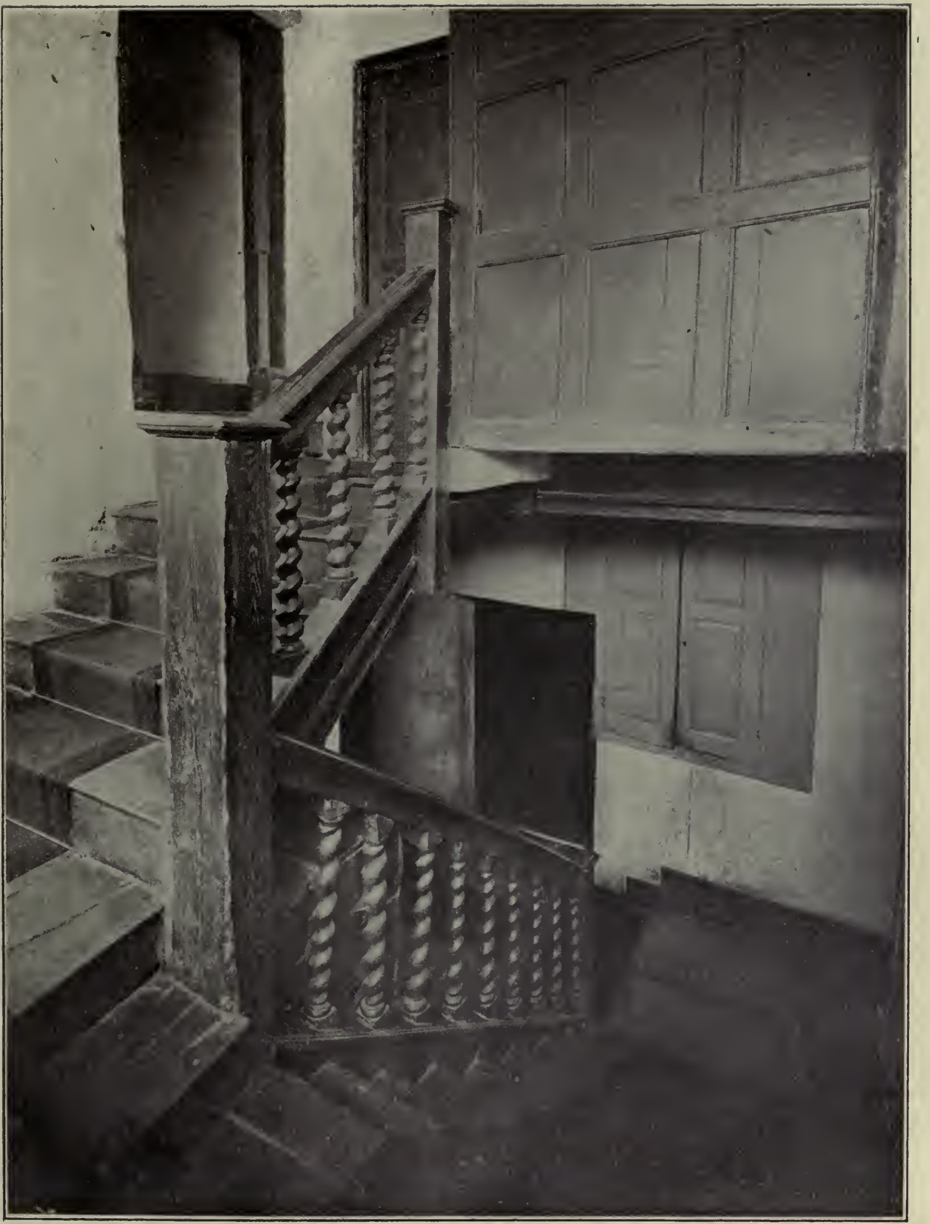
We next visited the church of St. Mary's at Sulgrave. This is where the Washingtons worshipped and are buried. At the east end of the South Aisle is a slab of gray stone on which were originally six brasses, put down as memorials of Laurence Washington and his family. Three of the brasses were removed or stolen by some unknown vandal and three remain, viz.:

Laurence Washington's own effigy, a shield of the Washington Arms, and another containing the following inscription:

"HERE LYETH BURIED YE BODYS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON GENT. & ANNE HIS WYF BY WHOM HE HAD ISSUE iiij SONS & ij DAUGHTS WC LAURENCE DYED YE . . . DAY . . . . ANO 15 . . & ANNE DECEASED THE VJ OF OCTOBER ANO DNI 1564."

It would appear from the inscription that Laurence Washington put down the monument after the death of his wife and left a blank space for the date of his own death, which occurred in 1584, but this has not been added.

Our final pilgrimage was to the famous Sulgrave Manor, or, as it is now known,



OAK STAIRCASE, SULGRAVE MANOR

the Washington Manor. The property is owned by Mr. Reynell Peck of Netherton, of whom more later on, and is leased to a farmer tenant, whose name I did not learn. The manor proper is occupied by the tenant and a large family. The caretaker is Miss Anna Cave, who apologized for her appearance by the statement that the "sweep" had just finished his work. Chimney sweeps are still in vogue in England. Notwithstanding her begrimed dress and somewhat smutty face, Miss Cave was still a comely lass and proved an interesting mine of information, besides furnishing for a nominal consideration some fine photographs.

The Manor of Sulgrave was granted to Laurence Washington by Henry VIII in 1538, upon dissolution of the Monasteries. Evidently more had been laid out and contemplated than was carried out. The manor is of stone and the interior of solid oak. Some of the beams which I measured are two feet in thickness. The old oaken stairway is shown in the photograph, as well as the kitchen. Upstairs all are sleeping rooms, all these rooms are in good condition. The particular room where was born Laurence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of President Washington, was pointed out; and probably the information is correct.

On the lower floor are the remains of a room, evidently a private chapel, but now used as a hall. On each side of the wall appear carvings, which are illustrated also. The house has a high gabled roof, upon the outside of which appear the Arms of the Washington family. If any doubt exists as to the origin of the American flag, this should dispel the suspicion as it is repeated wherever the Washington family are in evidence and is always the same.

There are a number of outhouses of stone and one very large barn, which, with the manor, are in fairly good repair when it is considered that no one with any particular patriotic motive is connected with the property.

It seems a strange anomaly that the birthplace of the ancestors of our first and greatest President should be in the hands of aliens to America. It at once occurred to me that the property should be acquired by one of our patriotic societies, put into proper condition and be provided with an endowment fund sufficient to care for and maintain it for all time to come, making of it a veritable "mecca" for all patriotic Americans visiting Europe.

With this idea in mind, I obtained from Miss Cave the address of the owner. Upon my return to London, I wrote him as to his willingness to dispose of the manor. I received a most courteous reply, indicating that he would sell, adding, however, that the estate had been in his family for many generations and that he was not anxious to dispose of it.

It is, therefore, my intention to bring the matter of a purchase or lease of the property to the attention of a number of our patriotic organizations, with the earnest wish that something definite may result therefrom.

Our very able Ambassador in London, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, is in sympathy with the suggestion and expressed his willingness to co-operate; and I will be glad, in my humble way, to assist in securing the estate both by attention and by a liberal contribution.

Youngstown, Ohio, December 1, 1910.

◆

TEDDY'S Trip to MARS

by Russell Kelso Carter (Orr Kenyon)

Author of "Just Back From Mars," "My Boy Charlie," "Caleb Koons," etc.

EVER since my sensational experience with Keeley the "motor man" in the great ethero-plane, I chafed and fretted to visit the fiery planet once more and study further into the ways and habits of the interesting people I met with on my former visit. Bending all my energies to the task I rapidly constructed another ethero-plane, larger and better equipped than the first, in which labor I was assisted by my shadowy friend Keeley. There was no difficulty this time in procuring financial backing; in fact I was overwhelmed with an avalanche of letters proffering aid and asking a million or so questions, wise and otherwise. Ever since the thrilling account of my adventures was published solely in the columns of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE* this correspondence poured in upon me requiring the assistance of several secretaries to attend to it and to sort out from the general mass whatever might be really useful to me on my intended voyage to Mars.

"Keeley," I said positively, as that ingenious "discarnate intelligence" sat in my workshop regarding my efforts with ghostly approval, "Keeley, I am determined not to make this trip unless one man, just one man goes with me."

Keeley nodded sagely, and twirled the big diamond in his soiled shirt-front.

"You understand?" I queried.

"Of course. There's only one man in these United States at present.

"Not necessary to name him," he added. "Native modesty and habitual self-repression will enable him to keep the secret for a few days. But how are you going to persuade him to go? His time is so full with mundane affairs; hardly looks like he can cut out enough to run over to Mars."

"I've thought of a plan," I answered. "I went to see the publishers and backers of the 'World's-Lookout,' and represented to them the enormous advantages that will accrue to the promoters of such an expedition."

"Did you forget to mention the ton of radium you lost in your last runaway?" asked Keeley.

"No, I did not. I dwelt on that briefly, but I saw that the bait was attractive. I represented the immense influence for good that such a weapon could wield in the fight with the Corporations. That settled it. 'Fight fire with fire,' cried the leading 'influence' behind the scenes. 'Teddy will go. Only, nobody must know anything about it till he comes back.' "

Keeley sat up and regarded me sternly. "Now, see here, Kenyon," he said, "quit that kidding. Some things are possible in this world, and in Mars, but when it comes to hiding Teddy under a bushel for three weeks so tight that nobody will know he's anywheres 'round—oh, get out!" And my "guide" leaned back in his chair in disgust.

I informed my shadowy partner that the thing had been carefully evolved in the editorial sanctum. We had gone over all the objections and arranged for every one. Teddy was to know nothing of the scheme till all was ready for the start. Then the Committee of Arrangements who drew all the maps for Teddy's aeronautic campaigns across the continents would arrange a speech before the Associated Orders of War Veterans at a point not more than a few miles distant from my shop. After the speech the distinguished Colonel was to be conveyed in a touring car to a nearby town, the driver was to get lost and the party pass my shop. The rest was easy. The director of the party, now reduced to two of the editorial staff and the redoubtable Colonel, were to be met by myself; introductions would ensue; the purpose of my voyage explained; the great ethero-plane exhibited all a-tremble with power for the flight, and the Colonel would be invited to take the seat of honor beside me and make a dash to Mars.

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* August and September, 1910.

"Do you think he will stand that?" I inquired of Keeley.

"Not on your sweet life," replied that worthy, grinning with appreciation.

"Say," he added, "I'm glad I introduced you to my atomic force. You can come back, I reckon."

"Teddy can, anyhow," I answered. "But, you see, the dear public can't know where he is, for the staff will keep mum, and there is no ethero-wireless as yet. The only thing shakes me a trifle is the fear that somebody will want to arrest those editors for murder."

Keeley laughed sardonically. "Quit that!" he said. "Don't you know nobody can kill Teddy? He's a bit too previous. Go ahead with your scheme. I'll help all I can."

So it fell out that the wished-for opportunity arrived in good shape. The ethero-plane was all ready to cast loose; every provision had been made for the voyage; the speech was delivered amidst the uproarious applause of the Associated Orders; the big touring car started on its rapid run and soon reached the vicinity of my mountain shop, where, concealed by ingenious barricades, the work had been carried on without setting the world agog. I heard the "honk! honk! honk!" of the car and turned to Keeley.

"Here he is!" I cried enthusiastically. "Now, Keeley, I count on you doing all you can to persuade him to go."

"Shows all you know about psychics," growled Keeley, beginning to fade from view. "I can't visualize before him. He'd knock out all the ghosts of his ancestors at a clip. You've got to paddle your own canoe this time."

I rushed down just in time to greet the touring party, and in a few moments it burst upon me that I was privileged to entertain the only living ex-President of the great United States. Of course under the circumstances it soon leaked out that I was the man who made the extraordinary first trip to our planetary neighbor. The Colonel was awake at once.

"Are you the chap that made that interstellar dash?" he queried.

I replied with becoming modesty that I was.

"And it was no fake—the real thing?"

I assured him on this point.

"When are you going to start?"

"In half an hour."

"Who is going with you?"

"There can be only one passenger."

"Ah! How long will it take?"

I made a hasty mental calculation based upon Mars' present distance of some sixty million miles, and the speed I had been able to attain when dashing down the Milky Way, and replied with assurance:

"About sixty hours, Colonel."

"Good!" he ejaculated. "Can we do the planet in a week?"

I caught at his assumption of the "we," and replied carelessly: "Oh yes, *we* can see most everything in that time."

"And get back in another four days?"

"Yes."

The next query was fired at close quarters, the Colonel's eyes blazing with interest.

"What sort of a man do you want for passenger?"

"He must have decided qualifications," I replied, measuring my words. "He must possess unusual confidence in his own resources."

"Hm!"

"He must have initiative."

"Hm!"

"He must know how to adapt himself to all sorts of conditions and all sorts of people."

"Hm!"

"He must have ready courage, positive action, unlimited assurance of success, no hesitation about grappling with difficulties no matter how appalling, a fair knowledge of most everything, and magnetism to make up for the things he don't know. He must—"

"Hm! hm! I see, I see," broke in the

Colonel, laying his hand on the vibrodyne —I forgot to mention I had showed my guests the machinery and arrangements. "Let me see, Mr. Kenyon, do you think—" He paused a moment, and I saw that self-repression was struggling with the personal equation and getting the worst of the fight.

"Do you think I will do, Mr. Kenyon?" he suddenly exploded.

"The place is for you, Colonel," I replied, with my best bow, "and you are the man for the place."

While I was dimly wondering if I had trespassed on Mr. Petronius' masterly reply to Nero concerning the spectacle of burning Rome, the Colonel grabbed my hand and squeezed the tears from my eyes as he shouted:

"D-e-e-lighted! Let's start at once."

Our plan had succeeded. A few parting words of advice to the "staff" enjoined strictest secrecy as to our movements until the public curiosity had been worked up to the highest pitch; then it was suggested that hints be thrown out of another planet subjugated and another realm of space unlocked, and all things prepared for a tremendous home-coming reception upon a world-wide scale. Then we were off.

I gave the repulsion transmitter to my distinguished passenger and directed him how to manipulate it. Manipulation came easy to him, and the great etheroplane rose majestically above the trees of the Blue Ridge.

"What will you christen this ship?" yelled one of the "staff" from below. I caught up the wine bottle and yelled in reply as I broke it over the window-sill:

"Oyster Bay! and no bar!"

"Good!" cried my companion. "Good-bye, boys. Keep things effervescing till I come back."

II

There were several things on this trip that excited the interest of my Passenger. I use a capital P, for there was only the one. When the indicators showed a speed of a million miles an hour the Colonel expressed his wonder at the absence of all jar or swish or swing.

"One would not know we were moving at all," he said.

I explained that all sense of motion is relative; we only know we move by seeing some object stand still or move in another direction; or else we know we move by feeling the swish of the air against us. I said:

"When you look from a car window you gauge your speed by the nearest objects, the telegraph poles, fence posts and the like. The farther objects, like distant hills, do not give you any sense of speed. Now, in this case, we have no near objects to look at. If they were near we would not see them because of our immense velocity. There goes a meteorite now"—a sharp "ping!" was heard on the outer wall. "We couldn't see it; it moved too fast."

"Then you mean to say," exclaimed the Colonel, "that one can move with such velocity that one loses all appreciation of that velocity and seems to stand still?"

"Exactly, Colonel," I replied, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Hm!" he said. "I never thought of that."

"On my first trip," I continued, "I learned much from my 'guide,' Mr. Keeley. He reminded me that the sun and stars are all moving at frightful speed, but nobody on said spheres knows anything of it. And a single lone man, flying through space at equal velocity, has no possible means of realizing that he is moving at all unless—

"Unless what?" broke in my impatient listener.

"Unless he encounters some resistance, or passes near some other body, say within a few thousand miles. Then—"

"Ah! I have it!" cried the Colonel. "Well, I must confess this thing seems slow. I'd rather have some resistance. I want to see the sparks fly; 'I want to zhee ze wheels go round.' My policy is like dynamite—always busts the strongest resistance first. You've noticed that probably?"

I confessed I had observed it.

"I'm after the thief!" he cried, waving his arms vigorously in the air. "That means the resistance. What's the use of strength and power in the world if you don't use it on something. Yank 'em out. Shake the stuffing—but, my dear Kenyon, this is confidential, you know. One must be discreet before the public."

This matter of realizing one's own speed seemed to interest the Colonel. He recurred to it several times.

"It makes me begin to realize the insignificance of our two-cent earth, after all," he observed, when in quieter mood. "Just to think, a man may be whisking through space twenty-four million miles a day, and feel as steady as a rock, not knowing he is going some. Queer! isn't it? Hm! Hm! Now everything I have been used to sends the blood tingling and the breath quickening and the heart pounding. It is my policy always to see results; I want to feel something give way every now and then."

"I suppose something will give way, Colonel," I observed, "one of these days when two stars strike together in midocean, so to speak."

"You bet it will," he answered, "but, say, that is too slow; too remote. May have to wait a million years to see it. And then, if it happens to you, you won't see it at all. Oh, come back! My policy is to do the thing yourself, and to do it now. You hear me? I don't like standing off and letting somebody else do it. Do it yourself, and do it now! that's my motto. Say! when are we due?"

"We will arrive in just five hours," I replied. "It may be that the Martian telescopes in the government observatory have picked us before this. Anyhow we can count on a warm reception."

The Colonel buried himself in the Esperanto Primer, which he had already studied for hours at a time, and I cleared the decks, so to speak, for action and steered the ethero-plane for the Martian Capital as best I could.

III

When we swung down gracefully through the Martian atmosphere and drew near enough to open our windows, we saw that great preparations had been made for our landing. The population were out en masse; brightly colored booths and stands had been erected, and the music of bands floated up on the still air. I may remark that there are very few and unimportant storms on Mars, owing to the thinness of his atmosphere and other causes. When I mentioned this to T. R. he shook his head and expressed a fear that the inhabitants must be "mollycoddles." It takes resistance to develop a sturdy race, he said. But the rest of his remarks were postponed by a mighty cheer that made the ethero-plane tremble as we touched the ground not far from the stands before mentioned. I was about to present my companion, and was actually clearing my throat as a preliminary, when he astonished me and the natives as well by springing out of the window, standing lightly on the ledge and retaining his hold with his left hand while with his right he waved the Stars and Stripes and yelled in choice Esperanto:

"Greetings, Martians! I bring you the good-will of the greatest people on Earth. My name is—"

A roar from the crowd took shape in the sounds:

"T. R.—T. R.—T. R. P. P. Teddy! Teddy! Teddy!"

It was delivered in truly college yell fashion, and almost lifted one's hair with its force. As if in reply to my mental query how on Mars did they know his name, I heard a chuckle in the corner of the ethero-plane pilot house and turning my gaze thither, saw my old friend and guide, Keeley.

"Did you do this, Keeley?" I inquired.

"Sure," replied the shadow. "Several discarnates have passed over lately, and I commissioned some of them to step on in advance and submit the news to the Major who helped you when you were here before—the military man who knew Esperanto; you remember him. He is a good psychic and caught onto the thing immediately. Pretty rousing reception that, wasn't it?"

While he was imparting this information T. R. had been busy as usual. Treating the small outer deck of the ethero-plane as if it had been the rear platform of a transcontinental Pullman, he swung himself down to the ground and was immediately surrounded by an admiring crowd of Martians, each eager to get a word with him and to wring his hand. In short my occupation was gone. There was nothing for me to do except to hunt for my Major friend and see what arrangements could be made to tour the planet in the shortest possible time and at the most advantageous terms.

One thing however puzzled me and I sought the seclusion of the pilot house to ascertain if Keeley would enlighten me. I wanted to know the meaning of the "P. P." after T. R. in the Martian yell.

"Can't you get onto that?" asked Keeley. "Why, that's just dead easy."

"It might be 'power of attorney' for the Earth," I suggested cautiously. Keeley laughed.

"That's good," he assented. "Or it might be 'Perennial President,' or Popular Person. You can take your choice. He's likely to be all of them before he gets through. But I reckon it stands for Progressive Promoter."

T. R. certainly was popular on Mars. He captured the entire planet in a lightning tour of a week. I proposed traveling by the Martian Gyroscope railways, but the Colonel said that was too slow and insisted on using the ethero-plane itself because in that we could make any speed short of a meteorite's velocity. Then he said all the Martians wanted to see the machine and it was part of his policy to educate the people everywhere along all progressive lines. Accordingly we rushed over Mars in our own private touring car, and T. R. called the attention of the people at every stop to the machine itself as a concrete example of the wonderful progress made on Earth in the last few years.

He poured an astonishing amount of history into his audiences in a few addresses, compressing most of the telling events in his presidential term and his Africa-Europe tour into scintillating points for Martian admiration and assimilation. He loaded up with all the chief points concerning Martian government and politics and turned them to account in his platform talks.

When he understood that there are no trusts in Mars, and the reason for that blissful state of things, he grasped at it eagerly.

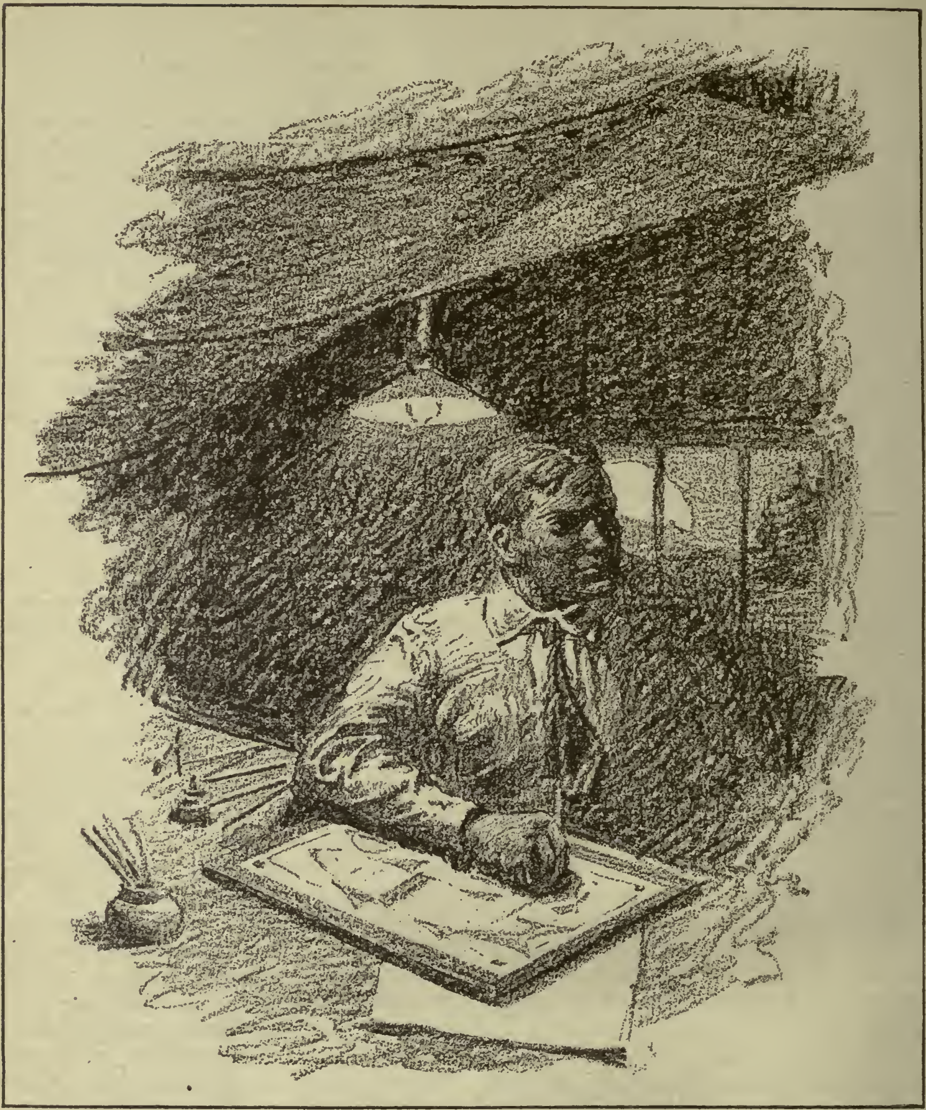
"I have always told my earthly friends," he cried, "that publicity would cure the trust evil. Now you people have proved my words true. I congratulate you with all my heart upon your distinguished achievement." (Immense applause).

Again when informed that every Martian who originated, or invented anything did so purely for the public good he was all enthusiasm and said to his audience:

"There it is once more. It has always been my policy to urge the public good as the one supreme aim and object. I told my earth friends and countrymen a thousand times that the individual's rights must be modified and influenced by the public good, while of course the public good must fully embrace and consider the individual's rights. I understand you concede that this balanced scheme can never be absolutely perfect; we must approximate toward it as rapidly as possible. It affords me eminent satisfaction to find so intelligent a people thus confirming and endorsing my oft-repeated declarations."

One thing stumped T. R. He could not get over it. That was the utter absence of publishers, editors and the like. But when he understood the reason he was somewhat relieved. My obliging military friend gave the explanation. He said:

"You must understand, honored sir, that Mars has a history. In former ages things were very much as you have sketched as now existing on the Earth. But after centuries of evolvement, and after great and wonderful changes in our atmospheric and electric environment the whole temper of the people altered. To a great extent the principle of fermentation was taken from the atmosphere, and the chemical rays of the sun greatly modified. This produced, by strict scientific law, a corresponding absence of what I may call the fermenting principle in the Martian race. Our blood cooled; our brains were unhindered; we learned and retained what we learned; old things that had resulted in trouble were laid aside instinctively; we became a quiet, peaceful people; old issues and disputes died out; there was nothing left but interest in general and particular advancement; in short, what you call the public good. Under this regime knowledge soon became general; everybody acquired something of the powers of mental psychometry; there was nothing to fight about and therefore no special room for a turbulent press. Your 'yellow journals' became impossible.



"*Keeley, I am determined not to make this trip unless one man, just one man, goes with me*"

Physical life was lengthened greatly, and men preferred personal contact and conversation to correspondence, and were able to fall back upon telepathy instead of a newspaper extra."

The Colonel was aghast for a moment; then he rallied and admitted:

"Well, that is going some. You have cause for rejoicing. But I wish you could visit me in America and glance over the details of our present fight with the corporations, the railroad Titan, the labor unions, the wealthy malefactors, the political corruptionists, the mendacious journalists, the simon-pure liars of every stripe. My policy is bearing fruit everywhere and we are confidently expecting a better state of things when all that following whose spirit is practically criminal will have been weeded out and consigned to an eternal limbo. I make it a special point to unearth the criminal whether he belong to the poor or the predatory rich. I am delighted to find that your history proves the correctness of my policy once more."

Speaking to an immense audience at a beautiful city that stood at the beginning of the Great Northern Canal, the Colonel said in part:

"I am struck with the central idea in your government. It has long been a hobby with me to enlarge the mental scope of my countrymen and persuade them to look at things in a large way. Local issues are not many; that is, those that really are local. Most real issues are national in their character and should be treated nationally. I am always after big things. Life is too short to waste on infinitesimals. Give me a telescope every time rather than a microscope. Fill up the measure of your politics with great, big, live matters that concern the whole nation. The longer you look at big things, the sooner will your minds become enlarged and take in the great rather than the small. Of course the central government must regard the local to a degree, but it stands to reason that the local must always give way to the general when it comes to a positive choice." (Great applause).

IV

And then we went fishing!

There are no animals on Mars except a few of the domestic varieties. Hunting is out of the question. But the immense canals that stretch from the polar to the equatorial regions of the planet are alive with fish, many of which furnish the most exciting sport. We ran up the Great Northern Canal to a point corresponding with our arctic circle. Here the canal meets the northern sea that is supplied from the melting ice caps, and the greatest variety of fish are found, some of them of enormous size. After two days of amazing sport we returned in the ethero-plane to the Martian Capital in the temperate zone, our "hold" literally laden with spoils.

"Truly I never saw such fish," exclaimed T. R. as he tried to classify his catch for the Smithsonian or National Institutes. "When I tell my friends on Earth that I caught five hundred dozen ten pounders, superior to any trout they ever hauled in, won't there be some lifting of the eyebrows?

"But there's no use bothering with small fry," he continued. "When I go hunting I want the biggest game there is. Fishing wasn't in it in Africa; we couldn't waste time on that when lions and elephants and rhinoceri were abundant as rabbits at home. So what's the use of all these ten pounders? Now here's a fish worth catching. Look at him."

The Colonel laid his hand on one of the Martian monsters, weighing a thousand pounds, which we had caught with an electric harpoon and hauled in with the engine of the ethero-plane.

"We'll stuff that and give him the chief place in the museum at Washington. That will take the record."

This pleasing occupation was rather suddenly interrupted by my catching sight of a shadowy something in the corner that presently suggested my "guide" —Keeley. It dawned upon me that he wanted to communicate with me, but I saw at once he could not do so when T. R. was present. Psychics can't live with P. P.s, so Keeley explained to me when I made an excuse to leave my distinguished passenger for a moment. "I thought I would just drop in and give you the latest mail from Earth."

"What is it, Keeley?" I anxiously inquired. "Anything important happened?"

"Oh, nothing very special," drawled Keeley. "You see Professor James, the distinguished psychical research man, has lately come over to our side, and he has been trying to communicate with Hyslop and Mr. Stead and the rest. Somehow the news has arrived that—"

"That what? Hurry up, Keeley. Don't aggravate one's curiosity."

"Nothing particular; only Maine has gone Democratic."

"You don't expect me to believe such a fish story as that, do you?" I scornfully inquired.

"Might as well," replied my "guide." "They've got the governor and a lot more; and when you recall the fact that there never was a Democratic congressman from Maine, it looks queer to see three out of four tumble into the lap of the old Democracy."

When I imparted this startling news to T. R. he exploded.

"Why, that means that Hale of Maine will have to retire whether he wants to or not. Something is going wrong. I must get back p. d. q. This insurgency means something. I see, I see. My policy is working out. The people are getting their optics open and are learning a thing or two. My dear Kenyon, let's say good-bye and crowd on all steam for home. Make it two million miles an hour if you can. I must get back to the office and take a peep through the *World's-Lookout* at once."

V

In two hours we were back at the Martian Capital, the ethero-plane ready for the return, and an enormous crowd gathered for the send-off. I seized the repulsion transmitter and stood ready to press the spring while the Colonel clambered out upon the small deck and shouted in stentorian tones his farewell.

"I will never forget you and your kindness," he cried, his hand on his heart. "This has been a unique experience and I will turn it to good account on Earth at the first opportunity. The forcible endorsement you and your history have given me and my policy is worth much more than the paltry pounds of radium bestowed upon us in compensation for our all too feeble efforts to instruct and entertain you while in your midst.

"Let the average man among you seek to improve his standards and estate. You who are above the average must bend to help others, and you who are below must reach out a hand to be grasped. The health of the whole body politic is vastly more important than the health of the individual, but it is plain that only as you improve the individual can the whole be elevated.

"Never forget to weed out and weed out and weed out till you have a clean garden, or one as nearly clean as your limitations make possible. Hammer away at abuses and never let up"—

A voice. "There are no abuses here. We've got past that."

"No, you haven't. Don't fool yourselves like that. Hammer away at abuses whether you see them or not. If you don't the weeds will surely grow again when you are most secure. Merely legal issues will become moral issues over night if your vigilance is relaxed. Corruption is a great law of this material universe. Our only hope is in clinging to the greater law of *progress*. Keep on! Move! Don't stand still. Stir the great pot of public opinion till you see the bubbles on top. Keep things effervescing. Idleness is death. The very first thing said of this present universe is that someone *moved!*

"We will soon have a regular passenger service between the spheres. Why not? If so much has been done in a hundred years, who can limit our progress in the future? Progress! that is the word. Substantive and verb; we want them both. Good-bye. Come over and see me after my policy has worked a little longer. Good-bye! Good luck to you all!

"Touch her off, Mr. Kenyon!"

As I pressed the spring on the transmitter the great craft trembled slightly and then rose majestically above the throng gathered outside the Capital. Suddenly the musical director stood up and waved a handsome baton. Ten thousand trained singers sprang to their feet, the baton waved again, five hundred instruments swelled out in a great chord, and then from ten thousand throats burst forth a chorus that made the atmosphere vibrate to its limits:

"*Has everybody here seen Teddy?*"

It was the most awe-inspiring thing I ever saw in all my life. T. R. was positively overcome, and leaned limply against the window frame, mopping his crimson countenance with his handkerchief. In a moment, as the chorus came to a pause, he sprang inside, leaned out and shouted:

"Forget me; that is all right; but don't forget my policy. Pro-gress! Pro-gress! Be a progressive!

"Now, Mr. Kenyon," he exclaimed, turning to me, "get out of this atmosphere as quickly as you can, and see if we can't run up the miles a million or so an hour. Really, that last experience was almost too much for yours truly."

I bent all my energies to comply with his request. We were soon above the Martian atmosphere, but not before my distinguished passenger, gazing through a telescope of remarkable power, suddenly cried out:

"Great United States! What do you suppose I see?"

I eagerly protested my ignorance and my desire to learn. T. R. laughed heartily and then after another peep, cried:

"There's a regular Teddy-bear climbing up the Capitol flag-pole with the Stars and Stripes in his mouth. I wonder if they mean anything by that?"

On this point I was unable to offer any suggestions, and all my attention was called for to keep the ethero-plane on the shortest course, the great vibrodyne humming, and the indicators showing a marvellous velocity. Without a break I stood on the bridge, so to speak, and directed our course, and in less than fifty hours saw we were approaching the Earth. Shortly after nightfall we entered the atmosphere, and before we had descended nearer the surface than ten miles my wireless apparatus began to work vigorously. In two minutes the Colonel was in communication with the office of the *World's Lookout* and the staff notified of his coming.

In the midst of clouds and gloom we reached the anchorage in the Blue Ridge without being noticed by anyone. The touring car was ready, and the Colonel, after squeezing my hand into a jelly, and urging me to visit him soon and often, was whisked away to the nearest station and rushed to New York.

Now comes the very strangest thing in all this strange narrative. I am sure I will not be believed. The public generally will consign me to perpetual membership in the Ananias club. But I can only die once. I must stick to the truth no matter what happens. Here it is. T. R. had been away for eight days; his staff had kept their counsel, and nobody knew it. Not one living soul even suspected that Teddy had been to Mars. Now, it is out, I feel relieved. Faithfully,

Orr Kenyon.

WHEN THE OCEAN BILLOWS ROLL

I WAS coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," says Bishop Potter, "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon, I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone, I asked: 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?'

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'

" 'At least, madam,' said I tenderly, 'permit me to bring you a glass of water.'

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'

" 'But your husband, madam,' said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!' "

—From the book "Heart Throbs."

A GUESS FOR LIFE

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

By FANNIE C. GRIFFING

DOCTOR REYNOLDS was a successful and popular physician, a man of wide experience, and much literary culture. He had given up an extensive city practice to locate in our little coast town, on account of his failing health, evidently heeding the injunction: "Physician, heal thyself."

He soon became extremely popular with all classes of our citizens, and much beloved among the poorer element, to whom he gave his services free. Of middle age, with reserved manner, and dignified bearing, he was a man to command both respect and confidence.

I was strongly attracted toward him from the first, and to my shy overtures of friendship he responded cordially and we soon became quite intimate. And to my surprise, when he unbent, he was delightfully human, and vastly entertaining, to one of my youth and inexperience.

It was at the close of an unusually busy day for the doctor that we sat together on the piazza of his pleasant home, puffing at our after dinner cigars, and watching the golden disk of the full moon, as it slowly rose above the tree tops.

In addition to his usual round of patients, there had, that day, been one of those tragedies which are becoming so terribly frequent, in which life is so needlessly taken during the heat of anger.

The survivor in this case had been dangerously wounded, and Dr. Reynolds, true to the ethics of his profession, had used all his skill to save a life, perhaps for the hangman. We had discussed the case at length and, leaning back in his comfortable chair, the doctor was watching the blue rings of smoke that circled upward from his Havana.

"I had a pretty close call, myself, once!" he remarked suddenly, as the recollection struck him.

"A narrow escape from death it was, and under such unusually strange circumstances that I have always wondered, and been thankful that it didn't turn my hair white!" and with an amused laugh, he leaned forward to knock the ash from his cigar end.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked, in surprise. "It couldn't have been funny!"

"It was both tragic and amusing, although anything but a laughing matter at the time!" was his reply. "It was a strange experience, and I had a narrow escape from death!" His tone had become grave, and much interested, I begged him to relate his experience.

"Like most young medicos," he began, "I thought, on receiving my diploma, that all that was necessary to achieve fame and fortune, was to open an office, put up a sign, and a multitude of grateful and admiring patients would advertise my skill. So I opened an office (a small one, to be sure) and a gilded sign informed the public of the fact. But, to my surprise and disappointment, the expected patients failed to materialize. Day after day I sat in my office, waiting and wishing for the expected patients who failed to come. But I would not let myself be discouraged or lose faith in myself. I recalled all the stories I had read or heard of the early struggles of many great men, and how they had at last won, by patience and perseverance, and took a fresh hold upon my courage, resolving to emulate them. So, refusing to despond, I arose hopefully each day, and hurried to and from my little office as if each moment was precious. While there I spent the patientless hours in studying my medical books, and in reading many of the works of the best poets and authors from the public library. In this manner, I gained a fair knowledge of literature, and the hours I thought so irksome were well spent, after all.

"On a bright June morning, I remember, I was hastening, as usual to my little office, feeling unusually hopeful and confident. I had reached the steps of the building, where it was located, and as I paused a moment, a tall, dark and heavily bearded man came to a halt beside me. Glancing behind, and about him, he asked: 'Where can I find a physician?' 'I am one myself, and at your service, sir!' I answered quickly, while my heart leaped. Here was a patient at last, perhaps! 'I am in search of one with brains, and, although young, you seem intelligent,' he replied, his eyes scanning my face. 'There's no hope for me, I know, but you may give me some relief!' and he sighed.

" 'Come into my office, sir!' I hastened to say, 'I'll examine and do all I can for you! This way, sir!'

"I ascended the steps and the big man followed, his hand on my arm. Through the outer and into the inner and private office, I piloted him, and drawing forward a couple of armchairs, I invited him to be seated. His large, deep-set, and intensely black eyes burned with a strange lustre, and their expression seemed to indicate that his thoughts were elsewhere. He was silent for some moments, and then burst out suddenly: 'My sufferings are intense! None can dream of what I endure!' laying a hand upon his side. 'It is killing me by inches, and yet—' his eyes flashed, 'My private physicain, brainless idiot! insists that I am mistaken in regard to my malady! As if I did not know! My father had the same disease, and it killed him!' I gazed at my patient wonderingly. To what did he allude? He seemed the picture of health. Perhaps it was appendicitis! I opened my lips to question him, but he began again: 'I've known and dreaded it for years! I know that I am doomed!'

" 'What is it, sir?' I gasped, startled by his strange manner. 'What do you think ails you?'

" 'Think!' he repeated. 'I don't *think*, sir! I am perfectly certain that I have internal cancer!'

" 'Cancer!' I exclaimed much surprised. 'Oh, I guess you are mistaken!' I answered with youthful confidence. 'At least I hope so,' I added hastily, as he frowned heavily.

" 'Like all the others, you think I'm mistaken,' he muttered, and rose from his seat. 'You recognize me, of course, and should know that it is true!'

" 'No, sir, you have the advantage of me,' I replied wonderingly. 'I do not remember ever seeing you before!' 'What!' and he glared at me. 'Surely you knew me at once! Not know me!' Thrusting one hand into his breast, and the other behind him, he towered over me, and I gazed intently at him. He was well dressed and certainly distinguished looking, and was perhaps some celebrity then in the limelight. I strove to recall the faces of all men of note that I remembered. In vain I strove to place him in my mental gallery of great men, which, to tell the truth, was small.

" 'Every schoolboy is familiar with my form and features,' the deep voice rumbled on. 'My name and fame are world wide! No one could fail to recognize me!' I shook my head, and repeated, 'No, sir, you are a stranger to me!'

" 'Is it possible?' and turning abruptly away, my strange patient walked to the window and gazed out. Slowly approaching, he passed behind my chair to reach his own. The next moment, a pair of long and powerful arms reached over my shoulders, a stout cord was passed over my chest and arms, while a terrible voice hissed in my ear: 'Silence! Make a movement or a sound and it will be your last!'

"I had neither time nor inclination for either, for I was so taken aback and dazed by the sudden and violent attack that I was as helpless as an infant in the grasp of a giant.

"With lightning-like rapidity, the cord was passed about me, again and again, over my body, even my legs, binding me fast to the chair, unable to move a limb.

"Then my captor again stood before me, holding in one hand a keen-bladed, murderous-looking knife. It needed but one glance at his face, at his glaring eyes, to tell me that I was in the power and at the mercy of a madman! For a few moments, overcome with horror and bewilderment, I felt as if paralyzed in brain and body. But I quickly regained control of my faculties and began to think.

"My first patient was undoubtedly mad, a dangerous lunatic, either some noted personage, suddenly gone mad, or an escaped madman, with the common hallucination that he was some great man, either dead or alive. I dared not make a sound to summon help, and there was not a chance in a thousand that anyone would enter the outer office, and, even if they did, they would never think of opening the door marked 'Private.'

"What a situation! My only chance for life was to remain as calm as possible and not excite my captor. If he intended to kill me I might divert him from his purpose, for the insane are easily deceived and their moods change quickly.

"With one hand thrust into his breast, and the other behind him, he stood gazing at me frowningly.

"'So you dare to say that you don't know me!' he burst out angrily. 'I, who am known to all, and whose fame is world-wide! There is not a corner of the earth that my name has not penetrated, as the greatest man of modern times, and for ages to come! Yet you, an educated physician, fail to recognize me!'

"'I am very sorry, sir!' I stammered.

"'What everlasting glory is mine!' he almost shouted, growing more and more more excited. 'I, the greatest military genius the world has ever known! The very earth has trembled under the tread of my marching legions as again and again I have led them to battle, and always to victory! My name is forever engraved in the temple of fame, and my power is boundless! You shall guess who I am! I'll give you one chance for your miserable life! If within ten minutes, you do not recall and tell me my name, I shall silence you forever!'

"I gazed at my terrible patient, with fascinated eyes, wondering if I were really awake or the victim of some hideous nightmare.

"Opening a handsome gold watch, he noted the time, and replaced it, saying, 'Ten minutes, remember!'

"'I am very young and ignorant, sir!' I gasped humbly. 'I can hardly be expected to know much! Such a great man as you—'

"'Greater than Caesar!' he burst out again. 'Greatest of all heroes! There in none like me!'

"His eyes glowed, and with a smile he turned from me, and I could see that his mood was changing. It was plain now that he imagined himself to be someone he admired, some great soldier, either of the past or present. And I must guess what fancy possessed his crazed brain, or lose my life! And only ten minutes in which to think.

"Quickly I recalled the names of all the great warriors of history, from Hannibal and Alexander, down to our own Washington, Lee and Grant, although I felt it to be a hopeless task. How *could* I guess among so many? If he would only inadvertently give me some clue to the hero of his fancy! Did he personally resemble the personage he imagined himself to be—and was he now living or long since dead?

"'Five minutes more!' and passing before me, the madman flashed the glittering blade before my shrinking eyes. 'Tell me, who and what I am, in the next few minutes, if you wish to live!' and with bent head, he began slowly pacing the floor, muttering to himself.

"I felt myself breaking into a cold perspiration, and fervently prayed that some heaven-sent friend would enter the office in time to save me in case I guessed wrongly. Desperately I strove to think while the precious moments were slipping by. With my heart fairly pounding, and every sense on the alert, I listened to the muttered words that fell from the madman's lips, as he paced to and fro: 'Ah, my noble veterans, my gallant braves! How they adored me! Happy to shed their blood and die for me! And what glory and everlasting fame we gained by our many victories! How truly was it said of me, that 'At my name the world grew pale!'

"In vain I strove to concentrate my thoughts on his muttered words—my brain was reeling, and I was only conscious that time was flying. A few more minutes and I would be a bloody corpse, the mystery thereof never solved, or the murderer discovered. Again, my captor glanced at his watch, and just then there flashed through my mind the recollection of his last words: 'At my name the world grew pale.'

"Like a flash there came to me the memory of an old and battered volume which my mother had insisted on my reading, when a child. Heaven bless her for it! The first chapter began, I remembered: 'Napoleon Bonaparte, "*at whose name the world grew pale!*" was born at Ajjaico, in the island of Corsica.' Eureka! I was saved! I could have shouted for joy, for undoubtedly my crazed patient imagined that he was himself the great Corsican! How stupid I had been not to guess. And, as I now recalled his words, I felt sure that I was right; and why he had declared that he was suffering from cancer, and *that* had caused Napoleon's death!

" 'Time's up!' and snapping shut his watch, the madman came swiftly toward me, knife in hand. 'The ten minutes in which I allowed you to think have passed! Do you still fail to recognize me, whose face and figure are familiar to all? Now,' folding his arms, 'Who am I? Speak, before I silence you forever!' His eyes blazed with the light of murderous insanity, and heaven help me if I failed in my guess! Trembling in every limb and with a prayer for guidance, I gasped: 'Napoleon Bonaparte!'

" 'Right, doctor, you are right! I am the great Emperor!' and the lunatic beamed upon me with a smile that transformed him. 'It angered me that you did not instantly recognize me, doctor! I am jealous of my fame, you see!' and, still smiling winningly, he began to release me.

" 'Pardon me for confining you thus!' he continued, as with quick strokes of that terrible knife, he severed my bonds, and they fell from me. But the awful strain had been too much for me, and, weak as an infant, I lay back in my chair, white and trembling, unable to lift a finger.

"Then, thank heaven! there was a quick rush of feet across the outer office; the door was flung open, and two strong men rushed in and seized the maniac. 'Here he is!' one shouted while the other exclaimed:

" 'My God, what has he been doing? I hope he hasn't hurt you, doctor?'

"But I didn't answer, and am ashamed to say that I disgraced myself by fainting dead away for the first time in my life!

"When I regained my senses my strange and terrible patient and one of the men were gone, and the other was bending anxiously over me. 'Thank goodness you are all right! The professor *did* give us a scare!' he exclaimed as I opened my eyes. From him I learned the truth regarding my strange patient.

"He was, it seemed, a man of some literary note, and while engaged on a work in which Napoleon was the central figure, he had been the victim of a severe attack of lagrippe. When he recovered, it was found that his mind was unbalanced, and he was placed in an asylum for treatment. The hallucination that he, himself, was the great Napoleon possessed his mind, and he became violent, even dangerous, unless humored.

"He had managed to escape from the asylum that day, and although the attendants had quickly traced him to my office, but for that fortunate flash of memory on my part, they would have arrived too late to save me from a terrible death at his hands.

"Pretty close shave, wasn't it?" and, striking a match, the doctor leaned back, and lit a fresh cigar.

THAT Other Land, that Other Land
Whose seas roll softly by our strand!
What suns will shine, what winds will blow
Beyond its border, who may know?
Yet naught is alien, sea nor sun,
Since God in all his worlds is one.

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Lifelong Dividends on Fifteen Cents

A TRUE LOVE STORY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The National is pledged to hold as a secret the name of the writer of this true narrative. We have always maintained that the National is a great family magazine, and we modestly give this true romance to our readers for the double purpose of interesting our readers and maintaining this distinction. Perhaps many another true love romance has been inspired by the pages of the National, the facts of which are still locked up in the hearts of the readers. But be that as it may, the Congressman for whom the National was instrumental in finding his happy, lovable wife has been heard many times in the halls of Congress, where he has served his constituents with great ability. The writer, his wife, is—but we will let her tell her own story.

IT is only fair to admit that I started off with some misgivings on that long and lonely journey in the dead of winter to assume new duties, in a remote country high school. I say it was winter—winter in California conjures up the most alluring pictures, but even California affords many varieties of the season; and to leave the beautiful green fields and well-cared-for cities of the Bay region and go off to an altitude of over six thousand feet on the last day of January, cast a bit of a gloom over me, and yet, where would the born teacher not go if she saw a good field ahead of her? For when nature denied me the gifts and graces of my more fortunate friends she graciously bestowed upon me one ruling passion—the teaching of children.

Leaving Oakland in a gentle rain, which braced one and made one glad to be alive, I awoke the next morning in Reno to find a foot and a half of snow, with the wind blowing a cold, swift blast, and to make things all the more dispiriting we had failed, by fifteen minutes, to make connections with the northern bound train. I was anxious to reach my destination and find out what manner of place I had contracted to live in for the next four or five months, but this delay afforded me an opportunity that I am never loathe to embrace, namely, that of exploring a new location. Therefore, being certain that no other train left for the north until twenty-four hours later, I betook me to the hotel, and, after breakfast, put in a pleasant day walking over the city of Reno trying to bring my mind to accept the fact that it is a well-built and pretty place and not the cut-throat, wild and woolly place that I had heard it represented to be. Before leaving the hotel I had sent the darkey porter into a fit of mirth by asking him to direct me to the street cars that would take me over the parts of the city most desirable to see. Only the whites of his eyes and his large teeth were visible in an ebony setting, as he grinned his reply:

"Good Lawd, dis place ain't got no kyars, 'cept dem as takes yo' where yo' doan want to go, ef yo' wants to see *dis* place yo' has to walk—an' yo' can see it all in half an hour."

However, the trip one hundred miles northward is the real beginning of the tale I have to tell, so passing over this time you find me on the morrow accepting the seat obtained for me by the hotel porter, who carried my luggage, and sought out the least dirty seat the car afforded, as being desirable for the only lady passenger.

All of the comforts possessed by Pullman coaches had been either negligently or designedly left out of this train, not excepting speed, for when we started out of the little station a yellow dog ran alongside of the train for fully a half mile, nor did the canine find any difficulty in keeping up with us though he limited himself to a gentle jog-trot.

Up, up through the mountains over a track as narrow as it dared be constructed without positive danger of upsetting the little train, and clinging to seats fashioned without springs one felt the ache in his bones, but gloried in the novelty of the experience, and enjoyed everything connected therewith, even to the round, jolly face of the lazy-looking conductor, presenting a curious contrast to our preconceived notions of the spick and span blue-uniformed personification of dignity that a conductor ought to be, in his dust-covered over-alls and semi-clean neglige shirt covered by a baggy sack coat.

Ever higher we climbed through those sage-covered mountains that some say are monotonous and without beauty, but which have, as all nature has, a beauty of their own for him who in the love of nature has eyes to see. There they stretch for hundreds of miles in their rugged majesty, hiding their bare backs under the dense cover of sage, teaching in their impressive silence of the sublimity of patience and repose. Who will say that along those same trails men shall not one day dig their way to untold wealth?

One hundred miles northward, a distance we covered in nine hours, and then a short stop at the mountain hotel where we ate a hasty supper, and then—the more daring, and let me acknowledge, the more ignorant of us, started in a blinding snowstorm for a thirty-six mile stage ride, over those mountains, in the dead of night with a nether-world darkness clinging to us, and with such roads as would put to shame a less civilized section of the world.

I had been urged to remain over night and travel by daylight in a better conveyance. But had I not been waiting all my life for a stage-ride, and now was it for me to allow this opportunity to slip from me so lightly? Not I. But as the landlady noticed my cloak of light material and my pretty little city-fashioned hat, she insisted upon my being wrapped up more properly if I would persist in starting out that night. I was swathed in a great lap-robe, and a thick hood was securely tied around my head, quite to my amusement.

As I took my seat in the stage I realized that after all I was doomed to some disappointment, for the style of this stage and its accoutrements were not what I always supposed to be, and I made bold to say to the driver that I liked a long coach, with top seats, and a driver flourishing a long whip over the backs of six or eight spirited horses that just bounced along over the road.

"Ever on a stage before, what do you know about 'em?" he asked, evidently scenting a city tenderfoot.

"No, I've never been on one," I acknowledged, "but I've always longed for just this chance, and I know about stage coaches from stories and pictures in the books."

"Well," he replied, "I ain't got no fine stage, nor six hosses, nor yit no long whip, but when it comes to *bouncin' over the road*—why, young woman, I'll show you more *bounce* in the next six hours than you ever dreamed of before!"

And he was true to his word! A careful driver and a kind-hearted man was he.

There was one other passenger, a sturdy young, mountain-born man, more fitted than a tenderly raised city girl for such a night's ride. We three sat on the front seat, I being between the driver and the passenger who put me back of their arms that I might not be thrown out of the seat entirely. Gigantic boulders, deep holes, packed snow that almost stalled our horses, strong though they were and accustomed to such hardships, a wagon innocent of springs and not well ballasted, and above and below and around us that clinging, impenetrable blackness.

Hitting a great rock we would bounce high into the air and come down with a loud "chug" on the uneven earth below us, and often our wagon would twist and would stand at right angles with our horses. The cold was penetrating and the robe and coat seemed thin protection against it.

"Are you glad you came?" asked the affable driver, after we had been out some two hours. "Do you think you would have missed much if you had not come?"

"To be sure I'm glad I came," I replied, "and if I had not come I would have missed the greatest adventure of my life—if a man were to be hanged on a certain day and he failed by some means to get there don't you think he'd miss something? He would surely miss something, whether pleasant or otherwise I am not saying."

And the shouts of laughter that broke

out amongst those silent giant mountains in the dead of the night was in itself a novelty not often paralleled.

Eight hours and we had laboriously made fourteen miles, and when the dozen houses comprising the town of Goodluck—which from its appearance had seen more bad luck than the other kind—were reached I breathed a sigh of relief, for here we were to change horses and I hoped to get my tortured muscles straightened out. The jolting had made me sick and I was turning a plan over in my mind, and was only prevented in speaking of it by the fear I had of being laughed at by my companions. But when nature signified that she had endured all that she could I asked the driver if he would consider it a "cowardly act" for me to stay at the hotel for the rest of the night and go on the next day in the next stage.

Far from laughing he said it was a wise thing for me to do, and called up the hotel keeper and gave me and Uncle Sam's mail into his keeping. The innkeeper called his wife and I was assigned to a clean, little blue room, and after taking a glass of milk I put my weary body to rest. But before the stage pulled out the passenger and the driver had called out "good-night" to me, and the driver said, "I like you for a passenger, for you kept us laughing and in good spirits; the men that come up with me, and especially the drummers, swear at me all the way."

"I can imagine it affords them much relief," I said, "and if I had known how to do it I might have tried it for the soothing effect it would undoubtedly have had!"

The next morning I was a pretty sick guest of a very kind landlady. The hardships are worth while that we may come to know the sterling worth of the people that live in these out-of-the-way places, for nowhere in the world do we find such native goodness of heart and tenderness as we find among those that the cultivated taboo as illiterate and uncouth.

After three days this good woman sent me on my destination with her hired man, who was going to the same village for supplies, and we went in a good, springy farm wagon, driving four horses.

As we went forward the roads were better, save in certain stretches, but water became deeper and deeper until we found that our destination lay through flood waters and that the town to which we were going had been, and still was, under several feet of water.

We swam into the town — down the main street and up to the one little hotel. One of our leaders became afraid and tried to run away, or more properly "swim away," and this was quite exciting for the loungers, congregated in the doors along the way. Business of all forms had been for the most part suspended during the deluge.

I remained but a short time in this hotel, for one of my soon-to-be-associate teachers had secured for me the only available room in the town, and thither she escorted me, while the loungers' faces took on a more animated expression as they watched the "new school marm" walk the narrow planks stretched down the streets on the tops of barrels and boxes. Since the "new school marm" found this a new experience and since her weight caused the boards to groan and sag beneath her, and since balancing on a tight-rope had always seemed to her like the most difficult feat in the universe, the loungers had every right to believe that they would see a "ducked" teacher before the end of the little street was reached, but though that walk would not be noted for grace of movement her good angel must have guided her steps for she came to the door of her new abiding place undrenched.

My good principal and other teacher associates stayed near me most of the day, to keep the "little blue devils" away, most likely. I found out what my duties, as a substitute filling a permanent vacancy, were to be, and was impatient for the flood to recede that the interrupted school session might be resumed.

That night when alone I found time to observe my surroundings more minutely. I found the house to be an old frame shell, built up on stilts and that the flood had invaded it for the floor was still wet to my touch, and the water was still deep under the house. The floor was covered by a checker-board pattern in burlap, the squares being of red, black, white and yellow. This was an insult to my finer feelings, but I considered that it wasn't necessary for me to see the floor, and determined to look at higher things; but on a level with my eyes I encountered a small, cracked mirror of that wavy quality of glass that makes you look like a monstrosity that would draw a fine salary in a side-show; and a rusty stovepipe emanating from a small and entirely inadequate air-tight stove. A couple of gaudy prints of ladies with wonderful coiffures, much smile and little dress, adorned the walls along with a calendar two years old. Thinking that it might be best to close my eyes entirely upon such scenes I determined to call for hot water and after a restful bath to seek repose.

Now I was to discover that to call for hot water meant more in this place than to push an electric bell—it meant to go outdoors in the water and dirt, and inquire of various shadowy inmates of the house, and to stumble through dark and devious hallways calling lustily for Mrs. Hall. No Mrs. Hall responding, you would naturally grow rather weary of your search, if the novelty of the thing did not carry you along until you came into forcible contact with a young Hall walking forward and looking behind him; after being stared at stupidly by him in the light of the odorous little oil lamp that intensifies the gloom of this dark passage, you make him understand that you want his mother and you repair to your quarters to await her coming. You present your wants in this manner:

"Mrs. Hall, I have been traveling and should like a hot bath, if you will direct me to the bathroom."

"My Lord," exclaims that astonished lady, "there ain't but two bath tubs in the town, and one's at Myers' and one's at Morris', and they don't rent 'em."

The fact that this speech is delivered with a grin as though your desire of a bath is a good joke only intensifies your dignity, and you inquire:

"Well, Mrs. Hall, what provision have you for baths? Can you bring me hot water to my room?"

"Here you have a good big pitcher," says the landlady, laying her hand on the well-cracked and browned water pitcher, "and that'll hold enough for a bath, and if you go right down to the corner and turn to the right and go to the middle of the next block you'll find the Chinese restaurant and you can go in there—they don't min' it at all—and get all the water you want for bathing and drinking and everything."

Smothering your amazement you register a mental vow that if you don't have a bath until you reach civilization next summer you will not carry water for the purpose from the Chinese restaurant or from any other place. But in your most persuasive tones you inquire if you could hire one of her little boys to do the errand for you. The idea of money given in exchange for so simple an errand may impress her as being extravagant on your part, but she sends in a dull, slow-moving urchin who starts off with the pitcher, being in great danger of dashing it in pieces from the fact that he swings it clear round his body in a circle, changing it from one hand to the other.

"Now," you say to the waiting Mrs. Hall, "I must have this water heated. Have you a fire?" She departs and about the time young Johnny returns with the water she lumbers in with a tomato can in her hand.

"The kitchen fire's out," she announces, "and there's nowhere out there to heat water, and you can't set nothin' very big on that stove, so you can use this can and heat it a little at a time."

The stove, as I have said, was one of the air-tight kind, with a top about a foot and a half in diameter and a lid like the lid of a tea kettle fitting into it, leaving a rim outside the lid about three inches wide, and on that rim did Mrs. Hall expect water to be heated in a tomato can for a bath. A homesick feeling possessed me for the first time since my departure from the south, and I thought how futile it would be to discuss the point with this person who seemed to think a bath a superfluous and extremely troublesome indulgence.

A week of such existing and I decided to try my fortunes somewhere else. I found there was one other available room in the town, and while it was a vast improvement in every respect, still some of the most amusing experiences of my stay transpired here.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Stone and their two children. Mr. Stone always called Mrs. Stone "Roxie," and she always designated Mr. Stone as "my hussbun," or "Chaddy." The family were constitutionally opposed to fresh air, and as the rooms were mere dry-goods boxes and as the kitchen stove and the large heater in the dining room gave out much heat and burned up much oxygen, and since the five of us could use up a good deal of oxygen and give off a large quantity of carbonic acid gas, I figured that we were breathing poisonous air pretty much all the time.

Mr. Chaddy Stone was one of the weakest of the sons of earth, but with an abnormal bump of conceit. He had deserted his trade of blacksmith and was living on a tiny supply of cash he had accumulated, and by not allowing his bills to worry him in the least.

Mrs. Roxie Stone was a narrow-minded, thrifty soul who worried a good deal over Chaddy's propensity for holding down street corners, though with the tenacity of Mrs. Micawber she held that Chaddy had talents of such a character that so small a town as that in which they now resided gave him no opportunity for their display, and she daily sighed for residence in a metropolis which would afford the congenial atmosphere for Chaddy's peculiar gifts, whatever they might be.

In the evening Chaddy would always discover that his feet were cold and damp, and he would sit in front of the dining room fire and divest himself of his shoes, and would soon have a bit of curling steam arising from his drying stockings, not to mention the odor. Roxie would read a while and then take up her needle and beguile us with the latest metropolitan scandal which the papers happened at the time to be reporting.

Maudie, the irrepressible fourteen-year-old daughter would make a farcical pretence of studying, and would incidentally drink in the recounted scandal, while Chaddy would undertake the undressing of his youngest hopeful, and as each piece of master Tad's wardrobe came off it would be piled on the sewing machine, stockings, underwear and all, until the very walls would cry out for an open window and a current of fresh air.

If the minister happened to be mentioned in a conversation, Chaddy would promptly label the reverend gentleman as a "blow-hard," and if the judge's name were spoken, Chaddy would at once divest you of all doubt of the judge's standing, in his mind at least, by announcing him to be a "big bluff"; it was well known to us that the school principal—the best-educated man the town afforded—was, in Chaddy's estimation, a "wind-bag." And so it went—no one seemed to have the unqualified good opinion of Mr. Chaddy Stone, except Mr. Chaddy Stone himself.

In the morning after Mrs. Stone and Chaddy and Maudie and Tad had dressed in the dining-room by the side of the red-hot stove, the fire in which had been kept burning all night, breakfast would be served in the presence of at least the two night-gowns of the children.

A brilliant red cloth covered the table and from the thickest of china we partook of a meal that might have gone down rather well if you did not happen to know too much of the workings of the culinary department. Chaddy would usually pick a quarrel with one or both of the children and the atmosphere would be tense and at least one of the children would be whimpering and snivelling. Chaddy, with the air of a gentleman who will have order and excellent behavior in his home at any price, would seat himself at the table and reach for everything in sight, and after bountifully helping himself would, if you asked him, pass the dishes to you.

Eating noisily, with the aid of his knife—which he often dipped into the jelly or butter, having taken the precaution before to "lick" both sides of the knife well—he would proceed to deliver himself of his ideas on the recent encounter with the children, thereby keeping the children wrought up to a high degree of nervousness and sometimes reducing even his ardent admirer, Roxie, to tears of sympathy with her much maligned offspring.

Rising from the table one morning after having bolted his food he repaired to the kitchen and through the open door I could not help seeing every move he made.

"Roxie, where is the drinking dipper?"

"On the table or the stove. I had it just now filling the coffee pot."

"Well, it ain't here, I can't find it."

"Chaddy, it must be there, right on the stove, I think."

Chaddy finds the dipper and the rest is a pantomime: Chaddy fills the dipper half full of water, takes out his false teeth and drops them in the dipper and gives them a vigorous brushing with his toothbrush, and then steps to the door and throws out the water and hangs up the dipper.

The odd experiences of this rural place satisfied even my abnormal craving for the "out of the ordinary." One bright day a better boarding place was found for me with congenial friends, and with my work and new surroundings I was busy and happy. Shortly after my removal to the home of my good friends I received a letter which at the time did not seem so significant, but in the light of later developments came to impress me, for it showed the state of my correspondent's feelings for me, and the way I looked at my own present and future at that time.

"I have thought," wrote my dear friend, "that it is a very foolish thing for you to do to go off to these outlandish, out-of-the-world places to teach in country schools, where you have so little opportunity of meeting desirable people. The next thing you know, my dear, you'll be settling down to confirmed spinsterhood, and it will be your own fault, and you'll have nobody to blame but your headstrong self, now that I've warned you. Perhaps you have not thought of it this way before. Now, in that town where you are throwing your life away, at the present moment how many eligible men are there? I know you'll have to answer 'none.' Just so, and by the time you leave there you will have wasted another six months. Do, please, in your next letter tell me that you are sensible enough to see the force of what I'm saying, and then prove it by not applying for or accepting that school next year."

In less than two weeks my friend was reading my reply:

"How your jolly letter did liven me up! You were always funny, and when you go to work in Cupid's interest you outdo yourself. I'm not such an ancient maiden that I cannot afford to see these 'outlandish, out-of-the-world places' if they interest me. Six months is not much to lose, and I feel that I can afford to because I am not so eager to marry as my friends are to marry me off. Eligible men? Well, that depends upon what in your mind constitutes eligibility. A school teacher near here recently married a fine, big, strong, young Indian! Another woman with a good education married a man worth several hundred thousand dollars who has not squandered his time upon such superfluities as learning to write his name and therefore he takes the much shorter and quite as convenient way of making his mark when he draws his checks. One woman married the owner of six thousand head of cattle, and they say she dons masculine attire and rides the ranges with 'hubby' because she is so devoted that she cannot bear to have him go without her. At least your cultured city society cannot show as many varieties of the man eligible as my town can! Cheer up, my dear Evelyn, you cannot tell what day I may turn a corner, and, lo, there will be my affinity face to face—until then, believe me, I am wasting no time looking for him and I am so happy in this great, big unconventional country among these free-hearted and lovable people. But to your everlasting credit I am going to write it down in my diary that you gave me timely warning, so that when I am a thin and bony devotee of spinsterhood (I weigh 170 now) I cannot upbraid you for not having turned prophet and predicted my lonely, cat-loving and tea-drinking destiny."

So the busy days sped along. Mountain apples had always been a special weakness of mine, and a friend had said that he would give me a bag full if I would call one particular evening for them at his store. It was a stormy night, one of those snowy, windy nights when the fire looks most alluring and even the plainest of rooms has a home-like appearance if there be a big fire and a comfortable armchair, and positive luxury reigns if added to the fire and arm-chair one has a bag of good apples, a box of candy and a new magazine. What woman making her way in the busy business world has not occasionally given herself up entirely to such extravagant luxury?

So I set forth in the howling storm to procure those articles that were to give me one delightful evening all by myself, for being Saturday night I had forsworn all work of a school nature and determined to entertain myself as hard-working teachers deserve once in a while.

Having my apples and candy tucked safely under my storm cape I went to look up a good magazine. If you remember the slow train and the miles of stage-driving you will readily understand why no superfluous freight was brought into this little town. Therefore, I was not surprised when two and only two magazines were presented for my choosing, nor did I hesitate to consider purchasing them when I found that they were two months old. To the young lady who offered them I complained that the better known of the two was a publication that I did not particularly like. She took the other magazine in her hands and remarked, "I really think you would like this NATIONAL MAGAZINE. I have read it and it has excellent reading matter, treats of affairs of the nation and events of the day, and those things in which you are most interested." I knew her judgment could be trusted, so without opening the book at all I paid for it, took it and started homeward. Once in my cheery room I opened my box of candy, peeled and quartered two apples, so that when I once started to feed my brain I should not have to stop to feed my stomach. Then drawing my big chair close to the roaring fire I put my feet comfortably on a stool and leisurely opened my magazine.

On the first page I read, "Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple." The contents of this page read well, full of information and not stilted but interesting from the first. I turned the page, and the book almost dropped from my hand, for there as natural as life appeared the face of a man that had been the friend of my family and whom I had not seen since childhood some twenty years previous. The face I knew immediately, and if proof be needed there was the name in print below the picture and near at hand an article telling of our friend's recent election to the United States Congress. All my childish affection for the friend who had been so kind to me in former years—for every child loves to be noticed and petted by its elders—came to the surface. For probably the first time in my life I let my heart act without consultation with and approval of my head, and soon I had my pen in hand writing a word of sincere congratulation that the people had recognized his good offices for the community and state at large by this signal honor—his election to Congress.

After the stage coach had taken my letter and it was in Uncle Sam's keeping and where I could not get it, my head began to tell my impulsive heart that I had done a foolish thing, for was not this a very busy man, and would he remember the little girl of years ago, and would he want to be bothered with superfluous correspondence? I blushed at my hastiness, but the letter was speeding eastward.

In due time such a kindly, friendly letter came in reply to mine that I took heart again and thought that after all my offense had not been so great. And in this way a delightful correspondence began.

* * * * *

A year later this letter went to my friend Evelyn Mosier:

"*Dear Evelyn:*—I hope you will take my advice—you know you have always been the dispenser of advice and I the recipient—but now I want the thing reversed, and I herewith advise you to go out of the prophesying business because I can prove that you are an unworthy prophet.

I am engaged to marry in a few weeks, and where do you suppose that I had to go to find my affinity? To that very "outlandish, out-of-the-world town" at the top of the map, that you warned me against.

He doesn't have to make his mark in lieu of writing his name, and he does not ride the ranges and he isn't an Indian! But if I had not come to this little town I very likely would never have found this, the best of men. Of course, womanlike, you want to know all about the romance, and so you shall, but not until I can tell it to you, and that will be in about two weeks when you come to the dear old city of San Francisco for your vacation. When I see you I will a tale unfold that will convince even you that it was right for me to 'bury' myself in a little town like B———. Of course, I am the happiest country school teacher in the whole state, and can hardly wait to tell you all about *the* man par excellence."

* * * * *

It is the anniversary of our marriage, and I have taken out the treasured copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that led to our correspondence and ultimate happiness, and while I sit reading and dreaming over this old magazine my husband comes in, saying, "Dear, this is our anniversary, and I have brought you the latest copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE as a reminder of a very happy event."

"I am glad you brought it," I reply. "I always feel that I have a real affection for that magazine, even for those that I see displayed in the book-stalls; and I've been thinking that ten thousand times fifteen cents would not induce me to part with *this* old NATIONAL that started this romance."

"And I have often wondered," mused my husband, "what might have happened if you *had* bought the other magazine that night!"

WHILE DREAMS ABIDE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHILE dreams abide we still have wealth
And priceless store of gold and gem.
Our buoyant soul is crowned with health
As monarch with rich diadem.
A vine-wreathed joy with dancing feet
Goes singing ever at our side.
And all our days with songs are sweet
While dreams abide.

While dreams abide we still have power
And magic strength to do and dare.
Our busy hands can find the flower,
Or turn to deed and service fair.
Our hope forever seeks the skies,
Our ideal takes the star for bride.
And light celestial fills our eyes,
While dreams abide.

While dreams abide we still have youth,
And happy heart to lift above.
Around us we can see the truth
Of beauty and immortal love.
Nor age can chill our eager breath,
Nor freeze our life's warm rushing tide,
For we shall conquer time and death,
While dreams abide.

IS THE MILLIONAIRE A MENACE?

By JUDGE JOSEPH CROCKETT MITCHELL

IS THE millionaire, or even the many times millionaire, a menace to the public welfare? His superior acquisitive abilities energetically exercised as opportunities under our social economy have presented themselves to him, brought to him his millions, or perhaps he obtained them through devise or inheritance. Does our public welfare demand such change in our general economy, that the future accumulation of such enormous fortunes, or the transmission of them *in solido* by devise or laws of inheritance, shall be forestalled? The socialistic tendencies of the times, the extent to which millionaires are berated from the platform and in the public press by socialistic empirics, make worthy of analytical consideration the question—does not the millionaire, whether he will or not, render a useful service to society? We speak of those millionaires who spend their money and not of those miserly freaks, negligible in number, who hide away their money, and neither use or permit it to be used productively, or in any manner spend it.

We first consider the millionaire as a spender only for the gratification of an inordinate pompous vanity, a passion for gorgeous luxuries and ostentatious display and unrestrained by conscience in his indulgence of his baser appetites and propensities, and not as a spender in promoting and establishing productive institutions, or schools, or public libraries, or public hospitals, or charitable institutions. In short we first consider him as devoid of human feeling and wholly devoted to vanity and to himself, and unmoved by the miseries of others. Does even such an one, possessed of millions, in an economic as distinguished from a moral sense, menace the continued well-being of society?

We divide not by a rigid line, all commodities into (1) necessaries, and (2) non-necessaries, placing in the first all those necessary to physical comfort and well-being, together with such frugal amenities and conveniences as are required for decent and fairly refined living, and placing all others in the second. Indeed, let the division line be sufficiently pliant and elastic as to allow that what may be non-necessaries in one decade, may become necessaries in the succeeding. Certainly any community in which every person by moderate effort and frugality can be readily supplied with necessaries, as above allowed, is, or at least should be, a happy one.

* * *

Civilization had its start in division of labor, and the distribution through exchange of the products thereof, and has advanced as such division has been increased by sub-division. That is, the existence of a civilization, above a very low degree, is inconceivable in any society in which there should be no exchange, and in which each member would have to produce, create and manufacture with his own hands, every identical thing he and those dependent on him should use and consume.

Value is the ratio of exchange between commodities. Such ratio is ever changing, responsive to supply and demand. A direct exchange of commodities by barter, this identical thing for that identical thing, cannot possibly be carried on with a rapidity necessary for a civilized society. But barter has been obviated and exchanges have been made easy, by the thing called money—a commodity readily divisible into any number of aliquot parts, easily portable, not perishable and of all portable commodities, fluctuating the least in volume; and by a kind of unwritten immemorial convention of all people, is accepted in exchange for any commodity one desires to procure, and is given in exchange for any commodity one desires to dispose of. For such reason money is a ready and universal denominator of the ever-changing ratio of exchange between commodities.

Money as a commodity may be placed in our class entitled necessaries, only differing from others of the class, in that it is not destroyed by use, while the others are. Of course we mean by the word money, metallic coin, and do not include paper that passes current as money, for such is really not money, since it passes as money only because of some underwritten assurance that it will be redeemed in real money. Indeed it may be justly said that gold coin is the only real money, for it is the world's conventional denominator of values.

Of course gold coin will, by continual use, in the end be worn out by abrasion; but abrasion, especially under the modern universal use of checks and drafts, whereby it serves all the uses of its existence, though locked up in vaults and only occasionally brought to the open and physically transferred from hand to hand, will wear it away so slowly, so little decade by decade, century by century, that for practical reasoning on economic matters, it may be taken as a predicate that a piece of gold coin is never consumed—is never permanently lost to society, unless it falls into the hands of a freak that casts it into the sea or otherwise hides it where it can never be found.

* * *

Food by being eaten is destroyed; raiment by use falls to shreds; fuel by being burned turns to smoke and ashes; tools, appliances, utensils, furniture and all commodities of convenience, wear out of use, and buildings that shelter, decay and fall to pieces. But a twenty dollar gold piece by being passed from hand to hand, or by being checked against, may in one day carry its value in other commodities to a hundred different families, and do the same day after day for centuries, and still remain unconsumed.

By division of labor, the moderate labor and exertion of only a portion of the people is sufficient to produce necessaries for all, and that portion all the time diminishes proportionately to the never-ending exploits of genius in the invention of labor-saving implements, tools, appliances and machines. That all may have the necessaries, those not employed in their production must have something to exchange for them. Nature has provided for this, in that all crave ease and elegance, and myriads crave ostentation and gorgeous luxury and expensive pleasures. Such craving makes non-necessaries a *quid pro quo* in exchange for necessaries, and the greater the demand for non-necessaries, the wider will be the distribution of necessaries. And nature was wise in providing that such craving can never be surfeited; but that fancy shall ever demand variety and novelty, and vanity ever demand gorgeous and ostentatious show, for such are a *sine qua non* to a worldwide distribution of necessaries.

* * *

The multi-millionaire consumes no more of the necessaries than does the ordinary man—that is, his consumption of necessaries does not lessen the world's supply any more than does that of the ordinary man. The young rake who exchanged his inherited lands for money and then squandered the money on courtesans and over the gaming table, did not take the estate from the world—the land remained and the money remained; he only relinquished the management from himself to others. So, the money that comes to the multi-millionaire is not thereby blotted from existence, but continues to exist, it cannot gratify his cravings, be they noble or be they vile, except he spends it; and when he spends it, it becomes scattered and carries necessaries hither and thither among the people. Money spent in the erection of a two million dollar palace and another million in beautifying the grounds on which it sets, goes to laborers, craftsmen and artisans, from them to dealers, shopkeepers and merchants, from them to factory men and agriculturists and so on and on *ad infinitum* backward and forward, purchasing necessaries for families one day, non-necessaries for others another day, never stopping and never ending in its distribution of commodities.

The greater the demand for non-necessaries, the wider will be the distribution of necessaries, and the greater the rewards to all producers. Therein is a partial explanation of the rise in price of food stuffs. Accumulated wealth is great and continually growing greater and by reason thereof the insatiable demand for non-necessaries brings an increasing fund to the producers thereof, that enables such producers to increase their demand on producers of necessaries, especially food stuffs.

We are not asserting that it is a matter of indifference to society how money may be spent. That is, we are not claiming that the spending of money in vicious indulgence is of as great benefit to society as the spending of it for philanthropic purposes. We are not moralizing. We are only asserting that the spending, for whatsoever purpose, is the distributing of commodities. If the multi-millionaire should spend two millions of dollars in paying laborers for pumping water out of the sea and then back into the sea, he would be distributing commodities the same as if he should spend the same amount in the erection of cathedrals or the support of missionary societies—all this perforce inexorable natural law.

* * *

We may rail at the ostentatious luxury of our over-rich, at their palaces, grounds and snobbery; at their gorgeous equipages, dress, jewelry, furniture and luxurious ease; at their banquets, foolish sports and dissolute midnight revels, yet the expenditures for all these things do not in the least lessen the world's supply of necessaries nor hamper, but on the other hand rather promote and enlarge the distribution thereof.

Indeed are not the lavish luxuries of millionaires useful agents in our economy? If there should be no demand for those non-necessaries of such expensive character that only millionaires can purchase—that is, if there should be no demand for non-necessaries, except those comparatively so unpretentious that persons of moderate means could purchase, it may be questionable whether there could be demand enough for non-necessaries to keep up that distribution of necessaries throughout a scope sufficient for the comfort of all. And in answering such question, the thought that all the time the portion of people required in the production of necessaries sufficient for the comfort of all, is proportionately all the time diminishing. Certain it is, that unnumbered thousands are employed in pandering and catering to our people of swollen fortunes, menials, lackeys, flunkeys, footmen, and such like; kitchen maids and maids in waiting; musicians, highly-gifted artists and the most ingenious artisans; builders, skilled mechanics, Jacks-of-all-trades, common laborers, and so on *ad infinitum*. If those thousands were dependent for their livelihood on the production of only those non-necessaries that persons of moderate means could purchase, the efficient demand for necessaries would certainly be much narrower in scope than it now is.

* * *

Ownership is nothing more than the right to administer. Perforce in the nature of things an owner is only a trustee, and the world is the *cestui qui trust*. Let me illustrate. A landlord may own fifty thousand acres of land which he keeps leased to others. Now the products raised and harvested on that farm by the occupant tenants add to the world's supply as essentially as if raised and harvested by them as fee simple owners of the soil. And that fact is not modified by the further fact that the occupants paid rent to the landlord. If the rent was paid in kind, the landlord would sell for, or in some manner convert such rent kind into money, and the money would do him no good only as he would hand it back to the world in consideration of needed commodities or desired pleasures and luxuries.

The point we seek to impress is, that the millionaire despite himself is only a distributing agent; some distribute wiser than do others, but none are dangerous. But there are other millionaires than the class we have been considering, and in the future we propose to show and point out their great and indispensable services to society. We never saw a millionaire—we do not care whether we ever see one; we simply look upon them, not only as actual, but as necessary factors in the distribution of the comforts of life among the world's masses. That is, they are simply a kind of useful beast of burden for us common people and as such do not deserve our lashings or abuse.

GOLDSTEIN'S MATRIMONY WINDOW

By LOUIS B. KINDER

Drawing by
Louis Grant

LEON GOLDSTEIN'S sallow face grew pale and his jet eyes blinking at the discovery of a small crowd gathered before his shop. A moment before, inhaling self-satisfaction from his cigarette, he had smiled up at the sun which had just popped into a patch of open sky. It had been raining when he had gone to lunch; water still stood on the sidewalk and in the street and dripped from awnings and signboards. Above, the shower clouds fled in routed squadrons and the sky grew deeper azure as the sun waxed brilliant. At sight, however, of the crowd before his show-window Goldstein's cigarette drooped on his lip and his little jet moustache blinked in sympathy with his little jet eyes.

As many of you have never seen Goldstein's shop, and some probably will never have occasion to pass down the street on which it is located, I hasten with the information that its frontage then consisted of a show-window, and a glazed door, and a great gilt and black sign; and that the sign was blazoned "BRAZILIAN BRILLIANTS," and the door embellished with an invitatory, gilt "Walk In," and the window a-glitter with paste jewelry framed by a blaze of electric bulbs.

Yesterday morning Goldstein, taking a similar crowd as a tribute to his window decorations, had found the center of interest to be a girthly policeman guarding a jagged hole in the side panel of the show-window inside which lay a genuine half brick that burglars had left in exchange for a fistful of paste stones. To be sure by plastering the front of his shop with signs: "THIS IS THE WAY WE FOUND OUR STORE WHEN WE CAME DOWN TOWN THIS MORNING"; "BRAZILIAN BRILLIANTS DEFY DETECTION: The Burglars Couldn't Tell the Difference——They Took The BRILLIANTS In Preference To The Diamonds," Goldstein more than recouped the loss by theft. Notwithstanding, he did not fancy an encore. Wherefore, at the discovery of this second crowd before his window, he flung aside his self-satisfaction and cigarette and ran toward it fearing the worst.

As he approached his alarm was at first quickened by the discovery that there was no policeman to restrain the crowd, then relieved by the discovery that the window was *not* broken. He now noted that the crowd, whose numbers apprehension had magnified, was composed for the most part of young men.

"It must be the carat solitaires at two thirty-eight," he murmured and glowed appreciation of the lovely sentiment that prompted the giving of engagement rings as, with a bland "Please excuse!" he elbowed his way to the window from which, however, he recoiled in disgust.

It was only his clerk Josephine! Somebody, probably Josephine herself—she was a careless girl—had left open the door into the show-window. Its square framed her head and bust. Goldstein looking again saw that Josephine was pretty—a brunette with sparkling eyes and languid lashes. Heretofore, he had regarded her merely as pert, tardy and ambitious. Now she held up a sunburst, turning it this way and that as though exhibiting it to those without; and now she turned a piquant profile to the window and now she faced it again holding up a more splendid sunburst—Goldstein involuntarily noted that it was a five dollar one. Her attitude was coaxing; her red lips moved as though assuring the spectators that this was a great bargain. Yet she appeared as unconscious of the admiration she was attracting as of the efforts of the gathered gallants to provoke her attention. And Josephine by disposition was flirtatious! Only the day before Goldstein had had occasion to rebuke her for making eyes at a young man who only bought a forty-eight cent watch pin.

Of a sudden realizing that he was staring raptly into his own window at his own clerk Goldstein flushed and, disintegrating himself from the crowd, pompously entered the shop.

On its threshold fresh astonishment seized him. For Josephine was not before the opening in the show-window as he had imagined but was standing behind the opposite counter waiting upon a stout dame in a stupendous hat who was choosing a sunburst to go with her double chin. For a breath Goldstein stared and pulled at his moustache. He stared so hard that the stout customer scowled and Josephine turned scarlet. Then with comprehension he tossed back his head, chuckled and took out a cigarette. The mystery lay in two mirrors. One directly across from Josephine reflected her into another directly behind the show-window.

Goldstein, still chuckling, lit his cigarette. As he did so two of the spectators entered. They were the beginning of a brisk young man business that swelled the afternoon sales perceptibly.

"God of Moses!" he exuberated that evening over a double porterhouse and mushrooms. "I feel like the woman who found out how much better a doughnut was with a hole in it. After this I shall always leave a hole in the back of my store window."

* * * *

Thenceforward there was always a crowd before Goldstein's window and several young men buying "brilliants" of Josephine. To be sure they bought chiefly forty-eight and ninety-nine cent jewelry. But a fair percentage purchased the more expensive gewgaws and those that bought the cheap came often. Now business boomed he no longer scolded Josephine; and now the preponderance of custom having shifted from "cranky" women to "nice" young men, Josephine no longer threatened to leave and clerk in the "Glass Block." Despite the increased value of her services Goldstein did not raise her salary. What was the use? She had not asked him. But one morning she gave him notice.

"No! No!" he protested tossing back his head. "I'll give you a dollar a week more. No? A dollar and half then? Say—well, I'll make it an even fifty a month!"

"Not if you'd make it an even hundred," laughed pretty Josephine. "I'm going to be married."

* * * *

That evening Goldstein advertised in the *Eagle:*—

"Wanted—A lady clerk for an exclusive jewelry shop. Must be young and good looking. Send photo and details. Address 2435 *Eagle.*"

He got a peck of answers, and of photographs such a charming galaxy that he felt certain that he could shut his eyes and be delighted with his choice. Nevertheless he advised with Josephine, who proved more critical. After a prolonged inspection she selected a blonde, who proving as satisfactory a person as in photo, Goldstein promptly engaged her.

Her name was Carolyn. She was a demure little thing with flaxen hair, blue eyes and pretty teeth. Her voice was soft as summer and she was always respectful to Mr. Goldstein, which Josephine had not been. She was a good saleswoman, too. She could wheedle a ninety-nine cent customer into a dollar thirty-nine cent purchase. Moreover, although she attracted more window-gazers than her predecessor, she seemed as impervious to their attentions as her reflection to their ogling. But alas! at the end of the month she gave notice.

"I won't be with you after Saturday, Mr. Goldstein," she demurely announced.

"God of Moses!" he groaned, throwing up his hands. "You are going to be married!"

That evening he again advertised for "photo, and details." From an answering abundance he selected a brunette on the principle that Josephine had lasted two months to Carolyn's one. Jessica proved less pretty and more flirtatious than the two before her. She was not as good a saleswoman, but her pretty figure attracted the young men and business prospered. Notwithstanding, Goldstein waxed miserable, for she coquetted before his very eyes. At the end of two weeks she resigned to be married.

"God of Moses!" groaned Goldstein, who although he had foreseen the inevitable had not expected it so quickly.

His next clerk, Stella, was gaudy with peroxide hair, greenish eyes and a department-store singsong. Her indifference to business and her familiarity with the customers grated on Goldstein who for once felt no disappointment when at the end of the week she broke the news:

"Stuff's off, Goldy. It's me to the matrimony with the good-looker that's been buying the forty-eight cent studs twice a day this week. You know the one, I mean, the guy with the brown derby and the gold glasses and the cute moustache. Say, your store's a regular man trap!"

Monday morning Goldstein via the Sunday paper hired Madge. She wasn't as pretty as her picture, possibly because her hair was red, while he was expecting a brunette. However, from the street she looked attractive enough, for her nose was *retroussée* and her graceful lids had countless ways of making eyes. She was, moreover, a gusher. Unlike any of her predecessors she sold well to the lady customers. At noon of the first day Goldstein felt that he was going to like her; at closing time he was resolved to sign a matrimony-proof contract with her for a year, when she forestalled him with the announcement that she was going to quit to be married.

"I've found my affinity—he's a motorman," she gushed. "I met him in the store this morning and he came back this afternoon and bought the engagement ring. See, it's one of them two forty-eight solitaires. We're to be married day after tomorrow when he has his day off. And I never, *never* would have met him, if I hadn't clerked today in your lovely shop. I owe my happiness to you, Mr. Goldstein, all to you!"

* * * *

Goldstein returned to his shop that evening in despair. In Moses' name why had this pestilence of matrimony been sent upon him? He, who had never wronged even a landlady! It could not be indignant Hymen, for at twenty-eight he was not a bachelor but a widower. His troubles dated from the accidental leaving open of the door into the show-window; hence also dated the soaring of his sales; hence indeed dated this plague of matrimony. He seemed doomed to a lifelong Gehenna of breaking in new clerks. To be sure they might all go as quickly as Madge. But before long his shop would get a matrimonial reputation. "Where did you get your wife?" people would ask, and husbands would reply "I got her and the engagement ring at Goldstein's."

He flipped away his cigarette, and, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his red-spotted vest glowered disconsolately up at the ceiling. Of a sudden his black eyes snapped and he tossed back his head.

"What do I put my brilliants in the window for?" he cried and slapped his knee as he answered: "To sell 'em! What happens when I put my clerk in the show-window? I marry her off! Josephine, the prettiest, was in the window two months before she was taken; Madge, the homeliest, was snapped up the first day. What does it mean?" He groaned. "It means that my window is sixty times the marrying medium that it was in the beginning! It means that I am giving the best show-window space in the city for *nothing! Nothing!!* But what can I do? I need a pretty clerk to draw trade! And—"

His head drooped and his fingers (his thumbs were still in his armholes) drummed on his shirt-front. Of a sudden he tossed back his head, chuckled and slammed his feet and front chair legs upon the floor.

"I have it!" he laughed. "I'll make my matrimony window pay for the trouble it makes. I'll make my clerks pay me one hundred dollars a husband. If one was to marry every day that would be twenty-six hundred a month—five times what the brilliants pay me. But that's a dream. I can't count on more than a marriage a week; that will pay my rent twice over. God of Moses! What a head I have! But I wouldn't be where I am, if I didn't have brains."

* * * *

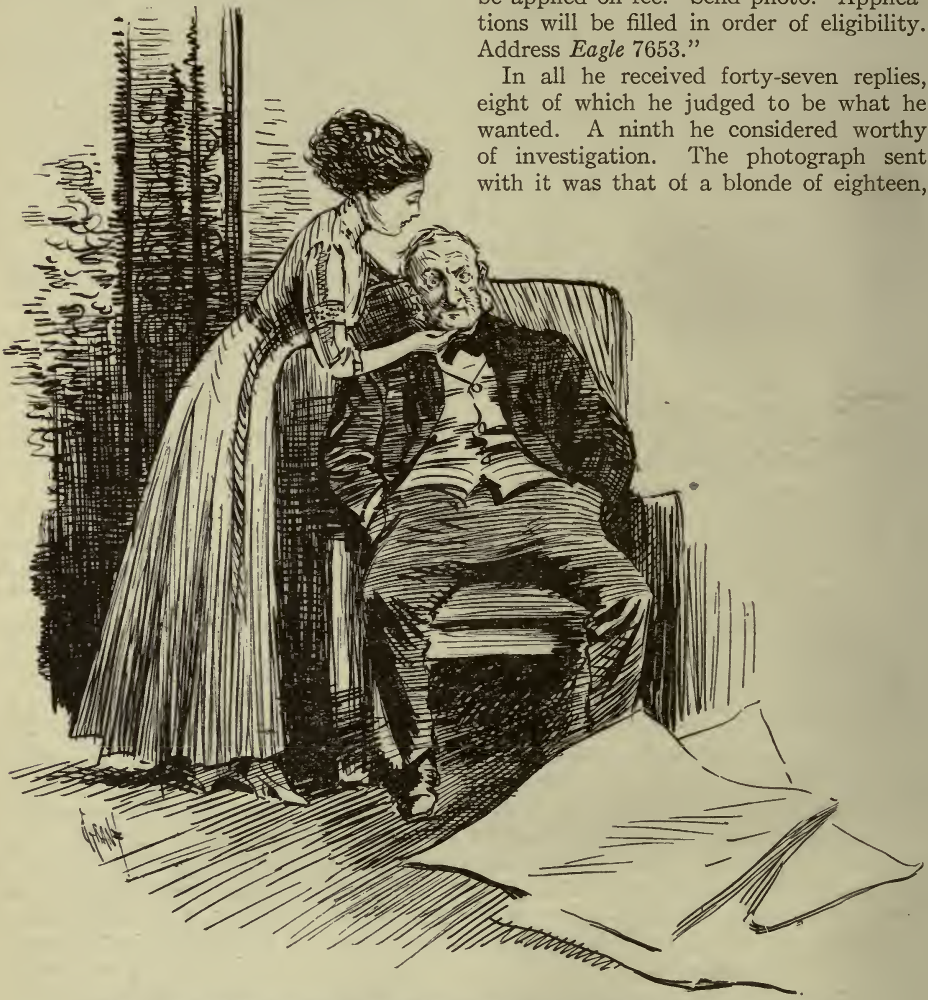
In the next day's *Evening Eagle* Goldstein advertised:—

"Get A Husband Quick—For One Hundred Dollars I Guarantee Any good-looking girl a husband within thirty days; wide selection. At the same time furnish a pleasant position paying ten dollars per week, which, if desired, may be applied on fee. Send photo. Applications will be filled in order of eligibility. Address *Eagle* 7653."

In all he received forty-seven replies, eight of which he judged to be what he wanted. A ninth he considered worthy of investigation. The photograph sent with it was that of a blonde of eighteen, a blending of Josephine's piquancy with Carolyn's demureness. The letter said in part:

"Not having a good photo of myself I send one of my sister Louise. I desire a husband at once and will pay you two hundred dollars—half cash, the balance upon the fulfillment of your part of the contract.

"Phyllis Nootnagel."



"Leon," said she, pointing out of the window at a passing electric coupe, "just as soon as we are settled to housekeeping I want one of those"

"I'll have her come first," decided Goldstein with a decisive backward toss of the head. "If she's only half as good looking as her sister, she'll marry inside a week. Besides if I don't like her looks I needn't take her. And, God of Moses, she offers two hundred dollars!"

That afternoon a sallow young woman in a bedraggled hat and a shabby tan suit briskly entered the "Brazilian Brilliants" shop. Goldstein stepped forward to wait upon her. It being Thursday he took her for a servant girl of the better class, and paused before the case of sunbursts for which the "maids" had a predilection.

As he regarded her more keenly, however, the feeling that he had seen her before forced itself upon him, but it was not until she opened her thick-lipped mouth that he identified the saucy inward tilt of her gray eyes and the saucy upward tilt of her little nose.

"I wish to see Mr. Goldstein," said she, making his jet eyes flinch before her steadier gaze; and when our friend admitted that he was Mr. Goldstein, introduced herself:

"I am Miss Phyllis Nootnagel."

"You won't do," he scowled.

"What's your proposition?" she demanded coolly.

He sulkily described his matrimony window. She nodded approvingly. He could not help but admire her business air. If only she were not so *homely!*

"Can't your sister come?" he demanded after a silence during which Phyllis sized up the shop. "I'll take her for a hundred dollars."

"She's engaged. Do you think I'd have to come *here*, if I was as pretty as she is!"

Again Goldstein flinched beneath her gray eyes. When he looked at them they seemed dull; but when they looked at him they dazzled. While he mentally cursed himself for rashly biting at her two hundred dollar bait, Phyllis equanimously took out her hat pins and set the dowdy rooster-tail creation upon his immaculate showcase.

"What are you doing?" he gasped, his astonishment being augmented by the pretty way in which her hair was puffed.

"I'm going to work," she returned, coolly shedding her shabby jacket revealing an elaborately embroidered white waist. "Your proposition is satisfactory to me."

"But you are not satisfactory to me!" shrieked Goldstein.

"Step out and look at me through the window," ordered Phyllis still equanimous. "It's my complexion. I won't look badly from the street."

As the easiest way of getting rid of her, he churlishly obeyed. While he sauntered out Phyllis deftly set the artificial palm behind her for a background. The effect was pleasing. Goldstein gaping through the window admitted to himself that she looked as well as Madge who had been snapped up the first day. He re-entered the store with a favorable smirk on his face which, however, vanished at a near view of her sallow homeliness. Her keen eyes noted this.

"I look all right from the street, don't I, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Ye-es."

"It doesn't matter, then. Once they're in I'll sell them the goods."

Goldstein hesitated. Phyllis calmly opened her bag and took out a wad of five dollar bills, which she told off upon the counter. The blood rushed into Goldstein's face, and into his eyes cupidity.

"One hundred dollars," she announced, adroitly topping the heap with a twenty dollar bill. "And now give me a receipt."

"How businesslike she is!" thought Goldstein admiringly and tossed back his head with decision. "I'll take you," he grunted.

While he wrote the receipt Phyllis hung up her hat and jacket in the clothes closet.

"This won't do," she declared when he handed it to her. "You've got to put in that you'll forfeit the same amount if you fail to get me a husband in thirty days."

"Eh!" gasped Goldstein.

"In your advertisement you guarantee a husband in thirty days. I've paid you in advance and it's only fair that you secure me against failure by you to carry out your part of the contract."

"How businesslike she is!" thought Goldstein. "And, God of Moses, how *homely!*"

As he turned his eyes dubiously upon her she slightly turned away her head, turned it just enough to show the saucy inward tilt of her little nose, and the pretty way in which her hair was puffed. 'Twas a shrewd turn, Phyllis!

Had she let Goldstein gaze directly into her face he never—as it was she gave him a wink to glimpse not estimate her facial assets; then whirled her gray eyes upon him. They made him drop his own, drop them to the hundred dollars on the counter. Smack upon the decision that she was not much homelier than Madge came the money's visual appeal, abetted by the thought that a girl that was smart enough to "get around" him as she had would have little difficulty to nab a husband. He tossed back his head.

"I'll do it," he cried, again uncorking his fountain pen. "I'll agree to forfeit two hundred dollars if I don't get you a husband in thirty days."

* * * *

In every way Phyllis proved an ideal clerk. As she had said she looked well enough from the street to attract trade, and once a customer entered, she would not let him escape without buying. For three weeks Goldstein worried for fear she would be taken from him; for seven days he worried for fear that she was not going to be taken at all. At quitting time on the thirtieth day—a July Thursday—she came to his desk.

"Mr. Goldstein," said she equanimously; "I want my guaranteed husband."

"God of Moses!" he snorted. "I *don't* keep them in the safe with my check-book. They're on the outside of the counter. Reach over and grab the best you can get hold of."

"As you have failed in carrying out your part of the contract," pursued Phyllis still equanimous, "you will have to pay me the forfeit."

Goldstein glowered; but Phyllis did not flinch. He could not—would not throw out two hundred dollars of good money in this way.

"Give me another month," he pleaded, all smiles. "I'll give the matter"—

"I will, provided you double the forfeit," smiled Phyllis.

"God of Moses!" ejaculated Goldstein.

"Time's money to me," declared the girl. "Statistics show that a woman's chances for marrying drop from forty-three per cent at twenty-six to nineteen per cent at twenty-seven. In five weeks I'll be twenty-seven. So I've got to hurry, for I'm not good-looking enough to win out against the statistics."

"I'll take four weeks more with four hundred dollars forfeit," growled Goldstein.

* * * *

It availed Goldstein's happiness little that during the next thirty days the sales of Brazilian Brilliants approached those of the Christmas holidays. He was lending his best efforts to fulfill his husband guarantee. But in vain he made Phyllis bejewel her puffs and don a red silk waist he purchased for her enhancement; in vain he bragged up Phyllis to his friends; in vain he dragged acquaintances into his shop that they might meet Phyllis; in vain he offered Mogavitch to extend the mortgage he held on the latter's pawn shop, if he would marry Phyllis.

At quitting time on the thirtieth day she came to Goldstein's desk. He did not wait for her to demand the guaranteed husband.

"I want another thirty days," he begged.

"Next week I'll be twenty-seven," demurred Phyllis. "And my chance of getting a husband will drop from forty-three to nineteen per cent. You'll have to double your forfeit."

"Eight hundred dollars!" screamed Goldstein. "I'll pay you nothing. You are discharged, Miss Nootnagel!"

"Very well, Mr. Goldstein," she returned without a quaver. "I shall sue you. In the meantime if you should wish to see me, you will find me with the Peruvian Sparklers Company. Their manager has been in four times this week trying to coax me to clerk for him."

"Stop!" shrieked Goldstein, as Phyllis clapped on her rooster-tail creation. "I'll take another thirty days with eight hundred dollars forfeit."

* * * *

During those thirty days Goldstein schemed, tossed nights, lost appetite, hoped and despaired like a man seeking to perfect a perpetual motion machine. For a time he suspected that Phyllis might be playing off to gain the forfeit.

But shrewd watching indicating the reverse of this, he fell to reviling the swine before which he daily cast this Phyllis pearl. In consequence of constant brooding over her connubial value he came to treasure her as a jewel of price that one day would find a worthy customer. But alas, this thirty days spun out faster than the other thirty-day extensions had.

Just before quitting time on the last day Goldstein sat at his desk writing out a check payable to Phyllis Nootnagel for eight hundred and ten dollars to cover the forfeit and the week's wages due her. He felt, indeed, like a gambler who has lost a bet, and doubling it lost again, and doubling the loss, still lost. He had written as far as "Eight Hund—" when feeling somebody looking over his shoulder he wheeled about. It was Phyllis.

"I'm *so* sorry," she murmured. "I would *so* much rather have had a husband."

Goldstein stared at her. She turned away just enough to show the saucy inward tilt of her eyes and the saucy upward tilt of her little nose and the pretty way in which her hair was puffed, then whirled her keen gray gaze upon him. He dropped his own which fell upon the check and scrambled off as from a thistle.

"You did not have a single opportunity!" he groaned, unconsciously drumming upon the desk with the butt of his fountain pen.

"Not one!" moaned Phyllis tragically, the while watching him out of the corner of her eye.

"And you would—"

"If I could!"

"Will you—"

He stopped, choked by recollection of her passing homeliness. His glance fell on the check. "Eight hund— God of Moses!"

"Will you," he stammered, "will you be Mrs. Leon Z. Goldstein?"

"Sure, Leon," beamed Phyllis, holding out her hands.

He rose and took them. She coyly drooped her head, drooped it so that Goldstein must droop his own to catch the saucy inward tilt of her eyes and the saucy upward tilt of her little nose. And when he did so, strange to say, her mouth seemed sauciest of all! He kissed it, then blissfully gazed down at the half written check upon the desk.

"God of Moses!" he exulted under his breath. "I've saved eight hundred dollars cash and made a life contract with the best clerk that ever was in my store!"

Phyllis, too, was exultant.

"Leon," said she, pointing out the window at a passing electric coupe. "Just as soon as we are settled to housekeeping I want one of those."

THE STAR

YON star that reigneth in the night
Looks calmly on us from its height,
While we, in darkness and distress,
Cry upward for the rays that bless.

Why lift the voice, let fall the tear?
Yon star will neither heed nor hear;
An ever-distant eremite,
It holds no sympathetic light.

To it our earth is but a spark
(Whose glow will soon melt in the dark)
From out the deep blown heavenward
By winds that ever sigh unheard.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

TELL HER SO

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife.
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweet the sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
Tell her so!

There was a time when you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it; for her sake
Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed,
If you make love a game of whist;
Lips mean more—than to be kissed
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she'd passed her prime,
As though to please her was a crime—
If e'er you loved her, now's the time;
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers are made to bless
Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold
Tell her so!

From the Book "Heart Throbs."

Rapid Disappearance of the Forests

WHO IS TO BLAME?

By W. C. JENKINS

"I wish that our way had always lain among woods. Trees are the most civil society. An old oak tree that has been growing where he stands since before the Reformation, taller than many spires, more stately than the greater part of mountains, and yet a living thing, liable to sickness and death, like you and me—is not that in itself a speaking lesson in history? But acres on acres full of such patriarchs contiguously rooted, their green tops billowing in the wind, their stalwart younglings pushing up about their knees; a whole forest, healthy and beautiful, giving colour to the light, giving perfume to the air—what is this but the most imposing piece in nature's repertory?"—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

SENTIMENT and commercialism need not walk asunder in forest conservation. True it is that for health and pleasure forests of small extent must be maintained where commercialism would have none, and the forest covering and surroundings of some of nature's beauty spots should be undisturbed, but the commercial use of the hundreds of millions of acres of forests in this land of ours need not often conflict with their use by the seeker for health and pleasure. It is, therefore, for the utilitarian as well as aesthetic side that it can be said, if there is any one duty more than another which we owe to our children and our children's children it is to save the forests of this country while maintaining them in use. We have become a nation of wood-users to the extent that every person in the United States is using on the average more than six times as much wood as he would if he lived in Europe. Consumption of the American forest overtook production a quarter of a century ago—today consumption exceeds forest growth about four times.

Since 1890 more than six hundred billion feet of timber have been sawed into lumber. Most of this lumber has been used in the United States, although large quantities of the better grades have been shipped to European countries; hence we have not only built up our American cities on the basis of cheap lumber but we have sold to the people of other nations products of our American forests at a price far below their actual value.

The United States is today in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany one hundred and fifty years ago. But the development of methods for limiting and preventing the waste and to foster, protect and preserve the trees has immensely increased the productivity of the forests of Germany. In Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, a policy of government control and regulation has been applied with marvelous results. Forest legislation began in France about 1560; in 1824 the Forest School at Nancy was established. Denmark began forestry about the same time. Some of the European countries will not grow forests as a commercial crop because other crops pay better. Holland is one of these countries; she can get her timber cheaper by exchanging her farm product for the timber of other countries. The same is true of the different states of the American Union. Some are adapted to tree culture, while others will grow grain and vegetables to better advantage.

Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum production; the northeastern states, and the lake states. Today the southern states are undoubtedly near their maximum. The Pacific states will soon be in the ascendency, the state of Washington now ranking first of all the individual states in volume of timber cut each year.

In 1850 the northeastern states, consisting of New York and New England, supplied nearly fifty-five per cent of the total lumber production; in 1860, thirty-six per cent, and gradually relatively declined until in 1909 they supplied but

7.5 per cent. The lake states passed all other regions rapidly, and reached their maximum relative production of thirty-four per cent in 1880. For the next ten years there was but little change in the output from that section, but since 1890 there has been a constant decrease. Since the first effects of the Civil War were over the southern states have steadily increased in production until in 1909 that section was supplying 49.5 per cent of all our lumber. Previous to 1890 the Pacific states territory was but a small factor in lumber production. In 1909 that territory supplied about one-sixth of the total lumber manufactured.

It has been determined that the average age of the trees cut for lumber during the year 1910 was not less than one hundred and fifty years; therefore, if the lumberman is to secure another crop of the same age and quality, he must wait at least one hundred and fifty years for the second crop to grow. Such a harvest is too remote, and at the present prices too unprofitable for the individual; the state alone can invest in such a manifestly losing venture. Lumber trees will never be planted and grown by the individual so long as he knows that the enterprise will be conducted at a loss. Since the settlement of America the price of lumber has always been far below a figure that would tempt any man or woman to invest a dollar in the growing of commercial woods.

We have been selling the products of the American forests to the people of Germany, France, England and other European countries because they could buy it cheaper than they could grow it at home. In our generosity we have donated to the people of foreign countries $1.50 of the resources of the United States for every fifty cents' worth of lumber patronage they have given us. When any national resource is put upon the markets of the world at a price of less than one-third for which it can be grown, such a trade is a manifest loss to the nation and is palpably an economic error.

The time will eventually come when lumber will have to pay the cost of production. The government may undertake to grow trees on the timber preserves and sell stumpage at a low price, but the cost of production will remain the same no matter what may be the selling price and any deficit will, in the end, fall upon the people, as is the case in the Post Office Department today.

We are concerned regarding the conservation of the soil because our food products come directly, or indirectly, from that source and any deterioration of the soil fertility lessens in the same degree the food-producing capacity of the country. Waters are necessary factors in transmitting soil elements into crops, besides serving other useful purposes. The forests may have an influence upon rainfall; they have an undoubted influence upon the watershed of the high lands and therefore upon water power and navigation. But in addition to these advantages the forest is the source of supply for nearly everything used in the arts. So diverse are the uses of its crops and so necessary in our civilization are its products that we cannot but admit a deplorable state of national affairs when we are confronted with the truth regarding the certain shortage of standing timber which in a few years must manifest itself in a lessened supply.

At this late day there is a very general concern and interest in forest conservation; it is one of the most important questions of the hour. By a natural evolution it has grown from an individual conviction to a national issue. Where, a few years ago, only an occasional voice in the wilderness sounded the cry of ultimate devastation, now there is a general alarm from all quarters which will be quieted only when the matter has adequate consideration and radically improved methods have been adopted.

So long as timber was abundant and there was no thought of a scarcity it was manufactured on a great scale as cheaply and rapidly as possible. Our civilization has been developed to its present degree of importance largely as a consequence of cheap lumber, but we have suddenly discovered that it has been built up at an enormous cost which must be paid by the future.

One of the greatest problems confronting the American people is that of an adequate timber supply for the future.

FROM HEAD OF MIDDLE FORK, SNOQUALMIE RIVER
Crest of range south of Dutch Miller Pass, King County, Washington

History shows that retrogression and decay have followed in the wake of timber exhaustion in every nation, for the reason that civilization and progress have always been dependent on an unfailing timber supply. Unfortunately this great question has become, in many parts of the United States, a political one and hence fair argument cannot be expected. Its discussion cannot be shorn of the zeal of party ambition, the violence of personal animosities and the heat of contention.

Since the beginning of civilization man has been seeking means whereby the production of human labor can be increased and by which waste can be prevented. Common sense dictates that each product should be grown where it can be produced to the best advantage and under this inexorable law every grower, by exchanging commodities, will at all times get the necessities of life with the smallest possible amount of self-sacrifice and exertion.

The law of supply and demand is, in the last analysis, the governing factor in every line of trade and in most industries this law is constantly the subject of study and investigation. For certain reasons the lumber manufacturers have never as a class been controlled by the conditions of demand. There has supposedly been a plentiful supply of timber to draw from, and many believed it was inexhaustible. Only in recent years has the fallacy of this theory been proven. Manufacturers in most lines of trade are able by mutual understanding, if not by open agreement, to limit their output to the measure of the demand, but the lumbermen have not been able to control their industry in this manner. Every attempt they have made has been misconstrued by political agitators and therefore such efforts have been abandoned. Nevertheless, today a large class of people entertain a belief that lumber manufacture is dominated by combinations and trusts. Lumber producers should in the interest of sound economics and of the public welfare avoid mistakes of the past, for their mistakes cannot be corrected annually as can those of the growers of other crops, for they can grow but one crop in a lifetime.

This country has been cursed with bad politics, emanating from prejudice and false statements, and in many states may be found laws aimed chiefly against the lumbermen, and conventions or meetings for the consideration of trade conditions and for trade education are characterized as efforts to create combinations and trusts and advance prices.

LAND SKINNED OF ITS TIMBER AND BURNED OVER
after lumbering, and later heavily grazed by sheep. Wasatch National Forest, Utah

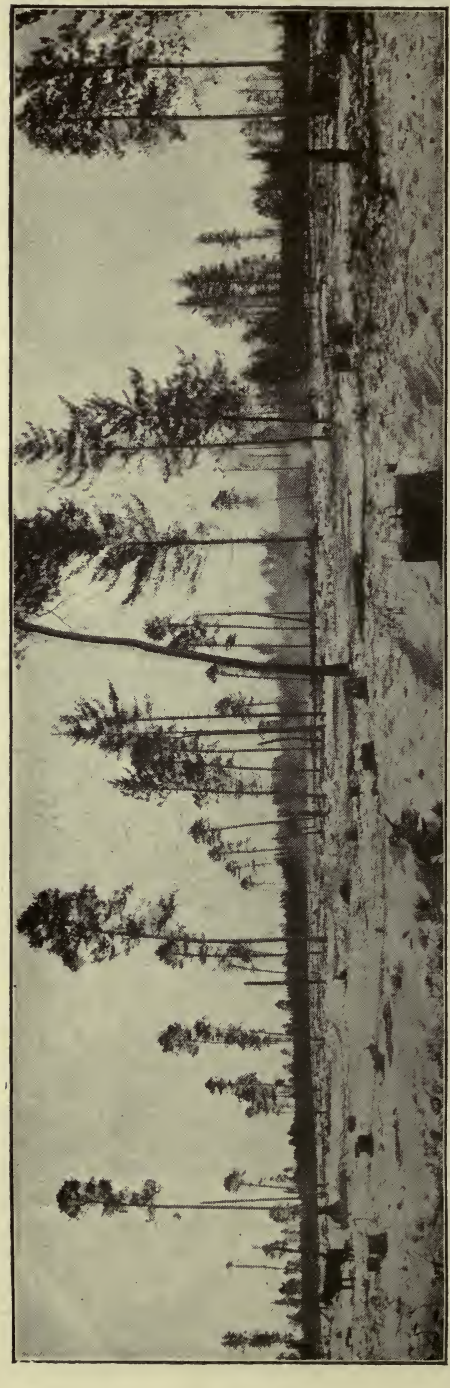
About four-fifths of the forest areas of this country are owned by private interests—one-fifth being held by the states or the national government, chiefly included in the forest reserve. The lands controlled by individuals have come into their possession under laws which the highest courts have declared constitutional. These lands have formed a part of dead men's estates, of the inheritances of children and security for investors, and titles may be traced to the original governmental grants and are beyond any possible dispute; hence no method of conservation can possibly be effectual unless there be willing co-operation by the lumber owners and the general government. The people must recognize the rights of the property owners, and the latter in turn must acknowledge in their possessions a national resource of great importance to all the people.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the forest may be preserved and at the same time furnish its crop for the benefit of the human race. Practical statesmanship in other countries has devised means whereby the forests can be drawn upon for a considerable supply of timber and at the same ime be kept in a healthy growing condition. We may look with disfavor upon sentimental imitation of old country methods, but the fact remains that there is no other practical way of meeting the situation. But any effort toward practical conservation as applied in European countries requires different laws and different methods of management from those in effect in the various states today.

What measures shall be adopted to preserve the American forest depends largely upon conditions. This is anything but a simple problem, because of the difference arising from conditions of soil and climate, from the character and different species of trees and especially from financial considerations. Some people believe that what the forester calls "selective cutting" is a solution of the whole problem. This plan provides that the owners shall go into the forest and cut the adult trees and fell them without damaging those that are young and growing, and furthermore that they shall

GOOD REGENERATION OF LODGEPOLE PINE AFTER FIRE
Cache National Forest, Utah

remove all debris that would endanger the trees that are left. This method is often the only practical way of conserving a forest, but as a general proposition it cannot, at the present time, be applied in this country. Some modification of the method of selective cutting is all that is possible; but no degree of forest conservation can be successful without the co-operation of all concerned, for it is doubtful if the public has a right to demand of certain individuals the performance of any duty that involves expense without, in some manner, compensating them for the loss.



FIVE PER CENT TIMBER REMAINING AND BRUSH BURNING OPERATIONS, CASS COUNTY, MINNESOTA

It is an idle question as to which possesses the greater interest in our American forests—the owner or the state. The owner's interest lies largely in the adult trees which are less liable to the fire damage; the state's interest is in the young and growing trees whose value lies entirely in the future. Inasmuch as both are vitally interested co-operative methods are manifestly essential for effective work.

There are serious obstacles in the way of forest development. The man who would grow trees as an investment must be relieved to some extent of the burdens of taxation on his harvest. Under our present system the tax expense alone would eat up the profits several times before the crop matures, and hence extensive forest cultivation, under our present laws, is about as impossible as is the reclamation of the Desert of Sahara. But little reflection will show most people that the present methods of taxing lands is wrong in principle and vicious in its application. The only possible effect of such a system is just what has happened—the destruction of the forest as speedily as possible with absolutely no regard for the future. The burden of excessive local taxation has contributed in the most pronounced and effective manner to denude the forest land in the least possible time. To change the present system would require amendments to the constitutions of several states, but necessary tax reform can be accomplished only in this way and until it is brought about, neither the lumbermen nor anyone else will become interested to any extent in forest development and tree culture.

No doubt any suggestion to relieve standing timber from excessive taxation will invite a new attack of prejudice against the timber owners, for it will be claimed that any movement in this direction will be beneficial to their interests; but the public would be benefitted to a greater extent than the lumbermen. The National Conservation Commission has placed itself on record by saying "We invite by over-taxation the misuse of our forests and we destroy by fire in one year timber enough to supply the whole United States for three months. The conservation of public forests is a similar task between the nations and the states; the larger task is to induce private owners—three millions of men—to take care of what they have and to teach the wood users how not to waste. We must stop forest fires. We must, by careful logging and other methods, reduce waste and leave cut-over lands productive. One of the urgent tasks before the state is the immediate passage of tax laws which will enable private owners to protect and keep productive their lands suitable for forest growth. It is a short-sighted policy which induces, through excessive taxation, the diminution of the only crop which steep mountain lands will produce profitably. Taxes on forest lands should be levied on the crop when cut, not on the basis of a general property tax—that unsound method of taxation abandoned by every great nation." It was the opinion of ex-President Roosevelt that "second only in importance to good fire laws properly enforced is the enactment of tax laws which will permit the perpetuation of existing forests."

5125
DeCamp

A FOREST FIRE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
Rosebud County, Montana

If the timber men can be given protection against unnecessary and unwise taxation of standing timber and if the states will aid in preventing fires they will begin to practice forestry on non-agricultural land because it will pay them to do so. It is manifestly unwise to leave forest property at the mercy of mere local governmental authority. It might be possible that constitutional provisions prevent a rescue of the forests from these conditions. If such is the case amendments should be speedily voted.

It has always seemed a species of unequal taxation when we assess standing timber—the crop of the forest—as real estate. The farmer pays taxes on lands and improvements, but never on his crop, but the timberman pays on both land and crop. These unequal tax conditions were discussed at Saginaw, Michigan, November 13, 1907, when representatives were present from Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois and Ohio, as well as the Federal Forest Department, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"It is the sense of the conference that lands containing forests should be taxed in the usual manner so far as the land is concerned, said land to be assessed as if it contained no lumber; but the forest products should be assessed and taxed only when they are cut and removed and then in an appropriate manner."

Relief from taxation to those who will grow forests and to those who will conserve the existing timber areas is absolutely essential. As it is now the states are left but little timber on account of the uncertainty of taxation and danger of fire because there has been no assurance of reasonable assessments or any adequate system of fire patrol or of forest care. We seldom find timber estates handed down from generation to generation. The owners prefer to administer on such properties before they die and reinvest their money in securities of a character essentially more stable.

Lands are of three general classes: agricultural, mineral and forestral. For the requirements of the people all agricultural lands should so far as possible be food-producers—none should purposely be allowed to remain idle. Lands which have been robbed of their fertility should be speedily restored through fertilization to their former degree of productivity. On the same principle of economy all cut-over forest lands should not be permitted to remain idle, even though they are not adapted to agriculture. Their destiny is to grow trees, and an effort to use them for any other purpose is an economic error.

Virgin forests are not producers; they are like a completely populated country; individuals die and others succeed them. It is only when man enters the forest that it becomes a producer. He cuts away the adult timber and other trees take their places; but scientific practical methods demand the application of intelligence so that there shall be no unnecessary waste.

One of the first requirements is to classify the lands of the United States so as to designate those which are best adapted to either agriculture or forestry. Land which will grow sixty bushels of corn to the acre should never be devoted to tree-growing; neither will the pine lands of northern Michigan and other localities be found profitable for raising corn. So, when the state demands that the owners of forest lands shall preserve their tracts for tree culture, it should first ascertain whether such land would thus be utilized to the best possible advantage. The character of the soil and climate conditions are always the dominant factors in classifying lands and must be taken into consideration.

Thousands of ignorant and misguided American farmers are today eking out a miserable existence in an endeavor to cultivate lands which nature intended solely for tree-growing purposes. To what extent such conditions prevail it is impossible to say, but it is certain that nothing impresses the observant traveler more than the economic blunders of this character which he sees in many states. Lands which have been cut over and abandoned by the lumbermen have, through tax titles and other means, come into the possession of real estate promoters who have in turn sold them to innocent men who imagined that farming required no climatic or soil conditions, no experience, nor the application of any proven methods. The literature which has been sent out by some of these land companies is truly remarkable for its deceptive and misleading statements. What a story of hardship and privation is contained in the records of adventure into these cut-over lands by innocent but misguided home-seekers, and, from a humanitarian point of view, what a necessity exists for the state to classify its unused lands and tell the truth about them. When this has been done it may properly be demanded by the state that the owners of non-agricultural but tree-growing lands shall either maintain their tracts for forest purposes or turn them over to the state to be developed and conserved at public expense.

The laws of several timber states operate on the principle that it is for the best interests of the state to get all lands into private hands as speedily as possible. Northern Michigan and Northern Wisconsin have held at least one-third of their land on the delinquent roll for taxes since 1875, and thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to get rid of them. Michigan sold land for ten cents per acre and at a clearance sale in 1881 tracts were disposed of at one dollar for forty acres. Within five years the state sold nearly one million acres at an average price of about $1.20 per acre, though it was well known that these lands were bought for the remnants of timber which remained, and were speedily depleted and again left to the state for taxes.

Effectual conservation can be accomplished only by a sensible and unprejudiced appreciation of the important interest of the public in the work and also a freedom from the taunts of the demagogue and muck-rakers who seek to interfere with the movement. There must be a spirit of confidence between the state and timber men; and to a considerable extent co-operation by the general government by means of reasonable tariff protection and by a more friendly attitude toward those engaged in the lumber industry. Heretofore the whole policy of the general government and the states has resulted in creating a waste of the forests for the purpose of securing a present lumber supply at the lowest possible price.

As a factor in cheapening the cost of lumber the Canadians have been induced to over-stock, and in consequence have reduced prices below the possible point of competition by the lumbermen of the United States. The Canadian lumberman has possessed the advantage of large consolidated timber limits received from the government at nominal prices, less expensive labor on the average and little or no taxes on timber or the manufactured product. It has been stated that if a tariff of four dollars per thousand had existed, the Canadian lumberman could have paid it and still had a margin in his favor. As we now survey the past, we cannot help but observe that the United States government has, to a considerable extent in the past, been responsible for wasting the forests by its policy of discrimination against the timber industry through unwise land laws and by its low lumber tariff policy.

EFFECT OF FIRE ON YOUNG LONGLEAF PINE IN ALABAMA

By every device of law and administration, efforts have been made to secure a lumber supply at the lowest possible prices without reference to the future. The timber lands have been subjected to private entry and ownership far in excess of requirements for supply. The effect has been to over-stock and this combined with cultivated competition with the Canadian product has often kept the price but little, if any, above the cost of production.

One of the greatest obstacles to successful forestry is the fire hazard and in this the public is equally interested with the owners of the forest. It is the young growing timber in the seedling or sapling stages that is most susceptible to fire damage and therefore the very portion of the forest which is most important to the future is subjected to the greatest risk. It is seldom that adult forests are seriously damaged by fires; the so-called cut-over lands covered with young trees are more often invaded by the fire fiend.

As a consequence of the bitter experience of the past in this country and by the successful experience of European countries, certain methods are suggested as a precaution against fires. The first and most necessary method is to clear up the debris left after logging operations have been completed. The tops of trees which cannot be taken out of the woods and marketed must be disposed of in some manner so that the fire hazard may be minimized. But to do this involves great expense. In one northern locality where extensive experiments in this direction have been tried, it was found that the cost of burning the debris was from one to two dollars per thousand feet of the log product, while the lowest cost under favorable conditions was twenty-five cents. If such methods of fire protection be employed this added expense must be included in the cost of logging and eventually charged up to the sawed lumber. There is no other way to meet such an expense.

Another necessity is to patrol the forests, at least during the fire season, and this is best done by the combined efforts of the individual owners and the state. Heretofore the state has been lax and apparently indifferent; where individual owners have spent dollars in fire fighting and patrol the state has scarcely spent dimes. Even the national government has done but little in protection of this character as only one man has been employed in our forest reserves when a hundred would have been employed for similar purposes in Germany.

It may sound like high treason to those who believe in a bedazzled and bespangled but listless army to suggest that the soldiers be commissioned as conservationists in the great fight to preserve what is left of our great forests. It would be the most useful occupation that our soldiers could be given. They would be engaged in constant warfare against the natural enemies of the forests—and kept constantly alert in their defence. Our navy sails the seas primarily to protect our ocean commerce; then why not have the army police the public preserves properly and effectually, and in that duty fight off the natural enemies, fire and disease, as well as the ruthless hand of the human destroyer who oftentimes oversteps the laws of economical preservation? It would not be so great a departure from precedent as appears upon first thought. The federal troops are constantly called upon to police stricken districts in the country and to protect life and property. The government already has its foresters and crews of helpers, but so helpless are they in the stress of great calamity that soldiers have often been called upon to assist in the fighting of forest fires. Then why not take the further step—a garrison of soldiers in every forest area—to prevent destruction either by man or the natural elements? Train these soldiers in forestry to be surgeons who can look after the wounds of the trees and save them from destruction; who can clean up the refuse of the fallen and decaying growth and thus reduce the menace of fire, and scientifically look after the new growth that struggles for a beginning. With this new duty recognized there would be less protest against a standing army. In fact, the natural tendency would be to enlarge it many times in order to properly maintain the great peace victories of the forests. Soldiers could be kept drilling for the stern duties of war, while stationed at their posts in the forest areas.

The best way to avoid forest fires is to prevent small incipient blazes growing into conflagrations. Putting out fires just started is safer than letting them burn. Patrol is better than fighting because the locomotive spark or camp fire can be extinguished before it becomes a forest fire. One patrolman can stop a hundred incipient fires cheaper than one hundred men can stop one ordinary fire.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur Wilson

NEW York witnessed its second opera premiere gracefully. Habit is a mantle easily put on in Gotham. There sophistication is speedily acquired, even in the art of witnessing blandly the first performances in the world of new operas, and of personally inspecting their composers.

Moreover, a pacific halo enveloped the preparation and the production of "King's Children." There are several things to blame for this. Aside from his "Hansel and Gretel," that charming tale about a naughty witch who still holds a spell for small children and big children, the mild-mannered, be-spectacled Professor Humperdinck was not a familiar figure in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House, whereas Mr. Puccini had been frequently represented by his "Boheme," his "Tosca," and more particularly his "Butterfly."

But let no one think this was all. Fate conspired to give Mr. Puccini's "The Girl" a wondrous publicity, and publicity has a strange, a terrible psychology. Did the American people know that a gross, a monstrous insult was being perpetrated upon them by Mr. Puccini and by his publishers, the Riccordi's of Milan, who lend a counseling word as to who shall sing in the first performances of his operas? If they did not, then they should be told with all speed and all unction that out of eighteen primary, secondary and tertiary characters to the Nth power of unimportance in the producing cast of the said opera, there was but one aloof, alone and isolated American—whereas there were ten Italians, two Germans, an Algerian, a Pole, a Frenchman, and a Bohemian. This Bohemian was to be the Girl. What right had she? None in the firmament above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, save the fact that she was Emmy Destinn, the greatest mistress today of dramatic song, and that Mr. Puccini had asked her to create the role when he heard her as Madam Butterfly at Covent Garden, London. On his way to these hospitable shores, Mr. Puccini was chided, rebuked and taken to task. He was reproved for this impropriety and flagrant indiscretion, and he was reminded that there were American sopranos who might have been chosen with greater fitness, and these were named for Mr. Puccini. Mr. Puccini, thus enlightened, held his peace, disembarked, and permitted Miss Destinn to rehearse and sing the part. Nor did the protestations in the name of outraged patriotism cease. The daily papers, being loyal defenders of the Monroe Doctrine, and incidentally appreciating a good story, gave aid in the shape of space and headlines to the cause—all of which advertised the opera, the cast—and the source of the patriotic protestations.

Thus was interest abetted in "The Girl of the Golden West." Was it strange therefore that the fever had so worked in men's veins that one unfortunate was locked up merely because he tried to break through the window of the ticket office at the Metropolitan Opera House with his cane, after all the seats for a performance of the opera had been sold, and that a brother fanatic was apprehended in the very act of gaining his entrance by the fire escape? There is no report of anybody being arrested in Boston for trying to go to the opera.

Naturally Professor Humperdinck could

MME. MARIE GAY
The well-known grand opera singer in a characteristic costume and pose

not expect so brilliant an opening for his "King's Children" with no such fanfare of trumpets. Unfortunately there was less cause, for it was Geraldine Farrar, an American girl, who created the role of the Goose Girl. While it was the most grateful part she has yet undertaken, admirable both in its opportunities for the atmospheric and illusive action in which Miss Farrar excels, and in the tessitura of its music for her voice, had only some foreign candidate from Russia, Poland or the isles of the sea been nominated for it, there would doubtless have been more outcries of the American eagle and more soarings of the flag in the name of art, even though Professor Humperdinck laid the scene of his story in the fanciful town of Hellabrun and the forest of Hella, and not in the California of '49.

The encouragement of effort by native-born composers and singers, creators and interpreters, while laudable, eminently praiseworthy, and necessary to our musical advancement, may nevertheless be strangely confounded with a needlessly zealous display of what may seem the expression of patriotism, but which as sadly lacks the elements of wisdom, as it does of good taste.

Mr. Humperdinck's opera is not an entirely new creation. It is expanded from incidental music he wrote for the play of the same name, "Konigskinder," a German fairy tale in three acts. It was produced in Munich, January 23, 1897. The author of the play, Elsa Bernstein, the wife of a lawyer of that city, writes under the pseudonym, Ernst Rosmer. She is the daughter of Heinrich Porges, formerly a music critic of some note, and a staunch advocate of Wagner in the stressful days when he needed defenders. Indeed, her name, Elsa, is a memento of this loyalty.

Mr. Humperdinck wrote the music to the play in 1895–96. Excerpts from it have been performed in this country at various times. The introduction to act two was played at a concert at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, in November, 1896. The introductions to both acts two and three were played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, in December of the same year, Emil Paur, conductor.

The play was produced in German, April 29, 1898, in New York, at the Irving Place Theatre, by Mr. Conried, who was then its director. It was performed in English at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 3, 1902. It was intended that the opera should be sung in English when produced by the Metropolitan Company, and was so announced last season, but the score was not finished in time to permit of preparation, nor was there time this season for completion of the English version, which had been already undertaken by Charles Henry Meltzer, the music critic of the New York *American*.

The date of the production of the opera at the Metropolitan—the first upon any stage—was Wednesday, December 28. The dress rehearsal had occurred on Christmas Sunday morning. The audience of specially invited guests contained names that made the occasion brilliant. There were present Signor Puccini, Gustav Mahler, Mme. Sembrich, Alessandro Bonci, Enrico Caruso, Franz Kneisel, Victor Herbert, Messrs. Amato, Scotti and Slezak, Miss Kitty Cheatham, Otto H. Kahn, Blanche Bates, Mischa Elman, Chauncey Olcott, Gustave Schirmer, Lee Schubert and Joseph Weber.

It is said the author of the play intended it to be deeply symbolical. It has the physiognomy and familiar features of a German folk-tale. There is the prince seeking adventure; there is the maiden with the halo of mysterious origin, and she too is ready to fall in love with some gallant prince. She happens to be called the Goose Girl. There is the cruel witch, and there are the wicked peasants who, of course, never knew until too late that the Goose Girl is a princess.

The story is at first laid in the forest of Hella, beside the witch's hut. Here the son of a king, in search of adventure, finds the little Goose Girl held a thrall to the spell of the old witch. At once his heart goes out to her, and she, who has never seen a handsome prince, loves him in return. He leaves her angrily because she, being bound by enchantment, cannot run away with him.

Then come the fiddler, the wood-chopper and the broom-maker, who have been sent by the good burghers of Hellabrun to ask the witch who will be a king for them. She answers that whoever shall enter their gates on the stroke of twelve, in the midst of their feasting the following day shall be the king. Only the fiddler understands, and he recognizes the royal lineage of the Goose Girl.

The second act presents the square of Hellabrun in which the honorable citizens are assembled at their festival, awaiting the approach of their king. Among them is the Prince whom they have made a swineherd. No one but the little daughter of the broom-maker perceives his identity. As the clock strikes twelve, the gates are opened and reveal the Goose Girl, standing with her geese about her. She flies into the arms of the Prince. Then the people, enraged, drive the pair from the gates. But one of the throng has recognized them to be the children of kings—the broom-maker's little daughter, who sobs bitterly in the empty square as she looks longingly after them, a scene of appealing pathos, and the curtain falls.

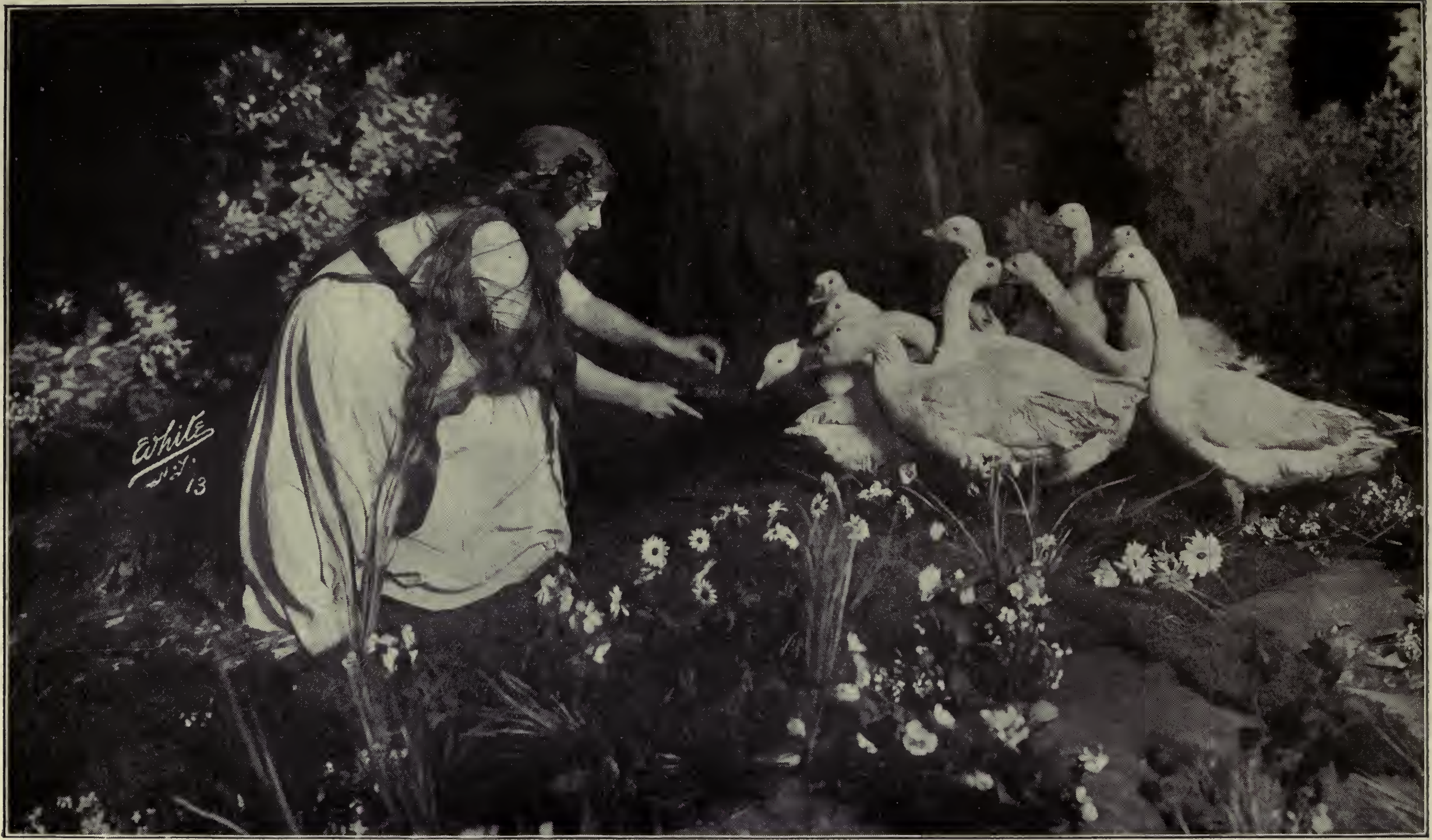
The stinging, the scathing satire of it! One is reminded of the saying, "And a little child shall lead them," which was not written in ridicule, and yet the abiding rebuke of it to the priggish, bigoted, shallow-brained pedants of the ages, who acquired learning, it may be, but who fell lamentably short of wisdom. These are they who bowed so low before precedent and ancient custom, that their eyes could not discern the first timid flash of the light of genius, perhaps because it was garbed in the outward accoutrements of a poor swineherd or a goose girl. These are Wagner's carping Beckmessers who have been beating tattoos upon their paltry slates these years to the annihilation of all who dare to measure pounds by new scales, or inches by a new rule or musical speech by a new syntax.

Beckmesser, that fine fellow, that watchdog of the Mastersingers of Nuremberg, and jailer of the archives of the past, was doubtless the cause of many a jest in the Porges household, for a Wagner partisan would have relished the satire. Perhaps the daughter also drew some inspiration from a merry fling that Shakespeare had in "Midsummer Night's Dream," in Bottom and his worthy crew, the protogonists of all that excellent breed of proper souls, who take themselves, their ills, their art, their merest thoughts as among the profound, the sober and the grave achievements of all creation. Professor Humperdinck at least knows his Shakespeare, has written incidental music to "The Midsummer Nights Dream," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," and others, and considers Shakespeare the greatest dramatic writer of all time. Frau Humperdinck corroborates her spouse by saying they have both read all the plays, and in English.

But the king's children are still wandering outside the gates because they wear not the garb of royalty but of menials. In the third act, it is no longer spring. It is winter and snow is on the ground. This hapless pair have been wandering a long way. The Prince carries the Goose Girl in his arms. They are hungry. Presently they arrive again at the witch's hut, now inhabited by the woodchopper, who turns a deaf ear to their petition for food, until, tempted by the Prince's offer of his crown, the churl gives them a loaf of bread, but it is a poisoned loaf, left by the witch, and when the fiddler and the broom-maker's little daughter find the two they are "wrapped in one another's arms and silent in a last embrace."

When the drama was performed in London, Professor Humperdinck was considerably perturbed to find that the kind-hearted Britons could not endure to see these sweet children brought to such a bitter end, and urged that by some dramatic or miraculous means they be restored to life before the final curtain, so that those of the audience might depart and know that hero and heroine were going to live happily ever after. New York is not strange to deaths in the last act, at least no requests for curtailment have been made public.

In these days when subjects for lyric drama and melodrama without the erotic or even the decadent element are not esteemed feasible, grateful or worthy. Mr. Humperdinck has peculiar notions about the stuff that operas are made of. He has an aversion to portrayal of vicious



GERALDINE FARRAR AS THE "GOOSE GIRL" IN HUMPERDINCK'S OPERA passion or morbid pathology. He finds the best themes are idealistic. Thus far there has been a public of good size in New York that has agreed with him.

Let it be said incidentally that the title of "Professor" which the composer bears is not the indiscriminate and miscellaneous prefix with which any ambitious person may embellish his title in the United States, whether he be an acrobat at a country circus, a traveling "oculist," the leader of the town band, or the oracle of the village school. The degree of "professor" is bestowed by the Kaiser, and Professor Humperdinck was so honored by Emperor William in 1896.

His musical treatment of the story has been praiseworthy, in so far as the dramatic scheme of his text permitted. The second act obviously is hung upon the peg of the Goose Girl's arrival, which is climacteric in interest, and must therefore conclude the act. All that passes before is in anticipation and in the nature of a pageant or spectacle of the congregating dignitaries of the village.

The last act contains the music which may be called inspired. The touching appeal of the weary children is poignantly told in the orchestra, and the lamentation of the minstrel when it is too late is a page of rare emotional eloquence.

The composer's dramatic scheme in his orchestra betokens his Wagnerian lineage and the days of his musical apprenticeship as copyist of the "Parsifal" score. He has employed guiding motifs freely, and by them has made the orchestra a constant expositor of the action upon the stage of its psychological significance, clever instances of which, as Mr. W. J. Henderson, the discerning critic of the *New York Sun*, has pointed out, are the inversion of the theme of the Goose Girl when she leans over the trough under the pump and seeing her inverted image in the water, exclaims "How beautiful I am," and again when, in the second act, the Goose Girl enters crowned before the jeering populace, there are heard the three descending tones which form the germ of the love theme and are derived from the motif associated with the Prince.

Miss Geraldine Farrar created the role of the Goose Girl, and found in it a fitting subject on which to expend her uncommon skill and imagination in enveloping a portraiture with delicate fancy and exquisite illusion.

Hermann Jadlowker was the king's son, Otto Goritz the Spielmann, and Louise Homer, the witch; Mr. Didur, Mr. Reiss; Edna Walter, a clever child of twelve years; Mr. Pini-Corsi and Florence Wickham were, respectively, the woodcutter, the broommaker, the broommaker's daughter, the landlord and the landlord's daughter. Mr. Hertz conducted. The production was worthy of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The composer was honored with liberal applause after each act, with a silver laurel wreath presented by Mr. Gatti-Cazassa on behalf of the company, and was tendered a reception in the foyer of the theatre after the performance by the directors of the opera company.

Following this there was a dinner at Hotel Astor in honor of the composer, given by the "Bohemians," a society whose membership includes the representative musical life of the city. Rubin Goldmark, president of the society, acted as toastmaster. Walter Damrosch spoke for the musicians, and Mr. Krehbiel, of the *Tribune* and Mr. Finck of the *Post*, spoke for the critics.

Before sailing on the steamer "George Washington", in time to see the first European performance of "Kingschildren" at the Royal Opera, Berlin, Professor Humperdinck wrote a letter of appreciation to Director Gatti-Cazassa of the Metropolitan Opera House, thanking him for the zeal with which he had prepared the new work, and the artists and orchestra for their cooperation. The composer confessed, while here, to having no other work near completion except incidental music to Maeterlinck's allegory, "The Blue Bird," for use in the repertory of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin this season. He also said he had a string quartet in mind.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE CARPENTER: THE SHIPBUILDER

By Charles Winslow Hall

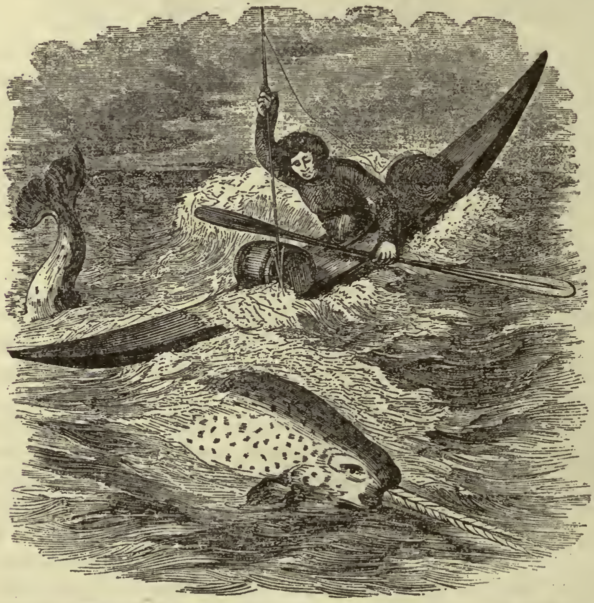
FLOATING ice and trees, islets of matted roots and coarse water-plants affording temporary ferriage or amusement, undoubtedly suggested the earliest forms of water-craft—the raft, the swimmer's support of empty jars and calabashes, of shaggy hides dilated with branches and leaves, and the inflated balsa and catamaran of cork-like wood of Peru; all of which have played no unimportant part in the life and industries of primeval peoples.

Where materials are plentiful and the necessities of a savage race demand it, many native craft attain a finish and utility which civilized man has promptly recognized, copied or adopted.

The Esquimaux kayak, framed of patiently fitted fragments of driftwood and whalebone, and covered with carefully cured sealskin, long, narrow, sharp-ended and so impervious to water that the skilled hunter will drive her like a diving cormorant through a wave-crest and emerge, shaking the brine from hands and face, is certainly the most remarkable, small sea-boat in the world. The Indian canoe needs no extended description or praise in this place. Its imitation and adoption all over the civilized world, its immortalization in song, art and literature, its economical use and value to the great fur companies and explorers and its adoption in the shape of the canvas-covered "black canoe" by the fishermen of the rockbound, harborless Irish coast, all vindicate the genius and taste of the Algonquin artisan who first modeled its fairy lines and evolved its combined strength, lightness, buoyancy and adaptations to the needs of Indian life.

A host of hollowed tree-trunks, from clumsy "horse-troughs" to the huge war-canoes of the cannibals of the Congo, the sailor tribes of the Victoria Nyanza and the South Seas, are probably seen at their best in the finely modeled, excavated, steamed and expanded "dug-outs" of the Northwest Coast. As a rule the small craft of primitive and savage people have been lighter, swifter, more elegant and seaworthy than the batteaux and boats of civilized contemporaries. Indeed "the shuparior and civilized man," as Mulvaney calls him, has been uncommonly slow to realize that a boat could be light, well-proportioned, swift and beautiful, and at the same time strong and seaworthy enough for all practical purposes. When it comes to sailing craft, the palm for speed must be awarded to the "flying proa" of the Sulu or Sooloo group, which, being built with one convex and one nearly straight side, sharp at both ends and furnished with an outrigger, have actually at times sailed twenty miles an hour, a speed never attained by any yacht of equal length and sail area.

Many of the more distinctive features of the most ancient boats and vessels have persistently appeared from generation to generation until the present day; or, if temporarily abandoned, have disappeared, only to be revived again by some noted expert or amateur. The earliest Egyptian river boats and sea-going ships show unmistakably the same short floatage lines, flat floors and long overhanging bows and sterns which characterize the "scow" type of yacht popular today. Indeed it is hard to find a picture of an ancient ship or galley which does not suggest a likeness to some modern type of model or equipment; and demonstrate that the shipbuilder of thousands of years ago recognized the conditions of sea or river service, and intelligently and often effectively attempted to meet them.



ESQUIMAU KAYAK, IN USE IN GREENLAND IN 1850

The Ark built under the direction of Noah must have been constructed by carpenters of some previous experience and ability; inasmuch as her proportions (450 feet long, by seventy-five feet wide and forty-five feet deep) gave her the largest burthen, fifteen thousand tons, of any craft on record except the immense battleships of this especially peaceful age.

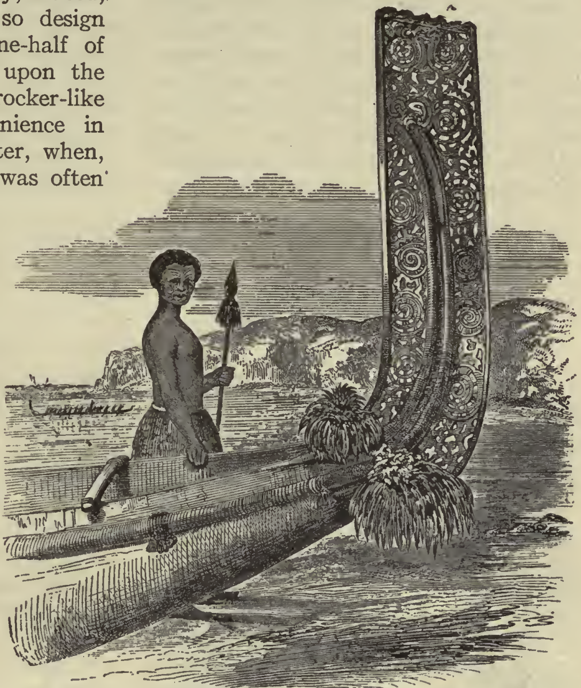
Tradition says that the oldest Egyptian craft were the little canoe-shaped boats of papyrus rush, lower at the bow than at the stern and bound together with threefold braid at every nine inches or so. Some, if not all, were coated with pitch or asphalt, while generally a thick mat raised the passenger above the damp deck. Very possibly in such a boat the infant Moses was committed to the Nile. Many such were used by the common people during the inundations, and by sportsmen and fishermen for pushing through the reed-ronds, killing water-fowl with the throwing stick and catching fish with the double-pointed spear, or even hunting the hippopotamus and crocodile with lance and harpoon. They were all the more popular from the belief that the savage crocodile would not attack a man who floated in a boat made of the sacred papyrus reeds. The river boats were propelled by long poles, with which the boatmen often fought each other, and not infrequently with fatal results.

But at a remote antiquity the Egyptians built river craft of immense burthen; one of which is recorded as being "a broad ship of acacia wood, sixty cubits long and thirty cubits broad"; *i. e.*, one hundred by fifty feet, which ship, or rather lighter, was "finished for the King's service in only seventeen days." Sails seem to have been rarely used on the river craft of this period, the only example shown being a square sail, apparently made of matting.

Sea-going craft had sails, and the earlier mast, apparently made of the small trees of the country, was double and in the shape of an acute wedge with its feet "stepped" widely apart, rendering shrouds or side stays unnecessary. A strong fore-stay and several back-stays braced the mast against the strain of the huge square sail, which was for thousands of years to be the chief and largely the only reliance of the mariners of the high seas. There were at first no regular steering appliances, but one or more oars on either side of the stern kept the ship on her course. Later the steering oar became a broad wooden blade pivoted on either quarter, and shifted by a kind of tiller.

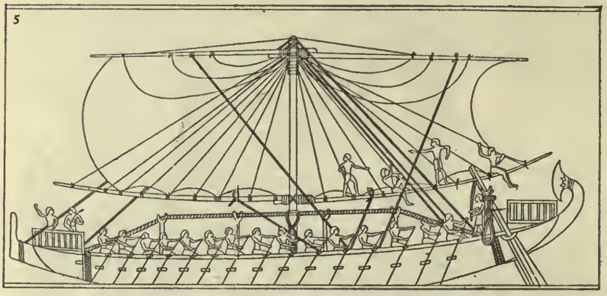
The bottom lines of the earlier Egyptian vessels from stern to stern were almost the segment of a circle and rarely, indeed, did the Egyptian shipbuilder so design his clipper that more than one-half of the floor of his vessel rested upon the water in the harbor. The rocker-like bearings were of great convenience in navigating the Nile at low water, when, even with the greatest care it was often necessary to cross or back off from an unexpected sand bank. This type of hull was retained throughout the era of the Middle Empire, B.C. 2130 to 1930, with some modifications in sea-going ships. The mast, however, probably imported from Phoenicia, had become a stout and lofty spar, with shrouds of several strands besides its thick forestay and several backstays. A single rudder like an immense paddle was pivoted at the stern, and its long handle sliding from larboard to starboard on a smooth "traveller" supported by two uprights, was controlled by tackle in the hands of the helmsman. The increased length given to these ships increased the strain upon the keel and floor timbers, and the danger of "hogging" or breaking in two was lessened by a great cable fastened at the stem and stern and encircling the mast, which was drawn tense like a violin string over tall pillars forming a bridge or truss. A number of outboard "strakes" of timber running fore and aft strengthened the hull, protected it when aground, and aided in lessening drift in side wind, and rolling in a seaway.

Such a ship is depicted in the pictures of an expedition despatched by Queen Ch'nemtamun, or H'atshepsu, about the Fourteenth Century B. C., one of three whose thirty rowers and great square sails carried them over a sea-path, but once before crossed by an Egyptian keel: in the days of Henu, a thousand years before. He, "the chief in the mountains, the commander in the deserts," having hitherto thence received treasure and tribute, brought overland from the kingdom of Punt, probably in Somali Land on the east coast of Africa, had sent a single ship down the Red Sea into what we now know as the Gulf of Aden, and had returned with a wonderful cargo, the crowning commercial glory of the reign of King Se'anchere. After ten centuries, the Great Queen sent out another and grander squadron whose departure and return are depicted on the walls of her tomb. Safely arrived, the queen's gifts are presented "to the great men of the land"; "the ships are laden very high with the treasures of the Land of Punt and all beautiful plants of the Divine Land; with heaps of incense; with great myrrh trees; with ebony together with pure ivory; with white gold from the country Amu; with sweet-scented woods; with all manner of incense and eye pigments; with baboons, monkeys and greyhounds; with skins of the panthers of the South; with slaves and their children; never has the like



THE CARVED STERN OF A NEW ZEALAND WAR CANOE been brought to any king, whatsoever, since the beginning of time."

In the light of this great expedition, the Egyptian shipwright seems to have come into his own, and the mariners of Khem to have taken their place as skillful and fearless shipmen. True the Egyptian ship-carpenter was much handicapped by the lack of proper woods for long spars, planks and timbers, and it is even said that he was sometimes obliged to plank his boats with short pieces, overlapping each other (clinker-built in modern phrase) except that, sometimes at least, the boards seem to have been laid up and down the side instead of forward and aft. Wooden dowels or treenails, marine glue and even strong lashings, were used to eke out the costly metallic fastenings, which only the government and the wealthy could afford to use. As he did not know how to soften his planks by steaming, or charring, he did not thoroughly cure his lumber, sawed his planking thin, and forced it to the shape of his boat or vessel with an arrangement of round poles and twisted ropes, like a "Spanish windlass."



EGYPTIAN GALLEY OF ABOUT 2500 B. C.

His tools were an axe and adze, a long ripping and short cross-cut saw, chisels, awls and bow-drills, and he finished his work with a chisel or broad-bladed iron and pumice stone. He painted the finished work with a hot mixture of wax, resin and earthy pigments, which also filled up minor imperfections and leaks.

But the Egyptian war galley was much more compactly built than the merchant vessel, lower in the stem, which was fitted with a lion's head or other savage and warlike emblem cast in bronze to act as a ram, surmounted by an elevated forecastle from which archers and javelinmen rained missiles upon the foe, and a similar elevation at the stern whereon the helmsman stood and other archers joined in the attack. From the crow's-nest on the mast, slingers despatched their venomous plummets of lead or baked clay; the great square sail, no longer encumbered with a lower yard, was clewed up to the yard above the heads and weapons of the soldiery and of the rowers who, protected by high bulwarks, were kept in perfect time and pressed to the utmost limits of human endurance by the fierce threats and merciless whips of their overseers. Such war-galleys, the prototypes of the war-vessels of the Mediterranean for twenty-five hundred years thereafter, to the number of four hundred sailed under Sesostris (B. C. 1335) from Philoteras and other Red Sea ports and took possession of the sea-coasts of Arabia Felix and the African havens opposite. Some of these war-galleys were 120 feet long and carried twenty-two oars on a side, a number not exceeded for some centuries after the reign of Sesostris.

About 700 B. C. the Phoenicians, who had become the leading maritime people of the Mediterranean, doubled the banks of oars, an innovation which Egypt did not adopt until a century later. The Greeks of Corinth launched the first triremes about the Sixth Century; and Athens built four-banked galleys about B. C. 350, and five-banked war-ships B. C. 325; Alexander is said to have launched a fleet of seven-banked galleys on the Euphrates two years later, and the rage for many-oared ships continued until a "Dreadnought" with sixteen banks of oars is said to have headed a Macedonian fleet B. C. 200.

Twenty, thirty and even forty banks of oars are recorded by historians as having been built during this phase of naval competition, but while there is some doubt about the largest monster, there seems to be historical basis for the statement that Ptolemy Philadelphos of Egypt did build a thirty-banked galley between B. C. 285 and 237.

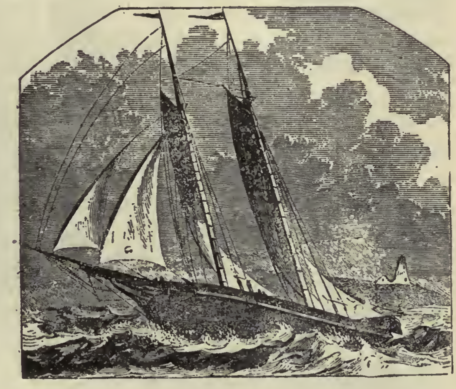
But these were never practical cruisers and fighters. The effective Athenian trireme carried two hundred oarsmen, twenty-seven rowing on each side in the two lower banks, and thirty-one in the upper tiers, one hundred and seventy oars moving in perfect unison; the other thirty were held in reserve, or at need pulled subsidiary oars on the upper deck. Four-banked galleys needed 266, and the five-banked Roman and Carthagenian warships of B. C. 256, three hundred oarsmen. But the largest of these warships had a low freeboard, and Mark Antony's ten-banked galleys, which at Actium threshed the sea into foam with five hundred oars and hurled their armored prows against the oars and sides of Caesar's vessels, rose only about ten feet above the water-line, although their lofty quarters and forecastles made them look like floating towers. Like most modern steamships they were narrow with a beam of one-seventh to one-fifth of their length. Gradually the number of banks was reduced, several men pulling on one oar, until in the Fifth Century the Byzantine gallies, called "dromonds" or "racers" had only a single bank of oars, and none more than two, and by the Seventh Century all galleys pulled single rows of long oars.

Merchant and passenger ships relied chiefly on sails and were often of considerable tonnage. One laden with corn from Egypt in the Second Century was 180 feet long by fifty feet beam and forty-three and one-half feet deep.

The ancient shipwright used treenails chiefly to fasten together timbers and planking and when he did use metal very much preferred bronze fastenings. Quite large galleys were constructed in sections to be carried from seaports across country to rivers and large lakes. There was often no stern-post as we understand the term and, unless the vessel was to carry a ram, no stem; the keel forming one long continuous curve from bow to stern forming with the ribs the entire skeleton of the vessel. The oars worked through leather bags like wristlets, which kept out the water and were fastened by leathern thongs to single tholepins. Awnings of heavy canvas, horse-hair or hides, protected the rowers on the open deck.

The catheads of a war-galley were very massive, and projected far out from the bows, so as to crush the enemy's top-sides if she came hurtling bow to bow, and to prevent her from crashing through the oar-line and hurling the oarsmen and their benches into writhing heaps of splintered wood and dying men. Below them the sharp stem was armed with a bronze beak generally in the form of the head of a boar, lion, swordfish or other savage creature, above which several sharper, longer points threatened destruction.

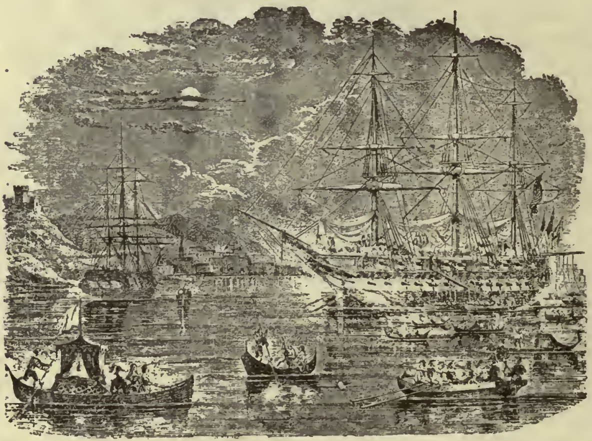
About 200 B. C. a kind of bowsprit with a small square sail was introduced, an aftersail was carried by some merchantmen on a smaller mast, and even a triangular topsail above the mainsail, but all were gradually disused by all fighting craft and a great armada sent against the Cretans (A. D. 949), comprised no galley with over one mast, and these, when possible, were landed before going into action.



AMERICAN TWO-MAST FISHING SCHOONER OF THE YEAR 1856

The principal features of the ancient galley were copied by their fellow-craftsmen of Northern Europe, but the harsher winds and wilder seas of the northern oceans demanded stronger spars and rigging and greater dependence on the sail area and its management. The Norse Vikings still affected a long, narrow hull, pierced for many oars, low in the waist, lofty at bow and stern, and built to take the ground easily, and be drawn up on land without great trouble when necessary. Removable figure-heads, in awe-inspiring mimicry of the heads of ferocious creatures, gave to their "Long Serpents," "Dragons," "Otters" and other predatory craft a sinister and terrifying significance. But with all their likeness to the ancient galley types they were far more seaworthy, nimble and manageable under sail, and to this day their general lines and qualities are noticeably perpetuated in the small craft of the North Sea and adjacent waters.

Not only did these "viking" ships raid every coast of Northern and Western Europe, but their more enterprising champions laid under contribution both European and African countries of the Mediterranean coasts. From the Pillars of Hercules to Byzantium and the Asiatic shores, there was no strand on which the "*Ira Normannorum*" (the wrath of the Norsemen) had not at some time made visitation. Nor were they less enterprising in legitimate commerce and exploration. Beyond the barren wedge of the Hyperborean North Cape, their hunters of seal and whale had penetrated in the days of King Alfred. Pressing into ice-encumbered seas beyond the Ultima Thule of the Roman geographer, an errant rover, tempest-driven, discovered Iceland, and returning to tyrant-ridden Norway, found hundreds of brave men and women who gladly sought over uncharted seas a country where they could plant anew the liberty of their ancestors. A little later their fearless mariners discovered and settled Greenland, followed the American coast far to southward, into fairer and ever fairer wildernesses, and discovering, fighting, trading, as they went, drove their long, narrow sea-serpents over "the swan's path" forestalling by some five centuries the great Genoese, who, attaining the West Indies over summer seas, "gave to Leon and Castile a new world."



FRIGATE CUMBERLAND EN FETE AT SPEZZIA, ITALY, IN 1853, AFTERWARDS DESTROYED BY THE IRONCLAD MERRIMAC IN 1862

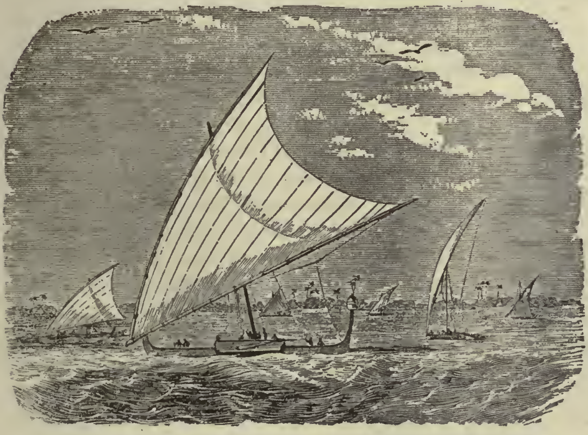
The Veneti (Bretons) of Caesar's time seem to have relied largely on sail area for propulsion. The timbers of their oaken ships were sometimes a foot thick and their oak planks of corresponding massiveness, well-fastened with iron and leaden nails and clamps, and wooden treenails, with sails of leather and chain cables of iron; but their English neighbors of the same era seem to have had nothing more seaworthy than skin-covered coracles and canoes.

Alfred the Great, in A. D. 897, defeated the Danish invaders with his new English ships. "They were," says the Saxon Chronicles, "full twice as long as the others: some had sixty oars, and some had more; they were swifter and steadier and also higher than the others; they were shaped neither like the Frisian nor the Danish, but as it seemed to him they would be most efficient."

King Edgar, A. D. 959, is said to have maintained thirty-six hundred vessels for coast defence, forming three fleets of twelve hundred sail each. These vessels constituted a marine militia, which mustered for service when needed, and returned to more peaceful avocations when the danger was over.

Even William the Conqueror, although one of the greatest kings of his age, seems to have added nothing to the effectiveness of the sailing ship of his time, and his successors for several reigns did little except to build a little larger, like Henry I, whose handsome fifty-oared galley, "La Blanche Nef" foundered off Normandy with her crew and 311 passengers, including Prince William the heir apparent and his splendid suite.

King Richard Coeur de Lion sailed from Dartmouth for the Holy Land, A. D. 1190, with 110 vessels which eventually were increased to 230 sail. Ten of these were "buccas" or three-masted sailing ships carrying thirty sailors, eighty knights with their chargers, eighty men-at-arms or archers, twenty-eight servants, and wine, food and other supplies for a year on each of the three largest, and ten other transports carried half as many men each with horses and supplies. These sailing vessels were convoyed by fifty triple-banked war-galleys, which besides mariners were each manned by 104 oarsmen and sixty soldiers. Off Beirut, on the Syrian coast, these attacked a Saracen "dromond" so strong and lofty that the English could not board, and so valiant were the fifteen hundred Saracens who defended her, that she seemed likely to escape that great company. Finally, a number of galleys charged her at full speed, tore great holes in her lofty side, and keeling her over with their tremendous impact, sent her to the bottom with all but some twoscore of her immense company.



THE FLYING PROAS OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS

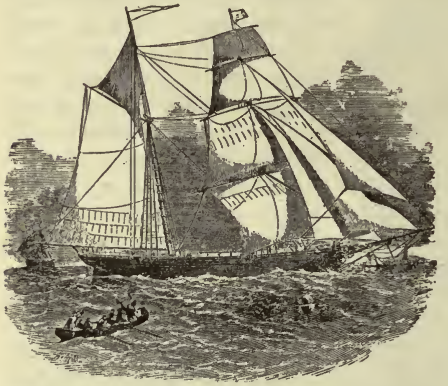
Venice, then the first maritime power of the world, furnished many transports and galleys to the Christian powers during the Crusades. Her great naval arsenal and dockyards were the wonder of the world and steadily increased their forces and resources until they employed sixteen thousand artificers, and in the war with the Turks in the Sixteenth Century are said to have sent out a completly finished and equipped galley every day for one hundred days. The republic of Genoa also attained great wealth and prestige through ship-building and commerce.

In 1217, Sir Hubert de Burgh, Governor of Dover Castle and commander of the Cinque Ports, whose duty it was to defend the Channel coastline, sailed out with sixteen large, and twenty-four smaller craft to meet a French monk, named Eustace, who, although in holy orders, had crossed the channel with eighty large vessels and a multitude of smaller craft to invade England. De Burgh maneuvered until he got in the rear and to windward of the French fleet, whose crews he blinded with volleys of arrows, headed with vials of powdered quicklime. Boarding parties then slashed the stays and halyards, bringing down the yards and sails on the blinded men-at-arms, who were cut down until only sixteen sail escaped.

In the Fourteenth Century the rudder, as now made, was first generally introduced, but cannon were rarely used on shipboard until after the great sea-fight off Sluys, in Flanders, in which King Edward III with two hundred ships defeated the French and Genoese with 190 ships and a host of smaller vessels, with a loss to the English of some five thousand men, and of twenty-five thousand to the allies.

When the Venetians first used cannon at sea, they mounted them in a sort of fort in the bows of a galley, and when they began to mount them in broadside, they feared to strain their ships, and therefore built the top-sides only about one-half as wide as the beam at the water-line. Even with these precautions, a large ship was usually pierced for a few guns only, depending chiefly on volleys of archery and musketry at short range, and boarding as soon as possible. Even after the introduction of artillery, a few galleys carried the medieval machines for discharging great stones and darts, and the Byzantine ships trusted greatly to that mysterious "Greek fire" which some think was discharged from tubes by the use of a weak gunpowder, but was probably something like the Chinese "stink-pots" —very suffocating and hard to extinguish.

The Mediterranean nations were the first to combine lateen or fore-and-aft sails with the great square sails so long in general use. The Santa Maria, the flagship of Columbus, used a lateen sail on her mizzen, and a sprit-sail on her bowsprit, a feature retained in ships of the Nineteenth Century. These innovations were early adopted by the English kings whose French wars demanded the transportation of immense numbers of men and quantities of supplies. The "Henry Grace a Dieu" popularly called "The Great Harry," of fifteen hundred tons, built about 1514 for Henry VIII, combined these features in her build and rigging.



MISSIONARY BRIGANTINE, MORNING STAR

A Genoese "carrack," armed merchant ship, built in 1542, stepped her bowsprit like a fourth mast, raking forward, and carrying two sails. A "galleas" of the Spanish Armada shows how the need of a motive power, independent of the capricious wind, induced her designers to use oars to propel a clumsy hull. The Venetian galleas, six of which aided greatly in destroying the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, was better designed.

The four-masted ship, "The Sovereign of the Seas" built for Charles I, was of 1,685 tons burthen, carried over one hundred guns, and after being cut down in Cromwell's reign to a two-decker saw long, active service which covered in all a period of sixty years.

In the Eighteenth Century, great progress was made in ship-building. The practice of burning the inside of a plank and wetting the outside to bend it into place, was in 1719 supplanted by steaming, or heating it in a bath of hot, wet sand, and this in turn was abandoned for steaming in 1736.

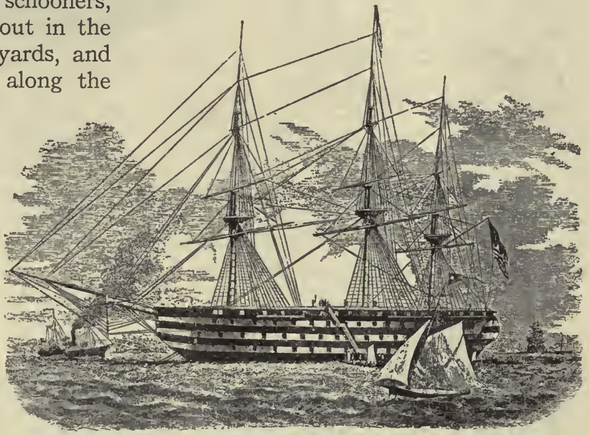
During this period and late into the Nineteenth Century, large sloops with a single mast, often over one hundred feet in height and carrying both fore-and-aft and square sails, took a prominent part in the commerce, wars and piracy of American seas. They were often built with lofty sterns and high bulwarks and carried a dozen small cannon and as many swivels, which could be quickly shifted to any part of the vessel. Besides these there were schooners, which were first built it is said at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and were strictly fore-and-aft rigged, or fitted with square topsails. The "pinkey" schooner with a sharp and lofty stern, like an ancient galley; the "snow," a vessel with square sails on main and foremast and a lateen sail at the mizzen; a "ketch" whose single mast stepped about the middle of her length, leaving ample deck-room for a big mortar, a favorite addition to an attacking fleet in the last two centuries, and the "lugger," whose great, nearly square lug-sails were common enough in the narrow seas and especially along the French and Spanish coast, were common types in the Eighteenth Century.

In the Mediterranean, the lateen sails have long held their own on the "felucca" with her lofty wing-like sails and stumpy masts, the Speronare or Sicilian fisherman, the "xebec," favorite of the Algerian corsairs, whose square-rigged foremast and several jibs were followed by the great lateen sails of the main and mizzen. In all small craft, and especially those devoted to privateering and piracy, the oar-line of the ancient galley was imitated by the use of "sweeps" or great oars to be used in chase or flight.

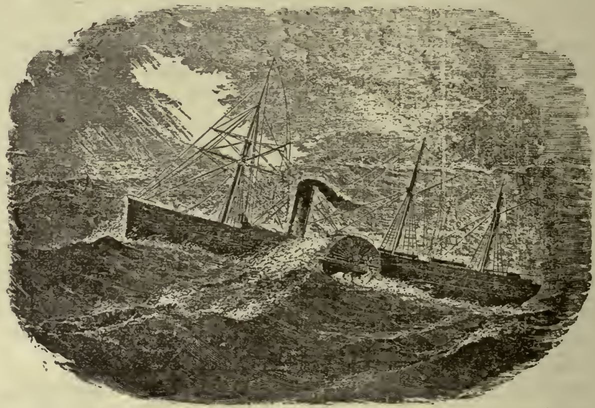
In America the ship-carpenter and

builder soon became a prominent producer of material wealth, for to the demands of an ever-increasing immigration was added the rapid growth of the trade in masts and spars, ship-timber, naval stores, peltries and other commodities. A great many craft of various sizes and classes were built in the first century of Massachusetts colonization, and of these many were sold in England to swell the commerce of the future "Sovereign of the Seas." In the Eighteenth Century this business had greatly increased, and the American builder and rigger profited much by French innovations, which made the ships of that nation much handsomer and swifter than the old British and Dutch types, to which English builders still largely adhered. Truth to tell, the slave trade, privateering and something very like piracy put a premium on the rakish, low-lying and weatherly schooners, brigantines, and barks turned out in the Baltimore and New York shipyards, and indeed at many other points along the North American coast. During those days, and late into the first quarter of the last century, nearly every vessel "of the long voyage" was an armed ship. The Mediterranean and Caribbean seas, the waters of China and Malaysia, the Patagonian and Northwest coasts, and most of the Pacific archipelagoes, were even in time of peace no place for a valuable ship and cargo, unless she had a belt of painted ports, with their full complement of iron ship-guns, arm-racks of pikes and muskets, and arm-chests of cutlasses and pistols and ammunition belts, bags and powderhorns.

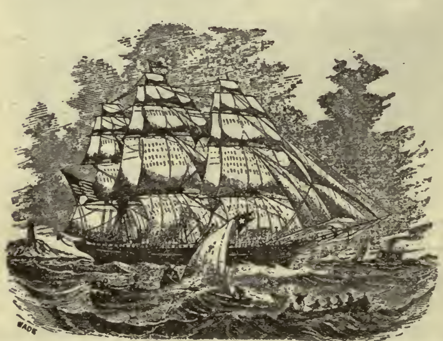
In war-time, and that meant up to 1830 most of the time, neither neutral nor enemy's ship was safe, no matter how peaceful her errand. As a result, most of the better class of merchant vessels were built with bulwarks at least musketry-proof, and with ports and fittings for an armament if needed. At an early date, American enterprise led many captains to carry one or more guns of greater calibre and length than were usually mounted on ships of moderate tonnage. The American cannon-founders favored lengthening and increasing the metal of a piece, so that a "long nine," like an American ducking gun, would pitch its carefully "patched" ball with a force and precision most annoying to an opponent whose "short sixes" and clumsy wide-mouthed carronades, could not damage the deliberate "Yankee" who, keeping the weather gage, and choosing his distance, either escaped, or pounded his helpless opponent into submission. The "Long Tom" so famous in the records of American sea-fights, was in its way a recognition of principles which are carried to their full extent by the great gun-makers of today.


UNITED STATES SHIP PENNSYLVANIA, YEAR 1856

During the war of 1812 the privateers were nearly always furnished with at least one pivot gun of this type, and often of superior force to any carried by the average British cruiser, and some are said to have carried rifled guns firing balls of great smoothness and "patched" with greased leather or rawhide. Sweeps, or long oars, swivels, boat-guns, blunderbusses and other ancient contrivances were still carried to a considerable extent, and the boarding pike, war-axe, and ship's pistols were a part of every armament until the Civil War. The construction of the "Constitution" frigate and her heavy armament, and the terrible accuracy of her gunners, initiated the building of a class of war vessels midway in size and armament between the old-style frigate and the ponderous and generally slow-sailing three-decker. Later on, the building of the celebrated "Merrimac" at Boston in the fifties brought into the arena of maritime conflict a swift and powerful type of steam-frigate, which she herself was to discredit when, cut down and armor-clad, she destroyed the "Congress" and "Cumberland" in that ever-memorable sea-fight, when the little "Monitor" alone stood between the Union fleet and destruction in 1862.


COLLINS LINE STEAMER BALTIC, YEAR 1856

About the middle of the Nineteenth Century the designers and builders of American ships had attained the first place in the world's competition in naval architecture. Their equipment was equally superior, and patent windlasses, capstans, pumps, steering gear, and tackle-blocks, with cotton duck for sails instead of heavy, baggy, hempen canvas, manilla hemp, cotton rawhide and wire cordage and rigging, lessened weight and labor and gave the American mariner a pride in his calling and country which was reflected in the rapid increase of American trade abroad and the prosperity of the American seaboard population at home. The ability of the average American captain as a mariner was usually supplemented by equal enterprise and efficiency as a seller and buyer in foreign ports, and an exploiter of new sources of freightage and exportation. Many of these men began as cabin-boys or before the mast, and later employed their own relatives and neighbors in like service under them; often taking great pains to make them accomplished mariners, and to help them prepare themselves for future promotion and eventual command. Such men, respecting and respected, who obeyed without hesitation and yet were not degraded nor abused, were the real strength of that splendid sea-power which American statesmen have neglected and allowed to decay.


AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, ALL SAILS SET

The record of the "Nightingale," built at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1851, of 336 miles run in twenty-four hours; of Donald McKay's "Flying Cloud," which logged 437 miles in one day's sailing between New York and San Francisco; and of Glidden & Williams' Boston clipper "Sovereign of the Seas," which made over 450 miles in twenty-five hours' voyaging, are still unbroken, and regretfully remembered by those who, like the writer, recall that "age of gold" of American sea-power, naval architecture and seamanship.

Grandest of all American ships, Donald McKay's majestic "Great Republic," was of 3,400 tons burthen, 305 feet long, 53 feet beam, and thirty feet in depth from keelson to hatch. She was the first vessel ever known to carry double topsails, and without her staysails, spread 4,500 square yards of canvas. Chartered by the French government as a transport in the Crimean War, she often had to clew up her topsails to wait for the fast steam frigates that convoyed her.

The use of steam and iron ship-building

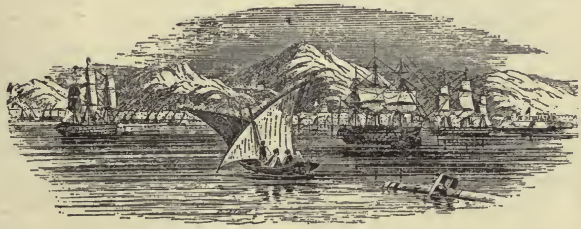
have to a great extent taken away his ancient prominence from the shipwright, but there is little doubt that in the near future the construction of wooden hulls will again become an important industry. Iron wastes away rapidly when exposed to salt water, and wood of the best qualities lasts the longer for the preservative minerals which it must perforce absorb.

Wooden vessels more than once have seen active service for over a century, and the cost of sail propulsion must erelong be infinitely cheaper than that of steam; while the world-wide increase of iron and steel construction, and of coal consumption, warn us that the time is not far distant when the cost of rapid steam transit will be too great to be borne. The boundless forests of hard and almost indestructible woods still unexploited in the tropics will eventually be drawn upon to furnish great fleets of white-winged ships and small craft which will carry heavy and staple freights, and in other and minor capacities help to gather the perennial harvests of the all-encircling seas.

The construction of metallic ships necessitates very great preliminary expenditure, before a single keel can be laid, or thin steel bottom-plate shaped ready for riveting, and when the immense fabric is completed no one can say how soon the oxidization of its plates may necessitate costly reconstruction. The ship-carpenter with a few blacksmiths and a sawmill, to prepare his fastenings and lumber, can build a ship anywhere that there are forests to fell, solid ground to lay a keel, and deep water to launch and float his finished vessel.

Further the full development of the oil-vapor auxiliary engine will eventually make it possible for the sailing ship to propel itself in calms and against adverse winds, while with fair winds the average speed and economical cost of progress will be in favor of the sailing ship and against the tramp freighter.

In the United States the value of lumber for other purposes will limit ship-building with native woods to a very few localities, but the importation of the immensely enduring hardwoods of the West Indies and South America will in the near future open up a new era for the now neglected shipwright. As it is, the amendment of certain tariffs and antiquated "Shipping Laws" would give new life to an industry whose importance to civilization, liberty and peaceful intercourse between the nations may be forgotten, but can never be over-estimated.



FELUCCAS AND SHIPS OFF THE LINE ISLAND OF MAJORCA
YEAR 1855

Lincoln Centennial

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

MEEKLY we did him reverence through the years;
Silent our prayers—our tributes in our hearts.
Today—today
His name is on the universal tongue.
The bells have rung;
The starry flags are streaming in the wind,
And murmur of his fame runs through the mart;
A splendid monument the nation rears
Unto his clay—
But to his soul how blind!
The world-wide heart is darkened to the world.
Let the flags be furled—
Take down the opposing colors from the skies,
And let us wake no more the hollow bell,
And let us purge our eyes.
Tributes of praise can bring him no more joy,
For he is far beyond the mortal voice:
He must rejoice,
If ever, in a work done well.
He knows the world but as a memory
That seems to him as to the mariner
Asleep in some dark forest of the sea,
Who cannot hear
The rush of passing keels, nor hear ahoy
From comrade lips.
He wrought his will
Upon a savage world,
He shook to earth a thousand cruel kings,
Jarred Privilege from its hoary fastenings,
And freed the slave of shackles and of whips
Forgive him, then, the sword.
Let the flags be furled,
And let the cannon cease,
And let the loud-toned bell be still,—
We cannot break his peace!

—*From "A Golden Fancy."*

First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.
BOSTON, MASS.
Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States; Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department

PART V

SHOCK *and unconscious conditions.* A shock is a condition of profound depression of the nervous system, or of nervous collapse, which should in no way be confused with a shock of apoplexy, which is a totally different condition and will be referred to later in this section. Nervous shock is very common, associated with all kind of injuries, grief and fright. In a way it is practically the same kind of shock as that following a severe surgical operation, only in that case it is known as surgical shock. It may complicate the slightest injury, such as a pin-prick or pin-scratch; the sight of blood is sufficient in some susceptible persons to cause nervous shock. It is always associated with severe injuries, such as those following railroad and machinery accidents, severe burns, severe hemorrhage, and gunshot wounds. The symptoms of shock may be very mild in some cases, scarcely noticeable, of short duration and require no treatment. However, in severe cases the symptoms may be very alarming and demand most vigorous and prompt treatment.

The symptoms of shock are as a rule as follows: face pale, pinched and has an anxious, frightened appearance. Patient feels weak and faint, may complain of feeling cold and chilly. The skin is cold and clammy and covered with cold perspiration, particularly the forehead and hands. There may be nausea and vomiting, also frequent yawnings. The pulse is rapid, weak and irregular, or may be entirely absent, so that the person is pulseless. The breathing may be sighing, superficial in character and at times hardly noticeable. The person may be partially unconscious or entirely so. This condition closely resembles death, and is one which usually causes the inexperienced bystander or one anxious to render help and assistance to become frightened and lose his presence of mind.

The first aid treatment consists, as in all severe injuries, of sending for the nearest available physician and notifying him of the nature of the accident. In the meantime the injured party should be placed in a horizontal position, with the head slightly raised by a pillow, blanket or overcoat rolled up and placed under the head. All tight and restricting clothing about the neck and waist should be unloosened, so as to not interfere with breathing or the circulation. The body should be kept warm by means of hot applications, placed alongside of the body and the upper and lower extremities. Of course, when they are available the best thing to use is hot water bottles, but in first aid work it is frequently necessary to use anything that comes handy, so that anything that will retain heat may be used, such as irons, bricks or plates heated on the stove, or glass bottles may be filled with hot water. Always remember, however, in making hot applications of any kind to an unconscious person, to see that the article is wrapped in a towel or cloth; first, because an unconscious person is unable to feel the heat and if the application was too hot, it would result in giving the person a bad burn for which they would not be grateful, and second, because wrapping the application helps to retain the heat longer. The upper and lower extremities should be rubbed either with the hands or warm towels, which will help to restore the circulation. Always remember to rub toward the heart, in order to start the blood circulating to the heart.

Of course, in all cases of shock caused from bleeding, this condition should be treated as already suggested in Part I. If the person is totally unconscious, smelling salts may be held to the nose, or a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia may be dropped on a handkerchief and held before the nostrils. If strong household ammonia is used only a few drops are necessary, dropped on a handkerchief and held a few inches away from the nostrils. Do not saturate a handkerchief with strong household ammonia, and do not press it close to the nostrils, as it is very pungent and powerful, and would burn the skin and mucous membrane of the nose. If the person is able to swallow, hot and stimulating drinks may be given, such as hot tea and coffee or hot milk with whiskey or brandy mixed with it, but where you are positive that the unconsciousness is due to apoplexy, fracture of the skull or any injury to the brain itself, do not under any circumstance give alcoholic stimulants, for the reason that alcohol stimulates the heart beats and would simply force more blood into an already congested brain, and would be more liable to do harm than good. A very good remedy to use, when the patient is able to swallow, is ten or fifteen drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia, in a wineglassful of hot water and repeat in fifteen minutes if necessary. This is a powerful restorative and perfectly harmless.

Unconsciousness in general. Unconsciousness is a condition of insensibility, resulting from various causes, such as fainting, apoplexy, intoxication, convulsions, epilepsy, poisoning from different drugs, drowning, suffocation, fractured skull, concussion and compression of the brain, sunstroke and many other conditions. The symptoms of these various conditions of unconsciousness vary widely, as does their treatment, and ignorance of these facts sometimes causes fatal mistakes to be made, as for example, mistaking a case of apoplexy or fracture of the skull for a case of intoxication. Such an instance is one for which the police are frequently criticized and blamed, such as in overlooking a case of apoplexy or fractured skull and placing a person in a cell over night supposing it to be a simple case of intoxication and finding the person dead the next morning, and an autopsy revealing the fact that death resulted from a fractured skull or apoplexy. In all cases of serious injury with resulting unconsciousness, always endeavor to get some history of how the accident happened, whether the person fell from a building and struck on the head, with the possibility of a fractured skull, or whether the person was walking along the street and suddenly fell to the ground, with the possibility of its being a case of apoplexy. All of these facts are of value in forming an opinion as to what the person may be suffering from, and such facts are of the greatest assistance to the physician in making his diagnosis. It is always well in such cases to keep the curious crowd away from the injured person, as a crowd around an injured person always prevents them from getting plenty of fresh air, which they need badly, or preferably get the patient into a well-ventilated room, where the crowd can be kept out and where first aid treatment can be better applied.

Fainting is a loss of consciousness due to the diminution of blood supply to the brain. It occurs most frequently in weak, sensitive women, but may also occur to men as well. It usually occurs in crowds, or in crowded halls, theatres and churches, where the atmosphere is close and the air foul. Fainting usually lasts only a few minutes and the person recovers immediately when taken out into the fresh air; however, there are cases where it lasts much longer, sometimes for an hour or more. The first aid treatment of fainting is usually very simple. Take the person out into the fresh air, lay them flat on their back, with the head lower than the feet. This can be done by grasping the feet and holding the body so that the head hangs down, or take an ordinary straight back chair, turn it over so that the back forms an angle with the floor and place the person on the back of the chair, with the head hanging down. This position with the head hanging down favors the flow of the blood back to the brain. All tight clothing about the neck and waist should be unloosened. Smelling salts or aromatic spirits of ammonia applied to the nostrils, cold water sprinkled on the face, chest and hands, helps to bring the person to.

Apoplexy is a sudden loss of consciousness, due to the bursting of a blood vessel in the brain, forming a clot of blood, which pressing on the centers in the brain causes unconsciousness and paralysis. This is known as a shock of apoplexy, or apoplectic stroke. It usually occurs in people over fifty years of age, who are full blooded and stout, and more in men than in women. One of the reasons for this is that as we grow old the blood vessels lose their elasticity and the salts of the blood become deposited in the walls of the blood vessels, making them hard and brittle, so that they feel like pipestems. As a rule apoplexy occurs very suddenly, as a result of severe heat or extraordinary exertion of some kind, although it may occur without any external cause whatever. The person suddenly falls to the ground and as a rule becomes immediately unconscious, although sometimes unconsciousness does not come on for hours. The face is usually flushed and very red, the pupils of the eyes may be both widely dilated or one dilated and the other contracted. The breathing is slow, sometimes irregular and snoring in character, and the cheek on the paralyzed side puffs out with each respiration. Convulsions sometimes occur, but as a rule not for a number of hours after the attack of apoplexy. There is usually paralysis of one half of the body, including one eye, one cheek, sometimes the speech and swallowing, one arm and one leg. The paralysis is always on the opposite side from where the clot is located in the brain. If the clot is on the right side of the brain the left side of the body will be paralyzed. The existence of paralysis on one side of the body can be determined by taking hold of a leg and an arm and holding it up. The extremities that are paralyzed will be cold and lifeless, and if allowed to drop will fall like a dead weight, whereas the other side, which is normal, will be warm and when allowed to fall will fall slowly and gradually on account of the muscular resistance. *First Aid Treatment.* First send for a physician or an ambulance at once, and in the meantime, treat the case as you would one of nervous shock, lay the person out in a horizontal position, unloosen all tight clothing about the neck and waist and raise the head slightly. Do not under any circumstances give alcoholic stimulants, as this will stimulate the heart to force more blood into the brain and make a larger clot. Cold applications may be made to the head by means of towels wrung out in ice cold water or by ice bags applied to the head.

Epilepsy or epileptic convulsions is a condition of general convulsions of all the muscles of the body, due to an irritated or diseased condition of some portion of the brain and is often known as falling sickness. It frequently is the result of a fractured skull or some blow to the head and is often hereditary. It occurs suddenly at any time, night or day; sometimes the patient has a warning that it is coming on and sometimes there is no knowledge of its occurrence. Symptoms: the patient frequently utters a peculiar cry before falling, immediately becomes unconscious and then commences the typical convulsions, first of one portion of the body, say the fingers and the face and then a general convulsion of all the muscles of the body. The face becomes pale, the eyes roll from side to side and upwards and there is usually frothing from the mouth. About the only immediate danger, is that during the convulsive moments of the jaws, the tongue is apt to be bitten and then the froth is stained with blood. Sometimes the tongue is so badly bitten, that it is almost bitten off. Such attacks usually last from a few minutes to a half hour, and are frequently followed by others in succession. Sometimes there may be as many as fifteen or twenty in one day, and then again there may be an interval of weeks or months between the attacks. *First Aid Treatment* consists in leaving the patient very much alone. There is no known treatment which will in any way shorten the attack. If possible place the person on a mattress or in the middle of the floor, so that he cannot injure his head or extremities by striking anything hard; if possible place a handkerchief or gag between the jaws, so that the tongue will not be bitten, and leave the rest to nature. Following the convulsion the patient is usually drowsy and sleeps for several hours.

Concussion of the brain, or stunning, is a condition of unconsciousness following a severe blow to the head, where the brain has been badly jarred or shaken up or where the membranes of the brain have been lacerated. There may or may not be total unconsciousness, and if there is total unconsciousness, they can usually be aroused, answer a few questions and then return to their unconscious condition. The *First Aid Treatment* consists in keeping the patient absolutely quiet, in a darkened, well-ventilated room, with the head slightly elevated, and heat applied to the extremities and the body the same as in nervous shock. The head should be kept cool by cold compresses or ice bags. In concussion of the brain never give alcoholic stimulants for the same reason as already mentioned under nervous shock.

Compression of the brain is a condition of unconsciousness depending upon some pressure on the brain itself, either where the skull has been fractured and the depressed bone is pressing upon the brain, or from a clot of blood or from a brain tumor. The patient is always profoundly unconscious and it is impossible to arouse him. Breathing is deep and snoring, with peculiar puffing of the cheeks, and there is liable to be more or less paralysis on one side of the body, the same as in apoplexy. The pupils of the eyes are usually dilated, the skin is usually hot rather than cold, the pulse is slow and inclined to be irregular. In compression of the brain resulting from fracture at the base of the brain, there is liable to be oozing of blood from the ears. The first aid treatment consists in getting the person to a hospital as quickly as possible, as this condition is a serious one and frequently terminates fatally, and in order to save the person's life it requires surgical treatment as soon as possible. In the interval, while awaiting the arrival of the surgeon or ambulance, place person in a horizontal position, unloosen all tight clothing and make cold applications to the head. Under no circumstances should any alcoholic stimulants be given.

Sunstroke or heat stroke, is a condition of unconsciousness resulting from exposure to extreme heat, usually from the sun but frequently happens to those who work in very hot armospheres, such as foundrymen and stokers. Those who are in a physically rundown condition, the stout and drinking people are more liable to sunstroke than others. The symptoms may come on gradually, with preliminary symptoms, such as headaches and dizziness, or the person may be overcome suddenly without a moment's notice. The skin becomes very dry and hot, the breathing is deep and noisy, there may be convulsions. The pulse beats rapidly and violently. The temperature of the body rises rapidly, sometimes as high as 112 degrees or more, the average being from 105 to 110. (Normal temperature of the body is 98.2 degrees). Persons who have once suffered from sunstroke are always more liable to suffer from high temperatures afterwards, and should take care of themselves in the future to avoid excessive heat. The first aid treatment, as well as any other treatment, consists in reducing the high temperature. Place the person in a cool, shady spot and remove all the clothing, then make cold applications to the body, always making sure that the cold is first applied to the head and kept there all the time. The hospital treatment consists in putting the patient in a bath tub of tepid water and gradually reducing the temperature of the water by means of ice. Care, of course, should be taken that the bodily temperature is not reduced too rapidly or too much, as this is liable to result in collapse and death. Under such treatment the temperature is reduced and the person returns to consciousness. They should then be put to bed in a quiet, darkened room and watched carefully for several days. If the bodily temperature again rises they should be again subjected to the ice bath. Never give alcoholic stimulants.

(*Continued next month*)

THE PASSING OF FATHER

ONLY those hearts that know unfailing paternal love and have been imbued with the sweetness of filial devotion realize what it is to say "Good-bye" to Father. The ebb and flood of the tides of love reach back to the time of the tiny boy clinging to the strong hand of father, who to him represented all the strength and might of the world. Every incident of those sweet days of childhood comes back when the child grown to manhood feels again the boy's tender sorrow while standing at the bedside watching and waiting for the end.

In Memory of William Chapple, Sr.

1835—1910

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him
That Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
"This was a man!"

In all the little strifes and trouble of childhood, there was never such a consolation as a kind and gentle look from father—this father who never struck his children, who never spoke an angry word to awaken rebellion in the hearts of his boys—a father whose tenderness and devotion to the wife—mother of his boys—inspired a lesson of chivalry and manhood never to be forgotten; who recited for them the stirring events of his early manhood, the struggles of the immigrant lad striving to make a home under the Stars and Stripes and the perils and sufferings of the soldier on the battlefield. From these stories told at bed-time, the dreams of life and ideals of the future were formed.

What sacrifices this father made in giving his boys an education of which he was deprived. They never realized until his calloused, withered hands were folded for his long, last sleep, what they had done for his family. Everything that father and mother said came afresh to the minds of the children in the sunset days of the parents, and the heart of son or daughter wells up with a desire to return in some measure the unselfish parental devotion bestowed upon them in helpless childhood. To meet father coming home after the day's work and hear his cheery whistle and familiar walk, was a cherished privilege.

Those nights when the books were brought home from school, and father helped with the lessons, playfully putting himself in the background that his boys might be encouraged and forge to the front. Devoted to his comrades in the Civil War, he inspired lessons of patriotism and a deep love of the old flag that never faded or grew old. What a neighbor was father! Always ready to help; was there sickness, to lend a helping hand, no matter what inconvenience was caused him! Lovable and gentle as a woman, strong and self-reliant, what more noble qualities could man possess?

Even in the twilight of life, when gathered with his comrades, he never tired of telling that his greatest joy and pride in life was not in the medals he wore for bravery on the battlefield, but in his home, his wife and his boys. In his pocketbook, carried for years, were little clippings that revealed the great surging love of his heart—the poems carefully saved expressing sweet sentiment and noble ideals, the little notices about his boys put away and treasured as if more priceless than gems. The flood-tide of father's affection never seemed so encompassing as when the last words were said and the last good-bye spoken, as if going for a time on a journey and bidding a farewell only for a little while to the boys whom he loved, cherished and protected with all the towering strength and vigor of his virile manhood.

What man can say more than that his father was a man—not great in worldly fame, or amassed riches, but great in patriotism, endurance and the tender love of the little family arc—now broken on earth—but endless in memories eternal?

IF YOU DO

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IF you sing a brave song that rings with the truth,
  If you shout it aloud in a trumpet voice;
If you give to age remembrance of youth;
  If you bid the sad heart with your lay rejoice;
If you spread broadcast the gospel of cheer;
  If you give of your music goodly store;
Though you live in thicket or backwoods drear,
  All the world will make its way to your door.

If you paint a great picture that mirrors life;
  If you mix with its tints your mind and heart;
If you keep in the background jar and strife;
  If you limn the canvas with genial art;
If truth you portray on her throne august;
  If beauty you draw as the pens of yore;
Though you live in garret and have but crust,
  All the world will make its way to your door.

If you fashion indeed a simple thing;
  If you make for use or ornament fine;
If you toil at your task like knight or king;
  If you give each effort a fire divine;
If you polish the wares that leave your hand;
  If you finish brass like to precious ore;
Though you live in alley with clotheslines spanned,
  All the world will make its way to your door.

CHICAGO'S Marvelous Electrical Development

What Thomas A. Edison has Lived to See

By W. C. Jenkins

(*CONTINUED FROM THE JANUARY NUMBER*)

AS typical of the best and most up-to-date practice in the central electrical station industry in our larger cities, there is no system more worthy of study or emulation than that of the Commonwealth Edison Company. The company's growth and practice are regarded so important that they are being closely watched not alone by the electrical engineers of this country, but by many from abroad. The system has been copied as far as possible by scores of smaller companies in this country and in Europe, and many problems have been solved by the engineers of the Commonwealth Edison Company, which have resulted in distinct benefits to electrical companies in every part of the world.

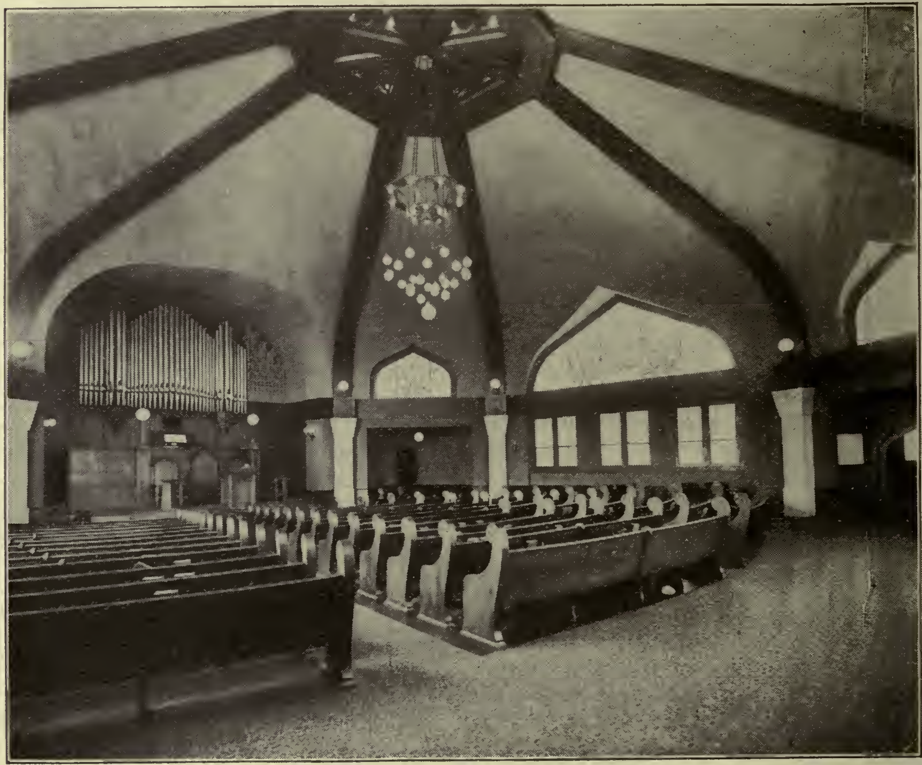
The results of recent expansions and readjustments have been very important, more perhaps in the disposition of the company's central and sub-stations and the nature of their apparatus than in the corresponding increase in capital; for the simple reason that each step being scientifically planned and carefully taken has led to further economy, thus enhancing the stability and permanency of the investment. Today the company has, partly by chance and partly by choice, reached a strategic position because of the fact that each of the sub-stations dominates a specific district and acts as a nucleus for the blending and over-lapping of the whole interests into one vast inter-connected whole.

Connected with the system are thirty-two sub-stations owned and used exclusively by the company. Twenty are used for railroad service and four are combination sub-stations built to contain apparatus for both railway and ordinary service. Most of these sub-stations are located in large distributing centers and occupy handsome buildings. Three stations are used exclusively for storage batteries.

It would be folly to imagine that the highest point of development in central station work has been reached. In spite of all the activity and the degrees of perfection which have been attained, the central station is still very far from filling its sphere. It has, it is true, driven horse cars from the city streets; it has supplanted gas to a considerable extent, and it supplies cheap and ready power; but there are other offices to be filled. The people want cleaner homes and streets; purer atmosphere and skies that are not constantly obscured by smoke. Fancy the atmosphere of Chicago as pure and void of smoke as a country village. Such a dream is not impossible of realization. The smoke nuisance costs the people of Chicago at least fifty million dollars annually in the destruction of household goods and clothing, and the defacement of buildings, to say nothing about the loss of vitality to the citizens. We see locomotives belching smoke and cinders in great profusion, hundreds of factory chimneys reeking with fumes and thousands of lesser filthy chimneys adding their little contribution to the great clouds of dense smoke. There is no better way of abating the nuisance than by stimulating the use of electricity. When the complete function and possibilities of the central station are fully appreciated we may expect the dawn of a smokeless era—a consummation that is pleasing to contemplate.

In the control of the lighting business of a large city by one company some theorists believe they see a trust or monopoly and they argue that if the business were divided, lower prices would prevail. History, which is the only safe guidance in human affairs, does not substantiate such a claim. Competition in the central station business means a duplication of plants and capitalization, and is an economic error. When there is competition the inevitable tendency is toward consolidation, with its excessive capitalization upon which the patrons of the consolidated company are compelled to pay interest. When consolidation is effected, the resulting monopoly is loaded down with duplicate machinery on which fixed charges must be paid by the customers. The central stations business is of its very character a natural monopoly; but it should be a regulated monopoly. It should also be a protected monopoly—protected against the competition of raiders and promoters whose only purpose is to sell stock and float securities.

Notwithstanding the fact that nearly every commodity has advanced in price during recent years, the selling price of electricity in large quantities has constantly declined and is now about one-tenth of what it was twenty years ago. It is less than a dozen years since the business of generating electricity was considered a precarious one. Today the stock quotations show that the same business at the present time is on a safe commercial basis despite the greatly reduced prices. Investments in well-conducted electric lighting companies are today considered among the safest and best.



EDGEWATER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SHOWING MODERN CHURCH ILLUMINATION.

Aside from some very small companies and the sanitary district of Chicago, which is supplying the municipal current requirements for street lighting, and pumping of the city of Chicago and small adjacent cities from its hydro-electric plant at Lockport, the Commonwealth Edison Company is the exclusive central station company of Chicago. Its retail distribution is confined within the city limits; its wholesale or bulk distribution to public-service corporations, chiefly electric railways, and while largest in the city of Chicago it extends also to adjoining interurban towns. This outside distribution is accomplished through harmonious working between the Commonwealth Edison Company and the North Shore Electric Company and the Economy Light and Power Company. The three companies operate through a crescent shape zone, including Chicago and its suburbs, and extending to a point south of Milwaukee in the north and to Kankakee, Illinois, on the south. There is a southwesterly offshoot from the zone some thirty-five miles long connecting with the Economy Light and Power Company's system at Joliet, Illinois. The latter system contains a hydro-electric plant developing 5,000 horse power and a steam turbine plant of 2,500 horse power. The company furnishes power for the operators for the Joliet Electric Railway and the interurban systems between Joliet and Chicago, also to Aurora and Chicago Heights. The system is connected to that of the Commonwealth Edison Company by means of a line along the old Illinois and Michigan Canal.

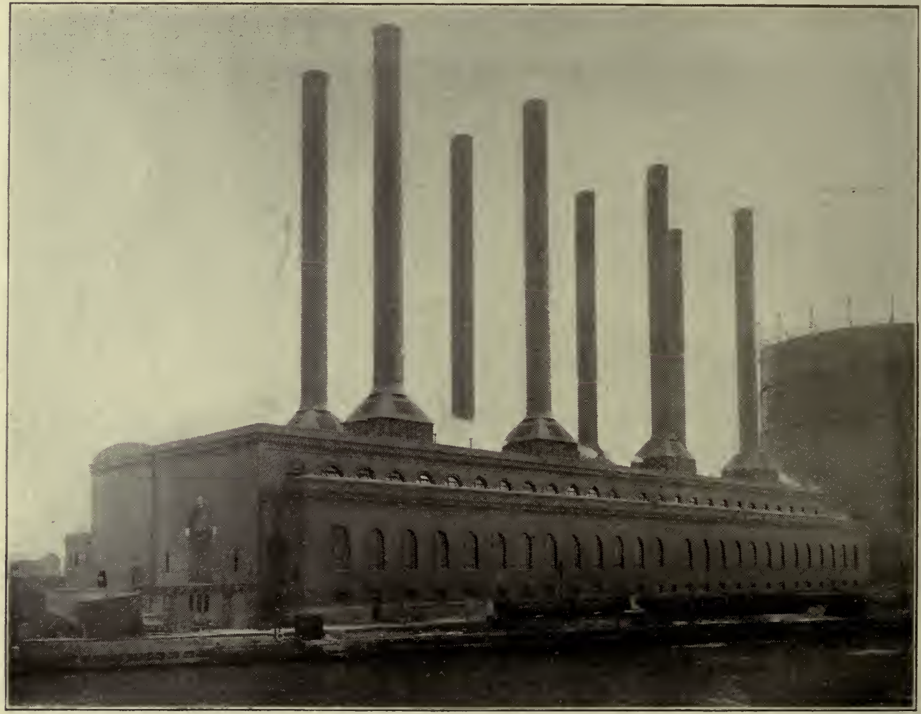
The North Shore Electric Company has four generating stations located in Evanston, Waukegan, Maywood and Blue Island. Mostly steam turbo generators are used, having an aggregated capacity of 15,000 horse power. The company supplies current for the suburbs along the north shore from Evanston to Zion City, also to the northwest and west of Chicago suburban towns; also to Blue Island. There is also supplied energy for the operation of the Chicago, Milwaukee Electric Railway and the Southern Traction Company system running from Chicago to Kankakee, Illinois. The North Shore

COMMONWEALTH

"ELECTRIC SHOP," JACKSON AND MICHIGAN BOULEVARDS

Company system is connected to that of the Commonwealth Edison Company at Evanston and also at Blue Island. The ease and practicability of long transmission lines have caused a great extension of the area which may be covered by lines from the Commonwealth Edison station.

In the consolidation of the Edison and Commonwealth Companies in 1907, it was required that the new concern should operate under the Commonwealth Electric Company ordinance, which takes in the entire city, while the old Edison Company franchise covered only a part. Besides it is a long-term grant, running for fifty years, while the Edison Company grant would have expired in five years. It carries a provision that three per cent of the gross receipts goes to the city. In the first year the gain to the city amounted to $150,000. The gross receipts of the Edison Company in 1906 were $4,744,823, but the city got nothing of it. The Commonwealth Company, which was operating in the outside districts, had a gross business in that year of $2,507,772, of which the city got three per cent. The opinion of the legal department of the city of Chicago at the time of consolidation, was that the company can cut rates in parts of the city to meet real competition; while not making the same cut in others; and that the test of a reasonable rate is not whether there is a fair profit on each individual account, but on the business as a whole.



QUARRY STREET POWER HOUSE, COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY

Notwithstanding the extraordinary development of the Commonwealth Edison Company, there is expert authority for the statement that three times the present volume of business should naturally come to the company's central station. There is the energy now very largely wasted in the various individual steam plants and there is some needless and, therefore, useless competition. To capture as large a proportion as possible of this business is the avowed purpose of the Commonwealth Edison Company within the next two years. Every legitimate method known to the electrical fraternity will be employed, and it is safe to say that previous records of development will be totally eclipsed by those of the next two or three years.

Thomas A. Edison recently said, "Electricity is the only one thing I know that has grown any cheaper in ten years." In view of the greatly increased cost of nearly every commodity the great reduction in the price of electricity is a matter of pleasant contemplation, and to the electrical fraternity is due considerable credit. Perhaps nowhere has the price reduction of electricity been more sweeping than in Chicago, where the Commonwealth Edison Company made various reductions from 1905 to 1910 inclusive, which totalled forty per cent. Through improved apparatus, concentration of production and efficiency in methods of selling the output the company was able to reduce the price to the consumer without reducing the profits to the stockholders. It may be mentioned that the income for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1910, was as regards the unit of quantity sold, only twenty-five per cent per unit of the income received thirteen years ago. But the business is more profitable today notwithstanding the greatly reduced price. The company's rates in the general average are now said to be lower than the rates in any city in the world; and they will grow still lower with increasing demand for electricity and with that ever-increasing demand will come an ever-increasing revenue and an ever-decreasing cost.

SECTION OF COAL STORAGE IN YARDS OF THE FISK STREET POWER HOUSE

The last few years have witnessed a phenomenal development in electric power supply, or motor service. If it were not for their motor day loads it would be impossible for central stations to furnish incandescent and arc lighting at anything like the prices which prevail at the present time. Three-fifths of the Commonwealth Edison Company's electrical output is sold for power and it is for this reason that the company can give its lighting customers an exceptionally low rate.

The system of charges adopted by the Commonwealth Edison Company is founded on the belief that the value of the service rendered to any individual should be based on the cost of serving him, and not on the average cost of serving its entire body of consumers, and that as the cost of supplying current per kilowatt hour varies greatly with the different classes of service, so the price per kilowatt hour, in justice to the several users, should vary greatly to different customers. In other words, the customer who guarantees $5 per horse power per month is entitled to a lower average than the customer who can only guarantee $1 per horse power per month. The rates are fixed by ordinance and the present agreement will terminate in 1912, being a five-year contract adopted 1907. The present prices charged under the contract are thirteen cents per kilowatt hour as a primary rate for energy used up to the equivalent of thirty hours' use of the customer's maximum demand, and seven cents per kilowatt hour as a secondary rate for all energy in excess of the foregoing amount. A discount of one per cent per kilowatt hour from this rate is allowed on all bills paid within ten days. Power is furnished in large quantities as low or even lower than in any city in the United States.

In the present age of plentiful investment opportunities nothing can be considered safer or more attractive than the stock which is being offered by many of the great electrical corporations of this country. This is true because in these investments are combined great security and a fair return of profit and remarkable possibilities for the future. There are, of course, certain lighting corporations which are compelled to operate under disadvantageous conditions that make their stock and bonds anything but desirable investments. These conditions may be: lack of proper capital and credit, inefficient or obsolete apparatus, a hostile community, or expiring franchises with no assurance of satisfactory renewals. When a corporation is in charge of a far-sighted management these undesirable elements are generally overcome long before the immediate danger arrives and vexatious problems are solved many years before they become a menace.

To illustrate how thoroughly the possible obstacles have been removed from the Chicago field, it might be stated that the Commonwealth Edison Company, which is in control of the service, holds a franchise which covers the entire city and which does not expire until 1947; it has devised the best central station system and installed the most modern and efficient machinery in existence, and as a result is giving the people of Chicago the best service and the lowest rates, everything considered, of any city in the world, and its credit is of the highest, which is shown by the fact that a $2,500,000 bond issue in 1909 was five times over subscribed. It should also be added that the company possesses a very valuable asset in the general confidence of the people. Its relations with the municipality are most harmonious, due largely to its always keeping good faith with the city and its patrons, and its record is devoid of underhand methods or political entanglements.

The Chicago company has been foremost among American electric lighting corporations in creating the demand for apparatus used in the arts of electric heating and cooking. For many years such apparatus was easily deranged, and very uneconomical in its consumption of current; but these defects have been removed. During recent years electricity has made a prominent place for itself in innumerable special instances and over a wide variety of industrial and domestic uses. Moreover, the high efficiency metallic filament incandescent lamps, by their smaller consumption of current, have put central station managers on the alert to dispose of the surplus energy thus left idle on their hands. In Chicago there has been an enormous stimulation of activity in this new field. Notable was the Commonwealth Edison's flat iron campaign a short time ago. During a three months period the company put out 10,000 flat irons under special inducements. Following the remarkable success of the flat iron campaign the company began introducing, with much success, electrical appliances of all kinds.

During the early days of the art the losses from depreciation and obsolescence of electrical apparatus were enormous; in fact, it often occurred that equipments installed one year would be consigned to the scrap heap the next. Invention after invention quickly rendered the earlier machinery obsolete and useless, and it has been customary for well-managed corporations to charge off a certain amount for depreciation each year—usually from eight to twelve per cent. Many corporations that refused to observe the necessity of a reasonable depreciation charge eventually found themselves floundering among dangerous financial shoals. In its provision for depreciation the Commonwealth Edison Company and its predecessors have always preferred to be on the safe side and the effect of the practical application was shown when the consolidation of the companies took place in 1907. At that time an exhaustive examination and appraisal of the property by experts not identified with the company showed real estate and other property amounting to $52,495,749.18, or more than $1,500,000 in excess of the par value of all the stock and bonds outstanding.

The authorized stock of the Commonwealth Edison Company is $40,000,000, and with the bonded indebtedness there are practically $67,500,000 invested at this time in the generation and distribution of electric voltage from the central stations in Chicago. Six per cent dividends are paid on the stock and five per cent interest on the bonds.

A few interesting facts concerning the Commonwealth Edison Company may be mentioned in this connection.

The investment in bonds and stocks per horse power of station capacity is $205.60.

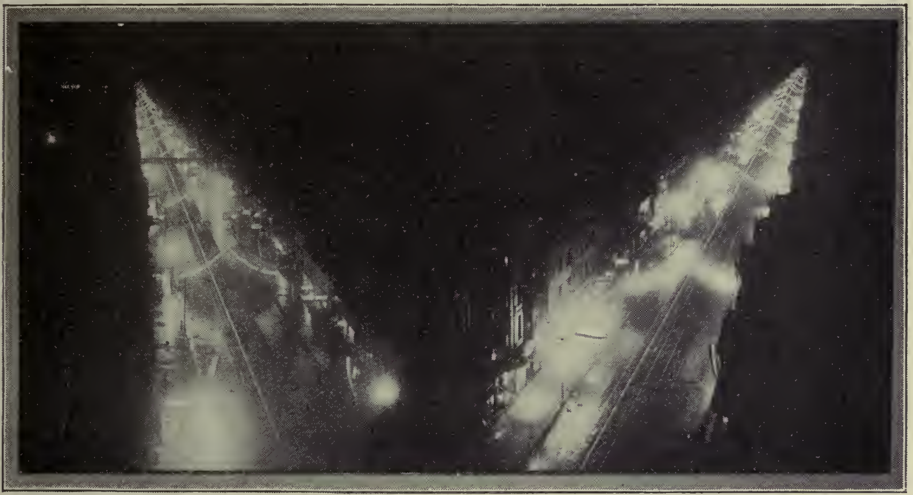
The gross yearly income per horse power of capacity is $44.56.

The gross yearly income per $100 invested in stocks and bonds is $21.70.

The gross yearly income per capita of population is $6.00.

The number of sixteen-candle power lamp equivalent connected is 8,143,908.

The connected load expressed in horse power is: for lighting, 236,529; for power, 158,706, and for street and interurban railways, 150,603, making a total of 545,838.



TWO BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF WEST MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILLUMINATED

The customer's dollar is spent by the company as follows: Dividends and interest twenty-four cents; taxes and municipal compensation, seven cents; payroll, coal and other supplies and incidental expenses fifty cents; depreciation, eleven cents, and surplus, eight cents.

The company's connected load expressed in sixteen-candle power equivalents in the year 1900 was 769,115 lamps; in the year 1910, expressed the same way, it amounts to 8,143,908 lamps. In 1900, it had 13,919 customers, and in 1910 it had 125,000.

The maximum load in 1900 was 14,200

kilowatts, or a little over 19,000 horse power; the maximum load last winter was 158,000 kilowatts, a little over 211,000 horse power. This winter's maximum load will probably run up to 200,000 kilowatts, or 270,000 horse power.

The kilowatt hours generated in 1900 were 34,370,000. This amount is supplied to one customer at the present time. The kilowatt hours generated for the fiscal year just closed—the end of September — were 601,712,335 kilowatt hours, a greater output than that generated in any city of the world, not excluding the great city of London with over seven millions of people and covering an area almost equivalent to that of the state of Rhode Island.

In 1900 the company had nine generating stations running. Today it operates three, and probably one of them will go out of use within the next few years.

In 1900 the load factor, which, after all, is the controlling element in the question of making or losing money rather than the selling at a high price or at a low price, was a little under twenty-nine per cent. In 1910 the load factor was a little over forty-one per cent.

In 1900 the company's gross earnings were $2,650,958, and for the year ending September, 1910, they were $13,083,725.

The total money employed in the company's business in 1900 was $14,391,971, while the amount of money employed at the present time is $67,500,000.

CHASES
DIRT

STREET ILLUMINATION IN CHICAGO

Of very great importance in these days when so much is said about corporations dodging their share of municipal burdens is the matter of taxes on personal property and real estate, federal taxes and compensation to the city. This is one of the most important items in the Commonwealth Edison's business. In 1900 the corporation's taxes and municipal compensation amounted to $90,773. In the year just closed, these items amounted to $968,262.

It is not stretching the facts to say that the Chicago company has about a third more customers than the largest company in this country. It puts out about a third more kilowatt hours, and receives for it about a third less dollars. This statement is the best that can be made to show what the company is doing for the community in which it operates.

An interesting question is: what becomes of the money that the company spends? How much of it, in the form of wages, goes to the employees, and how much of it, in the form of interest and dividends, goes to those who provide the capital to develop the business? Capital is entitled to its wages in the shape of interest and dividends, just as much as labor is entitled to be paid in the shape of wages or salaries. For the year ending September 30, 1910, the total income amounted to $13,083,725. During the same time the company invested nearly six millions of dollars in new plants. In the same time it paid out for labor directly from the company and through its contractors, the enormous sum of $3,250,000. During the same period, $3,114,000 was paid for dividends and interest.

On the one hand the company has about 3,000 employees; on the other hand, it has nearly seventy millions of dollars invested in the business. After paying operating expenses—that is, for material, about $1,400,000 for coal, $1,000,000 for taxes and compensation and vast sums for other classes of material—the labor employed in the organization take a little more than one-half of what is left. They receive $3,250,000. The capital employed in the business receives for its wages a little less than the employees, or $3,114,000.

THORNTON-CLANEY LUMBER COMPANY'S YARD
Flaming arcs for night work and motor driven cranes

What does this mean? It means that anything that will work an injury to capital, works an injury just as much to labor. These figures would probably apply to every large electricity supply company the world over. Labor, as a rule, gets just about one-half of the net results. In other words, the capitalist puts his money into the business and he takes his pay in one-half of the profits, and he gives to labor the other half of the profits.

A recent contract entered into with the Chicago City Railway Company, now the Chicago City and Connecting Railways Company, for all its energy would indicate that the electrical company is able to under-bid railway companies at producing energy all along the line. This fact is of importance in view of the certainty of the electrification of the steam railway terminals within the city limits of Chicago at no very distant date. Approximately 1,250 miles of single track of street, elevated and underground railways are supplied energy from this company.

INTERIOR TURBINE ROOM, FISK STREET POWER HOUSE
Ten steam Turbo-generators

Lighting the streets of Chicago has always been considered a municipal function. This theory has never been disputed by the Commonwealth Edison Company, or its predecessors. It is true that some of the outlying districts are lighted by the Commonwealth Edison system, but such is the case only where it would not be profitable for the city to extend the municipal wires.

The city of Chicago has built its street lighting system a little at a time as it has always been short of funds to properly equip and enlarge its public undertakings, with the exception of its water works for which bonds may be issued.

Until about two years ago, the city obtained power for lighting the streets from its own municipal steam plants. Today most of the power is obtained from the Illinois drainage canal. The drainage canal cost $65,000,000 and is claimed to be the greatest sanitary undertaking the world has ever seen. It has proved a great success as a disposer of sewage and incidentally a water power was created and utilized by building a generating station at Lockport, Illinois, where a fall of thirty-four feet is available. The present rating of the plant is 32,000 horse power. Electricity is transmitted to a terminal station in Chicago, thirty miles distant, from whence it is conveyed to the various sub-stations belonging to the municipality. The plant was completed in December, 1907, but it was not until May, 1909, that a profit was shown. The power plant at Lockport, with the transmission lines, represents an investment of approximately $4,000,000. The municipal plant is striving to obtain commercial business and notwithstanding the low prices offered, the development has been slow. In 1907 it secured six contracts; in 1908, sixty-four, and in 1909, eighty-six customers were added. The customers secured were mostly large users of power. The president of the Sanitary district asserts that house lighting in Chicago is not a water power proposition and what business is secured must be gotten from power users.

It is doubtful if the city's water power resources will ever prove an important factor in Chicago's electric lighting requirements. The limitations of the water power facilities can be safely computed while the limitations of the growing demand may be far beyond the most optimistic calculations.

The Commonwealth Edison Company has always preferred to separate itself, so far as possible, from any alliance with the city of Chicago, concerning municipal lighting, and has thereby escaped the political entanglements such as are so common in many of our large cities. Its municipal service rendered the city amounts to $50,000 per year, while the company pays out for taxes and percentage of its earnings to the city approximately $1,000,000 per year.

MODERN METHODS
Electric flat irons in a dry cleaning establishment in Chicago

President Insull of the Commonwealth Edison Company is a firm believer in everything that bears the name of "Edison," and he has been a powerful factor in the association of Edison illuminating companies. The Edison companies of the country are all formed upon the same general plan and their conventions are more in the nature of family conferences than anything else. Mr. Insull's loyalty to Mr. Edison and his deep admiration for, and confidence in, the great inventor have often been commented upon. It is true that Mr. Edison entertains a high opinion of Mr. Insull's ability and fully appreciates the value of the services rendered him in the early days when careful management and close attention to details of the Edison interests were mostly needed. The uninterrupted friendship which has existed between these two men for so many years has been of mutual benefit to both and to the interests they represent.

During a decade of investigation work, which has been spent principally studying the standing and methods of corporations that have to do with municipal economies, I have never found a more compact and enthusiastic working force, nor a more efficient and clear-sighted official leadership than that of the Commonwealth Edison Company. The co-operation is inspiring in its enthusiasm. The "electric shop" on Jackson Boulevard, the library, the home-like club rooms and sanitary appointments for the employes; the mutual exchange of ideas for the good of the organization in the stated meetings and through the company's publications, the "Electric City" and "Edison Round Table"; the loyalty and stick-to-it-iveness evident in every department; the avidity with which progressive ideas are adopted, all create an impression of strength and singleness of purpose, a perfect system for the efficient service of the Great American City.

DEATHLESS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE songs of beauty never hush,
For somewhere and somehow
The whole round year some raptured thrush
Sings on the lyric bough.

The flower of beauty forever blows,
For fresh and sweet and fair
The whole round year some perfect rose
Sweetens the desert air.

The light of beauty ne'er is done,
For warm and bright and boon
The whole round year some golden sun
Illumes the world with noon.

The things of beauty ne'er depart,
For touched to tenderness
The whole round year some happy heart
Thanks God for loveliness!

How Mark Twain was Made

By George Wharton James

Author of "Through Ramona's Country," "The Heroes of California," "The California Birthday Book," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Out of the Old Mansions of California," etc.

AT the time of their endurance, most men would forego the hardships of life for something easier. Yet the experiences of the ages teach that it is the difficulties and obstacles of life *overcome* that develop or "make" the man. Necessarily many things go to the making of any man, especially if he attain to eminence in any walk of life. Many factors are to be considered, such as heredity, natural temperament, the environments of early life, the force of exterior circumstances, the fortuitous arrangement of things and events of which the man of genius is able to take hold and mold to his own purpose. And by no means least in its importance, if his work is for the fickle public, is the factor of his striking such a vein as is permanently popular and constantly satisfying.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, known only to the world, however, as Mark Twain, first saw the light of day November 30, 1835, in the hamlet of Florida, Missouri. At this time, in the whole region west of the Mississippi River, which now contains thirty millions of people, or more, there were less than half a million white inhabitants. St. Louis was the only city west of the Mississippi and it had no more than ten thousand inhabitants.

In this great and wonderful western land, with its possibilities scarcely beginning to dawn upon its people, and with the great Mississippi River close at hand, Mark Twain lived his early life. His father died when he was twelve years old and all the scholastic education he received was given him prior to that time. Henceforth the world was to be his school, college and university, and it is another evidence of the power of untrammelled genius that Mark Twain won from the greatest universities of the world the highest honors for his attainments in literature, without having studied in any of them.

As his biographer has well said: "It is fortunate indeed for literature that Mark Twain was never ground into smooth uniformity under the scholastic emery wheel. He has made the world his university, and in men, and books, and strange places, and all the phases of an infinitely varied life, has built an education broad and deep, on the foundations of an undisturbed individuality.

For a short time he assisted his brother Orion as printer's devil in a newspaper office where he learned to set type. He filled up his spare time by wandering with his village companions, and about this time he had been pulled out, in a nearly drowned condition, three times from the "Father of Waters" and six times from Bear Creek.

When he was eighteen years of age, the "wanderlust" struck him and for a time he rambled through the Eastern States supporting himself as a tramp printer. Then for a time, he lived in St. Louis, Muscatine and Keokuk, until 1857, when he persuaded one of the most noted Mississippi River pilots, Horace Bixby, to teach him the mysteries of steamboat piloting.

In the fact that Mark Twain submitted himself to the tremendous discipline necessary to this task is the best proof of his inherent love of work. He always accused himself of laziness, and I have heard scores of people re-echo the charge, but one has only to realize the full force of words that Mark Twain himself used to describe the responsibility and the extensive training of the faculties of observation and memory essential to the making of a pilot to realize how absurd such a charge must be.

What a schooling for a young and impressionable boy with an undeveloped and powerful genius unconsciously alert to take in impressions, his profession disciplining his memory to retain all that varied, wonderful, large and picturesque life on and about the Mississippi River which he afterward so wonderfully reproduced in "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Pudd'n Head Wilson" and "Life on the Mississippi."

A TYPICAL RIVER STEAMBOAT WITH WHICH MARK TWAIN'S NAME WILL EVER BE ASSOCIATED

In 1861 this part of his life closed forever. The Civil War broke out and ruined steamboating on the Mississippi. Living in the South, his sympathies were naturally with the Confederates, although his brother Orion was already a somewhat prominent Northern politician. For a short time, Mark served in a company of Missouri rangers, and he afterward made his exploits at that time the occasion for an article full of good-natured humor pointed at himself and his companions. He was captured but escaped, and his brother

Orion, having received an appointment as the secretary of the new territory of Nevada, he was invited to accompany him, doubtless as an effectual plan of removing him from the possibility of any further mischief.

Mark's account of the overland stage trip across the plains is one of the most painstaking and truthful pieces of literary work he ever accomplished. There is nothing in literature comparable to it as an absolutely accurate account of that wonderful eighteen days' stage ride. It forms the chief part of the first volume of "Roughing It," a book full of his western experiences. It will ultimately be used as an historical and literary text book in every Western school, college and university that wishes to preserve to its students the memory of those remarkable and heroic days "when there were giants in the land."

When the brothers arrived at Carson City, Nevada, Mark found his duties *nil*, and his salary *ditto*, so he was easily induced to visit one of the mining camps not far away and there try his hand at a fresh venture. Now began a new life as large, wild, open, picturesque, rugged and fantastic as had been his life on the Mississippi. It was ultimately to lead him into California and across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands and thus add another tremendous treasure of material to his observing mind and fecund genius, to work up into stories and books of exquisite flavor for the delectation of the literature and humor-loving epicures of the world.

Yet here began some of the sterner elements of Mark Twain's making. It was on the Pacific coast that not only was his genius awakened, but his manhood aroused, fortified, strengthened and set definitely upon the path upon which he ever afterwards faithfully and devotedly walked. As Browning eloquently puts it, it was a fierce "dance of plastic circumstance," and the wheel of life upon which the Divine Potter placed him "spun dizzily," so it is not to be wondered at that his, as yet, unawakened mind would have been glad to arrest it and escape.

Times were hard in the new mining camp, and Mark and his partner accomplished little. With his newspaper experience he naturally gravitated to the local newspaper office, which he once in a while favored with an original contribution. At last he ventured to send occasional items to the *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City, then edited by Joseph T. Goodman, who is still living in Oakland, California. Goodman was a man of keen and unerring literary instinct and immediately recognized in his unknown correspondent a man of power, so he invited him to come and take up regular work upon the paper.

One day he was surprised by a young man, wearing a dilapidated hat, miner's overalls, hickory shirt, and heavy clumping shoes, carrying a roll of dirty blankets on his back, walking into the office, with a quaint drawling salutation to the effect that he had "come according to instructions duly received." It took a little time for Goodman to realize that the rough and uncouth-looking miner was the correspondent upon whose letters he had begun to base high literary hopes.

And there it was on the steep slopes on Mount Davidson, above the wonderful Comstock lode, so that mines were the main subject of business, recreation, conversation and endeavor, he began the literary career that was ultimately to make his name as familiar as household words, give him a large place in the hearts of many millions of people and establish his fame forevermore.

Associated with him were Goodman, Rollin M. Daggett and William Wright, known to the world as Dan de Quille. Nearly thirty years ago, when I went to Virginia City, I learned to know Wright well, and now and again he would get into a reminiscent mood and tell stories about Mark. One story he always enjoyed telling and chuckled considerably over was about the time when Mark's associates presented him with a meerschaum pipe that he much coveted.

One day there was exhibited in one of the store windows of the camp an elaborate pipe, of German make—one of those large, carved, old-fashioned pipes that brings before you a picture of a Dutch burgomaster with his stein of beer on the table at his elbow. Mark saw this pipe and coveted it. As he and Dan went to lunch, Mark would stop, and in his slow, drawling fashion, comment on that pipe. But the price—one hundred dollars—placed it far out of reach.

Mark was an inveterate smoker, and he had the vilest, worst-smelling pipe in Virginia City, and though printers are not, as a rule, squeamish about such things, this pipe was a little too much for them, and they always spoke of it as "the remains." So, putting this and that together, Wright saw a way of getting rid of "the remains," playing a good joke on Mark in return for jokes in which he had been the victim, and giving "the boys" some fun. Dan was "no slouch of a wag"—as they used to say of him in Virginia City. This was the scheme he concocted:

Someone in town was found who made a dummy copy of the pipe Mark coveted, but fixed it in a way that it would fall to pieces—melt in places—and the bowl split whenever anyone attempted to use it. This pipe was to be given to Mark by the "boys of the printing office" as a surprise. They were to give him a dinner or something of the kind, and Dan was "let into the secret," so that on the "strict Q. T." he might whisper it to Mark, in order that the latter might be ready to respond with a bright and witty speech, which, delivered as a purely extemporaneous effort, would "bring down the house."

Mark fell into the trap as innocently as a "sucking duck"—to use Dan's expression, and on the appointed night, when the work on the paper was all done, the boys from "the rear" and the reporters and writers from "the front" went over, with a good deal of solemnity and respect, to where the spread was laid out. After dinner, when all were feeling good, one of the party made the presentation speech. He talked about the wearisome, brain-racking work of journalism, and the long hours of labor under the silent, serene stars of the midnight sky, when all the rest of the world was sweetly wrapped in profound slumber, enjoying well-earned rest. Then he stole a few ideas (in advance of publication) from Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, and dashed off into a flowing eulogy of the soothing effect of tobacco upon the exhausted and wearied brain, and, as a final crash of eloquence, spoke feelingly and touchingly of the happy and cordial relations that had always existed between the news department and the composing room, and hoped that nothing would ever occur to sever the silken ties, etc., etc. Then, amid loud applause, he handed Mark the thirty-cent fraud. Of course, Mark was taken entirely by surprise, and he was delighted in the extreme, and "too much moved to say anything." He seemed to be "knocked into a cocked hat," but by and by he pulled himself together, and began his carefully prepared extempore speech. He thanked the boys for their gift—it had touched him deeply—he would ever retain it as a pleasant souvenir of many happy days, and especially this day, one of the happiest of his life. Then, and here was what the boys cheered, he went on to speak of his old pipe, told how it had been the solace of many lonely hours, had come with him across the plains, etc., but this new and handsome gift from friends he had learned to love made parting from it easy, and—this had been suggested by Wright as a brilliant and dramatic climax to the extemporaneous effort—therefore, he would cast it away. And, suiting the action to the word, he threw it out of the window, and then invited the boys to "take something with him."

They accepted, of course, and filled Mark full with their naive and open expressions of joy at his fine speech. How delighted they were with it, and how they congratulated him upon his great gift, and wondered "how on earth he could do it." "What a wonderful gift it was, and how they envied him, that he could get up on his feet and make so bright and witty a speech offhand," etc., etc., *ad libitum*. Mark took it all in at its face value and was tickled and flattered from top to toe, for it has never been denied that he had the ordinary man's vanity and love of approbation, and all went well as a marriage bell.

Mark, however, wanted to try his

pipe, and there was the rock upon which the conspiracy came near splitting. The conspirators did, however, persuade him not to "spoil his new pipe" then, but wait until he got home. He was finally helped home in a cab, and three or four of the most interested—and most sober—waited outside his door to hear the fun.

But when he got to this part of the story, Dan for a time could never get any further for laughing.

Mark charged and lit the pipe, and it was not long before the expected happened. The bowl split open from stem to stern, and the whole thing fell apart, and the peeping conspirators heard him growling to himself in phraseology that was neither fit for a Sunday-school book nor for the pages of this reputable family journal, while he petulantly brushed the hot ashes from his clothes and writing table.

He never said a word to a soul about the pipe or whatever became of it, and none of the boys ever said anything to him, but the joke was on them, for the following day, when he appeared at the office, he had "the remains" in his mouth. They had forgotten to remove it and Mark had gone out, hunted it up and restored it to its old place in his favor. Dan says Mark was never "real genial" with him from that time.

It was while he was in Virginia City that he wrote two satires or burlesques that, when one understands their local application, are excruciatingly funny. They are both included in his "Sketches New and Old" and one of them, "The Petrified Man," is a never-ending source of delight to thousands. There had been a great craze for digging up petrifactions and other marvels, and as Mark says: "The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a bran-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrifaction mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate, for nobody ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkably petrified man."

In the account written for his paper he stated, with all the circumstantiality of detail that the conscientious reporter shows, how that the petrification had been discovered at Gravelly Ford, about one hundred and twenty-five miles away, over a breakneck mountain trail. He had had a quarrel with the Coroner, so he determined to make him ridiculous by telling how he had impanelled a jury and they had visited the scene of the discovery, held an inquest on the "remains" and returned a verdict that the deceased had come to his death from *protracted exposure.*

The whole thing was a screaming burlesque from beginning to end, and if any one had read carefully he would have seen from the description of the posture of the hands of the petrified man that it was so. But the thing was done so ingeniously that nobody "tumbled," and the result was that Mark's petrified man went the rounds of the press of the civilized world and finally came back to him from the *London Lancet.*

If one has not read "The Petrified Man" and has any sense of humor in him, the sooner he gets to it, the better.

Soon after he arrived in Virginia City he was sent to Carson City as the paper's correspondent from the territorial legislature which was then in session. It was here that his peculiar humor first began to be noticed, for personalities were the fashion in those days, and Mark's were singularly effective if irritation and anger are a proof of effectiveness.

Many things that Mark wrote for the *Enterprise* are worth republishing and some day, perhaps, some indefatigable searcher will hunt them out and give them to the world. Here is one, however, quoted by Mrs. Ella Cummins-Mighels and her comments thereon: "In his work upon the *Enterprise* was a bit of literary criticism which has passed into a familiar saying, to be handed down from father to son, and mother to daughter. Upon the death of Lincoln many obituary poems sprang into print, among them one which took the fancy of Mark Twain who set it off thus:

'Gone, gone, gone,
Gone to his endeavor;
Gone, gone, gone,
Forever and forever.

"'This is a very nice refrain to this little poem. But if there is any criticism to make upon it, I should say that there was a little too much 'gone' and not enough 'forever.' And to this day it is used as a case in point relating to a superfluity of any kind."

A man whom Mark became very fond of was Jack Perry, the deputy sheriff of the camp in the early days, when it was common to have a "man for breakfast" every morning. Jack was a tall, good-natured, shrewd-witted, humorous fellow, totally unacquainted with the meaning of the word "fear," and a worthy foil for Mark's peculiar style of wit. It was Jack who told several of the stories that appear in "Roughing It" and also was the author of the "Blue Jay" story to which Mark devotes a whole chapter in "A Tramp Abroad." I knew Jack intimately during my seven years of Nevada life and have listened many times to his interesting recital of this and other stories with which he used to beguile the hours when he and Mark had nothing else to do in Virginia City.

In introducing this story, Mark gives the following as a sample of the comments that led to the story. He gives the name of Jim Barker to the story-teller and places the scene in California: "There's more *to* a bluejay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feelings than any other creature; and, mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling. And as for command of language—why, you never see a bluejay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him. And another thing: I have noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a bluejay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it is the *noise* which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar that they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts and instincts, and feelings, and interests, cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five, a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no bluejay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a bluejay a subject that calls for his reserve powers and where is your cat? Don't talk to *me*—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing; in one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a bluejay can lay over anything human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he better take in his sign, that's all."

Two separate stories are told to account for Mark's leaving Virginia City. His biographer, Samuel E. Moffett, gives this as the reason: "At that particular period dueling was a passing fashion on the Comstock. The refinements of Parisian civilization had not penetrated there, and a Washoe duel seldom left more than one survivor. The weapons were always Colt's navy revolvers—distance, fifteen paces; fire and advance; six shots allowed. Mark Twain became involved in a quarrel with Mr. Laird, the editor of the Virginia *Union*, and the situation seemed to call for a duel. Neither combatant was an expert with the pistol, but Mark Twain was fortunate enough to have a second who was. The men were practicing in adjacent gorges, Mr. Laird doing fairly well, and his opponent hitting everything except the mark. A small bird lit on a sage brush thirty yards away, and Mark's second fired and knocked off its head. At that moment the enemy came over the ridge, saw the dead bird, observed the distance, and learned from Gillis, the humorist's second, that the feat had been performed by Mark Twain, for whom such an exploit was nothing remarkable. They withdrew for consultation, and then offered a formal apology, after which peace was restored, leaving Mark with the honors of war.

"However, this incident was the means of effecting another change in his life. There was a new law which prescribed two years' imprisonment for anyone who should send, carry, or accept a challenge. The fame of the proposed duel had reached the capital, eighteen miles away, and the governor wrathfully gave orders for the arrest of all concerned, announcing his intention of making an example that would be remembered. A friend of the duellists heard of their danger, outrode the officers of the law, and hurried the parties over the border into California."

The other story is as follows: "Mark Twain made neither money nor fame with the Comstockers. While his work was remarkable, there were so many more urgent things to attract attention that they had no eyes or ears for literature. Homicides of almost daily occurrence, tragic accidents, sensations in mining developments, surging stock markets, as Sam Davis puts it, smothered the lesser affairs of the ledge. But, he continues, 'One day a thing happened that changed the whole tenor of the life of the man who is now recognized as the dean of the world's humorists.

"'Clemens was standing on the corner of C and Union streets, when a mangy dog came up and rubbed its itching side against Clemens' leg.

"'Sam did not move; he merely looked down and drawled out: "Well, if I've become a scratching post for Steve Gillis's dogs, I'd better hit the trail." "

Whatever led him to San Francisco, it is known that he was gladly welcomed by the little coterie of literary Bohemians who were conducting the *Golden Era* and had just launched, under the pilotage of Charles Henry Webb, *The Californian.* This included Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, F. C. Ewer, Prentice Mulford, Rollin Daggett, Macdonough Ford, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce and others.

For six months he worked under George Barnes, the editor of the San Francisco *Morning Call.* And during this period he wrote quite a number of those shorter sketches which were afterward published in book form. Among these were, "Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man," "Concerning Chambermaids," "An Undertaker's Chat," etc. One of the most amusing of his burlesques was after the Pioneer's Ball in San Francisco. Following the fashion of those writers who describe the costumes of the ladies who attended, he brought forth a number of items, such as the following:

> "Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *pate de foie gras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired. Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the center of attraction for the gentlemen and the envy of all the ladies. Mrs. G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *tout ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applause wherever she went. Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by everyone.
>
> "The charming Miss M. M. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall, whose exceeding grace and volume compelled the homage of pioneers and emigrants alike. How beautiful she was!
>
> "The queenly Mrs. L. R. was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth, and the *bon jour* effect they naturally produced was heightened by her enchanting and well-sustained smile.
>
> "Miss R. P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl-button solitaire. The fine contrast between the sparkling vivacity of her natural optic, and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye, was the subject of general and enthusiastic remark.
>
> "Miss C. L. B. had her fine nose elegantly

enameled, and the easy grace with which she blew it from time to time marked her as a cultivated and accomplished woman of the world; its exquisitely modulated tone excited the admiration of all who had the happiness to hear it."

It must be confessed that this part of his life was neither profitable to him physically, mentally nor spiritually. While it is heresy for me, as a Californian, to say so, I do not think San Francisco was ever very beneficial to Mark Twain. In fact, no city ever was. He was never made to reside in cities. It was all right for him to go there once in a while to give out what he had received and absorbed, but his life of growth was always spent out in the open, in the large things of nature, like the Mississippi River, the great country he had crossed in the overland stage, and the wild, desert mining camps of Nevada and California.

It was at this time that he was seen one day on Clay and Montgomery streets, leaning against a lamp-post with a cigar box under his arm. The wife of Captain Edward Poole, a bright and witty woman, happened to be passing by and, noticing him, extended her hand with the salutation: "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm mo-ov-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time opening his cigar-box and disclosing a pair of socks, a pipe and two paper collars.

His next move was to leave San Francisco and go out into the majestic grandeur of the Sierra Nevadas. Here he came in touch with that large life of the mines and quaint humor of the miners which he so graphically pictures in his first acknowledged masterpiece, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

Fortunately he was no more successful in the California mines than he was in Nevada, and it was on his return to San Francisco that this story was written. A well-known gentleman of San Francisco tells how he came to write it, as follows:

"Sometime in the latter part of the sixties I wished to see R. D. Swain, who was then the superintendent of the mint in this city. Bret Harte at that time was his secretary. Upon entering the office, I found that Mr. Swain was engaged, and while waiting for him, Mark Twain came into the room. Mr. Clemens had just arrived in San Francisco from Nevada City, where a few days before he had witnessed the most curious jumping contest between two frogs, under the auspices of their respective trainers and in the presence of a numerous throng of spectators from all the mining camps around. While Mark Twain was telling the story, Mr. Swain opened the door of his private office and asked me to step inside.

"I remarked, 'Come out here, Swain, I want you to listen to this!'

"Mr. Swain accordingly joined our circle, and Clemens began his story anew. The story was told in an inimitable manner, and its auditors were convulsed with laughter. He described the actions of the trainers and bystanders, and used many expressions and colloquialisms which they had used. I think the story was more laughable as Mr. Clemens told it to us on that occasion than the one which afterward appeared in print, as the sayings and doings of the trainers and onlookers were indescribably funny. When the story was completed, Bret Harte told Mr. Clemens, as soon as he had recovered a little from the laughter which the story occasioned, and which was immoderate, that if he would write that account half as well as he had told it, it would be the funniest story ever written. Mark Twain took his advice, the story was put into manuscript form and afterward printed in the *Golden Era*. It attracted immediate attention, and has been pronounced one of the best short humorous stories extant."

The "Jumping Frog" at once gained him fame abroad as well as at home, but the world was not yet fully awakened to his ripening genius. The *Sacramento Union* then sent him to Hawaii to describe the country and especially the sugar plantations. Some of his letters at this time reveal his marvelous power of graphic description. These letters were so successful that they suggested the trip that led to the writing of the book that at once placed his fame where nothing could ever disturb or shake it. Time and future work might add to its glory and luster, but had he written nothing but this one book he would always have ranked as the world's foremost humorist.

One of his best friends in San Francisco was John McComb, who so thoroughly appreciated Mark's literary and humorous ability that whenever the latter became despondent and wished to return to his own occupation of piloting on the Mississippi, he prevailed upon him to remain and stick to his writing.

It was through McComb that he was sent to Hawaii and it was McComb that urged the *Alta California* to give him this new opportunity. A great deal of prominence was being given by the Eastern and other newspapers to an excursion that was being planned to leave New York in a steamer named the "Quaker City," which was to have advantages of Consular help and letters of introduction from the Secretary of State, etc., so that the excursionists would be afforded privileges abroad that no general American party had yet been accorded. The upshot was that Mark was sent on the excursion as the correspondent of this San Francisco paper, to which he was to write regular letters as the trip proceeded. These letters were published and produced quite a sensation. They were then made up into the book, "The Innocents Abroad," which in the hands of an enterprising publisher made a tremendous hit, over ten thousand copies being sold the first year.

My father must have purchased one of these early copies, for I well remember the occasion on which I first became familiar with the name of Mark Twain. I have elsewhere told the story as follows:

"It was in England, one cold winter's night. I was stretched out on a lounge, and near by, my father, near the blazing open fire, half reclining in his favorite chair—made after the style of a folding steamer chair—was reading 'Innocents Abroad.' Every few moments I would hear a gentle chuckle, or a quiet laugh, and I knew it must be something very funny, when suddenly he dropped the book, burst out into a loud and long-continued strain of hearty laughter, at the same time sitting upright and rapidly running both hands through his hair, as he always did when delighted or excited. And I think he was both, for as he picked up the book and started to read again, down it would go, for his fit of laughter would start afresh, and each fit took several minutes to overcome."

Yet in California this book was but one of three that were all deservedly popular, and Clemens himself was placed in no higher position as a humorist than either of the authors of the two other books. These authors were John F. Swift, who, the year before, had issued his "Going to Jericho," and Ross Browne, whose books of travel, published by the Harpers, had given him world-wide fame. In reviewing Swift's book in one of the earlier numbers of the *Overland Monthly*, Bret Harte, whose critical judgment few could equal, said: "Mr. John Franklin Swift's 'Going to Jericho' is in legitimate literary succession to Howell's 'Venetian Life,' Ross Browne's 'Multifarious Voyages' and Mark Twain's 'Holy Land Letters.' " (These were not yet published in book form). "It is somewhat notable that three of these writers are Californians, and all from the West, with the exception of the first, who has an intrinsic literary merit which lifts him above comparison with any other writer of travel. Mr. Swift in some respects is superior."

Elsewhere a fine comparison is made by Harte of the work of these writers in reference to the "Sacred buildings and canvases of Europe." He said: "A race of good-humored, engaging iconoclasts seem to have precipitated themselves upon the old altars of mankind, and like their predecessors of the eighth century, have paid particular attention to the holy church. Mr. Howells has slashed one or two sacred pictorial canvases with his polished rapier; Mr. Swift has made one or two neat long shots with a rifled Parrott, and Mr. Mark Twain has used brickbats on stained-glass windows with damaging effect. And those gentlemen have certainly brought down a heap of rubbish."

"The Innocents Abroad" forever determined the career of Mark Twain. But in the meantime, while it was being issued, Mark returned to San Francisco, and the tide of prosperity not having yet turned his way and money being "needed in his business," he determined to give a lecture. His wonderful combination of literary ability and business sagacity is well shown by the unique methods which he followed to secure an audience. The following notice appeared in the daily papers, and was also distributed as a circular all over the city.

HE MEETS OPPOSITION

San Francisco, June 30, 1868.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Hearing that you are about to sail for New York, in the P. M. S. S. Company's steamer of the 6th of July, to publish a book, and learning with the deepest concern that you propose to read a chapter or two of that book in public before you go, we take this method of expressing our cordial desire that you *will not*. We beg and implore you *do not*. There is a limit to human endurance.

We are your personal friends. We have your welfare at heart. We desire to see you prosper, and it is upon these accounts, and upon these only, that we urge you to desist from the new atrocity you contemplate. Yours truly,

(Then followed a list of names of the best-known citizens of San Francisco, including W. H. L. Barnes, Rear-Admiral Thatcher, Noah Brooks, Major-General Halleck, Leland Stanford, Bret Harte, and concludes with "and 1500 in the steerage.")

To this he replied—and notice how he begins it—"to the 1500 and others."

San Francisco, June 30.

To the 1500 *and Others:* It seems to me that your course is entirely unprecedented. Heretofore, when lecturers, singers, actors, and other frauds, have said that they were about to leave town, you have always been the very first people to come out in a card beseeching them to hold on for just one night more, and inflict just one more performance on the public; but as soon as I want to take a farewell benefit, you come after me with a card signed by the whole community and the Board of Aldermen praying me not to do it. But it isn't of any use. You cannot move me from my fell purpose. I *will* torment the people if I want to. I have a better right to do it than these strange lecturers and orators that come here from abroad. It only costs the public a dollar apiece, and if they can't stand it, what do they stay here for? Am I to go away and let them have peace and quiet for a year and a half, and then come back and only lecture them twice? What do you take me for?

No, gentlemen, ask of me anything else, and I will do it cheerfully; but do not ask me not to afflict the people. I wish to tell them all I know about Venice. I wish to tell them about the City of the Sea—that most venerable, most brilliant, and proudest Republic the world has ever seen. I wish to hint at what it achieved in twelve hundred years, and what it cost in two hundred. I wish to furnish a deal of pleasant information, somewhat highly spiced, but still palatable, digestible, and eminently fitted for the intellectual stomach. My last lecture was not as fine as I thought it was, but I have submitted this last discourse to several able critics, and they have pronounced it good. Now, therefore, why should I withhold it?

Let me talk only just this once, and I will sail positively on the 6th of July, and stay away until I return from China—two years.

Yours truly,
MARK TWAIN.

This letter immediately called forth further

OMINOUS PROTESTS

San Francisco, June 30.

Mr. Mark Twain: Learning with profound regret that you have concluded to postpone your departure until the 6th of July, and learning, also, with unspeakable grief, that you propose to read from your forthcoming book, or lecture again before you go, at the New Mercantile Library, we hasten to beg of you that you will not do it. Curb this spirit of lawless violence, and emigrate at once. Have the vessel's bill for your passage sent to us. We will pay it. Your friends,

Pacific Board of Brokers,
Wells, Fargo & Co.,
The Merchants' Exchange,
Pacific Union Express Co.,
The Bank of California,
Ladies' Co-operative Union,
S. F. Olympic Club,
Cal. Typographical Union.

San Francisco, June 30.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Will you start, now, without any unnecessary delay?

Proprietors of the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Times*, *Call*, *Examiner*, *Figaro*, *Spirit of the Times*, *Dispatch*, *News-Letter*, *Golden City*, *Golden Era*, *Dramatic Chronicle*, *Police Gazette*, *The Californian*, *The Overland Monthly*.

San Francisco, June 30.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Do not delay your departure. You can come back and lecture another time. In the language of the worldly, you can "cut and come again." Your friends, THE CLERGY.

San Francisco, June 30.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: You had *better* go. Yours,
THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

DEFIANCE TO ALL

The climax of his "innocence" is reached in confounding the preparation for celebrating the "Fourth of July," with a public demonstration over himself. It was only "unavoidably delayed":

San Francisco, June 30.

Gentlemen: Restrain your emotions; you observe that they cannot avail. Read:

NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY
BUSH STREET

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1868

ONE NIGHT ONLY

FAREWELL LECTURE OF

MARK TWAIN

SUBJECT
The Oldest of the Republics, VENICE
Past and Present

BOX OFFICE OPEN WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR RESERVED SEATS

ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

DOORS OPEN AT 7 ORGIES COMMENCE AT 8 P. M.

☞ The public displays and ceremonies proposed to give fitting eclat to the occasion have been unavoidably delayed until the Fourth. The lecture will be delivered certainly on the 2nd and the event will be celebrated two days afterward by a discharge of artillery on the Fourth, a procession of citizens, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and by a glorious display of fireworks from Russian Hill in the evening, which I have ordered at my sole expense, the cost amounting to eighty thousand dollars.

AT THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BUSH ST.
THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1868

It is hardly necessary to add that the lecture was a success, *financially.*

Noah Brooks, in *The Century*, has this to say of Mark's lecture:

"Mark Twain's method as a lecturer was distinctly unique and novel. His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, and above all, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word-painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known. All this was original. It was Mark Twain."

From this time on fame and fortune smiled upon him, except on the one occasion, when, through no fault of his own, his publishing firm failed and left him a legacy of a heavy debt. His heroic shouldering of that debt and final payment of it stands side by side with the like heroic achievements of Sir Walter Scott.

His lecturing in San Francisco proved to be so successful that he was prevailed upon in 1873 to give a week's lectures in England under the management of George Dolby, who had managed Charles Dickens' lecture tour in America. The lectures were given in the Queen's Concert Hall, Hanover Square, and met with immediate and unbounded success. The engagement was prolonged, with the understanding that there was to be a brief interval to allow Mark to return to America with his wife.

In the meantime the first week's work was drawing increasingly large audiences, and London was going wild over the lectures of the man whose "Innocents Abroad" had so tickled their risibles.

During this very week Charles Warren Stoddard, one of his oldest San Francisco friends, reached London, sent to England as a special correspondent by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the day after his arrival, as he walked down the Strand, whom should he meet but Mark Twain? Mark seized him effusively, and scarcely had their friendly salutations been passed before Mark began to pour out his tale of woe. He was giving these lectures; they were financially successful; he needed the money and, therefore, was compelled to return to give them. But—and here he became almost frantic. His wife gone, he would be all alone in a great and strange city, and he would go crazy with the burden of homesickness that was falling upon him. The sight of his friend had suggested a relief to his woes. There was a clear way out of his difficulties. Charley must come and be his secretary, his companion, his anything, so that they could be together and Mark thus lose his homesickness. In vain Stoddard pleaded his contract with the *Chronicle.* "Never mind the *Chronicle.* Let them wait a while. I'll pay you as much or more than they, and all you will have to do will be to sit and listen to me when I talk."

The upshot was, Stoddard finally consented, and when Mark returned the two took up their quarters at the Langham, the well-known London hotel. Here they were very comfortably located, but

Mark's peculiar nervousness used to begin to manifest itself every night about six o'clock. He must get ready. They must hurry up or they would be late. Why, why, wasn't Charley ready? At dinner, there was no pleasure in eating, as a few moments' delay longer than he expected, after giving the order, made Mark frantic. Long before necessary, Mark insisted upon starting for the hall, and as Charley said:

"I had a most uncomfortable time until I saw Mark walking onto the stage, while the audience clapped its welcome to Mark's invariable habit of washing his hands with invisible soap and water. As soon as he began with his 'Ladies and gentlemen,' I was content, and used to go quietly under the platform by a secret stairway to the Queen's own box, which was never used for any other person. It was, therefore, always kept closed with heavy velvet curtains, and, as there were plenty of cushions, I used to put them in order, stretch out and go to sleep, resting peacefully in the assurance that the clapping of hands of the audience at the close of the lecture would awaken me. Then, while Mark chatted with the audience and wrote his autograph in the albums of the young ladies, I would hurry back to the stage and be ready, when he was, to go to our hotel.

"There, with chairs wheeled up to the fire, with pipes and plenty of 'Lone Jack,' and certain bottles and glasses on the table, we would sit and chat, hour after hour, of things of the old world and the new. How the hours flew by, marked by the bell clock of the little church over the way! Almost immediately we were seated, Mark would say: 'Charley, mix a cocktail!' My reply was always the same, to the effect that I could not mix a cocktail. It required a special kind of genius which I did not possess, and so on. But Mark always insisted and I always yielded, while he slipped off his dress suit and shoes, and got into his smoking jacket and slippers. At the first sip he invariably twisted up his lips as though in disgust, smelled of his glass, looked at it, held it up between himself and the fire, and then reproachfully gazed over toward me: 'What have you against me, Charley, that you concoct such an atrocious mixture as this? Of all the blim-flimmed, hoggelty-poggelty, swish-swash I ever drank, this is the worst. I'll have to mix another to take the taste of this out of my mouth.'

"Yet he always drank the whole of what I had mixed—except, of course, what fell into my glass—and after we had had one of his mixing, and had chatted for an hour or so, I had to mix another. He complained of this—and drank it—and then mixed one himself to take away the taste of mine, and so it went on. One—two—three in the morning, chimed on a set of holy bells, and still we sat by the sea-coal fire and smoked numberless peace-pipes, and told droll stories, and enjoyed our seclusion.

"But there is a limit to the endurance of even a human owl, and I finally would get sleepy. And the funny thing was that the moment I began to get sleepy and talk of going to bed, Mark grew lonesome, homesick and lachrymose. As I undressed he would come and chat in my bedroom; as I got into bed he would sit down on my bedside, and by this time he had worked himself up into a fit of pessimistic depression which invariably took one turn. It was to the effect that he could clearly see ahead to a time when he could write no more, could not lecture, and then what 'would he and his family do for a living? There was nothing for it' —tears—'Charley, but the poorhouse.' He could see that clearly enough, he would have to die in the poorhouse.

"To comfort him was impossible, and," said Mr. Stoddard, "I used to go to sleep night after night with that wail of woe in my ears—that Mark would die in the poorhouse.

"At last his engagement concluded in London, and we went here and there in the provinces, and finally reached Liverpool. We had a great night there. He was to sail the next day. Dolby (his manager) had been with us all the time, but had to leave that night for London, where he had a score of urgent matters demanding his attention. So I was left alone to see Mark off. That night we made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the hotel, but instead of having a gay parting night, his doleful forebodings seemed worse than ever. I got into bed, as usual, and Mark came and sat by my side, and I was just about to drop off to sleep when, with a vigor and vim he seldom used, he sprang up and exclaimed: 'No, by George, I'll not die in a poorhouse. I'll tell you what I'll do, Charley, I'll teach elocution!'

"This awoke me, and I made some comment, when he broke in upon me and asked, 'Ever hear me read, Charley?' I answered 'No!' He then rang the bell and when the nightwatchman appeared, he asked in a most solemn voice, yet using words scarcely applicable to the sacred character of the book, for a copy of the Holy Scriptures. In a few minutes the boy returned, saying that he could not find a copy. Mark turned upon him with a mock ferocity that was as funny as anything he ever said in public, or wrote, and in apparent temper, wanted to know what he meant by daring to come and tell him that in that blankety-blank hotel he could not find a copy of the blankety-blank Holy Scriptures.

"In amazement, the boy returned to the search and soon came back with a copy of the desired book, and then, for over an hour, I lay as one entranced. You know, I have heard all the dignitaries of the Roman and English churches. I have listened to the great orators of Europe and America, but never in my life did I hear anyone read so perfectly, so beautifully, so thrillingly as Mark read that night. He gave me the whole of the book of Ruth, and half the time never looked at the page; and then some of the most exquisite passages of the book of Isaiah. Few people knew it, but he was more familiar with the Bible, and loved it better, than many of the professional religionists who would have deemed him far from a follower of its holy precepts."

This is the real version of Mr. Stoddard's story. He gives a briefer, a slightly different, and a fully expurgated one in his chapter, "A Humorist Abroad," in his "Exits and Entrances."

It was to his friendship with Charles Warren Stoddard, the California poet and litterateur, that the world owes one of the finest pieces of biography ever written and certainly Mark Twain's masterpiece, from a literary standpoint. I refer to his "Joan of Arc." I have told the story elsewhere and cannot repeat it here, but it seems to me that the American people have not yet arisen to the might and power of this wonderful story. In it Mark has put all the passion and power of his life. It is the sweetest, tenderest, most sympathetic, appreciative and yet sane and forceful piece of writing he ever did, and it gives one such a vivid picture of Joan of Arc that, forever, after reading the book, she stands forth to the reader as one of the illuminated personalities of literature, as well as of the world's history. If you have time to read but one book through this year, let that book be "Joan of Arc."

Hence it will be seen that Mark Twain really began his literary life in California. It was a Californian who prevented his leaving the field of letters, when, disheartened with his want of success in San Francisco, he wished to desert it. It was San Franciscan friendship that gained him the opportunities which enabled him to "make good" to the world of literature and established his fame. It was California and the great West that filled his soul with that large, vast, wide comprehension of things that has given his humor so broad a philosophy. It was California that first assured him of a welcome on the lecture platform, and it was Californian influence that, when all others had failed to encourage him to try serious work, finally overcame all obstacles and pointed out the way for the creation of his literary and biographical masterpiece to which I have so imperfectly and inadequately referred.

A Prayer for the Babies

O GOD, since Thou hast laid the little children into our arms in utter helplessness, with no protection save our love, we pray that the sweet appeal of their baby hands may not be in vain. Let no innocent life in our city be quenched again in useless pain through our ignorance and sin. May we who are mothers or fathers seek eagerly to join wisdom to our love, lest love itself be deadly when unguided by knowledge. Bless the doctors and nurses, and all the friends of men, who are giving of their skill and devotion to the care of our children. If there are any who were kissed by love in their own infancy, but who have no child to whom they may give as they have received, grant them such largeness of sympathy that they may rejoice to pay their debt in full to all children who may have need of them.

Forgive us, our Father, for the heartlessness of the past. Grant us great tenderness for all babes who suffer, and a growing sense of the divine mystery that is brooding in the soul of every child. Amen.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

Author of "For God and the People: Prayers of the Social Awakening."

Copyright 1910

The KISS and the QUEUE

by Isabel Anderson

FUENTE was born for the breaking of hearts, and his natural gifts were enhanced by his profession. As a matador alone he would have found favor in many eyes. The most famous matador in all Spain, who had slain many bulls before the King, and the handsomest man in all Andalusia to boot, his conquests were unnumbered. Senoras high, and senoritas humble, hung upon his glances and prayed for his success at many shrines.

La Imperio, the daring gypsy with the green-gray eyes, prayed at no shrine, but her love for Fuente was none the less ardent. As a child she had left her cave home at Granada, and wandered with her parents to Seville; there, while selling flowers in the street, she had known Fuente. Now things were changed. Great crowds came nightly to the music hall in Madrid, where she danced; hidalgos pursued her madly, and artists fought for the privilege of painting her picture. But she could not forget that Fuente had been indifferent to her attractions and had married another. La Imperio's pride was piqued.

Fuente now had a charming wife. They had come from Seville and settled in Madrid, and he was to appear at the royal bull-fight in honor of the young king's wedding. The finest bulls in all Andalusia had been secured. In the midst of the excitement that pervaded the city, Eulalia was sad and troubled. For once she was fearful for her husband, and begged him to give up Los Toros.

"It is surely not too late," she pleaded, "This time something strange is going to happen."

"This is the *royal* bull-fight; it is impossible to give it up," answered Fuente impatiently, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "You are so superstitious! Don't let your fancies get the better of you," and he put his finger to the side of his nose and smiled at Eulalia.

As Eulalia walked away into the courtyard of their house she said simply: "I will pray for you tomorrow, Fuente, and after Los Toros you will find me in the bull-fighters' chapel."

Fuente himself had sometimes thought of ending his bull-fighting days, cutting off his queue, and settling down, but found it hard to give up the admiration he received in the ring. He enjoyed the thrill of danger, and afterwards the applause of the people, as in wild delight they tossed him their hats and cigars. At those moments his black eyes flashed in triumph, and the even rows of white teeth gleamed behind his smiling lips. Like all matadors, he was daring and vain; though he swore and gambled, he was religious.

But, if at times he had thought of passing the rest of his life quietly on a little hacienda in Andalusia with his Eulalia, no such dream could find lodgment for an instant in his brain on such a day as this. Impossible! This was to be the crowning triumph of his career. All the Grandees of Spain, and even the young King and his English Queen would be there. No one but Fuente must slay the bravest of the bulls.

Eulalia sat mending Fuente's gorgeous matador's jacket and cappa of rich purple and gold in the little patio, where the warm perfume of the sweet flowers surrounded her, and the music of a trickling fountain and the buzzing of many insects were heard. But Eulalia was weeping. She loved Fuente, and she did not wish him to fight any more at Los Toros. Her thoughts went back to the first time she saw Fuente, outside the bull ring in Seville by the Guadalquivir, on a brilliant Easter

Sunday. He and his friend, El Chico, were talking to a pretty young gypsy girl with green-gray eyes, who was selling flowers.

Of a sudden Eulalia smiled bitterly, as with a start, she recalled that the same gypsy girl had lately come to Madrid and was dancing in a music hall. She wondered if Fuente had often been to watch La Imperio in the famous fandango.

Then her thoughts wandered to the time when she had visited the gypsies in their white-washed caves at Granada, before her marriage, when she had had her fortune told by a garrulous old woman whose palm she had crossed with silver. With mysterious signs, the fortune teller had offered some well-worn cards for her to cut and had bade her make a wish.

Eulalia's wish had been to meet Fuente. While the old woman had cut and re-cut the cards and had laid them out, the bold, hard-faced gypsy girls and the lying, thieving gypsy men had stood around to listen. Bright copper pans gleaming upon the walls had reflected the firelight upon dark faces, flashing black eyes, and sinister glances. It was a weird sight that Eulalia had never been able to forget.

"I see a handsome, dark man coming into your life in the near future," mumbled the gypsy. "There is opposition to him in your family. Danger is connected with his life—see the card with the dagger—and adventure— the card with the lantern. You will have money—there is the bag of gold—but beware of the eye, for the eye means jealousy." Then, in her most impressive manner, she concluded: "I tell you true; at a Royal Bull Fight, something curious will happen which will concern you and the man you will marry, and a gypsy will have a hand in it."

After seeing Fuente outside the bull-ring at Seville, Eulalia had sent him a note one day at Los Toros, while her mother was not looking. The matador had sought her out and walked up and down in front of her window, and she had thrown notes to him. The end of it was that one night she escaped from the house, and together they went to the priest and were married. They had been happy, though her father, Don Ambrozio, had never quite forgiven her. No wonder Eulalia had been frightened and had often warned Fuente, for the fortune had already come true in great measure.

II

All Madrid was en fete. Tapestries and bunting draped the balconies, flags and electric lights in many designs hung across the crowded streets. Shop windows displayed their most attractive goods; restaurants were thronged, and voices were calling lottery tickets and newspapers for sale. The populace were eager to see their young sovereigns. Their curiosity was to be gratified. The royal family was to drive to Los Toros in semi-state.

The scene was a gay one. The royalties in open landaus with four horses and outriders were followed by carriages with foreign princes and diplomats. The ladies wore their best white lace mantillas and high shell combs, with carnations in red and yellow, and carried the mantons de Manila. The bull-ring became a blossoming garden.

Fuente had repaired to the arena early in the afternoon, to take part in the grand procession that should open Los Toros. In the excitement of the hour, Eulalia's fears were driven from his mind. He was cool and clear-headed, sure of himself, keenly alive to the splendor of the scene. He watched the Queen take her seat by the King's side in the royal box, and he noted with interest that, as she waved the white scarf for the bull-fight to begin, her self-possession never failed.

Three superb enameled coaches were then driven into the ring, bearing Grandees of Spain, their coachmen and footmen in wigs, cocked hats, and knee breeches. Each carriage was drawn by two horses in soft old colored trappings with nodding ostrich plumes on their heads. The Grandees alighted before the royal box, and with low bows presented others dressed as knights of old. Then followed the swaggering toreros, resplendent in brilliant costumes. The matadors, the cappas, the picadors, the banderilleros, and the mule drivers, bowed low as they passed.

There was a murmur of admiration. What a wonderful sight! Nothing had been seen like it for generations. It was the splendor of Charles the Fifth.

The first bull-fight was given in old Spanish style. The pen opened, and a wild black bull came proudly in amid cheers. Two Grandees on beautiful, spirited horses and dressed as knights, circled around him, and stuck in slight picks which broke half way and were left in his shoulder. It was so cleverly done that the bull's horns never struck the lively horses; the bull, poor beast, after a brave fight sank upon his knees in exhaustion. He had been teased and worried until his proud spirit was broken. Then with one skilful lunge of the matador's sword he fell dead, and the populace loudly applauded.

After the old Spanish style, came the bull-fight of today. This second bull, entering with a mad rush, was easily enticed by a cappa toward a poor decrepit horse wearing blinders and stupefied with morphine. As the bull charged the horse, the picador thrust his pick into the animal's shoulder. Then the furious creature in a frenzy of rage drove his sharp horns again and again into the miserable horse, until he fell writhing to the earth.

No firecrackers were needed for this bull. Amid great cheering, he chased the toreros until they were forced to jump over the barrier. In his fury he killed five horses; he was becoming exhausted, and his end was near. Fuente was to have dispatched him. But Fuente had not appeared. Instead came his friend, El Chico, who slew the bull with one stroke of his sword. Where was Fuente? everyone inquired.

Well, where *was* Fuente? The last seen of him, he was standing with the other matadors watching the fight, just outside the enclosure where the picadors sat their horses and waited their turn to go inside. His eyes were gleaming with excitement and eagerness for combat. Forgotten was the little hacienda in Andalusia, forgotten even was Eulalia, for the moment. And completely, utterly forgotten, was La Imperio, the gypsy with the green-gray eyes. It was only when he heard his name and turned to see her standing there beside him that he recalled her existence.

"Why, it's La Imperio, the dancer!" he said good-naturedly, and turned again to watch the fight, though the others found much to admire in her slim, lithe figure and her flashing eyes. La Imperio stamped her foot.

"Look at me, Fuente!" she exclaimed; "do you remember me?"

"Never mind him, Imperio," cried the men, "he thinks of no one but his senora nowadays. Give us a dance while we're waiting, that's a beauty!" There was a wicked little dare-devil look in the gypsy's eyes as she threw one bold glance at Fuente.

She had not forgotten the days in Seville, when, though she was only a child, she had thought she loved Fuente with a great passion. Even then he was the handsome idol of the people. He was the first man for whom she had ever cared, and although she had seen him but a few times, and had had many lovers since, she could not forget his preference for the pretty Eulalia, whom he had afterwards married. Since then she had seen him in the dance hall in Madrid once, and only once, and he had not shown her any attention. She had bided her time, but a little voice within her had called "Revenge! Revenge!"

"Oh, yes, I'll dance for you," she cried to the men, and without more ado began the fandango while they clapped their hands in time as she sang and danced. While she swayed from side to side they cried, "Hola! Hola!" and the noise grew louder and louder as she moved her lithe hips and snake-like arms, stamped her little feet, and shook her head till the carnation dropped from behind her ear and the curls began to fall about her shoulders. Then with a clapping of her hands, first together, and then on her knees, she struck off Fuente's hat amid cheers of admiration from them all.

Fuente had then turned impatiently. It was almost time to enter the ring. The bull was weakening. "Give me the hat, Imperio," he demanded. The girl came very near and reaching up placed it with both hands upon his head. Very naturally and so softly her hands then slipped about his neck, and her crimson lips touched his while her eyes narrowed to green slits. There was a quick movement, a sharp click, and La Imperio ran, calling back as she disappeared in the crowd outside, "Ah, but a hat isn't everything, Fuente! A matador must have a queue if he have a hat or no. As well a bull without horns as a bull-fighter without a queue!" Fuente's queue lay at his feet upon the ground.

There was a moment of such silence that they could hear the hoarse breathing of the laboring bull outside. Then the men, jealous perhaps that they had not been favored by the dancer, turned upon him with laughs and jeers. A matador without a queue! Ho-ho! Was ever such a joke?

Crazed and maddened as any bull, Fuente rushed down the street, carrying the precious bit of hair. Suddenly he realized that he was before the bull-fighters' chapel, and then he remembered Eulalia was there. In the dim light before the altar, Fuente found her praying for him. He knelt and told her the story. She looked at him suspiciously for a moment, clenching her fist. "I always knew Imperio was a little devil," she muttered.

"Now my Los Toros days are over we will buy the hacienda and settle in Andalusia," sighed Fuente. "After all, that is what you have always wanted."

So together they went up to the altar, and hung the black queue on the wall among the offerings of silver hearts and crutches, while the beautiful Madonna in her golden crown and silken robes looked down on them from the halo of lighted candles about her head. And somehow they both felt that she had given them her benediction.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

By RICHARD HENRY LEALE

I

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!"

"I've blown the horn, daddie, I've blown loud and clear,
But the sheep and the cow won't hearken nor hear!"

"Blow it again, laddie, blow it again,
Till the cow's in the pasture, the sheep's in the pen!"

II

Little Boy Blue is old and gray;
The dear child joys are far away;
But oft in the years when men faltered and fell,
He heard the swift warning he knew so well:

"The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Little Boy Blue, blow, blow your horn!"

III

"But daddie, but daddie, I've blown loud and strong,
And the cow and the sheep *won't* hurry along!"

"Blow the horn, laddie dear, blow, blow away,
"For the God of the pasture, he knoweth the day!"

CHILDREN'S CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

By THE EDITOR

LIKE a conquering army mustered the school children of the first city ever named after the Father of His Country in an inspiring celebration held to commemorate the municipal centennial at Washington, Pennsylvania, during the early autumn. My arrival was timely, for it was Education Day—a procession of four thousand school children was already on its way down the crowded avenues and through the triumphal arch. Proudly the young Americans, girls and boys alike, marched with elastic steps, chins up, heads erect; for was not this their parade and this day their very own? Something of the stern dignity of colonial days was curiously reflected in the mien of these descendants of Revolutionary worthies.

On the curbs lining the street, doting fathers and mothers tried to attract the attention of Tommie, Freddie, Willie and Winona as they passed by, calling out their names; but "marching orders" not to look to right nor left, but directly ahead, were followed with Spartan steadfastness. Many of the children were attired in colonial costume of buff and blue, going back to the days of General Washington—for they feel in the little city that the memory of Washington belongs especially to them, the people of "the first city of Washington," named after the illustrious first President of the Republic.

College boys from the Washington and Jefferson University, college girls from the Washington Seminary, and pupils of the parochial and public schools, were gathered along the way. Cheering through megaphones with lusty college yells almost brought one back to his own schooldays of long ago.

On the grandstand, great throngs assembled to witness the parades of the week. Following the beautiful parade on Education Day, an Industrial Parade presented many interesting features, not the least inspiring of which was the march of the Grand Army veterans, bearing the rent and shot-scarred banner which had been sent forth in billowy waves and brilliant silk in the early days of the Civil War, and now, dim and tattered, was

MISS MINNIE B. FLEMING
Headquarters secretary of the Washington (Pa.) Centennial

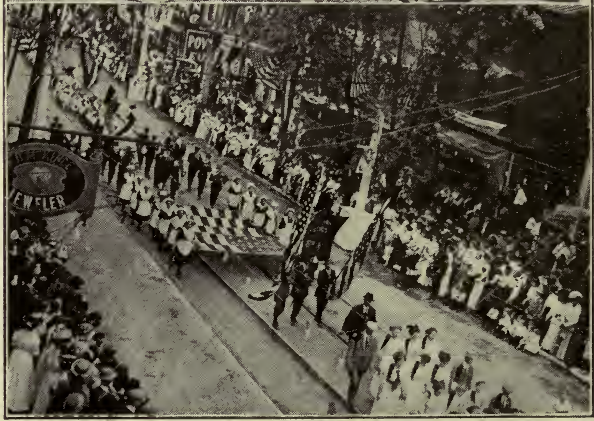
J. A. BOLLMAN
Who had charge of the Washington (Pa.) Centennial

WILLIAM KRICHBAUM
Superintendent of the Schools of Washington, Pa.

Oblique march of the tots

WASHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY 1836

The seminary float



Flag drill

CENTENNIAL EDUCATIONAL DAY PARADE

greeted all along the line of march with waving flags and hearty applause.

It was indeed a re-union as well as a commemoration. From all parts of the country men who had been scattered to the four quarters of the earth had returned home for the Centennial Week, to meet relatives and early friends and join in the festivities. They found a remarkable development along industrial and educational lines, and visited again the dear old college, the pride of the town.

The celebration was certainly a splendid incarnation of the sterling patriotism and municipal pride of the citizens of Washington, Pennsylvania. The details of the celebration were in charge of Mr. J. A. Bollman, the famous "Booster Man," and his secretary, Miss Minnie B. Fleming, who for months had been making all the preparations that Centennial Week might be an unquestioned success, and indeed so it was, for every detail was carried out with military precision.

One of the greatest delights of my life is to visit cities like the earliest Washington, where a neighborly spirit and devotion to the public welfare are working together for the common good. The splendid work done by the newspapers, and the aggressive and united citizenship made this indeed a memorable occasion, and furnished a most striking example of what can be accomplished when "everybody pulls together."

A memorable night spent in the old dormitory of Washington and Jefferson College was punctuated by frequent waking intervals as the college lads serenaded beneath the windows, alive with the buoyant spirit of youth, and loyal to their alma mater and their home city, "the first Washington," with that fraternal PA., always added with splendid emphasis.

The scene on the old campus, where, following the parade, the children gathered in battalions of white, adorned with red, white and blue ribbons, singing the national anthem, brought the singing leaves of the old Arabian story to mind, and will never be forgotten; nor will the ride about the country, among the old farms, long famous for their yield of wool when sheep were driven to tide-water on the hoof by the sturdy pioneers; nor the beautiful homes on the undulating hills, clustering around the million-dollar Court House, the pride of the county. The great glass works, where Mason fruit jars were first made by machinerv; the tube works; the aviation meet, one of the best in the country—where Brookins broke all his previous records in spiral descents—all will furnish flashlights in memory of an event which will be talked about at Washington for many generations to come, and which has made Washington, Pennsylvania, a city whose celebration of her past illuminates anew the love of the people of the Keystone State for the memory of the Father of His Country.

OUR COUNTRY

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

OUR COUNTRY! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul,—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record—
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

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The Public Career of 'LIGE TAYLOR

by Paul Suter

'LIGE TAYLOR had one accomplishment which was pleasing in the eyes of white men. He could whistle like a steamboat—not like the lazy, deep-voiced boats that crawl up the winding Cuyahoga, but in a mellow, twin-toned treble, dying away plaintively in the recesses of his throat, like the whistles of the river boats on his native Mississippi.

"Good boy! Do it again," some fat grandee would cry; and 'Lige would drag back and forth across the tiled floor of the barber shop, one foot slapping like the paddle-wheel of the steamer, the while his comically misshapen body swayed to and fro, and his thick lips puckered for the treble whistle.

Sometimes the grandee would remember him with a dime, when the long whisk broom in 'Lige's hands had skilfully done its duty; or, it might be, that during the ceremonies of shave and hair-trim, with a possible shampoo, a pair of fashionably cut shoes might be extended for polishing. This, also, meant a dime—occasionally a quarter, which 'Lige Taylor spat upon for luck and transferred to his hip-pocket. When the patrons of the barber shop were absent for a time, he would resurrect the hoard thus buried, and apostrophize it with affection:

"Ah'll sho'ly need yo' all when ah begin ma public life."

It was not the affection of a miser. It might rather be called the ambitious sentiment of a Bonaparte or a Caesar, who saw before him future worlds to conquer, and recognized in the painfully gathered coins a necessity in the conquest. 'Lige's plans were as definitely laid as those of either of these potentates. Hasty comers into the barber shop often surprised him perusing a large, dingy book, which he clapped away into a drawer before its title could be discovered; or sometimes it was a notebook, on which he was scrawling strange hieroglyphics, outlandish to the uninitiated, but wonderfully neat and workmanlike to those who understood. In time, one of the grandees, who had risen from a more humble station, surprised his secret, and inquired wonderingly:

"Where did *you* learn Pitman's shorthand?"

"Ah learned it right heah, suh," 'Lige replied, with reluctance. "Ah learned it out'n a book. They reads out loud sometimes"—indicating the smiling barbers—"and ah takes them down. Ah can get 'em—they cain't go too fast, nossuh."

The grandee was skeptical, and insisted on reading something aloud for 'Lige to take. He read at first very slowly, then faster, and finally very fast. When he had finished, the thick lips which were so apt in imitating a steamboat whistle, demonstrated a new facility; they read back without a mistake all that had been dictated. The grandee swore softly, in astonishment; but to 'Lige he said:

"What do you mean to do with it? Going to be a court stenographer?"

'Lige Taylor looked down at his misshapen legs and long arms, and slowly smiled.

"Ah raickon ah'd look kind of queer in co'oat. Ah couldn't get in, nohow. Ah'm goin' to take the Civil Service examination. If ah pass that they cain't put me out, can they?"

He asked the question anxiously, but the grandee shook his head.

"I don't know anything about that. But you'll pass it."

When he returned to his office, the grandee, who had been a shorthand writer himself ten years before, told his own stenographer of the nigger who took dictation as fast as a man could talk.

"Two hundred words a minute, if I know a thing about it. And not a slip, mind you—every word just as I gave it to him. You must go down and see him—four feet high or thereabouts, and all bent up, looks as if an elephant had sat on him. Poor devil! What an odd idea for him to learn shorthand! He has no more chance than a snowball in—"

He remembered, in time, that the simile might be new to his stenographer, who was a young lady just out of business college, so he changed it. After that, however, he never added less than a quarter at a time to 'Lige's hoard; and in the course of a few weeks he was let into the secret of a marvelously definite plan for the future—a plan whose one fatal defect was hidden from its maker.

"When ah get to Washin'ton, ah'll just nat'chly rise. Ah can run a typewriter, yes, suh. Ah saved up and got one with what people done give me in heah, and ah can write mos' 's fast as a man can walk. Ah'll be secretary to the President, fust, lak Mr. Cortel'oo; then ah'll be an orator, lak Willyum Jennings Bryan. All them things takes is time. Ah cain't talk lak white folks yet, but ah'll learn. Yo' watch how ah get along."

The grandee watched with decided interest. After a time he was able to declare to his stenographer:

"That darkey can learn things faster than anybody I ever saw. He's gone clean through a grammar I gave him, in three months; and he knows what's in it. He's learning how to pronounce words. He doesn't say 'ah' any more for 'I', and he remembers his 'r's for the most part. But, of course, it's absolutely hopeless. Poor devil!"

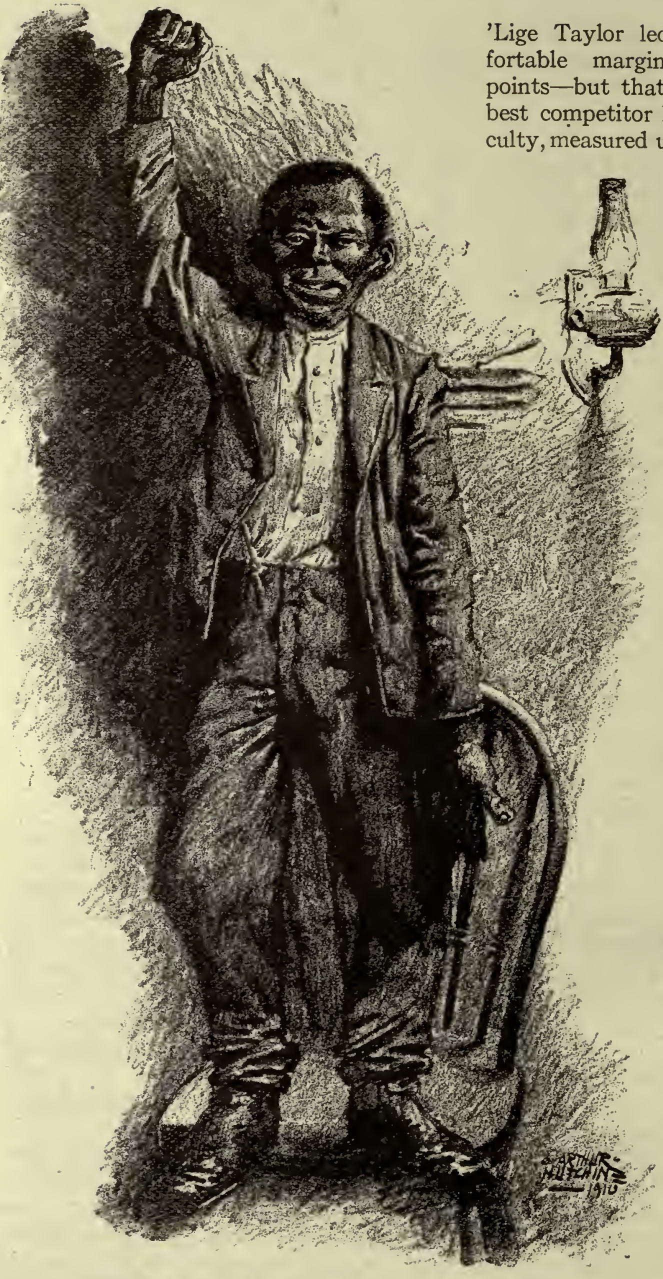
This was a new stenographer, who had been out of college two years, and was becoming learned in the ways of the world. She inquired why it was absolutely hopeless; and on being told to look at 'Lige and see, she contrived to peep into the barber shop, and saw. The importance of her action, in its bearing on 'Lige Taylor's career, is, that she agreed; and she represented the world, which passes upon every public man's destiny. Not even genius could offset the humor of 'Lige's body. He was a living joke, and the fact that nature had bunglingly put such a spirit into his frame was likely to be regarded by the world as the funniest feature of the case.

It chanced that the examiner who was conducting the Civil Service tests at that time was a personal friend of the grandee's. So that official was prepared beforehand for any trial of his gravity which might be brought about when 'Lige appeared. Yet he went into a paroxysm which only a thick beard and a life-long habit of courtesy enabled him to conceal.

'Lige Taylor reported in a new suit, and since the trousers had been made to go with the coat, he was obliged to turn them up almost to his knees. The sleeves were not long enough, by four inches, but a pair of red and white cuffs eked them out. One of 'Lige's large hands gripped his typewriter, an old style Caligraph, and the other leaned on a cane which he had brought to counterbalance the weight. He was visibly trembling, partly from excitement, and partly from the strain of carrying his machine from the car.

By the beginning of the examination, however, he was perfectly calm. None of the thirty or more competitors heard each word as it fell from the examiner's lips more distinctly than he did. When the speed was increased and some of the note-takers began to drop out, none of those who remained recorded each syllable more neatly or more easily than he. The examiner watched him with the amused astonishment of a man who observes some new and decidedly incongruous phenomenon.

The typewriting test was of a kind with the other. 'Lige transcribed his notes without a fault. He took dictation direct on the machine, writing by touch, with his eyes on the examiner's face, in a mute challenge for more speed. When the ordeal was over and every line finished, including the tests of grammar and handwriting, he picked up the heavy typewriter again and painfully went out. He had made the highest standing of all. He knew it, and the examiner knew it, before the papers were marked.



"*Yo' listen to me now, while I make a speech*"

Unfortunately, however, there is a personal element, even in a Civil Service examination. Those that have done the best are reported to Washington; but when a vacancy is to be filled, choice is made from the three or four highest. 'Lige Taylor led the others by a comfortable margin. It was only seven points—but that was because the second best competitor had, with labor and difficulty, measured up to a standing of ninety-three. 'Lige's mark of one hundred had been attained easily, and had it been possible to register higher than that symbol of perfection, he could have led the next man by fifty points. Yet the weeks passed and he was not appointed. One of the avenues toward the success he counted on so confidently was closed.

It was several months after the examination that the grandee, being seized with some small compunctions of conscience, determined to inquire into 'Lige's home life. Proceeding on information given him by the senior one of the smiling barbers, he climbed three flights of stairs in a lodging house, and found himself outside a dingy door, which was opened by 'Lige. Now, the grandee did not expect to be received with enthusiasm, but he was unprepared for having the door shut in his face. He contrived to insert the toe of his shoe just in time, or the visit might have ended at that stage. After an ineffectual resistance, 'Lige surrendered.

"'Taint no place for a gentleman. I didn't want you to see it," he explained apologetically. "You might as well come in, though."

It was about large enough to whip a small cat around in. Owing to a certain inadequacy of equipment, the grandee found that if he sat down on a chair, 'Lige would have to stand. So he sat on the table, which was not much larger than ordinary chairs, dislodging a book in order to do so. 'Lige's bed was rolled up in a corner, and his small oil lamp hung insecurely on the wall. The visitor found himself calculating that when the bed was spread out it would be necessary to put the chair into the hall; and even then, if 'Lige had been of larger build, he might have had to sleep with his head under the table.

It was an embarrassing interview, which had for its object the making clear to 'Lige that he could never hold a political office. The grandee explained with great lucidity that such a position required enormous learning and vast influence, and that it was not to be attained by a shorthand writer who worked in a barber shop, however expert he might be. He said a good deal along the same line, which was listened to respectfully and with polite incredulity. 'Lige's reply was a begging of the question. The relapse into Mississippi dialect alone betrayed his emotion.

"Ah can beat them ev'ry way yo' care to try me. Ah beat 'em at shorthand, and ah beat 'em at typewritin', and ah beat 'em at grammar and handwritin'. When ah begin ma public life ah'll beat 'em at speech-makin', too. Yo'll see, yes, suh. Yo' listen to me now, while ah make a speech."

The grandee listened, since he could not very well refuse, and he did well to listen. In his time he had heard the speeches of more than one man considered a master in his line. He had, in fact, heard the very words which 'Lige was retailing, at second-hand, from his rostrum on the chair; but he had not heard them spoken in this way. He had not realized, either, that a darkey whose speaking voice was usually such as to attract little attention, could in a moment transform it into veritable organ tones of emotion. The grandee listened, without wishing to shorten the experience, to the "Cross of Gold" speech, while the figure on the chair swayed backward and forward and up and down, as fantastically as its shadow on the floor. Once before, the audience of one had heard the speech; and he was obliged to admit that William Jennings Bryan, in the convention, had done no better.

'Lige came to an end, at length, and quietly got down from the chair. His eyes were averted. He was painfully self-conscious of a sudden while awaiting the verdict, and the grandee, on his side, was rather at a loss how to deliver it.

" 'Lige," he began, "you're a genius. You've got a future. If I could do that I'd be traveling on all the circuits in the country, from Broadway to 'Frisco. I have a friend who is stage manager at a vaudeville house. I'll speak to him about you. He knows a good thing when he sees it. He'll take you. There won't be anything to it—you can know by tomorrow."

"Yo' mean foh me to go on the stage?" 'Lige's expression was inscrutable.

"It would be the best thing you ever did. You'd make a hit from the first night. You simply couldn't fail. You'd bring down the house before you said a word. And when you began to speak—why, if I hadn't kept my eyes off you when you were reciting that speech—"

The grandee stopped, suddenly, with an uncomfortable sense that the devil was to pay, somehow. 'Lige Taylor had stiffly shuffled to the door and opened it.

"Yo' mean they'd laugh at me, lak they do when ah make believe ah'm a steamboat, and whistle foh them? Yo' want me to stand up all ma life foh people to laugh at me? No, suh." He opened the door to its fullest width, so that it creaked. "Ah'm very much obliged to yo'. It's very kind of a gentleman lak yo' to come an' see me, but yo' misunderstood me."

The grandee hesitated a moment, then realizing the impotence of words to atone for his offense, he ignominiously went out.

He was not surprised when the next morning and the mornings after it failed to find 'Lige at the barber shop, but he wondered what fantasy—what curious zephyr of ambition was toying with the misshapen darkey in the place where he had hidden himself. And because, perhaps, he was the only one in the world who wondered at all about the matter, Fate arranged for him to be present at the great moment of 'Lige Taylor's career.

It came late on a spring afternoon. Electric light masts were beginning to bloom. Incandescent signs twinkled with eulogies of the candidates at the coming election. The candidates themselves stood on various rostrums distributed over the public square, and labored to convince their shifting audiences that the signs were truthful. One of the orators was the grandee. He was running for a county office—his first bid for public life. It was his maiden harangue, under such conditions, and when he stepped down, somewhat sooner than had been his intention, he desired to mingle with the crowd and disappear as soon as possible. He had almost succeeded when a violent commotion near the rostrum made him look back. The speechmaking was not over. 'Lige Taylor had mounted the rostrum.

It was 'Lige—and it was not. He wore a black suit. The coat and trousers fitted. The sleeves were not too short nor the legs too long. The skill of the tailor had somehow lessened the old, bow-legged effect. 'Lige himself was standing with simple dignity, his long arms behind him where they could do the least harm, his large head steady and erect. In the twilight, and to the casual glance, he appeared almost impressive.

The crowd was undecided whether to laugh or cheer. A ripple ran back and forth across it, and gradually subsided.

Then suddenly, irresistibly, 'Lige's crooked legs gave way a trifle; his long arms unwound themselves from behind him and hung in all their enormity; his head wiggled and the lower lip drooped; he shuffled across the platform, flapping one foot, grunting and puffing, and he whistled like a steamboat.

From that moment there was nothing doubtful about it. The audience doubled up, and straightened back and shouted. 'Lige gave none of them any time to recover. He broke into a comic speech, an Irish brogue story given with a touch of Mississippi dialect. His voice gave it a flavor not known before in the world. The crowd screamed. Between gasps, business men, who were not used to laughing above a whisper, begged for mercy.

Then he suddenly stopped. There was no smile in his face. He resumed the attitude of dignity. His hands disappeared behind him, and he began a speech of another kind.

The audience could do nothing but listen. They were his for the moment; he could do what he liked with them. Maybe some had heard the speech before. It made no matter, they had not heard the voice which gave it now. The organ tones were there, and something more—the indefinable appeal which distinguishes the speech of a great orator from that of smaller fry. It was the sort of voice that nature gives to one man in a generation. Those who listened to 'Lige that day perhaps realized dimly the tremendous joke that had been played upon him in the Raffle-Before-Life, when he had drawn such a combination of soul and body.

When 'Lige ended he had made the funniest, the most pathetic, and certainly the most incongruous speech ever delivered from that rostrum. He still remained motionless, looking at the crowd; listening, as if from a great distance, to the shouts and cheers. One man in the crowd, perhaps—the grandee—appreciated what was passing through his mind. He was famous at last. The impossible had been accomplished. His public career was begun.

Suddenly, the immensity of it all became too much for him. He jumped down from the rostrum and dove into the crowd. Those who saw him for an instant tried to stop him. They might as easily have caught an eel. He vanished before their eyes, under their noses, between their knees.

In another moment, a great shout arose. Something had happened. The grandee elbowed his way toward the place where 'Lige had disappeared and when he reached it he found a crowd around a street car, which had stopped. They were picking up something which had tried to dart between two cars and had been caught.

* * *

The grandee moralized a good deal on the occurrence at the time, and now that a few years have given him a truer perspective, he likes to marvel at the ingenuity of Fate. When a man really deserves it, he says, she usually satisfies him, in one way or another. If he is both deserving and hopeless, she is put upon her mettle. Such a man, if she wills it, she may give a public career in ten minutes and then mercifully cut him down, with the cheers of success still ringing in his ears.

Where Newspaper Men Are Trained

By THE PUBLISHERS

THE "McBain Flyer" carried me to the University of Missouri, at Columbia. With pad and pencil in hand I was ready to face the most successful school of journalism ever established. After leaving Jefferson, the capital of Missouri, the accommodation train pulled up the hill by jumps and spasms, and I realized that the royal road to learning conferred a few bumps. As from the crest of the range I looked upon the rich green campus of the University, where over two thousand young men and women are receiving instruction, there was a suggestion of the classic shades of learning, where the great mind of some modern Aristotle or Plato might be expected to appear. No wonder that Dean Walter Williams beamed with even more than his usual geniality, as he received congratulations on every side. Brusque and cynical newspaper men, who had hitherto contended that there was no entrance into the newspaper profession save by the door of "hard knocks," highly complimented the success of his School of Journalism, in Spitzer Hall, which is dedicated exclusively to journalism. The guests included many notable magazine and newspaper editors from all over the country. And like an official photographer at an exposition, the man with the camera might be heard clicking many snapshots, as the visitors arrived and departed.

The *University Missourian*, the college daily newspaper, enables the students to acquire material and exercise pencil and typewriter on original contributions by their own or the reproduction of current news and gossip. The oval desk of the city editor, who receives the tips, and hands out the assignments, was piled high with all the paraphernalia of the newspaper office —yellow paper, paste-pot, scraps of typewriting and print, manuscript, and bits of a big fat, blue pencil. The clattering typewriters were busy—the tobacco handy—and at a glance one might see why Dean Williams has made a success of his School of Journalism—it is the "real thing." Those who have known Mr. Williams have watched his steady progress and splendid success in newspaper work for years past. His tireless enthusiasm in his chosen profession makes inevitable the results that he has achieved training newspaper-makers at the University. Among the many prominent editors who had come to pay their tribute to Dean Williams were Mr. Arthur Brisbane of the *New York Journal*, Dr. Albert Shaw and Dr. Rosewater of Omaha, Will Erwin of Collier's and Herbert Kaufman of Chicago. Charles D. Morris of St. Joseph was there, and I could pick out the familiar faces of a number of the best-known newspaper and magazine men not only in the state but throughout the country.

The week's programme began at eight o'clock on Monday morning, with a lecture on news-gathering; at nine o'clock there was a lecture on copy-reading. These features were continued every day with some editor or practical man in charge of the shears and pencil, gripping hold of matters as earnestly as a bunch of doctors at an important medical clinic. All the speeches were a veritable heart-to-heart talk of members of the fraternity. A memorable afternoon was taken up with two addresses; one was on "The News as the City Editor Sees it," by William V. Brumby, of the *St. Louis Star*, and C. C. Calvert, of the *St. Joseph News-Press*. These papers were discussed by many editors present. It was a most exhaustive and interesting debate on the important phases of modern newspaper work. The University provides that no special course can be taken until the student has been two years in the academic departments, and this insures a solid foundation for the student who chooses the profession of journalism before he can even aspire to report a three-line society event.

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In the centre of the campus are the old columns of the university building, which was burned some years ago. Vines are climbing over these stately pillars, suggesting the classic ruins of the Coliseum of Rome. When the university building was burned, David B. Francis, at that time governor of Missouri and a member of the Board of Curators, saw to it that the money which was paid to the state by the national government, on war claims, was appropriated for the rebuilding of the University. It is now supported by special legislative appropriations from time to time, and by the inheritance tax.

The University was established in 1839, by one of the first legislative acts of the new state of Missouri, and was located in the following June in a single building, which has since increased to twenty-five separate structures, including the law school, medicine school, laboratories and special buildings for other departments, such as mining and metallurgy and journalism.

For me the thrilling experience of my visit was reached when I was called upon to face such an assembly as I have seldom seen. It was no light matter to stand before those thousands of lusty undergraduates and tell them something that was really new or interesting. Yes, I felt somewhat nervous while the orchestra was playing—but then a curious thing happened. When I arose, the audience laughed — so did I — we were friends, anyhow. They sent me a powerful wave of encouragement when I was trying to pick out a place to light with a climax, and sympathy was expressed in syncopated applause, and I swept out upon a sea of words, realizing the truth of the French formula of writing a love letter — begin with knowing what you are going to say and end without knowing what you have said. When I found that the recitation hour had passed, the Ciceronic talk waves still kept flowing in from the students—high up in the gallery and alongside in the parquette. Native modesty finally prevailed over the occult influence and I managed to sit down. A more appreciative audience never launched a speaker. They started him off with applause that would have been perilous had a wheel or an adjective skidded, or had not the audience themselves helped out just at the right moment, with a "go-on-boy" look. The student body seem to partake of the spirit of the president of the University, Dr. A. Ross Hill, who already has made a national reputation as a progressive administrator and an educational leader. His plans and their plans seemed to tally in every notch. The University was like a great, united family—no, you cannot beat a united family for real results.

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The college architecture, the groups of students, the green of the campus, the jolly spirit of college comradeship, the bright, happy boys and girls carrying parcels of books to and fro along the streets, the combined atmosphere of learning and "something new" — all recalled memories of younger days, when life's pathway stretched before us, and "the possible lay all before us, ever fresh, richer than aught that any life has owned."

The assembly oration was followed by a serious attempt at a lecture in the evening, in the handsome Agricultural Hall. Some of the students thanked me for taking up the time allotted for a tough recitation. I had just comfortably reached "secondly," when the lusty student body-guard approached and announced "time." It was "train time"—a dash in a college-town-cab, a few "rah, rah's," some hearty hand-shakes, and that delightful visit to Columbia was over.

The School of Journalism of the University of Missouri is in its third successful year, with an enrolment of over one hundred men and women. These students come from eleven different states of the American union and one foreign country. The School of Journalism of the University of Missouri resembles in form of organization the other professional schools in that University. The Schools of Law, Engineering, Medicine, Agriculture, and particularly the School of Education afforded models for the organization of the present School of Journalism which was organized equal in rank, co-ordinate, and

WINIFRED BLACK, THE NOTED NEWSPAPER WOMAN, AND A GROUP OF GIRL STUDENTS IN JOURNALISM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

upon the same general plan as the schools of training for other professions at once gave the new department dignity and rank. Its faculty consists of members selected from the faculty of the College of Arts and Science and of special members of the faculty, giving courses in theoretical and practical journalism. The president of the university, Dr. Albert Ross Hill, is by virtue of his office chairman of this as of all the other faculties of the University of Missouri.

While all knowledge is helpful to the journalist, the grouping of those subjects directly bearing upon his work has been sought in the selection of the courses of study which include History and Principles of Journalism, the Ethics of Journalism, Newspaper Making, News Gathering, Reporting, Comparative Journalism, Copy Reading and Correspondence, Agricultural Journalism, Magazine Making, Advertising, the Press and Public Opinion, Professional Terminology, Newspaper Administration, the Editorial, Newspaper Jurisprudence, the law of libel, and Illustrative Art, including cartooning. The dean of the School of Law lectures the students on Newspaper Jurisprudence and the professor of Art in the College of Arts and Science gives the course in Illustration. From the College of Arts and Science the professors of History, English, Political Science and Public Law, Sociology, Economics, and Psychology, with the others named constitute the entire faculty. This does not confine the courses in journalism to these particular subjects, but groups and emphasizes those which are required, while others are elective. The faculty thus constituted passes upon candidates for graduation, the University of Missouri conferring upon the graduates of the School of Journalism the degree of Bachelor of Science in Journalism. Five young men and one young woman were graduated this year from the School. After the close of the session of 1910–1911 two years of college work or its equivalent will be necessary for enrollment in the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri. This gives a five years' course leading to both degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science in Journalism and places the requirements for graduation in journalism as high as the requirements for graduation in any other professional school. Walter Williams, dean of the school and professor of History and Principles of Journalism, lectures on Newspaper Administration, the Editorial Page, and Comparative Journalism. Frank L. Martin, for seven years assistant city editor of the *Kansas City Star*, gives courses in News Gathering, Newspaper Making and Reporting. Charles Griffith Ross, for some years chief copy-reader of the *St. Louis Republic*, gives courses in Copy Reading and Correspondence, Advertising and Magazine Making.

DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS
Of the University of Missouri School of Journalism

The value of this form of organization has been demonstrated in the Schools of Law and Medicine. It concentrates the attention of the student upon the subjects best adapted for professional training and implants in the students the true professional spirit. It lends interest, emphasis, and strength to the courses of study, and to the organization and training of the profession. While journalism may be, as engineering and law have been, successfully taught where courses are ungrouped and separate faculties are unorganized, yet the more effective plan is by the grouping of studies under the direction of a responsible faculty.

The distinctive feature of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri is the conduct by the students, without University support, of a small, but well-balanced daily afternoon newspaper, the *University Missourian.* This is a general newspaper—not a college journal—covering the entire news field. It is maintained out of its own receipts for advertising and subscription, while the work upon it, other than mechanical, is done entirely by students in the School of Journalism. They cover assignments, occupy desks, edit, telegraph, exactly as the press requires, or better, if possible, and the paper must come out on time. In this way actual, practical training in newspaper-making is given. If the instruction is faithful and efficient, the students taking this work will certainly be better equipped for success in journalism than those who have not had such training. It is not expected to make journalists any more than a lawyer can be manufactured in a law school or a doctor in a school of medicine. It is expected, however, to train for journalism by adding to the intellectual attainments and resources and the professional equipment of the students.

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It has been said that journalists need no training. The claim is made that "the reporter, the editor is born, not made." It is urged that there is something mysterious about newspaper work which only those divinely inspired may know. This was said formerly about lawyers and doctors and preachers, and indeed the followers of every vocation. It is no more true of journalism than of any other occupation. He who has a pronounced natural bent toward any particular work will, of course, do better work than one who is not so inclined by nature and temperament. It does not follow, however, that training is unnecessary to the highest equipment. It is absurd to suppose that an untrained, uneducated, unequipped man may be as successful in journalism as one whose training is broad, whose knowledge is large, whose clearness of vision has been increased, and whose equipment in general has been enlarged by training in a school.

If the school of journalism is also a newspaper office, as at the University of Missouri, it gives the best of all training for journalism. Here the student has, in addition to the newspaper office training, the care and thoughtful direction of instructors, whose instruction is not interfered with by constant interruption and who have for their only aim the training of students under their charge to the largest usefulness. It thus helps toward alertness, swiftness and proper self-restraint and effectiveness in the employment of all the resources placed at the young journalist's command. No objection based on antipathy to an unpractical school applies to a school conducted on the laboratory plan of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri.

The progress of this school since Dean Williams was baptized with his purpose, during the International Peace Congress, has demonstrated the fact that newspaper-training education is a possibility within college walls. Here the details as to copy, headings, punctuation and paragraphs are given in a practical way. On the walls of the Dean's office—where many a student has come for that inspiration and advice which often balanced the scales and made another newspaper man possible—Mr. Williams has photographs and autographs from distinguished writers the world over, expressing approval of the efficient work he is doing at Columbia for the great profession which he has signally honored.

A SOUVENIR

I FOUND them in a book last night,
These withered violets:
A token of that early love
That no man e'er forgets.
Pressed carefully between the leaves,
They keep their color still,
I cannot look at them today
Without an old-time thrill.

Ah me, what tricks does memory play!
The passing years have fled,
And hopes that lived in vigor once,
Alas, have long been dead.
And this is all that I can say,
When all is said and done,
Those flowers remind me of some girl—
I wish I knew which one!

—From the book "Heart Throbs."

Story of an Agricultural Editor

By MITCHELL MANNERING

DURING the preliminary bustle and confusion of the opening of the Conservation Congress in St. Paul, Minnesota, —which perhaps witnessed an assembly of more prominent national characters than any other meeting of the kind for years past—I came upon a gentleman of scholarly mien whose full beard was streaked with gray, conversing with some friends. Seated in a tall hotel chair, he seemed a living picture of a sage of "ye olden time," engaged in giving counsel to the younger men gathered about him.

It was Uncle Henry Wallace, who was afterward elected President of the Conservation Congress, declared by "Uncle Jim" Wilson and many hundreds of devoted admirers one of the ablest agricultural writers in the world, and held in affectionate regard and esteem by thousands of farmers throughout the length and breadth of the country. Stong, robust and vigorous in both mind and body, from his pencil pours forth a perfect stream of copy every week for his own "Wallaces' Farmer," a medium which enjoys a personality and individuality peculiarly its own among agricultural papers.

That he is one of America's ablest agricultural writers does not mean that he indulges in technicalities and has become a scientific essayist. Uncle Henry's agricultural writings cover a wide range of subjects and ideas. How his blue eyes sparkled as he told me that one of his favorite tasks in agricultural journalism was his talks with the boys and girls, and the "Sunday School Lesson." "You know," he said, with becoming modesty, "I was a preacher until I was forty-one, and I'm fairly familiar with biblical lore. I have heard Sunday-School lessons given in an uninteresting way, and I attempted a little experiment that has proved popular even in a farm paper."

Editorial work alone does not occupy Uncle Henry's entire attention. He never neglects his voluminous correspondence—and as to speeches! Both must draw heavily on his energy and vitality in the work which he loves—although both seem almost inexhaustible. It seemed impossible to realize that the hardy, muscular form before me was that of a man who had once been told that he could not live over six months because of tuberculosis. But that was thirty-three years ago, when Mr. Wallace was a Presbyterian minister at Morning Sun, Iowa. His mother and several sisters and brothers had lost in hopeless struggle with the great white plague, yet the news that he must give up his work came as a shock to him. He repaired to Colorado and California in hopes of improvement, but returned in no better health. His physician commanded him to leave the pulpit, if he would live—to "quit on a moment's notice, without even waiting for a farewell sermon." And he did. Born on a farm in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and coming of a generation of farmers, he had never quite lost his love of farm work although he had chosen ministry as a life-work, and now he betook himself to a farm and worked in the open air. In ten years he had regained perfect health; in twelve years he was accepted as a life insurance risk. At seventy-four it would be difficult to find a more vigorous personality than that of Henry Wallace.

Little did he think of embarking in sustained agricultural writing when he first took up farm paper work. He lived upon the land, and, as he says, the ministerial desire to be heard possessed him strongly. He began writing about mistaken farm methods and the frightful waste of natural resources. At a glance he saw that the conditions existing in the average farm home deprived its members of social and educational opportunities, and when he took up editorial work, his utterances rang true with his

HENRY WALLACE, FARM EDITOR AND PRESIDENT OF CONSERVATION CONGRESS

convictions. He entered the field with all the enthusiasm of a medieval crusader, beginning as an occasional contributor to various weekly farm papers. His whole heart became centered in his work, and he was one of the first agriculturists to realize the necessity of giving practical farm advice. Interwoven with his general description of crop and live-stock conditions, was that common-sense philosophy whose teachings underlie all success and development. His sponsor, when he embarked in a paper all his own, was Secretary Wilson, who advised him to go and buy a rundown weekly and print in it whatever he liked. He did as he was told, and made business hum in the little *"Winterest Chronicle"* while he occupied the editorial chair. In 1895, Mr. Wallace and his two sons, H. C. and John, established *Wallaces' Farmer.*

Mr. Wallace has long been one of the militant factors in public affairs in Iowa. He has been a prominent figure in the farmers' fight against monopoly and their demand for fair treatment, and has had no small part in the development of the excellent agricultural college at Ames. For thirty-three years his labor for the conservation of soil has been carried on in season and out of season. Throughout the entire West can be seen the results of his championship for better methods of farming. The development of dairy interests in connection with a suggestion from a railroad man, and the co-operation of the railroads in increasing cereal production along their lines has been a marked feature of what has been accomplished by intelligent supervision and co-operation.

How well Professor Bailey of Cornell put it when he pronounced Uncle Henry "an admirable example of strong idealism and practical sense, combined with a highly developed individualism—just the qualities that are needed in the young men of the open country."

One cannot talk long with Uncle Henry without understanding the stress he lays upon the increase of social, educational and religious opportunities for the young people who have been driven from the country to the cities. In his plain talks on home life and in his Sunday-School dissertations he has left works that will be notable in the annals of agricultural literature. His open letters to farmer boys, the first written on the occasion of his overhearing a quarrel which resulted in a misunderstanding between father and son, have the true ring of Christian literature. They were in such demand that it was necessary to publish them in book form. The following excerpt gives some idea of the virility and rugged force of the Wallace letters:

"I would say to young men who are ambitious to get on in the world: Give no thought to your yesterdays; they are gone; you can't help them by worrying about them. Give no thought to the tomorrows; they are not here and you can't help them by worrying about them. Give thought only to today and the work of today and strive to do today's work well; it is here, at your hand, waiting for you."

During the multifarious, chaotic discussions at the Conservation Convention, there was one man sitting erect in his high-backed chair in the corner, who always seemed to think straight and talk lucidly amid the maelstrom of discussion. The cause of conservation is especially fortunate in having the loyal, able services of such a man as Uncle Henry Wallace as president.

THE SEED

THE sower sows a little seed;
The hands of God attend it,
The tears of heaven befriend it,
The harvest fills a need.

The poet hears a little word;
Into his heart he takes it,
Into a song he wakes it,
And kindred hearts are stirred.

With seed and word the world is rife;
If loving hands will plant them
A Sovereign Love will grant them
Life, and the joy of life.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

From Dust We Came

By FRANK P. FOGG

ONE who delves into the agricultural and economic conditions in New England will find many astonishing facts. While there is a vast amount of non-producing land in every one of the six New England States, yet the most profitable acreage in all America is held in New England. The average income from improved land within the State of Rhode Island is $33.80 per acre annually. Massachusetts stands next with an average annual income of $32.74, notwithstanding the average valuation of all farm land in Massachusetts is but $7.50 per acre. Connecticut ranks third in the per acre value of farm products, producing over $31.00 per acre annually.

A great question which is being given intelligent consideration nowadays is the proper way to reinvigorate the soil and keep it productive of wholesome vegetation under intensive methods of cultivation.

It is gravely to be doubted whether the old theory is true, that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are antithetical; *i. e.*, what is cast off as unwholesome by the one is exactly suited as food for the other. So far as carbonic acid gases and oxygen are concerned, the rule seems true; for the lungs of mammals throw off carbonic acid to be available by the respiratory functions in the leaves of plants, which in turn emit oxygen, the life-sustaining element in air for animals. But eminent scientists have demonstrated conclusively to fair-minded students of agriculture that animal excrement does not contain the essential elements that plant life naturally draws from virgin soil.

Soil is decomposed rock or volcanic lava, and Nature provided in these, and in air and water, all the elements that make plants grow, and such as in vegetable form can be assimilated as food.

Our pioneer ancestry was a hardy stock. That was before the time when the soil was surcharged with stable manure and the other nitrogenous and ammoniacal compounds that we now use to stimulate plant growth. There can be no doubt that most of our present day problems with vegetable smut, rust and rot, as well as cut worms and devouring insects—all enemies of the agriculturist—are propagated by nothing so much as by depleting the soil of essential body-building elements and returning only stable manure and other ammoniacal matter.

If the soil is not normal and healthy, how can it as the "mother of life" produce other than anæmic vegetation? And how can mal-nurtured vegetation support animal life with the essential elements which they do not continue to draw from long-cropped and exhausted soil?

In the section of Rhode Island about Cranston and Auburn, where the soil has been continuously planted to cucumbers or similar crops, there has recently appeared a plant blight that has baffled all soil doctors of the old school. One Cranston firm has habitually planted two hundred acres to cucumbers for pickling purposes, but for the past two years the blight has killed the vines about blossoming time.

The Department of Animal Industry at Washington sent an expert who failed to locate the cause or to advise a cure. The Department of Entomology made an investigation only to fail in finding an insect that could be held responsible.

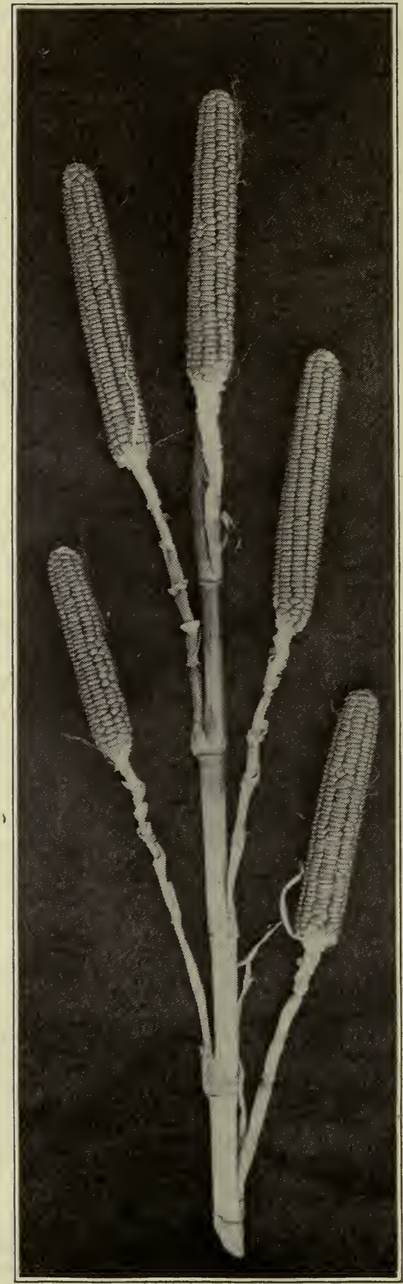
For a score of years leading scientists of Germany have been exhorting their agriculturists to substitute mineral fertilizers in place of sewerage, guano and putrefactions of all kinds.

Some important books have been written on the subject, among others one called "Das Leben" or "The Life," was written by Julius Hensel, a German thinker and a chemist of much repute. Translations from Hensel and from Dr. Herm. Fischer and others have been made and a book has been published under the caption, "Bread from Stones," by A. J. Taffel, Philadelphia.

Learning some things about the remarkable results obtained from mineral fertilizer in several sections of New England, and the unequivocal endorsement which men of station have given its use, we sought a fountain head of this regenerating influence and witnessed how a peculiar metamorphic rock is being mined from a vast mountain deposit near Rumford Falls, Maine.

Before going, a very prominent business man and manufacturer of Boston was interviewed—one who finds much pleasure and recreation on his farm in Lexington. "Under very unadvantageous conditions the past season," he said, "the mineral fertilizer has yet produced astonishing results. For corn it produced stalks bearing five almost perfect ears; for grass it effectually covered a spot where the soil for three feet in depth had been previously graded off, leaving only yellow sand in which to plant. But the grass grew after the application of mineral fertilizer as strongly at that spot as anywhere else."

Others testified that potatoes, peas, onions, and other vegetables nurtured on mineral fertilizer were not ravaged by cut worms and insects as were adjoining lots. An orchardist in West Acton had grown apples of remarkable size, color, flavor and keeping quality; no worms, no bugs. In a small private garden, in Brockton, everything was grown on mineral fertilizer to beat the neighborhood and to become the admiration of all visitors.


AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THE STALKS OF CORN GROWN BY MR. PAYSON ON MINERAL FERTILIZER

* * *

So to Maine we went and found the mountain unlike others in the neighborhood; a metamorphic, sedimentary formation, in seams or strata standing straight up like the leaves of a book. In this rock are found nearly all the essential elements for plant food, such as the oxides of potassium, sodium, calcium and magnesium, also iron, sulphur, silica, chlorine, alumina and phosphoric acid.

As Hensel says in "Das Leben," "We find that all plants, as also animal bodies, for these are built up from vegetable substances, after combustion leave behind ashes which always consist of the same substances, although the proportions vary with different kinds of plants. We always find in these ashes potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron and manganese, combined with carbonic, phosphoric, sulphuric, muriatic, fluoric and silicic acids.

"From such earthy materials from primary rocks, which have been associated with sediments of gypsum and lime in combination with water and the atmosphere, under the influence of the warmth and light of the sun, the plants which nourish man and beast originate."

The singularly rich deposit of the New England Mineral Fertilizer Company, covering an area of fully a half a mile in width, extends back at least three-quarters of a mile, and probably much farther. It reaches to the pinnacle of the mountain some thousand feet or more above the water level; and there can be little doubt after seeing the formation that the same metamorphic rock has a depth of many thousand feet, so the supply is assured for hundreds of years.

OATS GROWN AT NORTH ABINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BY WILLIAM B. ARNOLD
Five feet six inches high

Already the jaw-crushing machines and grinders are working up hundreds of tons of rock into dust so it can be readily rendered soluble by action of the air and water after applied to the soil.

As Hensel further says, "If we desire normal and healthy crops, and that men and animals living on them should find in them all that is necessary for their bodily sustenance (phosphate and fluorate of lime and magnesia for the formation of the bones and teeth, potassium, iron and manganese for the muscles, chloride of sodium for the serum of the blood, sulphur for the albumen of the blood, hydro-carbons for the nerve fat), it will not suffice to merely restore the potassa, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. Other things are imperatively demanded."

Since the elements of virgin soil become exhausted by cropping, their rehabilitation can only be effected by a long period of rest for the soil, during which other elements are freed from the disintegrating rocks; or better by supplying new stock soil out of which nothing has grown, and whose strength is, therefore, intact.

Not only is quantity of a crop desirable but even more the quality, and in this respect potassa is more valuable than lime. Flax will illustrate this: Potassa makes the fibre pliable and soft; lime makes it hard and brittle. Silesian linen made from flax grown on granite soil rich in potassa is valuable for its durability; but the Spanish and French linen, grown on calcareous soils, are brittle and of far less value. So it is with animals. Dr. Stamen, once noted in Zurich, states he nowhere saw so many cases of ossification of the arteries as on Swiss soil, which is rich in lime.

Nutrition has its influence on temperament and breed. Englishmen prefer Hungarian grown oats for their race horses because the granite of the Carpathian mountains contains but very little lime and is extremely rich in potassa.

Does it not follow that the human race is influenced by its nutrition and by the substances with which our fields are fertilized? If we would secure the utmost freedom from catarrh, gastritis, Bright's disease and tuberculosis, we should not saturate the soil with animal excretions and fail to furnish a sufficiency of potassa, soda, magnesia, alumina and sulphur.

* * *

The situation may as well be faced now as at any future time, and a good deal better. For three hundred and fifty years New England farmers have been exploiting the soil, at first in a rather harmless way when the land was not called upon to provide for more than the tillers of the soil.

With the growth of towns and cities, and especially since opening of competitive agricultural areas of the West, New England farmers have not only kept on sapping the land of its natural food elements, but have brought upon themselves a ravaging host of parasites that annually have consumed millions of dollars worth of vegetation. The hardy stock of our pioneer ancestry has been weakened by disease and mal-nutrition until the type of men who can chop and hew a home in primeval forests, or build the heavy stone walls which attest the hardihood of our grandfathers, is as impossible to find as it is unnecessary.

These very rocks and stones which have been removed from cultivated fields are the very stuff of which fertile soil is slowly made. Some kinds are less valuable in essential elements than others; but the sooner agriculturists make use of natural restoratives for soil exhaustion the sooner will they solve the extermination of insects and grubs, and the sooner bring about a regeneration of vigorous healthy manhood.

Is it not time to analyze the conditions in which we find our exhausted or manure-sick soils, the infected herds, of which it is said a large per cent are at present tuberculous, and the weakened anæmic state of the people at the present time?

What has caused all this? Is there any relationship existing between exhausted or doped-up soil, and our human sufferings and ailments? It is literally true that we "reap what we sow," and does it not follow that plant life fed on stimulants will in turn fail to have the sturdy, health-giving elements upon which bone and muscle and brain power must be fed?

Since New England has an abundance of rock from which her soil has been gradually eroded, why not investigate these vast store-houses of essential elements and devise some way to make use of Nature's heritages?

Instead of removing to more fertile fields far remote from markets, why not bring back to New England's unproducing lands the kind of people that have left, seeking with modified success for an equal market and more productive soil?

New England presents a better condition today than at any previous time in history. Now the farmer gets prices for his products never before realized. Instead of being pauperized as formerly by the low prices of foodstuffs brought in from the great grain states of the West, he finds an actual dearth of farm products. Instead of the exploitive system by which the farmer barely eked out an existence, years ago, he finds a conservation policy made possible.

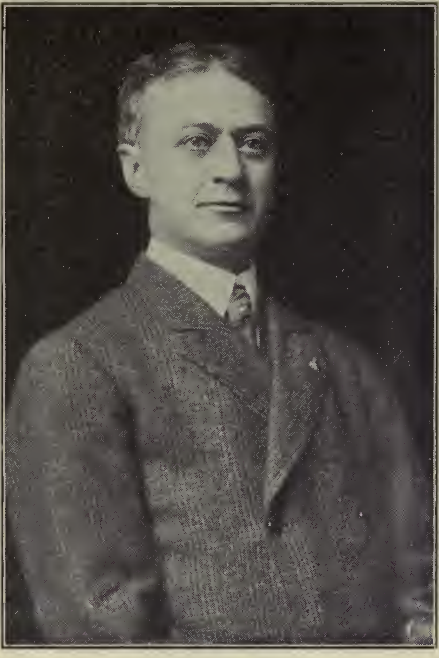
Agricultural conditions can and will be as intelligently conducted as manufacturing; more and better crops can be raised under wise management than have ever been raised before—and by stopping the feeding of bugs, slugs and other parasites with the sap-tainted vegetation we are now growing on unwholesome fertilizers, we can conserve our resources from the frightful devastation and witless wearing out of farm lands that is now being suffered.

Some Consequences of Telephone Competition

DIFFICULT INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS IN THE MIDDLE WEST

By J. N. KINS

NOWHERE in the territory covered by the various subsidiary companies of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has the problem of success been more difficult to solve than in the three states of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, covered by the Central Union Telephone Company. Indianapolis was one of the first cities to install the original Bell Telephone, and in Indiana the independent telephone companies began the contest which has attracted so much attention throughout the country. Gradually the movement spread over Indiana, then to Illinois and Ohio, until such cities as did not possess an independent telephone company were not considered abreast of the times. These states were the battle ground between the Bell and Independent companies, and upon the Bell subsidiary in the field fell the burdens of the conflict. Practically all the great manufacturers of independent telephone apparatus located their plants in Chicago and Cleveland to be near the scene of action. They could thus direct the movements from a point of vantage and rush men and material into the various towns to be captured with but little expense. Upon the independent efforts in these three states depended the success of the movement throughout the country.



L. G. RICHARDSON
President Central Union Telephone Company, Indianapolis

The history of the conflict contains a wonderful array of startling facts. It is a story of daring investment and weak expediency; of difference between anticipation and realization; of political intrigue and municipal blunders; of economic conditions impractically conceived and blindly maintained—and all for what purpose? Largely to try to perform an impossibility—to kill off a natural monopoly.

Today no one who considers himself posted on current affairs talks about the evils of a telephone monopoly. It was a great argument of the promoters who made fortunes in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, but like witchcraft, it has faded into the realms of history.

It has been a constant period of struggle and conflict on the part of the management of the Central Union Telephone Company during the past fourteen years, and it is not surprising that the company has paid no dividends; nevertheless it has never failed on its interest obligations. At an enormous expense the Central Union has been establishing precedents and proving facts that have kept the telephone atmosphere clear in many states. It has borne the brunt of the burden and such work could only have been carried along by an enthusiastic coterie of telephone men who believe in the ultimate triumph of a sound business principle. The Central Union has been for the past eight years in charge of an earnest enthusiastic management—a management which, notwithstanding the many difficulties and conflicts that arose, has studiously avoided litigation and the courts, and today this management possesses the confidence of the people to such an extent that any reasonable proposition for unifying the telephone systems will receive hearty support.

In talking with many representative business men of the middle west, I found that the people as a whole are well satisfied with the service furnished by the Central Union Telephone Company. There is hardly a man, unless directly or indirectly interested in an Independent Company, who does not deplore the existence of a double system. Many expressed themselves as willing to pay for one telephone the price they are now paying for the two if they could get rid of the nuisance of having two telephones on their desks and two books to consult. There is no one who would object to a fifty per cent increase on the price paid for the Central Union if he could dispense with the independent telephone. The people want single service and are willing to pay rates for that service which will provide reasonable returns to the company furnishing it.

H. F. HILL
Vice-President and General Manager Central Union Telephone Company, Indianapolis

In its effort to relieve chaotic operating and financial conditions, the Central Union's policy for a time encountered deep-rooted suspicion and was wholly misunderstood, but in the last three years the fairness of the company's purpose has been generally recognized. The company desires to prevent duplication of investment throughout its territory, believing that such duplication must result ultimately in loss to the public as well as to the investor. It has sought to interest the independent companies, at points where there was no duplication, in a method of operation which would harmonize all interests and bring about the best possible results to the public. With this end in view it has made connecting contracts with 1,776 independent exchanges, thereby broadening the scope of these companies and guaranteeing to the people the widest and most efficient telephone service at the minimum of expense consistent with proper business principles. Where the independents had satisfactory connections with other toll lines at any point, the Central Union has made no effort to effect a change; neither has it tried by any underhand method to obtain any undue advantage over its competitors, but it has endeavored to reach the only suitable goal—that of the unification of the telephone business in its territory, if such unification can be brought about with safety to the investor in its securities and also to the investor in the securities of other companies. The Central Union Telephone Company has encouraged the Independents to continue all existing service and all long distance connections, offering to extend its own superior facilities to companies which had been restricted to inadequate local and long distance service.

It has been painfully apparent to the

management of the Central Union Telephone Company, as well as to every independent company in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, that competition as a guarantee of good telephone service and regulator of rates has miserably failed. The verification of this truth has already cost certain investors in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, several million dollars besides the amounts spent by the general public each year to maintain wasteful competition and useless duplication. The time has come when this unnecessary loss should cease. There are instances where obstinacy, bad management and other causes require competing plants, but no such an occasion exists in the territory covered by the Central Union.

Few companies have a higher regard for the rights of the people than has the Central Union Telephone Company. While it does not pay dividends at the present time, it possesses a remarkable asset in the friendliness and general confidence of the public, and when the economic crime of competition has become a thing of the past, then will the Central Union property be greatly enhanced in value and the people will secure much better telephone service and at less total expenditure.

It is imperative that the Central Union keep up its reputation for giving good service. The people have a vastly greater interest in telephone service than they have in any theoretical discussion of trusts and monopolies and it matters little whether the company's stock and bond holders live in New York or Japan. What the patrons want is good service, and they will not stop to inquire who owns the company. It is apparent that the people of Indianapolis are about tired of the useless waste of time and expense necessary to support two telephone systems. The demand of the people for

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE CENTRAL UNION TELEPHONE COMPANY AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA unified telephone service is becoming more and more persistent.

The independent telephone company in Indianapolis presents a typical illustration of the methods of telephone promoters. The men who launched the concern are not the present owners. Subsequent investors who made a poor bargain are now in control.

There are few people nowadays who are affected by any apprehension of the evils of a telephone monopoly. The day is past when people view the subject from a sentimental standpoint; they prefer to give consideration to their own interests.

Telephone duplication must go; if the companies cannot come together to relieve the people of the nuisance, the people themselves will evolve a plan which may not be considered to the interests of the men whose money is now in the business, and it is more than strange that they cannot foresee the impending storm. More than two hundred cities in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois have already thrown off the double telephone yoke, and no one would be less welcome in these cities today than a telephone company promoter.

About seven years ago the Central Union management adopted a policy of co-operation with the independent companies which has been of great value to many thousands of people in that district. Whenever it was practicable to do so it made connecting agreements with these companies and on December 31, 1905, the Central Union was working under reciprocal arrangements with 525 independent exchanges having a total of 94,634 subscribers. Today it connects with 1,776 exchanges, having more than 476,000 subscribers. These subscribers are privileged to receive service through the territory and to all points reached by the long distance system of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and through the exchanges of all its associated companies.

For seven years the Central Union has stood willing to connect its toll lines with the local exchanges of independent companies. The terms upon which it makes such connections are most reasonable and furnish a valuable opportunity for those companies to secure wide toll connections and at the same time enhance the value of their property by eliminating the possibility of Bell competition.

EFFECTS OF A WINTER STORM IN INDIANA

The truth must be admitted with brutal frankness that we have had a wrong conception of the telephone business. We have thought that, like a central station supplying electricity with modern steam or hydraulic turbines as prime movers, the more patrons, the less the average cost. We have deluded ourselves by believing that the larger the number of telephone users the less should be the expense to each. We were honest in this belief, and not knowing anything about the business and in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is perhaps not strange that we should have followed the paths of error so long. Perhaps the Bell companies deserve criticism for their policy of silence on the subject for so many years. Had they given out the true facts regarding the constantly increasing average cost as the number of subscribers increased, innocent investors in the independent telephone companies would have been spared the losses they have experienced.

The telephone business is not unlike the publication of a daily newspaper in these days of penny papers. As there is a loss in the sale of each individual paper, the greater the sale the greater the loss. This must be overcome by the price charged for advertising and the rates must constantly increase with additional circulation in order to offset the constantly increasing loss on the sale of the papers.

As a matter of fact but few realize the expensive character of the apparatus installed in the central office. Knowing nothing of the details of the telephone business, the average citizen is wholly unaware of the expense involved in the employment of the army of operators, clerks and other employes. Every lightning flash within the limits of a city in all probability means a destruction of cables or the knocking out of wires, central office apparatus and telephones. Every storm that rages and every high wind that blows means possible destruction to telephone plants. When all these facts are considered and especially when we realize how prone the people in many communities have been to encourage competition we cannot but admit that the business is of an exceptionally hazardous character. It can

A SLEET STORM IN INDIANA

only be successfully conducted by men thoroughly trained in the work, who are backed by large capital and excellent financial credit, such as is the case with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its various subsidiaries. If it were possible to convey the true facts regarding the telephone business to every business man in the middle west there would immediately be a cessation of duplication and competition, a slight increase in rates, and an assurance that the telephone company would contribute more than its share toward building up the district in which it operates.

In the next twenty-five years Indianapolis will in all probability be a city of half a million people. Telephone extension will be a necessity and whatever system is in use will have to be constantly modernized. This can be done only by a company with ample funds and financial credit and such a company should be given a franchise which would protect it against raiders and at the same time be eminently fair to all the people.

Depreciation is a factor that no telephone company can escape. It has been stated by an expert authority that the life of a plant is about nine years. If this be true then

A plant costing	Has a daily depreciation of
$10,000	$3.00
20,000	6.00
30,000	9.00
50,000	15.00
100,000	30.00
500,000	150.00
1,000,000	300.00

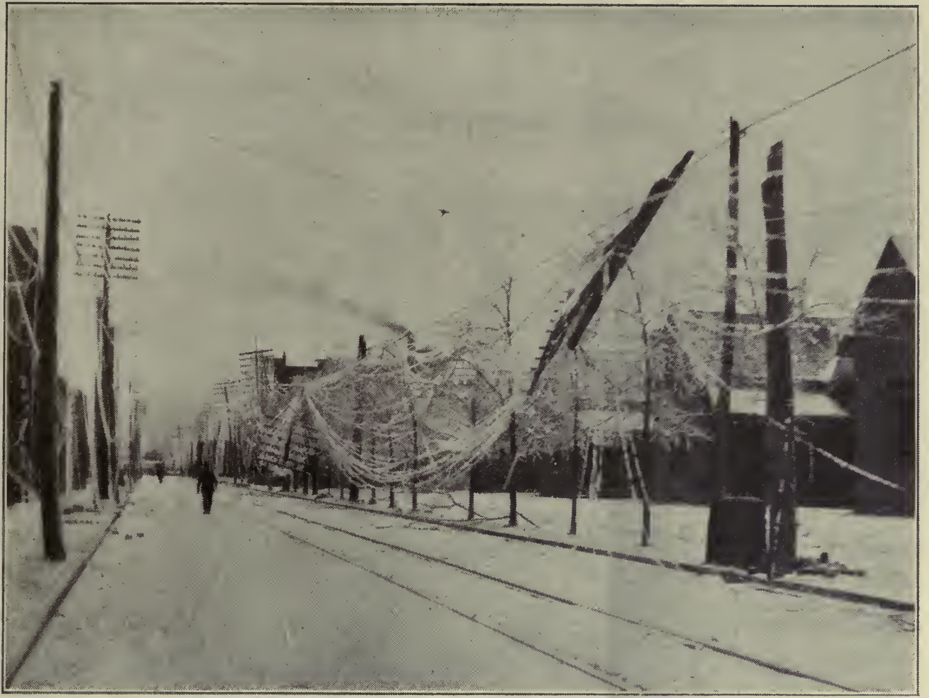
What a vast sum of money would have been saved to innocent investors in the stocks and bonds of independent companies had they known these facts!

The independent telephone interests are stronger in the Middle West than in any part of the country, their highest development being in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The independent movement started in these states about fifteen years ago and reached its climax about ten years later. Since this peak of development was reached the independents as a whole have been losing strength, owing to the failure of their predictions to the people and change in the popular feeling toward telephone competition. Five years ago the independents outnumbered the Bell in almost every city in the Central Union territory in which two systems operated side by side. Since that time the Bell has "reclaimed" Indianapolis, Columbus, Toledo, Terre Haute and all the larger cities in the three states with two or three exceptions, and warm fights are in progress in the few remaining places where the independents are stronger. In South Bend, Indiana, the Central Union has just finished a complete new equipment, and a warm contest is on. The Bell is gathering subscribers at the rate of twenty per day.

Perhaps an idea of the general unprofitable character of the independent business may be gained from the experience of the Union Electric Telephone Company, of Rock Island, Illinois, which has been losing one thousand dollars a month, but it is tied up by a provision of its franchise that prohibits the sale of its properties and business. So it has been moved to go deeper into its stockholders' pockets to pay for advertising its dilemma, one of which advertisements reads as follows:

"If you were one of three men with six hundred thousand dollars invested in a business and were called upon to bear your proportionate share of a monthly loss of one thousand dollars—and there was no possible means of overcoming the deficit—what would be your action to relieve yourself of the burden? You would sell whatever of your tangible assets were marketable, shut up shop, quit and get your money into some investment that would return you a profit. Most naturally you would. Three men own the properties of the Union Electric Telephone Company, have exactly six hundred thousand dollars tied up in the tri-cities and they are putting in one thousand dollars every month to keep the exchanges in operation until such time as they are permitted to sell their holdings."

The larger independent companies in Ohio and Indiana are now controlled by J. P. Morgan & Company of New York, who purchased the control from the so-called Brailey Syndicate a little less than two years ago. The Morgan properties include the New Long Distance Telephone Company of Indiana, the United



SLEET PULLING THE WIRES DOWN

States Long Distance Telephone Company of Ohio, and the local independent exchange at Cleveland, Toledo, Dayton, Columbus and Mount Vernon, Ohio; and Indianapolis, Indiana. The Inter-State Telephone & Telegraph Company of Illinois, the strongest concern operating in that state in opposition to the Bell, has just gone into the hands of a receiver, with liabilities considerably in excess of assets. This concern operates exchanges in Aurora, Elgin, Joliet, Springfield, Peoria, Sterling and a number of smaller towns and had been operating at a loss in practically all of the places named.

The fight between the Bell and independents in this territory is now confined to a few points. In almost all places of consequence, mergers or connecting contracts have either been made or negotiations are in progress. The 1,776 independent exchanges now connected with the Central Union include the important cities of Marion, Sidney, Bellfontaine, Piqua, Troy, Ashland, Middletown, New Lexington, Ottawa, Ravenna, Shelby and Tiffin, Ohio; Cambridge City, Kokomo, Marion, Huntington, Hartford City, Bluffton, Frankfort, Richmond, Greencastle, Brazil, Linton, Columbia City, Garret, Goshen, Elkhart, Portland, Laporte, Madison, Monticello, Greenfield, Bloomfield, Seymour, Angola, Sullivan and Versailles, Indiana; Princeton, Carterville, Monmouth, Clinton, Rochelle, Carbondale, Lincoln, Lawrenceville, Tuscola, Jerseyville, Pontiac, Carthage, Shelbyville and Danville, Illinois.

The Central Union Telephone Company has an authorized capitalization of $10,000,000, of which $5,450,927 have been issued. Its bond issue amounts to $6,000,000 and it has a floating indebtedness of approximately $19,000,000. Its total stations on December 31, 1907, were 193,740, of which 12,800 were in the city of Indianapolis. On December 1, 1910, its total stations were 220,668, of which 22,895 were in the city of Indianapolis, and this with 476,000 connections makes a total of 696,668 telephones in the Central Union System.

There has been no change in the management of the Central Union Telephone Company during the past three years. Mr. L. G. Richardson is president and Mr. H. F. Hill, vice-president and general manager. Mr. B. E. Sunny is chairman of the board of directors.

Evidence of the permanency of the Central Union investment as well as the foresightedness of the company's management are found in most of the larger cities in which the company operates. The general headquarters are located in Indianapolis in a splendid fireproof building of eight stories fronting the Federal Square. This building contains the offices of the president, vice-president and general manager, auditor, treasurer, traffic and plant engineers and headquarters for the state of Indiana. Attached to the general headquarters is a complete printing office, where almost three-quarters of a million telephone directories are printed annually, as well as all the other printed matter necessary to be used by a large corporation. The printing plant includes three large cylinder presses, complete bindery, linotype machine and smaller presses. A force of about forty is kept constantly employed in this department.

The upper floors of the building are occupied by the Indianapolis Main Exchange, and a branch exchange, to be known as "Circle," is being built alongside the present installation.

The company also occupies five other exchange buildings in Indianapolis, and a sixth will be built next year.

Handsome fireproof buildings are also owned in the cities of Columbus, Dayton, Youngstown, Toledo, Canton, Akron and Springfield, Ohio; South Bend, Terre Haute, Frankfort, Marion and Vincennes, Indiana; Springfield, Peoria, Rock Island, Moline, Galesburg and Kankakee, Illinois.

The Central Union Telephone Company was organized late in 1883. It was greeted at the outset by the most drastic and confiscatory rate-regulating law ever passed.

The Indiana statutes of April 13, 1885, limited all telephone tolls throughout the state to a maximum charge of fifteen cents, and rentals to a maximum of three dollars per month. For four years thereafter, until the law was repealed, the Bell property in the state had to be practically abandoned. This law was probably fifteen years earlier than any other rate-regulating measure on any subject enacted in Central Union Territory and its blighting effect was wide spread, long continued and disastrous in the extreme. For a long time it was difficult to obtain capital for an investment so exposed to hostile and freak legislation. In Indianapolis, Indiana, the Central Union Company on April 16, 1886, was given fourteen days notice to remove its poles and wires from the streets, and it was ten years later before the company was able to obtain a valid franchise.

SIN IS SIN

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

DON'T send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow";
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
For a boy or a girl's sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure as your girl's tonight.

And They Shall Bear Each Other's Burdens

By JAMES BYRAM

ON October 1 a leading insurance journal published the statement that the principal benefit societies of this country had together paid death benefits amounting to $1,299,699,705. There had also been paid sick benefits amounting to $408,519,023, making a grand total of $1,708,218,728. It is estimated that the average death benefit was $1,500, so that over 866,000 families have been direct beneficiaries of this system of insurance.

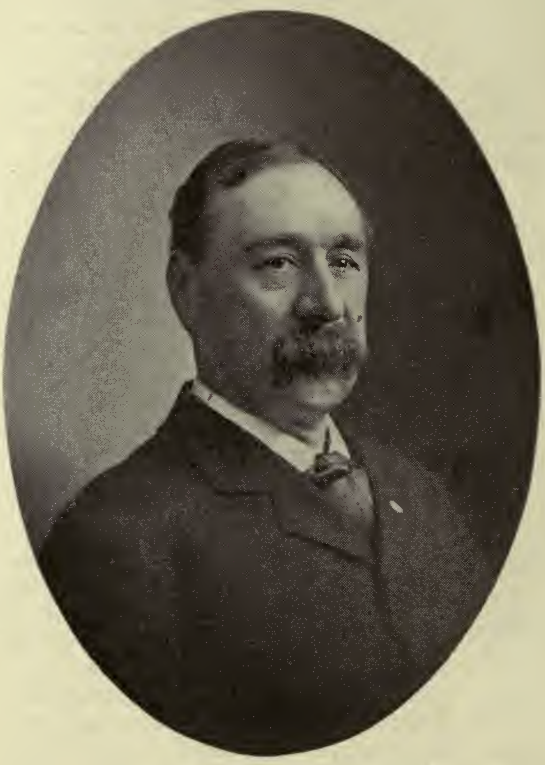
A busy world gives little heed to these startling figures. In the whirlpool of strife and ambition, the great work which has been accomplished by American fraternal organizations attracts but little attention, and yet every great and noble action has fraternity for one of its surest and safest stays. Indeed, it is the very essence of our faith in American institutions. It has been one of the important wielding influences in war of every contending host. In every social reform and every march of industrial progress, class distinctions and arrogant assumption of authority melt beneath the power of fraternalism. In a word, it is the bulwark of American institutions.

Fraternal organizations are not composed of the extremely rich, for they do not need this kind of insurance; neither do they include the poverty-stricken, for as a rule they are too improvident to provide for their families; but they enroll in their ranks the great middle class of men who earn their living by their brain and muscle—men who love their families and whose homes are their castles—men who are the best type of American manhood.

The true fraternal beneficiary society is much like our representative form of government, and like the Constitution of the United States it has had its vilifiers. For years after the adoption of the Constitution there was not a voice from across the ocean that did not dwell upon its impracticability and predict its speedy downfall. Nor were these opinions entertained alone in the Old World, but leading Americans were loath to endorse this plan of government. The attacks upon fraternal associations have been long and bitter. True, the original plans were far from perfect, and as time went on various amendments and changes were found necessary. The Constitution of the United States was not perfect when first adopted. It has been subjected to various amendments, much as has the plan of fraternal insurance, but the underlying principles of both propositions are unquestionably the product of the best brains which this country ever possessed.

The fraternal organizations constitute great charitable societies that go by the most direct route to the right place. They follow death across the threshold into the home, and with willing hands perform the most noble services. In the ordinary sense of the word, the work is not charity—it is an exemplification of the scriptural injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." It is the main object of fraternal societies to provide pure protection for the family, to provide the means that will enable the widowed mother to keep around her the little ones, that she may mold their hearts and shape their minds for careers of useful occupation and good citizenship. What a story is told in the thousands of letters of gratitude which large fraternal organizations receive each year! What beautiful commentaries on that system of insurance, and what a strange contrast are these letters to the abuse of these associations by prejudiced men!

In the early societies men banded themselves together for fraternal protection, each agreeing to pay an equal amount upon the death of a member, irrespective of age at date of admission. Under this plan the young man in his twenties paid equally with his brother in middle life, or the one who came into the society at the maximum age limit. It early became apparent that this plan was not practicable. Another class of societies was organized with a graded table of assessments. Later these societies adopted the custom of keeping a sufficient amount in the mortuary fund to satisfy current losses. This fund was replenished from time to time as deaths occurred. With the young societies this plan seemed to be successful, but here, too, the young members contributed far in excess of their share of the money needed for death benefits, while the members of fifty years of age and over paid measurably less than their equitable share of the losses. These and other defects brought disaster to some orders and imperiled the future of others.



E. A. WILLIAMS
Supreme President Equitable Fraternal Union

Profiting by the costly experience of many societies, there have been organized, during recent years, fraternal beneficiary societies on a reserve fund basis. Formerly fraternal societies made no attempt to provide a reserve or emergency fund, but all were organized as assessment companies, collecting from month to month only what was necessary to pay the current mortuary cost.

The latest and most approved plan establishes during the early years of the society a fund which will provide for the extra cost in later years. The method adopted by the Equitable Fraternal Union, of Neenah, Wisconsin, is a striking example of a departure from the old methods, as it embodies the strong features of low cost of management and promotion peculiar to the fraternal societies with the level rate reserve plan of old line insurance companies, but eliminates the idea of legal reserve wherein each policy had a credit. Instead, the Equitable Fraternal Union adopted the emergency plan, whereby each policy was interested in all the surplus. In this way the entire surplus accumulations could be available in any necessity, thus making it the balance wheel to carry the insurance machine over all peak loads, and equalizing the cost throughout the life of the members. Upon this theory the Equitable Fraternal Union began business, August 20, 1897. Now let us see how the plan has worked.

The nicety with which this plan has operated during the past thirteen years has made it possible for the interest on the money accruing to the reserve fund, incident to the death of members, to amount to more in a year than would be paid in assessments by those deceased members were they all living and paying with regularity.

Furthermore, members of the Equitable Fraternal Union assert with much pride that it is the only fraternal benefit order that has saved from its monthly payments more money than has been paid in death benefits during the entire existence of the society. During the life of the society 743 death claims have been paid, amounting to $857,592.26, and a reserve fund has been accumulated amounting to $1,108,908.31.

Benefit contracts are issued by the Equitable Fraternal Union to its members in the sum of five hundred dollars and multiples thereof to and including three thousand dollars. Assessments are graded according to age at date of entry and remain the same during the entire membership. One assessment is due and payable each month.

The organizers of this society discovered that it takes three hundred dollars to earn one thousand dollars in the period of the ordinary lifetime. So if every member could be made to contribute three hundred dollars whether he lives or dies, the average earnings would approximate one thousand dollars for every thousand dollars of insurance paid out by the society. This little discovery, members of the Equitable Fraternal Union assert, is the key to their success.

At the death of a member, the full amount named in his benefit contract is drawn from the benefit fund of the order. The beneficiary will receive seven hundred dollars on each thousand dollars named in the contract, and, in addition thereto, the sum of all the assessments paid by the deceased member into the order, and the difference between this amount and the face of the contract is placed in the reserve fund. Thus each member pays three hundred dollars in assessments on each one thousand dollars of benefit carried. This is the only plan of life insurance that requires each member to pay the same price for an equal amount of benefit.

The eleventh hour applicant for protection will seek elsewhere for insurance because he knows that while the Equitable Fraternal Union will only guarantee seven hundred dollars plus his few assessments on each one thousand dollar policy, the great majority of fraternal organizations will pay his beneficiaries the full one thousand dollars—hence undesirable risks seldom creep into the Equitable Fraternal Union. How true this is may be shown by the fact that the death rate of the society has never exceeded 5.6 per one thousand. Last year it was 4.6 per one thousand. The average death rate among the forty-three societies reporting for the year 1909 to the National Fraternal Congress was 9.81 per thousand, more than double that of the Equitable Fraternal Union. True, this low death rate of the Neenah society may be attributed also to a careful selection of risks and the honesty and integrity of deputies. The loyalty and interest of the members of

MERRITT L. CAMPBELL
Supreme Secretary Equitable Fraternal Union

the local lodge are brought to bear because every application must be read in full at a meeting of the lodge. A committee of investigation, composed of members, is appointed and the fact that the Union is not a refuge for defectives but a fortress for the protection of widows is constantly kept in mind. The examining physician must be a member of the local lodge and together with a most competent, thorough and honest supervision in the home office enables the Equitable Fraternal Union to approach the ideal in fraternal insurance as near as it has been found possible. When a member has attained his seventieth birthday, the amount due on his benefit contract is computed in the same manner as it would be in case of the death of the member of that age.

The reserve fund is cared for by the Trustees of the Supreme Assembly, and is loaned on improved farm lands and invested in municipal bonds. As illustrative of the care with which these investments are made, it might be stated that no default in interest or principal has ever occurred on the loans, and no mortgage has ever been foreclosed. The average rate of interest on all the invested funds of the society is 5.19 per cent.

Judging by the rapid strides made by the society during the past four years, its plan and purpose are receiving hearty endorsement. On December 31, 1906, the total benefit membership was 17,906. In three years a gain was made of 7,289, making a total of 25,195. On December 31, 1906, the society had a balance to protect contracts of $493,520.30; on December 31, 1909, it had on hand $1,055,411.25. The reserve fund on December 31, 1906, was $441,908.98; on December 31, 1909, it had grown to $959,442.78. This is equivalent to a gain during the three years period of 114 per cent.

In using the Equitable Fraternal Union of Neenah, Wisconsin, as an example of success in modern fraternal insurance, it is not my purpose to give the society any undeserved publicity, nor to place its officers upon a pedestal where they do not belong. Nevertheless, they are entitled to much credit for having evolved a plan which seems to be practicable and one that will stand the test of years.

The names of the officers represent integrity and honor. These gentlemen are among Wisconsin's leading citizens. They are:—E. A. Williams, supreme president; Judge J. C. Karel, supreme vice-president; Dr. W. G. Oliver, supreme past president; Merritt L. Campbell, supreme secretary; J. C. Hilton, supreme treasurer; C. F. Haight, supreme warden; Dr. J. R. Barnett, supreme medical examiner; J. P. Jasperson, Orrin Thompson, George A. Robbins and D. D. Devine, supreme trustees; W. G. Brown, supreme auditor.

**Home Office of the Equitable Fraternal Union
Neenah, Wisconsin**

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

SEVERAL prominent artists have been gathered in by the different talking machine companies for their New Year's offerings on the January lists, and there is an assembly of well-recorded selections to tempt the new owner who has been favored by a visit from Santa Claus. And here we might remark that the sale of talking machines for this year breaks all records. Before reviewing the lists, the department stretches forth a welcome to those new folks who have come into the circle, and hopes that the reviews of the different lists may be of use to those Columbia, Edison or Victor owners who cannot conveniently visit one of the branch stores and hear the entire monthly catalog played in order to make selections.

* * *

If I were given one choice from the January Columbia list, I should immediately select double-disc record No. A933, "New Recitations by Edgar L. Davenport." "Jim Bludsoe," Hay's sterling poem which some few years ago joined the rank and file of the immortals, and "In Bohemia" are recited and recorded admirably. This is the sort of thing the young folk ought to hear.

The complete William Tell overture is divided upon two double disc records, A5236 and A5237, played by Prince's Band. The work on this difficult four-part overture is a credit to the Band and to the Columbia company. The effects, with lightning changes from quiet to storm and martial trumpeting, make the result what the small boy would call a "thriller."

The grand opera records, double-disc and selling at four dollars, seem to be immensely popular with opera lovers. "Lakme," Delibes' duet, in French, by Eugenie Bronskaja and Bettina Freeman, and the favorite "La Traviata," soprano and baritone duet in Italian, by Mme. Bronskaja and Ramon Blanchart, are featured.

As a concert tenor, Reed Miller has for several years been sought all over the country. He is excellent in "Beauty's Eyes," Tosti's well-known love song, and in "Forgotten," which Eugene Cowles wrote never to be forgotten.

In fact, there is a real revival of old songs and selections—"old" being elastic enough to include Mrs. A. Stewart Holt in "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs" with "Forever and Forever" (double-disc A5234); and "Then You'll Remember Me" on violin, flute and harp, with Paul Lincke's "Wedding Dance"—brought out, if I remember aright, not so many years ago.

Wm. H. Thompson makes his initial bow to the Columbia circle with "Love Dreams" and "Sweet Thoughts of Home." His voice is baritone, and peculiarly sympathetic. Gialdini's whistling record is a novelty: "Senora" and "Song of the Wood-Bird" with all sorts of trills and embellishments.

A good variety of vocal and instrumental selections, old and new, are found among the two and four minute indestructible records.

* * *

Selections from Hammerstein's "Hans the Flute, Player" are delightful on the Victor list, rendered by the Victor Orchestra. The production of "Hans" in New York, by the way, was greeted with great success, and the talking-machine records embody the music that was best-liked.

"That Girl Quartet" introduces a novelty—a woman's quartet which does promising work on "Silver Bell," record No. 16695, on whose opposite face Miss Lois Fox sings "Honey, Love Me All The Time."

A concert tenor very well known about New York is John Young, who is singing Dana's charming little ballad, "Two Little Brown Eyes," this month. Billy Murray is irresistible in "The Jingle of Jungle Joe," one of those tropical ditties which have come into favor of late.

If you haven't already the selections from "The Merry Widow," by all means secure the "Gems" from the Victor Light Opera Company. "Come Away," "For I am a Dutiful Wife," "Maxims," "Vilia," "Women" are included with the favorite "I Love You So." The Light Opera Company is also presenting "Gems from Maritana," which has been popular for over half a century.

Reinald Werrenrath is new to me as a baritone of note. He cannot be an amateur, however—his work in "Dreams, Just Dreams" and "Asthore" has the indefinable touch of a finished artist. John Lemmone, the Australian flutist, who it will be remembered is with Mme. Melba on her American tour, has given two records—"Distant Voices" and "Wind Amongst the Trees."

As predicted, the "Little Orphant Annie" record for the young folks on the December Victor list was immensely popular. This month there is offered a ten-inch record with three selections which cannot but delight even the littlest tots. Listening to "The Camel and the Butterfly," "The Elephant and the Portmanteau" and "The Tin Gee-Gee" will furnish just the sort of amusement the children like.

Mme. Gadski in the "Porgi Amor" from "Figaro," two delightful Irish ballads by McCormack, Hamlin in the old Scotch song, "Turn Ye To Me," Miss Ada Sassoli's harp solo, and the new Kreisler violin solos, are included in the list.

* * *

Bernhardt was never more divine than in "*La Samaritaine recontre Jesus au puits de Jacob*" from the first act of Rostand's "La Samaritaine." It should be impressed upon new Edison owners that this great artist is under exclusive contract with the Edison company for the recording of her work, and that at least one of her selections appears each month on the Edison list. Certainly the Grand Opera Amberol records for January show unusual care in selection: Bizet's "Pescatori di Perle," Verdi's "Il Trovatore" and "Traviata," Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico" and Wagner's "Lohengrin" are operas to conjure with. Most impressive selections from them have been recorded and sung by such representative artists as Aristodemo Giorgini, Marie Rappold, Ernesto Caronna, Marie Galvany and Karl Jorn.

On the Standard list the Farandole from "L'Artesienne" is rendered in excellent shape by Victor Herbert and his orchestra. An especially good instrumental rendition of "Home Sweet Home" is by the Knickerbocker Quartet.

In ballads of the semi-high class, "Love Dreams," W. H. Thompson, "The Girl of My Dreams," Harry Anthony and chorus, and "All That I Ask Of You Is Love," Helen Clark, are sure to be well received. Two delightful bell solos are offered by Mr. Daab: "Sweet Dreams of Home" on the Amberol list, "The Bell Gavotte" on the Standard.

Those inimitable entertainers, Spencer and Campbell, could hold their own against all the depressed spirits of the world in "The Musical Wizard and the Bell Boy." There is also a laugh in Steve Porter's "Flanagan's Courtship." Then there are some "coon" songs—Ada Jones sings "You'se Just A Little Nigger, Still You'se Mine, All Mine"; Maude Raymond, "Rag Baby's Gwine To Be Mine." "Mother Machree," a result of the joint efforts of Chauncey Olcott and Ernest Ball, is sung by Will Oakland; some German yodle songs are given by George P. Watson and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" is delightfully sung by Miss Marie Narelle. A violin solo of exceptional note is the difficult "Chanticleer Reel and Jig Medley," played by Charles D'Almaine. Variety seems to have been the watchword of the company in preparation of the list.

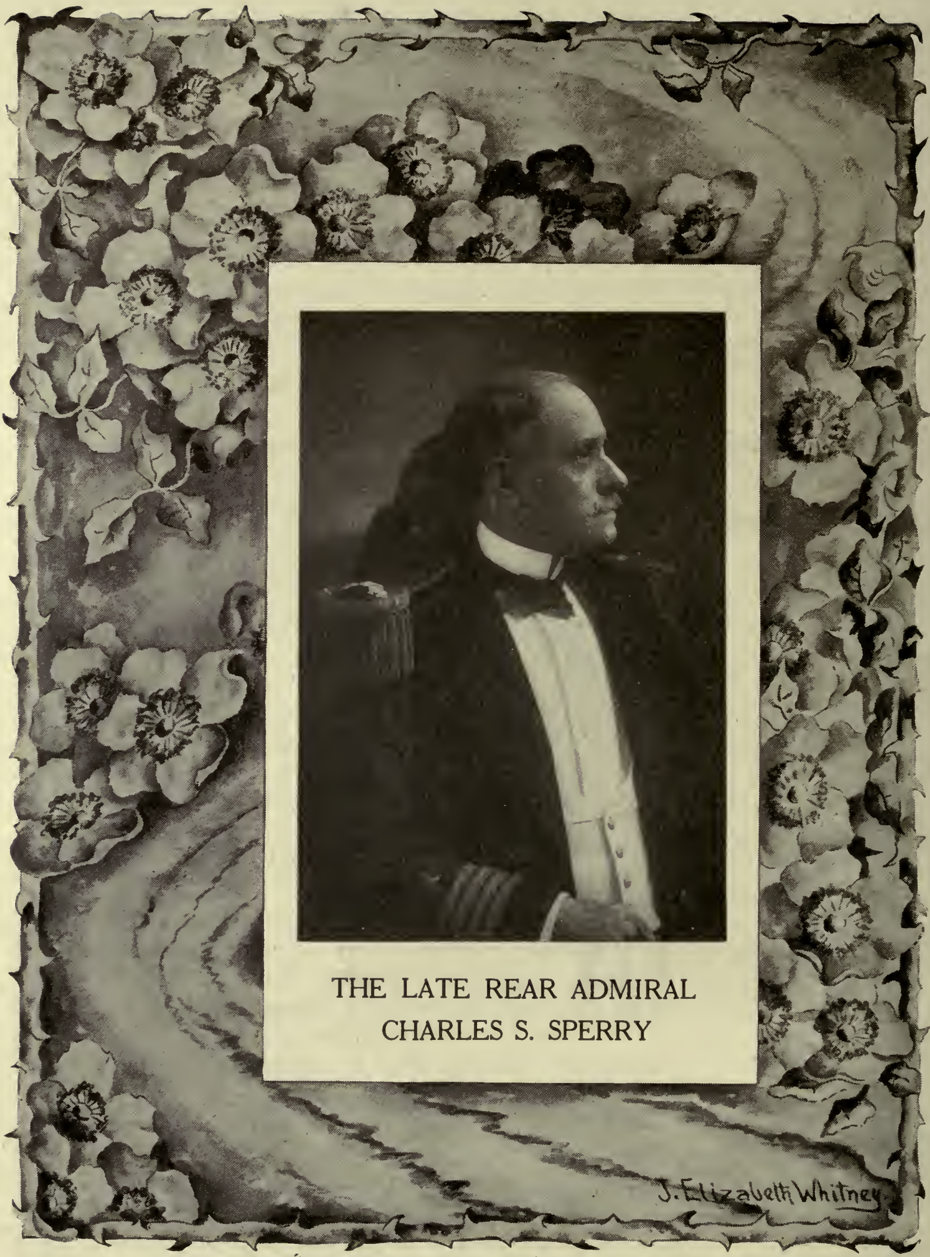
Old Man Opp

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

> "Some men are so disrespectful to Opportunity that they refuse to speak to him on the street and others are so irreverent that they talk of him behind his back as 'Old Man Opp'."

THE best friend that you've got in all th' world is Old Man Opp.
He passes by your house each day an' always makes a stop.
But if you're watchin' for him, he will help y' mow your hay.
He isn't blessed with time, of course; he hasn't long to stay,
An' Old Man Opp will help y' beat th' Gloom God's line o' dope;
He'll boost y' up th' ladder with a fresh supply of hope.
You'd better fix those shaky steps, an' oil your front-yard gate
An' don't forget that Old Man Opp has not much time to wait.

WHEN y' hear a spooky tappin' on th' frosted window pane,
Or there comes a low-toned rappin' through th' fallin' o' th' rain,
Don't get frightened at it, neighbor, though you're shy of guns an' lead;
Don't think it's some bold burglar who would steal your stove an' bed.
Don't let your face get scared nor think that bad men lurk outside,
But beat it toward the sound you hear an' ope' th' front door wide.
The wolf was out there yesterday, with his dentistry in view,
But now it's likely Old Man Opp—who wants to talk with You!



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL
CHARLES S. SPERRY

The death of Rear-Admiral Sperry, which occurred recently, removed one of the strongest men from the United States Navy. He it was who commanded the flying squadron for Uncle Sam on its memorable trip around the world

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1911

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ACCORDING to the Constitutional provision, Congress must adjourn in March, and although the hands of the clock may be set back, the date remains fixed, and at noon on the fourth day of the third month of the present year, the Sixty-first Congress will become a part of the past history of the Republic.

One of the masterpieces at the World's Fair in Chicago was a painting entitled "The Breaking of the Home Ties." Hundreds of thousands of people stood enraptured before the pictured scene of a boy bidding a fond good-bye to his folks as he started out to make his way in the world. The dissolution of the Sixty-first Congress recalls memories of this masterpiece, because the "breaking of the home ties" of the Senate and House promises to be most impressive. No one who has carefully studied men at Washington of late years has failed to observe the remarkable elimination of bitter personal feeling among the most partisan legislators. All bitterness is now rather the result of local feuds than of partisan disagreement, and when the Congressmen take final leave of each other on March 4, there will be many regretful partings between political opponents who have learned to esteem and love each other. Colleagues of opposing parties bid each other good-bye not without feeling, as one or the other returns to private life forever. In the companionship of committee work and in engrossing attention to public matters, friendships are formed between Representatives and Senators that are entirely outside of all of the bonds of party feeling or spirit.

When you hear of Democrats openly and publicly expressing their sincere regret that Republicans are not returned, and when Republicans are deeply concerned because certain Democrats are passing out of the public arena, it would almost seem as if a political millennium were not far distant.

* * *

WHEN Andrew Carnegie met with the Peace Convention delegates at the New Willard, and transferred ten million dollars to be devoted to the establishment of universal peace, it recalled the stirring and oft-quoted words of Pinckney, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." But the millions were not for the "sinews of war"; they were for the all-embracing arms of a world-wide peace. This national conference for the judicial settlement of international disputes was an event of universal importance.

As Mr. Carnegie conferred his princely gift, he insisted in the terse sentences characteristic of the man, that "it is not war, but danger of war that makes trouble.

"Nations by preparing for war spend millions and millions for the purpose that man shall kill his fellow-man, who was created in the image of God. It isn't war, but the possibility of war, that we must fear." He held that it was moral righteousness that secured the abolition of slavery, and that the same means would result in the ending of all war between the nations. "Man must cease to kill, to torture and to destroy. We must arouse the masses to a better understanding of what war is. War is the vehicle of the scurvy politician.

Photo by
G. H. SNOW
73 HANOVER ST.

GROUP OF NOTABLE AMERICANS AT A RECENT GATHERING IN BOSTON

" . . . . I can only hope that this fund will have the co-operation of everyone in bringing men to know the real meaning of war. War is a crime of nations against their God."

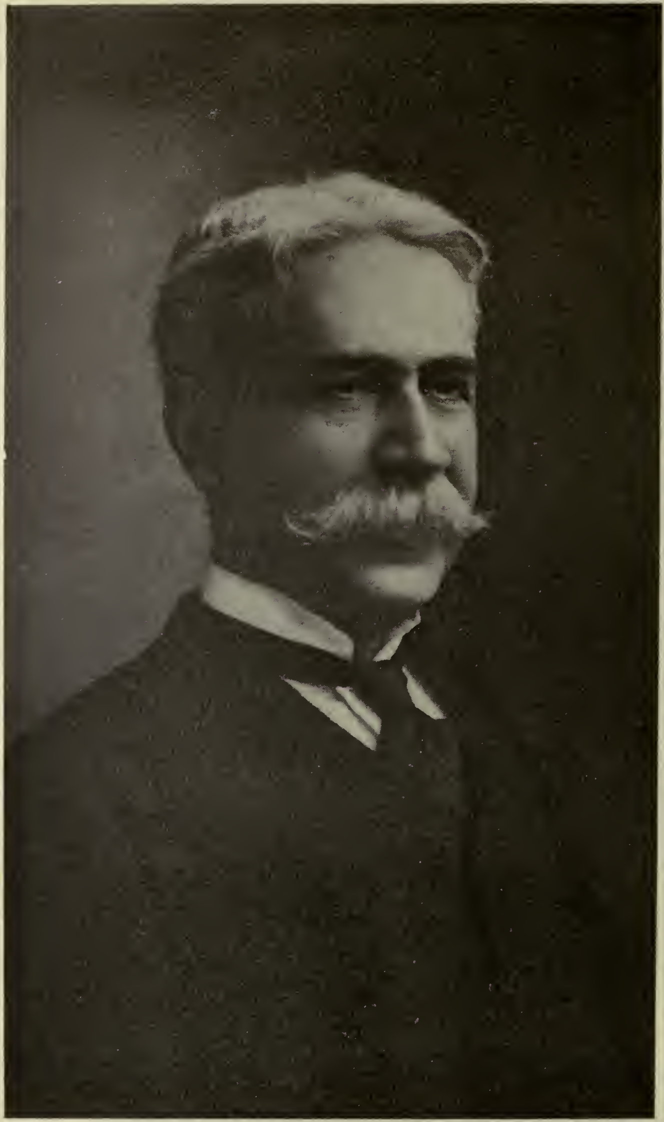
The ten million dollar Peace Fund was turned over to a Board of Trustees headed by Senator Elihu Root, who is the American representative at the Hague Tribunal. It will yield an income of five hundred thousand dollars yearly, which will be used in maintaining the peace organizations already in the field, and in providing for their future and greater efficiency.

Mr. Carnegie has been interested in the peace movement for many years, and has always been a liberal contributor to this cause since its inception. The gift was made as unostentatiously as if passing over a street-car fare. President Taft spent some time talking over the project with Mr. Carnegie, and in the course of his conversation remarked that if Mr. Carnegie had any more millions that "weren't working," he was sure that some of the government departments could use them in these piping days of the pruning knife. Mr. Carnegie laughingly replied that if he decided to provide funds for the government, he would surely begin by furnishing the Chief Executive with all he asked for. The highest hopes of Mr. Carnegie are concentrated on the establishment of a peace agreement among English-speaking peoples, and this fund will provide for concrete and effective effort along the line.

In the development of every great idea, there are periods when discussion and agitation represent the only phase of popular assent to the movement. Everyone agrees that it is all right, perhaps that it is a worthy work, but no one seems to get right down to the root of things. The activities of the societies become mere words, printed "proceedings" and dry-as-dust resolutions. Finally some nation is unjustly used, its people demand action, and in the blaze of the popular passion there are not even tallow legs for a peace pact to stand upon. Now the same substantial scientific study that is accorded to other great problems is to be given to

SENATOR ELIHU ROOT
Who will have charge of the Carnegie peace fund

ANDREW CARNEGIE
Whose recent gift to promote peace startled the world



SENOR DON JOAHUIM NABUCO
Ambassador from the republic of Brazil to the United States

the solution of this question. The rights of all peoples are the first consideration, making "fair play" the slogan.

International laws will be carefully codified so as to eliminate the misunderstandings that soon grow into racial hatreds; and when once aroused, the "war fever" is seldom cured save by actual blood-letting. When one looks calmly into the matter in the light of financial experience, it does seem the height of folly actually to waste millions of dollars in armaments and preparations for war and in war itself;—worse than all, in the sacrifice of myriads of lives, and sufferings and sorrows unspeakable, when a few simple propositions, studied out dispassionately and calmly discussed, could have averted all this. Why not give the real "majesty of the law" a chance to reconcile nations, as well as to keep the peace among individuals?

No abler man could have been selected to take charge of this great movement than Senator Root, who stands in the front rank of American attorneys. As great lawyers of today settle and adjust most of their litigation outside of the courtroom, such a custom should also be applied to international difficulties. The great ameliorating influence of commerce and trade will have a magical effect in bringing people to the necessities of arbitration, for today China, Persia, Turkey, Russia and all other countries of the world are catching the spirit of progress, with electric lines, telephones and all those agencies which are contrary to the old swashbuckler methods of days that may have seemed to breathe of romance for the novelist and poet, but were dastardly in their cruel barbarity.

Disputes in reference to the ownership of land bordering on a highway—does the man own to the center of the road or only to the fence?—furnish simple examples of what all international questions would resolve themselves into. What Senator Root has experienced at the Hague Tribunal and before American courts he proposes to apply as substantial and scientific methods of settling international disputes, and such a policy, headed by the "leader of the bar in America," augurs well for the future peace of the world.

Mr. Carnegie will live in history as one of the world's greatest philanthropists, and although his libraries are eloquent monuments to his life-work and career, the one thing which will keep his memory in grateful remembrance will be his arduous, lifelong and unflagging devotion to the cause of peace.

* * *

SWEET-TEMPERED, kindly-voiced, but strong and virile as the Middle West which he so ably represented, the personality of Senator William Boyd Allison is brought vividly before the hearts of myriads who admired and loved him by the proposition to erect a suitable monument to the great Iowan statesman. Already his old friend and companion, General Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has raised forty of the fifty thousand dollars required for the monument, and preparations are under way for its erection.

The long public service of Senator Allison made the entire nation his debtor. His deep, kindly dark eyes and his mild, reasonable appeals and wise counsel often prevailed amid the most acrimonious and partisan controversies, for leaders, on both sides of the Senate, felt that justice would prevail when Allison stood at the helm. He commanded the confidence not only of his own party, but of his political opponents, and had he pushed himself forward and insisted on the consideration due him, he might well have been nominated and elected to the presidency of the United States.

After handling the budgets of the nation for years, he died a comparatively poor man, and those familiar with the records of the United States Senate feel that no name of all the great and patriotic immortals who have answered to the Senate roll call, from the gathering of the first Senate to the present day, is more deserving of the love and gratitude of the American people than that of Allison. It is fitting that Senator Allison should be honored by an enduring monument built by the people he so loyally served, as an expression of the deep respect and esteem in which they had long held him. Every person who knew and honored the beloved "Grand Old Man of Iowa" should hasten to send in his contribution to General Dodge so that there may be no further delay in the erection of a monument to one of the greatest, most lovable, sterling and helpful of America's many great statesmen.

THE LATE SENATOR ALLISON
For whom a monument is to be erected

JUDGE LEBARON B. COLT
Providence, R. I.

JUDGE ALFRED C. COXE
Utica, N. Y.

JUDGE WM. H. SEAMAN
Sheboygan, Wis.

A GROUP OF UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGES

IN this age of subways, it is interesting to watch the promenade of congressmen as they leave the office building to go over to the Capitol. The route is curving, and has a roadway and a footpath divided by a gaspipe rail, and through this subway you will find congressmen sauntering on rainy days, while teams laden with documents—now, by the way, with cedar chests—pass along the roadway.

A contemplation of the parting of the Sixty-first Congress calls to mind the many changes that the closing session on the fourth of March will bring about. Many brass plates will be changed on the office building doors, and many a congressman will take home his little cedar chest, inscribed with his name and the emblazoned "M. C." which is now cancelled by a cross.

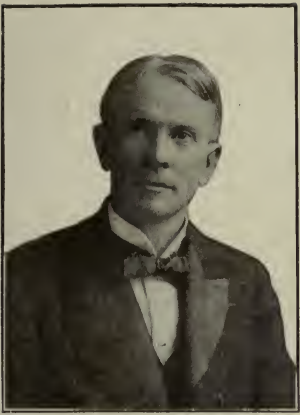
JUDGE P. S. GROSSCUP
Chicago, Ill.
United States Circuit Judge

Nearly all the new Democratic members of Congress went to Washington to attend the caucus which decided upon the election of Mr. Champ Clark as Speaker of the House. The only representative reported missing was Mr. Akin of New York, who was elected independently, but with the Democratic endorsement.

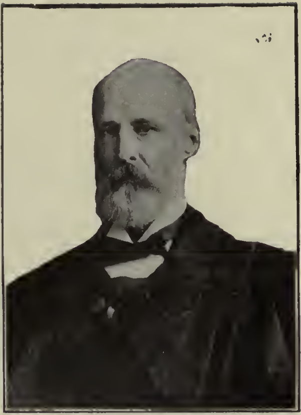
In the Senate subway, they use an up-to-date electric motor with side seats—a regular jaunting car. One of the Western Senators remarked that there was quite a contrast between the jaunting car and the Studebaker "prairie schooner," in which he slowly journeyed to the West in his boyhood. But despite the subway and its advantages, the old open carriage entrance to the Senate remains popular, for it is near the elevators. The Capitol steps are used by but few people, for Washingtonians, like all other Americans, go the shortest way to carry out the American determination to "get there." The immense steps to the Capitol are therefore more for ornament than for utility, and when General Coxey of "Coxey's Army" fame was ascending the Capitol steps (where he had brought his army of unemployed in 1893) he recalled the old days of "on to the steps of the Capitol," but agreed that the steps were now but little used.

* * *

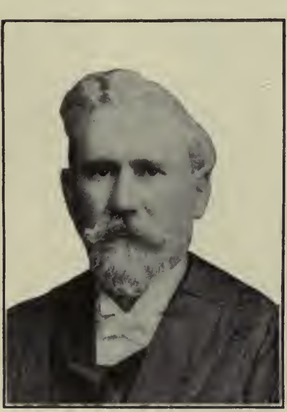
RARELY does one meet a man without a hobby, but when I found a gentleman pensively looking over a hotel register, studying signatures "for characteristics," a mental


JUDGE C. C. KOHLSAAT
Chicago, Ill.

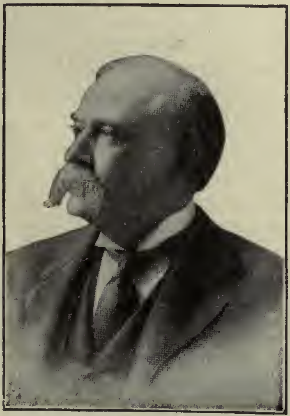
JUDGE J. C. PRITCHARD
Asheville, N. C.

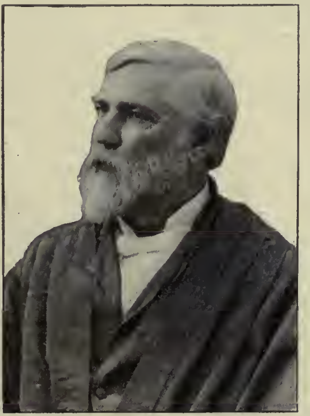

JUDGE H. F. SEVERENS
Kalamazoo, Mich.

JUDGE D. D. SHELBY
New Orleans, La.


JUDGE W. H. SANBORN
St. Paul, Minn.

JUDGE E. M. ROSS
Los Angeles, Cal.


JUDGE GEORGE GRAY
Wilmington, Del.


JUDGE D. A. PARDEE
Atlanta, Ga.

JUDGE E. B. ADAMS
St. Louis, Mo.

A GROUP OF UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGES

picture of an asylum flashed across my mind. But on further investigation I saw that he was really making a scientific study of interesting data.

American life is piquantly reflected in hotel registers, and a leaf from the register of the Hotel Saint Paul during the Conservation Congress was rich in notable names. September 5 begins very appropriately with the signature of the President of the United States, Wm. H. Taft, in a fine Spencerian line that is in sharp contrast to the rugged stub pen signatures of Roosevelt and Pinchot, which follow. President James J. Hill and Senator Beveridge are there with their peculiar flourishes. Governors Stubbs of Kansas, Deneen of Illinois and Brooks of Wyoming, Eberhart of Minnesota and Norris of Montana follow with signatures that have graced many a state document.

JUDGE WALTER I. SMITH
Of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who was recently appointed by President Taft to take the place on the circuit bench of Justice Van Devanter, who has been elevated to the Supreme Court of the United States

Mr. E. S. Bowman, chief clerk of the Saint Paul, is the proud possessor of this leaf, which is one of the most important ever recorded in the history of an American hotel. Headed by the names of the President and ex-President of the United States, and followed by those of twenty of the most prominent men in the country, the list is one of which Mr. Bowman may well be proud.

But it could never be framed and hung upon the wall in a school of penmanship. Not one of the men represented could pass in a graded school examination in writing. To secure so many striking varieties of signature, there must have been both "stub" and "Spencerian" pens provided for the hotel registry, although some of the signers have their own favorite fountain pens. Among the names on the page that would pass in a Spencerian contest, that of Governor Hay of Washington evidences either natural gift or some traces of training at a writing school. It is hard to tell whether Governor Eberhart or Senator Beveridge would fare worse at the hands of a teacher of penmanship. Some on the list cross their t's and dot their i's, while others economize ink in this respect, but end with a decidedly prodigal flourish. Secretary Wilson refuses to dot the i's in his name, while former Secretary of the Interior Garfield assiduously makes his dot somewhere between the tall letters that grace his signature. Governor Eberhart has a delightful way of throwing the alphabet all together in a melange.

The Saint Paul register for September 5 is already a historic document. Who knows but in the future super-psychical days the erudite historian will diligently seek and pore over old hotel registers, in a research to catch and study the real character and destructive spirit of our times, which has thus far defied the analysis of philosophy and researchery.

* * *

HOW many can tell the meaning of the term, "the fourth dimension?" that to the common dimensions of height, breadth and thickness adds or presumes "a fourth dimension" in space, to make a cosmical or astronomical equation mathematically correct.

Of late a Harvard professor has awakened a lively controversy by arguing that a fourth dimension is quite as likely to exist as "the infinite space" which most of us vaguely recognize; and a very pretty collegiate controversy is mildly advocating one doctrine against the other.

A bit of philosophy now and then is relished by the best of men, but it was unique to find two travelling men in Washington discussing the question of infinity. They were getting into a frightful tangle, when both confessed that they had no real knowledge of higher mathematics and were trying to demonstrate that there could be no end of a straight line which was projected out into space.

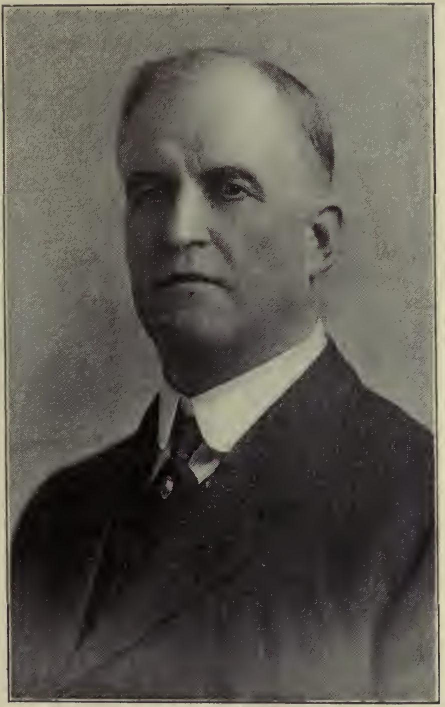
When this point was reached, one of the politicians who overheard the conversation inquired, "You evidently have something in mind that has no end? Perhaps you are thinking of the tariff discussion. Can you think of anything that has been more infinite and interminable than this question of tariff? Tariff treaties, tariff boards, tariff commission—to say nothing of the *taxi* tariff in Washington!"

* * *

IN the world's great competition for naval superiority the United States still occupies second place, with Germany a close third and promising to overtake us at an early day, as her building program is larger than that of the United States. The comparative strength of the leading navies of the world are most clearly set forth in a summary by Mr. Pitman Pulsifer's Navy Year-book for 1910, one of the most interesting volumes ever printed in connection with naval affairs. The relative strength is shown in the following table:

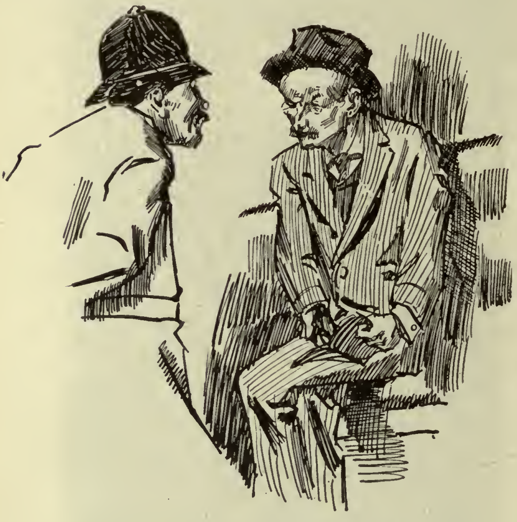
Country	Number and displacement of all ships		Number and displacement of battleships and armored cruisers		Number of large guns (11, 12, 13 and 14 inch)	Number and displacement of "Dreadnoughts." (Including armored cruisers as well as battleships)	
	Number	Tons	Number	Tons	Number	Number	Tons
Great Britain	548	2,173,838	109	1,668,100	436	27	558,900
United States	177	878,152	a 50	a 742,341	200	10	221,650
Germany	255	963,845	48	717,186	240	17	357,600
France	448	725,231	47	588,802	101	2	47,200
Japan	181	493,671	29	397,745	b84	5	107,650
Russia	211	401,463	20	287,016	86	4	92,000
Italy	171	327,059	25	299,457	79	4	83,500

(a) Including Charleston, Milwaukee and St. Louis (29,100 tons). Officially the three ships are protected cruisers. They are actually armored cruisers, and so treated by standard foreign publications.
(b) Not including armament on 27,000-ton armored cruiser (building); not known.



HON. CHARLES F. JOHNSTON
Senator from Maine, succeeding Senator Hale. The first Democratic Senator from Maine since 1847

Germany is slightly ahead of the United States in the matter of the number of ships and total tonnage, but in large ships is decidedly weaker. A chat with Mr. Pulsifer elicits that while he does not claim to be an expert in shipbuilding, he believes that the dreadnought type of steamship has not proved its superiority over less expensive fighting-craft. He points out that the smaller craft, such as the "Michigan," are less unwieldy, and better able to enter harbors and to accommodate themselves to the many emergencies of naval warfare, than the deep harbor ships, yet they can concentrate as intense a fire as the dreadnought. While Germany is pushing hard to overcome Great Britain's plan of a two-power navy, the American navy leads Germany in big guns and is next to Great Britain in modern fighting ships afloat.



" My good man . . . what is the matter? Have you lost your friends ? "

* * *

THERE are said to be about fifty-seven important questions that "bob up serenely from below" every now and then for earnest consideration. Among them are the divorce problem, the question of a tariff commission and the trusts. They are telling a joke on a government scientist anent a problem which the victim claims is more puzzling than any of the said fifty-seven. "When traveling in strange places, it's one thing to get in and another to get out," says the cynic, and the tale of the government scientist proves the statement.

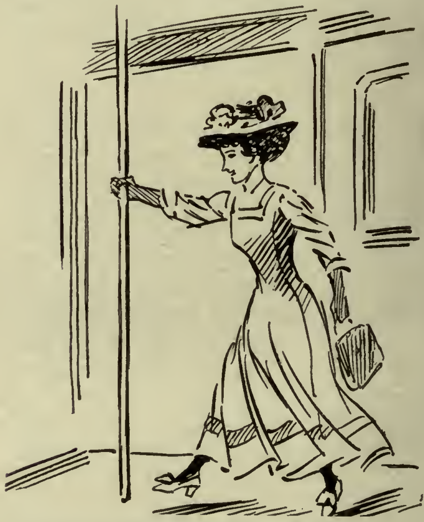
It was in the station of a small Western city, and over in the corner the scientist—who, be it known, had won distinction as a mathematician, a philosopher and a chess-player—was almost in tears. He had passed the stage of anger.

The friendly policeman who happened to drop around on his tour of preserving law and order, essayed to get at the root of things. "My good man," he asked solicitously, "what is the matter? Have you lost your friends?"

"Sir," replied the man of note, mustering his ponderous dignity, "I have mastered the problems of Euclid; I have delved into the depths of trigonometry; I have played chess with the most renowned experts; but here I am thrown into utter confusion by a railroad time table. Oh, woe is me!"

* * *

WHEN it comes to telling stories of bright boys, Judge Walter I. Smith, Congressman from Iowa, always brings to the front those brilliant youths from Council Bluffs, the real corn-fed Iowa product. He tells the story of the geography class in which the teacher on asking the usual routine of questions received some original replies:



A typical Washington tourist boarding a "pay as you enter" street car

"What is an island?"

"Land surrounded by water."

"A cape?"

"Land extended into the water."

"Correct, John. Now tell us about a gulf."

"A gulf is water extended into the land."

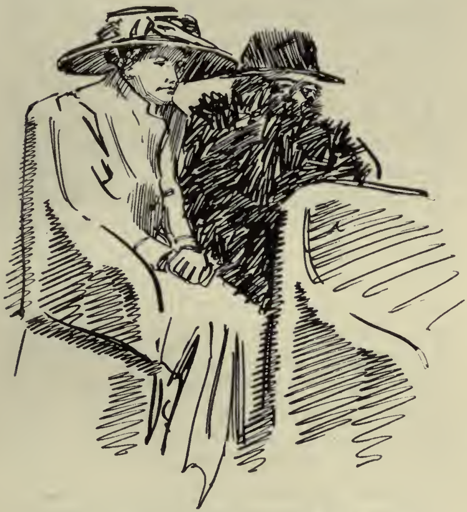
"And an isthmus?"

"A hole in the ground with water extending from ocean to ocean and where the congressional appropriations go."

"Begorra," chuckled the Irish janitor, who overheard the conversation, "but this talk of water in the geography class makes me think—I must go to Omaha this afternoon to quinch me indignation!"

* * *

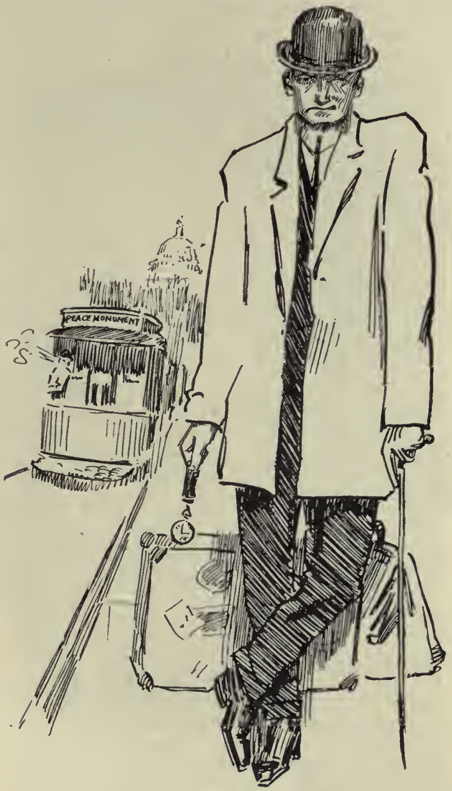
CONTRASTS may serve to heighten the enjoyment of a speech, story or play, but the contrast between the passengers of the Washington "Rubberneck Wagon" is as wide as the republic. The other day a little girl from the South, not so warmly as so prettily dressed, sat beside a buffalo-robed, ear-lapped visitor from North Dakota. The winds whistled, and the thermometer was rapidly approaching zero. But there they sat, side by side, while the "Rubberneck" shudderingly got under way and meandered along from one point of interest to another.



The contrast between the passengers of the "rubberneck wagon"

Suddenly while the megaphonist was pouring forth his choicest bits of local description in his most silvery and melodramatic tones, the flood of rotund intonation and flow of language ceased, and a grim and painful expression convulsed the megaphone man's perplexed features. The passengers sat mute.

"Guess his pipes got froze!" whispered the man from North Dakota to the miss from New Orleans, who could only between chattering teeth assent, "Ye-e-e-es." Sure enough, frost and icicles had accumulated in the megaphone and then everybody shivered in sympathy.



"As he waited for a Union Station car"

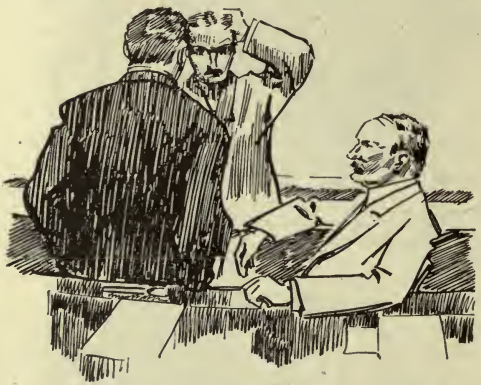
* * *

IF you would hear cursory remarks in classic language, observe the traveler on Pennsylvania Avenue, who with suit-case alongside, is waiting for a Union Station car. The cars aforesaid are supposed to run on schedule time and to travel at frequent intervals, as they do, except just before train time.

What a rare treat it was to discover a New York newspaper man—cane in hand, legs crossed in front of his suit-case in bitter resignation, watch hanging from his hand, and lips firmly compressed in sarcastic despair—as he waited for a Union Station car. As I passed by I was possessed of a longing to soothe him, and he greeted my advances by whistling that old familiar tune, "Waiting for the Wagon." Suddenly he stirred. An approaching car was heard in the distance.

"Peace, brother, peace!" I murmured softly to prepare him, as I discerned the familiar letters of the sign in front. "Peace Monument," it said.

"Peace, be hanged!" he shouted. "That's only half way to the station—doesn't go any farther than that wintry-looking individual who stands at the top of the Avenue! This is the fourteenth Peace Monument car that's passed here in fifteen minutes. By the——"


"Attention to the important matter of getting another job"

And thus I left him. For I, too, have waited for a Union Station car.

* * *

THERE is a store of anxious nodding of heads and of plaintive and far-away looks among the employes at the Capitol, who realize that with the change of party denomination, which takes effect on the fourth of March, there must be especial thought given to the important matter of getting another job. The more one sees of life at the Capitol, the more practical seems to be the sentiment regarding the uncertainty of political employment. For the exigencies of political life are always striking and their outcome uncertain, and while men in public life may more than earn the salaries they receive, there are always others vigilant for their positions, and seldom can credit for good service be considered in vacating and refilling those federal positions not under Civil Service rules.

The number of removals now incident to the change of party denomination in the House of Representatives is only a feeble snow-flurry to the blizzard of removals and appointments that used to half empty and refill residential Washington at the induction of every different administration since that of Andrew Jackson, who with the emphatic declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils," straightway saw to it that all the "spoils" in sight were divided among his followers.

The recent curtailment of the clerical force and the change of administration has deprived many people of government employment in Washington during 1910, but the growth and development of the city are increasing other lines of profitable employment than those of the government service.

* * *

WHILE it is generally supposed that the best stories are reserved for the cloak room, the most spontaneous and original are told in those few delightful moments after the Senate has adjourned and a cigar may be lighted and smoked on the floor of the Senate. Then little groups of Senators come together, and while the Congressional Record is grinding out history its makers refresh themselves with an "after-church" chat.

The question of clean money was being discussed, and an inspection of bank notes was in order. Most of those present had crisp greenbacks, for the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is in Washington, and only clean, new money is current in the Capital. Finally Senator Smoot, whose position on the Finance Committee would naturally make him an authority on such matters, held up a bill and said: "By the time the dollar bills get out to Nevada, they are in a frightful condition. That's why the people of the West prefer silver—it's cleaner—much more sanitary, don't you know."

Then he gave an estimate of how many

millions of germs might be collected on the dilapidated bill.

"The question nowadays," remarked Senator Depew, with one of his benign smiles, "is whether the germs would have time to escape to do any damage in course of such rapid transit, if all the stories of high cost of living are true. They wouldn't have time to get off any bill that chanced to pass through my exchequer."

* * *

AMONG the galaxy of distinguished Americans convened at the Conference of Governors at Louisville, Kentucky, none could look back to so long or so varied a record as General Simon Bolivar Buckner, the "grand old man" of Kentucky. Born in 1823, yet still vigorous in mind and body, he was graduated at West Point in 1844, and almost immediately was appointed on the staff of instructors, but retired in time to take part in the invasion of Mexico in 1846. Attached to the Sixth Regiment he was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant service at Contreras and Churubusco, and in the desperate assault on the Molino del Rey, or King's Mill, he earned a captain's commission.

He was instructor of infantry tactics at West Point from 1848 to 1855, when he undertook the construction of the Chicago Custom House, and later recruited a regiment of Illinois volunteers for an expedition against the recalcitrant Mormons.

In 1860 he resigned his connection with the army and began the practice of law at Louisville, but in 1861 carried with him into the Confederate service a large proportion of the Kentucky state guard, of which he was adjutant and inspector-general. It was undoubtedly fortunate for the federal cause that he was subordinate to Generals Floyd and Pillow, who lacked his popularity, initiative and fearless courage, but on the evacuation of Bowling Green he was ordered to Fort Donelson, where he commanded a brigade, and in three days' fighting in February, 1862, was the leading spirit of the defence. In the sortie on the last day, he drove back the besiegers and opened a way for a masterly retreat southward; but General Pillow against Buckner's strenuous protest ordered the garrison back to Donelson, and the investment of Grant's forces was made impregnable.

Generals Floyd and Pillow made their escape that night, but Buckner would not leave his men, and remained to make terms and surrender the post.

MISS JEAN BINGHAM WILSON
A prominent young society lady of Washington

General Grant, who had been a fellow-cadet at West Point, placed his own purse at his disposal, when General Buckner left the front to become a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

Exchanged in August, he commanded General Hardee's First Division, was later made a major-general and fought effectively at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. After the collapse of the Virginian defence as lieutenant-general of Kirby Smith's trans-Mississippi army, he

Photo by Clinedinst

HENRY W. SAVAGE

Who has achieved remarkable success as a theatrical producer. An account of his latest production, "Everywoman," appears in this issue of the NATIONAL. (See Page 681.)

surrendered the last fighting entity of Confederates at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, May 26, 1865.

He was for a while a journalist in New Orleans, and later at Louisville, but in 1870 returned to the home farm in Hart County, Kentucky, where he has since resided. When, in 1884, General Grant was financially ruined by the rascality of his Wall Street partner, the notorious Ward, General Buckner visited him and nobly repaid his debt of gratitude for the consideration shown him after his surrender at Fort Donelson. No one has

MABEL BARRYMORE
Sister of Ethel Barrymore, who is gaining well-deserved fame in melodrama

ever known how largely General Grant was indebted to him, but it was a generous and chivalrous deed, and it was with a heavy heart that General Buckner as pall-bearer followed his old comrade, friend, and antagonist to his tomb in 1885.

In 1887 he was elected governor of Kentucky, and during his term of office advanced some fifty thousand dollars, without interest, to the state to tide over a temporary deficiency. He took a prominent part in remodelling the State constitution and in 1896 was nominated for the vice-presidency with John M. Palmer, the Democratic candidate.

Wealthy, influential and popular, he loves his log cabin home, and the simple life of a southern gentleman of the old school, yet he is an active student of current events and problems.

The Buckner estate is at Green River, Kentucky, and the General has a patriotic love for the surrounding country. Out of his own purse he provided the funds for the waterworks in Munfordville, the county seat. He has also seen that a model highway has been constructed to the court house of Hart County. In 1896 the General was a candidate on the gold Democratic ticket. He finds it impossible to keep out of politics.

"I guess it's in my blood," he said, "I wish I could have kept out of politics all my life, and then probably I would have been a rich man. I'm living in the same old log cabin in Hart County that I was born in. That cabin is 103 years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preservation today as anyone could wish. I raise my own tobacco and I have a fine mint bed, and my old dog, General, wags his tail every time I walk into the old front yard."

General Buckner's scholarly attainments and love of justice have long been marked characteristics of his career. He gives no ear to the political quarrels of the state or nation, but just goes right along and lives the life of a real Kentucky gentleman.

* * *

A SURVEY of the completed census reports, which show that the population is 101,100,000 and that of this amount nearly 92,000,000 people live in the states, makes one feel that the word "big" has an appropriate place in the list of adjectives enthusiastically applied by loyal Americans.

Since the first census the country has outgrown itself twenty-five times. From a population of 3,500,000, slightly greater than that of the state of Texas, the Republic now has nearly one hundred million souls.

The census is important for other reasons than that Americans may know that their numbers are increasing. It is the basis on which the representation in Congress is placed. The present ratio of one representative to 194,000 would lengthen out the roll-call to 495 names, and even on the proposed 222,000 basis, there would be 418 members.

Director Durand estimates that the final statistics will show that more than forty-five per cent of the country is urban, that is, residing in towns of 2,500 inhabitants or more. The decline in rural population has been quite general throughout the middle western section of the country, but the director says this is not by any means due to lack of agricultural prosperity.

* * *

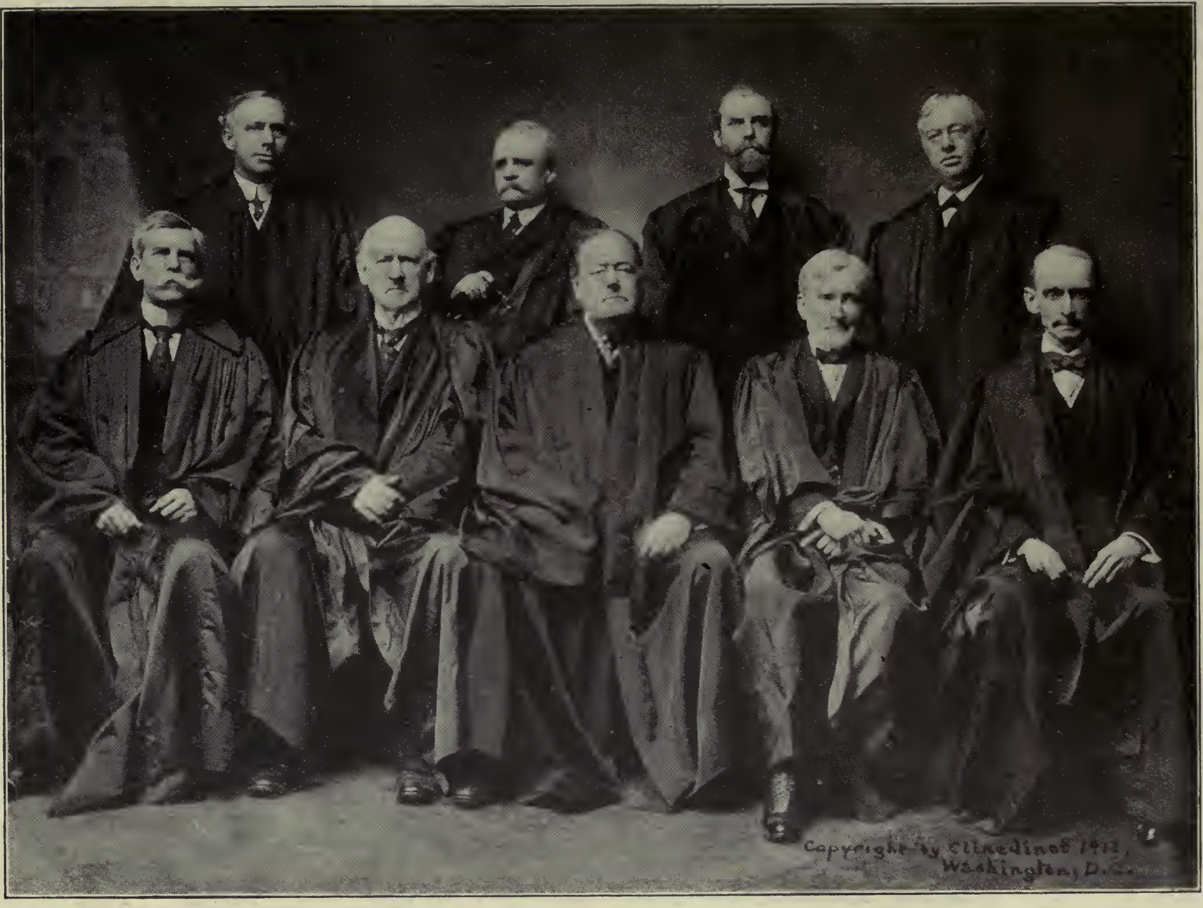
THERE has seldom been uttered within the walls of the Supreme Court at Washington a more impressive and touching tribute to a great and conscientious judge, than that delivered by Chief Justice White in honor of his predecessor. After reading from a carefully prepared manuscript a brief biographical resume, he pronounced a eulogy whose eloquence partook of the poetry and passion of a great threnody.

Solemnly calling attention to the responsibilities that rested upon him, and embodying a reverent aspiration of prayer for help in realizing the duties of the highest tribunal, and coming between the swell and counter-swell of the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, this remarkable address became even more impressive by way of contrast.

Throughout the session of Congress, the Supreme Court room has been crowded with auditors, and many hundreds of members of the bar have been crowded out. This revives the demand for plans to

VIEW OF A TYPICAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Within the past few years the automobile has not only become a thing of pleasure but of business as well. The pleasure is not confined to riding either, as is evidenced by the masses that always attend an automobile show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THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

(*Sitting, left to right*) Justices Holmes, Harlan, White, McKenna, Day, (*standing, left to right*) Van Devanter, Lurton, Hughes, Lamar erect a new Supreme Court Building or Department of Justice, where adequate quarters can be provided for the hearings of grest causes before their final and definite settlement. There is talk of building a tribunal as a companion structure to the handsome Library of Congress.

The Chief Justice made the circuit assignments as follows:

> The chief justice takes the fourth circuit, including Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina; Justice Harlan, the sixth circuit, including Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee; Justice McKenna, the ninth circuit, consisting of the Pacific coast states; Justice Holmes, the first circuit, including Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island; Justice Day, the seventh circuit, including Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; Justice Lurton, the third circuit, including New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; Justice Hughes, the second circuit, including Vermont, Connecticut and New York; Justice Van Devanter, the eighth circuit, including Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico, and Justice Lamar, the fifth circuit, including Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

"PARRAMATTA," THE NEW SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT BEVERLY

Their assignments were read by the various members with much the same interest as itinerants consult the lists sent out by the Bishop of a Methodist Conference.

* * *

AS the associate of twenty-six of the sixty-two men who have ever had a seat on the Supreme Bench, Justice John Marshall Harlan is rounding out a third of a century in the highest tribunal of the United States, and at the age of nearly seventy-eight he retains keen mental faculties and physical powers. Nearly all the important litigation that appears in the Supreme Court docket since 1877 bears his name, and if the "Grand Old Man" of the Supreme Court continues another year and a half on the bench, he will exceed the service of any previous member of that august body, including that of the celebrated Chief Justice Marshall.

Justice Harlan sits at the left of Chief Justice White, and is the most picturesque figure of the Supreme Court. His rugged, clean-cut face and dignified, erect form

DINING ROOM IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY

EAST ROOM IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY

COZY CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE NEW SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT BEVERLY

ROOM LEADING FROM THE PARLOR IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY are regarded as being the fixed type of a Supreme Court Justice. Whether in the black robe on the bench, or on the lecture platform before an interested throng of law students, Justice Harlan is just the same genial, hearty, earnest soul that won the honor and love of all his Kentucky friends in the days of long ago.

CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW SUMMER HOME IN BEVERLY

A GRANDSON of Sir William E. Gladstone, that Grand Old Man of English leadership, is now at Washington as attache to the British Embassy, after having served as secretary to Lord Aberdeen, the viceroy of Ireland. William Glynn Charles Gladstone is a graduate of Oxford, where he was distinguished as a speaker of the celebrated Union Club.

He is the heir of the Hawarden estate, and when I saw him at Washington, it recalled a visit made some years ago to the famous old Hawarden Castle on that beautiful autumn day in 1894. Crippled children from a nearby institution in which Mrs. Gladstone took a great interest, were playing happily among the great oak trees. I came up by way of the River Dee, on whose banks are the trees which inspired Morris's familiar song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It was an experience never to be forgotten, when the aged statesman extended a cordial greeting to his young American admirer.

Hawarden Castle was the property of his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, who left the estate to William Ewart Gladstone in trust for his grandson. The veteran statesman carefully developed the resources of the estate and made it one of the most attractive in England. The present attache of the English embassy, who, under the will of his mother's father, Lord Blantyre, also fell heir to the stately London mansion in Berkeley Square, has a country estate of world-wide interest, and a splendid city residence.

Mr. Gladstone takes a keen interest in affairs American, and is highly esteemed by all who have met him officially or in society. His stay in America with so distinguished and experienced a diplomatist as Ambassador James L. Bryce is especially appreciated by the young man whose family traditions would seem to ensure for him a great and useful career, and who bears the name of a grandsire whose name is revered in America.

* * *

WHEN you write an important letter be sure to place a return stamp upon it or have something on or in it indicating your exact address. At the Dead Letter auction every year the increasing national carelessness in correspondence, sends over a hundred thousand letters and parcels to be auctioned off by the Post Office Department. This year the net revenue from this sale amounted to $8,749.75, and among the auctioned matter were more than 73,000 parcels and catalogued items.

At the sale there are always a number of bidders ready to take a chance of finding contents of value in the letters and parcels from the Dead Letter Office, and it is needless to say that myriads of tragedies and comedies can be read between the lines of these waifs of the great ocean of postal communications.

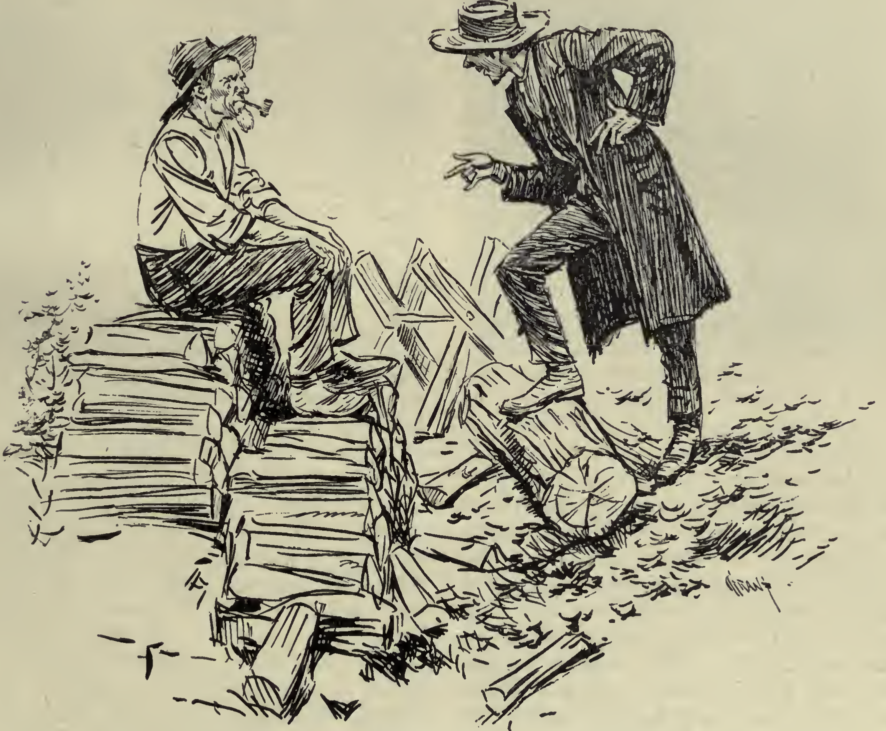
All know how even in the most uneventful life the receipt or loss of an expected letter has given pleasure or excited apprehension, and these letters, which can never reach those to whom they are addressed, or be returned to the writers who can never receive an answer, may often represent great and abiding sorrows to careless and blundering correspondents.

* * *

WHENEVER you hear anyone criticizing the Panama Canal just ask him "Have you been there?" Never have I found any critical soul who could answer that question in the affirmative. It was refreshing to hear from the lips of so noted an engineer as Mr. Isham Randolph that the old terror of landslides does not now occasion even conversation on the Isthmus.

The absurd report that the Gatun lake will be larger than Lake Michigan, with its area of 22,000 square miles, is worthy of Baron Munchausen of untruthful memory, since there are only 164 square miles of water area in the Gatun Dam. But even so it makes no difference how great an area the Gatun Dam covers—the question is the depth of water and the consequent pressure back of the dam.

The work on the Isthmus is the one great sight of the world to see, and the Hamburg-American steamers are taxed to their capacity in accommodating the increasing number of excursionists. Various other attractions are being planned this year, including an aeroplane flight by Clifford B. Harmon, from Colon to Panama. This feat is said to be one of the most hazardous projects ever attempted, owing to the trade winds which blow steadily from Colon south to the city of Panama at sixteen miles an hour with many cross currents prevailing. It is believed that the flight will be made at a height of 500 feet or higher in order to avoid the air currents which eddy about the hills. Box kites will be used as guiding the route, one above Gatun, one above Bohio, and a third above Tabernilla. The jungle



States that Gatun Lake will be larger than Lake Michigan and swamp lands afford few available landing places, but flags will be hoisted to show these. It is anticipated that more people from the states will visit the Panama celebration than have ever attended any of the expositions held in the United States.

The manufacture of the great gates at the Gatun locks has already begun, and will be followed shortly by the work at Pedro Miguel. Forty-six mitering gates will be required for the canal locks, and these will involve the use of 58,000 tons of steel. The larger part of the material called for by the specifications was of special design, and $100,000 worth of additional machinery had to be installed by the manufacturers in order to make these gates. Single pieces of steel weighing eighteen tons will be used for lower girders, seven feet deep. Above these will be a series of girders, and over the structure thus formed a sheathing of watertight plates will be riveted like the sheathing of a vessel. The entire construction will be on an immense scale. Each gate will consist of two *leaves* whose weights will vary. The largest leaf will weigh about 600 tons, and will be thirty-seven and one-half feet high, sixty-four feet long and seven feet deep.

MARIAN KENT HURD
One of the younger school of American writers

The installation of these gates indicates the rapid approach to completion of the great work at Panama, and the throngs of tourists are enthusiastic in an appreciation of the great undertaking.

* * *

THE first of the state levees given at the White House was a reception to the Diplomatic Corps. The splendid court dress of the foreign diplomatic representatives is always very impressive in the eyes of the American girl, and the Marine Band in their brilliant scarlet uniforms never discoursed more exquisite music. The buglers announced the arrival of the presidential party with stirring trumpet calls that inspired Washington's "ragged Continentals" in revolutionary days, and the Guest Room and the historic East Room and the doors of the state dining-room were thrown open for the elaborate supper.

After eleven o'clock the ball began in the East Room and continued until after midnight. President Taft, with his niece, Miss Harriet Anderson, appeared on the floor for one number, and he seemed to enjoy the dance as heartily as the younger men about him. Mrs. Taft did not participate in the dancing, but received the compliments of the guests all during the reception. Miss Helen Taft, the White House debutante, was of course the center of all eyes, and her young beauty and quiet, sensible carriage won universal admiration. There is a growing conviction that the social amenities of the country should draw their inspiration from the White House, which should be the arbiter of those delicate questions of etiquette among politicians which have always been a disturbing problem in Washington society. Heretofore there has been a development of many cliques at Washington—the administration, the diplomatic, the judicial, the senatorial, the congressional, the army and navy and so many other cliques that the tick of the social clock has been altogether confusing. Consequently certain rules are being established to meet the emergencies that arise from those seeking admission to the portals of Washington society. It is felt that all rules of social etiquette should emanate from the White House, and that the gay social worlds of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago should be given due notice that the President, with his family, has a certain social as well as a political prestige commanding due consideration in giving honor to the position to which he has been chosen by the sovereign people.

* * *

AMONG the retiring Representatives in the Sixty-first Congress, few are credited with a more honorable record in the House than Mr. Joseph A. Goulden of New York City. Most capably and creditably has he represented the largest district of the country, and he has retired voluntarily, feeling that he has earned his holiday. For eight years Mr. Goulden has represented the New York District, with its 500,000 people, the Bronx and upper Harlem, and although a fifth term was offered him for the Sixty-second Congress, he felt that his record would entitle him to honorable retirement.

As a member of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Mr. Goulden's active work in the establishment of laws safeguarding human life on passenger and freight vessels is a matter of record in the annals of the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congress. Over $2,000,000 has been secured by Mr. Goulden for various river appropriations in his district, including $100,000 for a memorial to Christopher Columbus and $225,000 for the site of a Federal building in the Borough of the Bronx, to say nothing of smaller appropriations for repairs on the Statue of Liberty, and for the erection of two lighthouses on the East River shore.

During the Civil War, Congressman Goulden served in the Union navy, and has been the leading spirit of the Grand Army posts of New York City for many years, during which time the magnificent Soldiers' Monument on Riverside Drive was erected. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the New York Soldiers' Home, where two thousand old veterans are peacefully spending the sunset of life. Mr. Goulden's activity in teaching the work of patriotism and civic loyalty in the public schools has been especially appreciated by educators throughout the country, and has won for him the love and honor of many young Americans.

While traveling on the Lackawanna Railway some years ago, Mr. Goulden noticed a G. A. R. button on the coat lapel of a fellow-traveler. A conversation was begun, and the two veterans sat up far into the night talking over the old war days and the American republic, its past and future. Then they spoke of their personal experiences in civil life, of their families and business, and though they never met again, a life-long friendship was established. The comrade spoke of his boys and of their ambition in magazine work, and Congressman Goulden has

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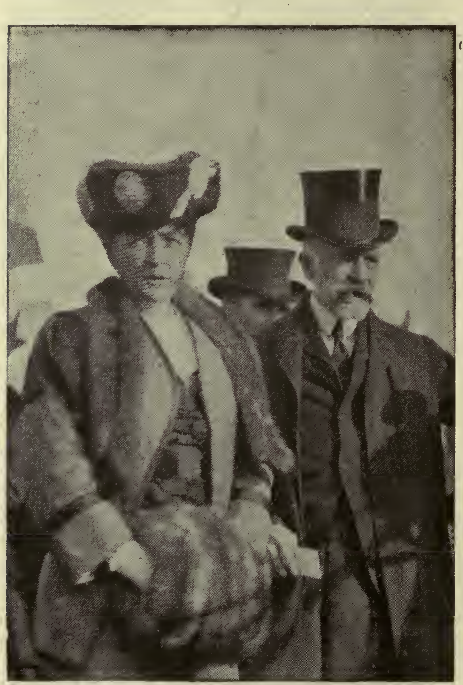
HON. JOSEPH A. GOULDEN
Member of Congress from New York City

remained ever since an interested friend of the NATIONAL. To the appreciation of his splendid public service must be added this personal word regarding Mr. Goulden's association with one whose memory is held dear.

But this is only characteristic of Congressman Goulden's life work. Although a resident of New York City, with all its whirl and breathless activity, his kindly ways and earnest effort in behalf not only of his own constituents, but of everyone with whom he has come in contact, have had their part in making up one of those records which will illumine the pages of Congressional biography.



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. J. P. GARDNER

* * *

THE re-election of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to the Senate is the well-earned tribute of the old Bay State to one of the ablest men in public life. There was a touch of old-time friendship in the special trip which Colonel Roosevelt made to Massachusetts during the heat of the campaign in New York, to speak for his old friend Lodge. It was a revelation of Colonel Roosevelt's broad grasp of national affairs, and his constancy to his friends.

In the early days, the two stood steadfastly together against the tide of mugwumpism; associated in their literary work, they have since been inseparable companions in public and private life. Senator Lodge has long been recognized as an astute student of public affairs, and as a speaker, his rich, mellifluous voice has always been heard for progressive and effective measures since he won a seat in Congress after a hard-fought battle on the stump.

As chairman of the Republican National Convention in 1908, the senior Senator from Massachusetts set a standard for future conventions that has never been surpassed by a presiding officer. In the trying position of holding in check the sentiment for his friend Theodore Roosevelt, and in effecting the nomination of William Howard Taft, he showed himself to be a master-hand in statecraft, Every speech, every announcement, to that great assembly, was given with conscientious fairness; his ability as a public man was never more clearly demonstrated than on this great occasion, which was potential in securing the Taft nomination.

An acknowledged authority on international questions, Senator Lodge's unrelenting championship of New England ideals and interests, always maintaining a national breadth of view, has made a deep impression upon the history of his times. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has done itself honor in returning to the Senate a worthy successor of Charles Sumner, and one of the strong and preeminent leaders of his day.

The whirlwind campaign made for him under the direction of Hon. Norman H. White did much to arouse the sentiment along the lines of progressive and aggressive Republican campaigning.

The speech delivered by Senator Lodge at Symphony Hall during the last of the campaign was one of the most eloquent heard in Boston since the days of Webster, Sumner and other orators of the stirring scenes of the Civil War. The address not only thrilled his audience but wherever read touched the hearts of the Massachusetts born and swept away all personal and partisan differences in an appreciation of a patriotic utterance. In giving an account of his public career Senator Lodge said:

> "To this love I add the deep gratitude I feel to the people of Massachusetts for the confidence they have so long reposed in me. No matter what the future may have in store, that gratitude which comes from my heart can never be either chilled or lessened. To be Senator from Massachusetts has been the pride of my life. I have put aside great offices, for to me no public place, except one to which I never aspired, has seemed equal to that which I held, and there was assuredly none which could so engage my affections.
>
> "I have valued the high positions given me in the Senate, because they meant large opportunity and testified to the trust and confidence of my associates. But I prize them most, because they gave to Massachusetts the place which is her due in the councils of the nation."

* * *

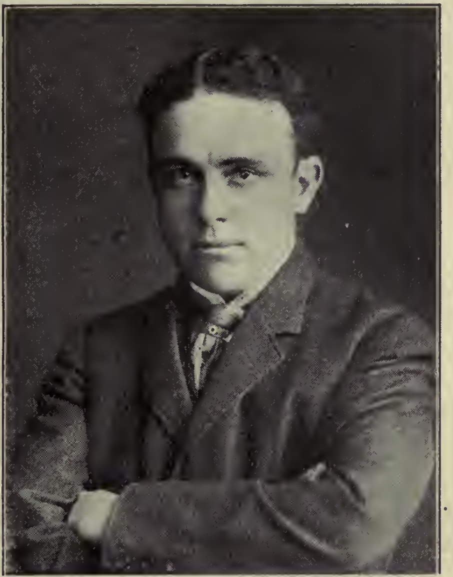
AS Senator Hale of Maine made his dignified way to the sartorial shop of the Senate, there was just a gleam of humor in his eye as he spoke of the capture of the House of Representatives by the Democrats. Inasmuch as they had won the victory, he insisted, there should be no effort made to rob the party of its natural inheritance. He seemed unusually cheerful in the anticipation of his retirement to private life, with its prospects of escaping the arduous work which has represented his life program for many years.

The Senator is still an ardent advocate of the Ocean Steamship Bill, which he feels will do much toward developing our trade with Central and South America. He scoffs at the rumor of an extra session of Congress, and quotes Champ Clark's statement that the boarding-house keepers, hotel managers and newspapers would keep Congress in session the entire year if they could.

Whisperings of an alliance between the so-called Insurgent forces and the Democratic party are given no credence by Senator Hale, "now or ever." Neither does he contemplate a long ascendency for the Democrats, and he feels that the leaders of that party will find in the coming Congress that immense responsibilities and burdens will tax their powers to the utmost. A special tribute was paid to the real patriotism, conservatism and sense of President Taft in bringing the Republican party together for the great contest of 1912, and the interview was closed with a pertinent quotation: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." But with his usual optimism Senator Hale sees in the developments of 1910 that good will yet come to his party.

* * *

LONG before he came into prominence as prospective Speaker-elect of the House of Representatives, Champ Clark became, as he has ever since continued to be, one of the picturesque characters of Washington. It was a rare treat to sit down with him at one of the tiny tables of the lunch room where the plebeian public are wont to dine and join him in digesting a piece of pumpkin pie (and be sure to call it "pungkin"). It seems to be more to the liking of Champ Clark to eat with "the common folks" than to take his place in the inner sanctum marked "Members Only."



NORMAN H. WHITE
Who managed Senator Lodge's campaign

Genial Mr. Clark is always ready for a chat. His own taking lectures on "Picturesque Public Men," he told me,

CAPTAIN ROBERT E. PEARY, WHOM THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE HAVE DECIDED MISSED THE NORTH POLE BY A LITTLE OVER A MILE

were along the same lines as "Affairs at Washington" in the NATIONAL, and they were the most popular of his entire repertoire. The lecture has been delivered several hundred times by Mr. Clark, and for this work he has received twenty or thirty thousand dollars. His "picturesque characters" go back to the Fifty-third Congress, and he keeps trying out descriptions of different public men. He told how he had prepared an exquisite word picture of a gentleman very prominent some years ago, but it never seemed to take, for the man was a true "gentleman of the old school," and the lecture dealt with him as a memory of a past generation. "Our people seem to want things right up to date," he insisted, "and one of the most interesting influences of my public career has been the keen and lively interest which the people have always taken in their public men of all political parties."

Mr. Clark's real Christian name is James Beauchamp, but there was such an abundance of James Clarks that he induced people to call him by his second name. Folks out Missouri way pronounce Beauchamp "Beecham" instead of "Bo-shom," which offended Mr. Clark's ear, so naturally and inevitably he became Champ Clark after his initiation to the field of politics.

Opposite the restaurant in the corner of the House wing of the Capitol Mr. Clark has a special room on whose door there is a tiny plate with the simple inscription "Mr. Champ Clark." Here it has been convenient for him to keep watch of things on the floor, but now some Republican member will occupy this room while Mr. Clark moves up to the Speaker's headquarters on the floor above in the opposite corner of the wing.

* * *

AFTER a lecture recently delivered by Colonel Mosby, in a Northern city, there was a little reception that further emphasizes the passing of all sectional feeling. Here was the Confederate partisan who of all his rank had made the most trouble for the Union in Virginia, and who even now possesses much of the fire and spirit of the days when he was a cavalry officer in gray, addressing a Northern audience, and receiving the hearty and affectionate greetings of the Union veterans of '61.

In his lectures Colonel Mosby, while respecting Northern sensibilities, accurately reflects Southern sentiment and ideas. He never fails to pay a merited tribute to his former foes—who in the old days had to keep a vigilant watch and ward against "Mosby's Guerillas."

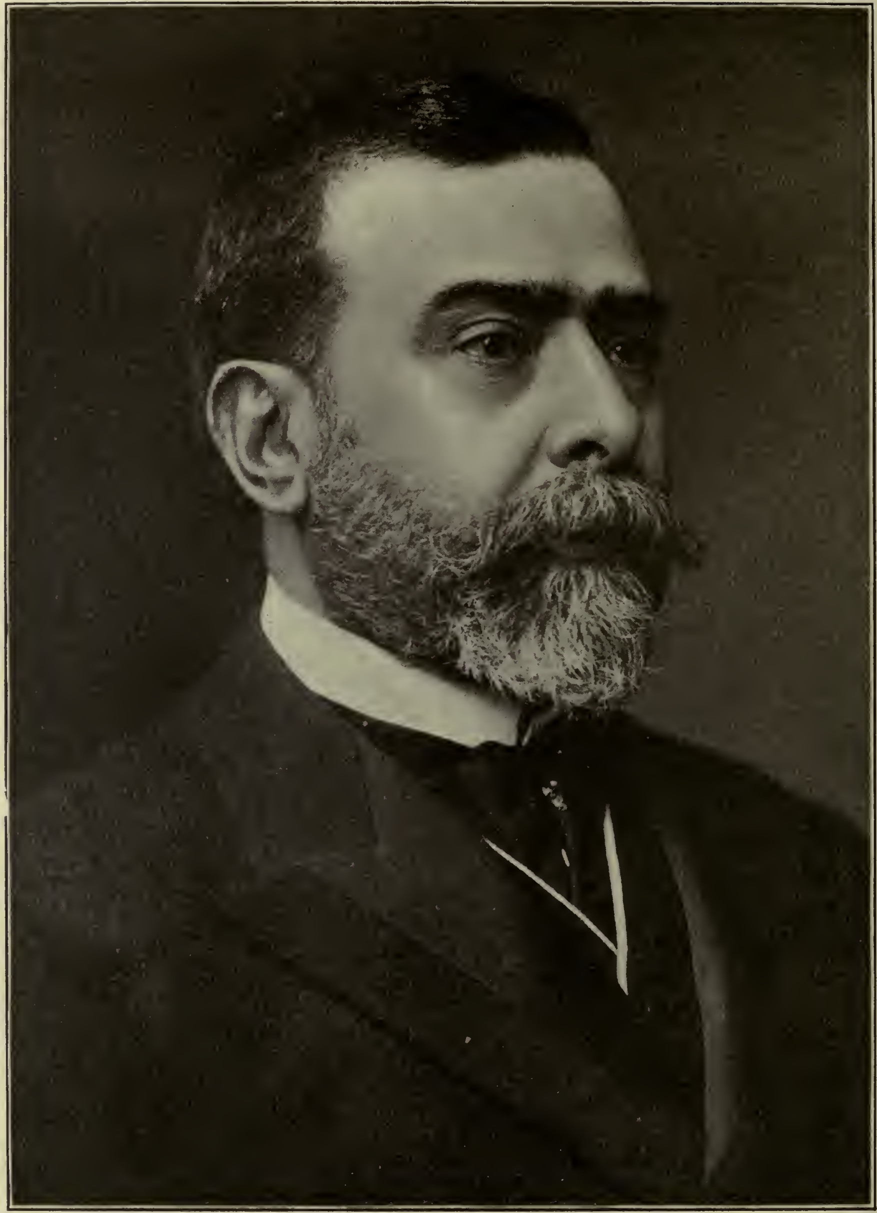
* * *

NEVER have I witnessed a more touching tribute to the memory of a deceased Senator than when Mr. Davis Elkins marched down the center aisle of the Senate, leaning on the arm of his father's old colleague, to be sworn.

Faultlessly attired and in the prime of young manhood, his virility and firm features still recall something of the dominant power of the late Senator from West Virginia. After affixing his signature with the firm hand and business dash of a young man who for some years has been at the head of a twelve-million dollar corporation, he was introduced by Senator Scott to many of his father's former associates, and as they gathered about the newly elected Senator with words of welcome and congratulation from Democrats as well as from Republicans, his reception was a tribute to his father's memory such as no floral offerings, no resolutions, none of the other usual tributes, could express.

HON. CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

For this was the son of Stephen B. Elkins, and to him all his father's friends extended a greeting that for the time mellowed the austerity of the august assembly of Senators. With a hearty



SENOR DON EPIFANIO PORTELA
Ambassador from the Argentine Republic to the United States

handclasp he met them, but when he stood at his father's desk, the seat in the front row from which the crape band of official mourning had been but recently removed, it was a touching scene and all eyes were centered upon him.

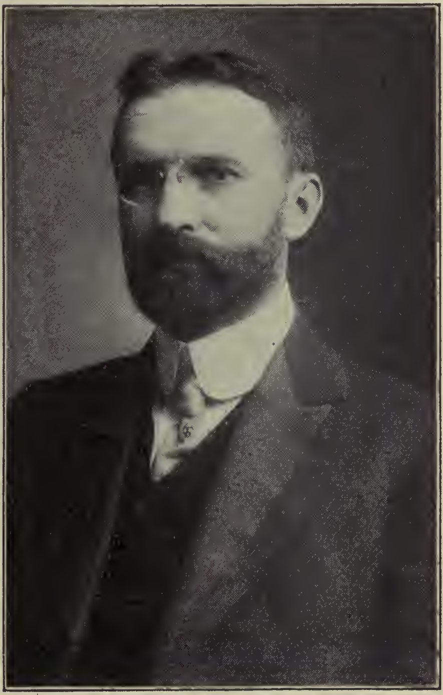
An especially tender tribute to the memory of his colleague was exemplified in Senator Scott's fatherly interest in the son. For twelve years Nathan Bay Scott and Stephen B. Elkins had been friends; never a word of disagreement passed between them, something unusual in two Senators from the same state. There has never been an Elkins faction or a Scott faction in West Virginia. When Senator Elkins made his campaign for re-election, no one was more active in his behalf than Senator Scott, and after the ceremonies of young Elkins' initiation, Senator Scott once more looked over the last letter ever penned by his deceased friend. It was only a brief note filled with friendly regard, but it seemed to contain a premonition that it was a word of farewell to his beloved colleague.

In his characteristic way of doing things promptly, Senator Scott had arranged to have the new Senator sworn in just as soon as possible after his appointment was forwarded by Governor Glasscock. A special train brought the party to Washington, and an automobile whisked the young man to the Senate Chamber, where he was made a Senator the same day of his appointment.

Upstairs in the Committee Room, Miss Elkins, Mrs. Oliphant and Stephen B. Elkins, Junior, had arrived just too late to see their brother sworn into office. In the President's Room of the Senate many friends from West Virginia had gathered, and there was a suspicion of moistened eyes as they looked upon the young man, with all his enthusiasm, ready to take the place and assume the labors of his revered father. He was saying that as a boy, his father used to alarm him by saying that he could never be a Senator if he did this or that. Senator Davis Elkins has evidently taken hold of his new duties with the same characteristic energy with which his father resumed Senatorial labors when he was returned from West Virginia after having represented the Territory of New Mexico in Congress. He has but recently passed his thirtieth year, the required age for a United States Senator according to the Constitution.

Seldom has a young American entered the political arena seemingly better fitted to win popular favor by a gracious and pleasing personality, and a determination to get right at the root of things in an incisive, business-like way. Everybody warmed to him at once as he shook hands with a heartiness that was refreshing in this chamber whose denizens are noted for staid dignity. He will not occupy his father's desk, as the old custom prevails that the seats be filed upon and taken in regular seniority.

Speaking of the method of filing upon seats recalls the case of Senator Root, who as a mere matter of form made application for Senator Hale's seat after the filing had also been made by the late Senator Dolliver. It was little thought at that time that the Senator from Maine would leave his desk for years to come, but his retirement, which takes effect the fourth of March, and Senator Dolliver's death, will give Senator Root the very desirable seat of the Senator from Maine.



HON. GEORGE SUTHERLAND
Utah's junior member of the United States Senate

Senator Davis Elkins was born in Washington while his father was a member of Congress, and his early years are associated with Washington and Washington life. His success in business affairs was the pride and delight of his father, although he always hoped and intended that his son should enter the field in which he had been active for nearly fifty years.

When his friends addressed the young man as "Senator" he remarked that it seemed "odd." He thought it might take some time to become accustomed to the salutation, and was determined to do things to deserve the distinction. The following day he appeared in the Senate in a business suit, and he can be relied upon to be prompt and alert in his treatment of all matters that come to his desk, and to give to his constituents the best that is in him to fill out his father's term creditably.

OCTAVE THANET, THE AUTHORESS, IN HER ARKANSAS HOME GARDEN

AT the Sixth Annual Convention of the American Civic Association held in Washington at the New Willard, were gathered many men who have been active in increasing the beauty of American cities. The president, Mr. J. Horace McFarland, has long been identified with this work, and the beautiful city of Harrisburg clearly shows the value of the organization's efforts. Mr. Richard B. Watrous of Washington is the secretary, and an active officer he is in every sense of the word. His report on "The Year's Work" told of what had been accomplished by the association during the year, and the efforts proposed for the year to come.

The entire week's program was of interest, reflecting much important work accomplished by the various clubs throughout the country. At one of the afternoon sessions, Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh presided, and an address by Mr. Frederick Olmsted, on the "A B C of City Planning," gave valuable initial suggestions as to the best way of making a city beautiful. The paper deserves wide circulation.

From New England to the Gulf and Pacific coast came the enthusiastic delegates, and among the subjects taken up the house-fly was discussed with due acerbity and spirit. The fly-fighting committee, headed by Mr. Edward Hatch, Junior, was fortunate in securing a number of brilliant speakers, among them the Chief Entomologist of the Agricultural Department, Professor L. O. Howard, who spoke on "The Typhoid Fly." Various notable addresses followed on "The Menace of the Fly," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of New York, Mr. Leroy Boughner of Minneapolis and Mr. Watrous.

The Convention ended in a most delightful reception tendered by Hon. and Mrs. John B. Henderson. An active campaign on beautifying home, city and country, was planned for the coming year, to be directed from the headquarters at Washington.

* * *

THE dreams of idealists as to the real meaning of the public welfare clause are being realized in the action of Major George O. Squier of the Signal Corps of the Army. For some years he has been making wireless experiments which enable one to send several messages over the same wire at the same time.

The four patents for multiplex telephony, which were issued to Major Squier, were transferred by him "to the people of the United States," for the Major felt that it would not be proper for him as an officer in the United States Army to profit by his invention. The successful tests made show that conversation or music can be carried by wireless transmission guided by a wire, and the system has already been installed between the research laboratory of the Signal Corps at the bureau of standards at Chevy Chase, Maryland, and the construction laboratory of the Signal Corps at 1710 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

In view of the fact that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has twelve million miles of wire in operation and that that company spent during the first six months of 1910 more than twenty-one million dollars for the construction of telegraph and telephone equipment, the multiplex system of telephony, lessening the requirements for new wires, would seem to be of special value to that company. Major Squier says that anyone is at liberty to use the invention and that not a penny is expected by the inventor for royalty. The patents have been duly taken out by "the people of the United States," and are fully protected in foreign countries.

Major Squier hails from Michigan, and declares that his labor has been inspired by a love of science and devotion to duty. He says that as long as the United States Government pays him a salary every month he feels that everything he does belongs to the government.

The Major studied under Professor Rowland, the inventor of the multiplex telegraph system at the Johns Hopkins University, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1893, and since his entrance to the Signal Corps has done much for commercial America.

* * *

FAR more unerringly than by any weather bureau prediction, the approach of spring is indicated by the gleam of the piscatorial fervor that irradiates the eyes of Senator Frye of Maine just before the opening of the fishing season. During the winter while the streams are ice-bound and the spruce trees are white with snow, the Senator loves, now and then, to relate a fish story.

He tells of a memorable trip on which Senator Spooner joined him at his choicest trout stream. They had it all arranged, after having called into counsel a reliable fish-dealer and a trustworthy expressman, that a box of trout should arrive every other day at Senator Frye's home to indicate the success with which they were casting the fly.

The plan worked beautifully—"of course we caught some and some we didn't"—but the expressman was fairly regular in the weight of fish forwarded, and the prepaid charges were about the same from day to day. All went well until one day a dispatch came from the Frye domicile:

> "Rush two more boxes smoked herring. They are great. Are the salt mackerel running also?"

There was a busy time with the wires just then, for the fish dealer had got his orders mixed, and instead of shipping fresh trout to Frye's home, he had sent herring—thoroughly smoked. But the Senator was equal to it. Camp supplies had been mixed with the fish caught that day—of course. He hastened his reply:

> "You received the bait by mistake. Nothing but smoked herring will ever catch fresh trout, you know."

Senator Spooner usually concludes the tale truthfully by giving the return message:

> "Received the bait, and taken it *sic*—hook and all."

* * *

THERE is always a fascination in watching others work—whether it is a building under construction or a farmer afield or one of the great departments at Washington.

On a November day they were "closing the forms" of the annual reports in the various departments. In the office of the Secretary of the Navy the Admirals were looking over the last details to see that nothing was left out in the report and nothing lacking in the personnel of the Navy and the operations of each department.

Ever since his entrance into public life Secretary George von L. Meyer has been indefatigable and enthusiastic in the performance of his official duties. Many of the innovations proposed by him as Postmaster General have become crystallized into law, and his practicality in the adoption of new ideas shows that he is ever on the watch that his services shall bear fruit in public economies as well as in lofty ideals.

For the first time in all federal history, $2,700,000 was turned back into the United States Treasury by the Navy Department out of the Naval Supply Fund. It seems rather singular in the annals of reports to find a fund liquidated and money turned back into the Treasury.

Even more significant is the statement that the estimates for 1912 are five million dollars less than the appropriation of a year ago. There is usually a difference between the estimates furnished and the appropriations made, for estimates are nearly always larger than the amounts rcomemended by the committee on appropriations. In this case, however, it is believed that the amount asked for by the Secretary will be promptly "passed" by the committee and found adequate.

MAJOR GEORGE O. SQUIER
The inventor of multiplex telephony

The systems inaugurated by Secretary Meyer to keep in close touch with all the details of the Navy Department, are also detailed in the annual report. During the summer Mr. Meyer made a report as to the naval power of the leading nations, founded on information of whose reliability and value he was fully cognizant. When the Secretary is at his desk, he works with the spirit of an active business man, who seeks certain well-defined results from well-matured and definite plans and investigation.

* * *

O JOY unconfined!" exclaimed an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, as he read the report of United States Fish Commissioner, George M. Bowers, announcing that after forty years of effort the Chinook salmon of Pacific waters had been introduced into the lakes and rivers of the Atlantic seaboard.

During the season of 1910, a number of lucky anglers in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, have taken Chinook salmon weighing from three to ten pounds each, and other localities will probably be fairly well stocked with this gamy and delicious Pacific salmon within a few years.

During the year the commission distributed throughout the Republic over three thousand, two hundred and thirty-three millions of living fish and fish eggs, exceeding the record of 1909 four per cent.

This statement means that fished-out streams and lakes, inland ponds and hitherto tenantless brooks have been sown with living seed or tiny fry, and these often of species and value far superior to the former scaly denizens of the lake, pond, or stream. The researches of Agassiz, the more practical and extended labors of Baird, Verrill and Goode, his lieutenants and successors, laid broadly and deeply the foundations of the existing national and state commissions which have added incalculably to the pleasure, food supply and resources of our people.

The report estimates the invested capital of the fishery interests of the United States at $95,000,000, and the average annual income at $62,000,000 (profits), but this is by no means the real limit of practical profit. Millions of dollars would be lost to Maine yearly if her lake salmon and trout fisheries were lost through any folly or misfortune, and this is true to a greater or less extent of every community in which the disciple of good old Izaak Walton can still find "good fishing" and a comfortable hostelry at the close of his day's labors.

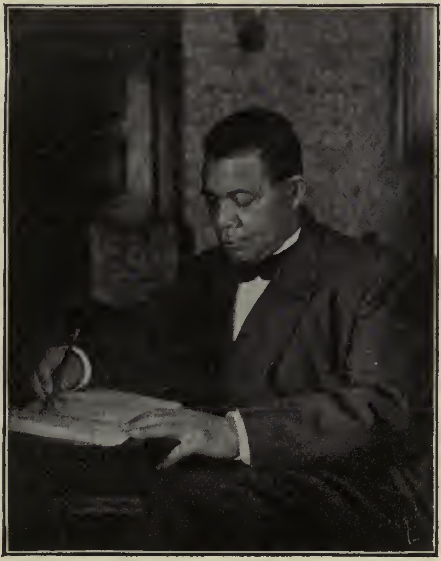
New Work at Tuskegee Institute

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN you can pronounce "Che-haw" with that inimitable limpid liquid accent of the Indian tongue, then the initiated will know that you have visited Tuskegee—for at Chehaw you last change cars for Tuskegee. Booker Washington's school town is not located on the railroad maps, but a Pullman porter thousands of miles away told me how to go to Chehaw—no "geehaw" joke here—on the way to Tuskegee, where, perhaps, the most notable institution of learning in the world's history has been established. For the work at Tuskegee Institute deals with the destiny of a race.

The train was late, but I did not care, for there was something fascinating in winding around among the Alabama hills, with red-hued soil, looking for the buildings which I had come to see;—the buildings, plant and equipment which represented the life-work that a noble, energetic, unselfish man, the son of a slave mother, has done and is doing for his race.

One can see plainly enough that the soil about Tuskegee is not the dark, rich loam of the Delta, but in spite of that, on either side of the road are fields that show the thrift born of effort and conquest. And one of the Tuskegan professors has discovered mineral on the land which makes the finest prussian blue, with by-products of pure green and red dyestuffs.



BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON

When I first heard Booker T. Washington speak years ago, I felt the charm of his simple, frank and hopeful story and comment. His whole attitude seemed to be so practical, so sensible, so earnest, that I felt a personal interest in his plans and purposes. His biography tells the story of Tuskegee.

Tuskegee had enjoyed a reputation for learning that had clustered for many years —long before the war its schools for white people were the envy of surrounding counties. In 1881 a small schoolhouse was planned there with a modest appropriation of $2,500 for Negro education—a frame building with a typical belfry—and this called for a teacher. From Hampton Institute in Virginia came young Booker T. Washington, and no sooner had he arrived and taken his seat on the rostrum of that little old frame building, a replica of which is still preserved on the grounds, than he began to paint a picture of what *should* exist on those hills roundabout. The transformation has been nothing short of magical. A splendid assembly hall recently completed, the great dormitories, the library, the office, the campus, the barns, experimental station, industrial buildings—where almost every practical and useful trade is taught and where every duty known to home-making is a part of the obligatory instruction—can you compute what all this means?

There is a suggestion of Harvard on

the entrance gates with their massive pillars, and the brass *bas relief* presented by the students as an eloquent expression of gratitude to the memory of the late William Baldwin, Jr. Around the administration offices the vines cling with just that touch of picturesque beauty that makes the memories of Tuskegee ever pleasant in the mind of its graduates.

The enthusiasm with which every undergraduate and everyone about the building seemed ready to tell of their work, and the respect and honor in which they held Dr. Washington, was most impressive.

SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENT COMMUNITY SCHOOLHOUSE

From Dr. Washington's simple office, with its bouquet of flowers, the air of gentle refinement is radiated. On the walls are the portraits of those who have done much to help him in his work, among them that of a colored lady, lately deceased, who left her fortune of thirty-eight thousand dollars to Tuskegee.

From a cosy room in Rockefeller Hall one can view the crest of the hill, and not far away is Greenwood, where many of the faculty of Tuskegee reside.

Standing in the balcony of the Assembly Building, watching the students, what a charm there was in hearing grace chanted in weird minor and later the old Negro hymns and plantation melodies played by the orchestra and band. For the colored people do love their music. In the Carnegie Library of fifteen thousand volumes an assembly room is used for lectures by the senior and graduate students; there is also a seminary room where the students who are preparing essays may work.

The Y. M. C. A., under the efficient charge of Mr. J. D. Stevenson, has been doing notable work, and the deportment and character of Tuskegee students tell an effective story.

The students, wearing uniforms made at Tuskegee, have a dignified bearing, and are keenly interested in sports and athletics. Ever since the school was established an exemplary military discipline has been in force. Mr. J. H. Washington initiated the work, which is now in charge of Major J. B. Ramsey. The night school furnishes two battalions of four companies each, and the day school a third battalion of five companies. The officers are chosen from the senior class, and there is not a day that a fire drill is not sounded, nor an hour in which the real dignity of duty is not recognized.

In one of the industrial buildings the girls were making hats and dresses, also fancy baskets and adornments for the homes. The laundry was a model of neatness. The seniors, girls with matronly air, were preparing "the homes" for guests, and a delightful dinner.

In the kitchen the old Colonel put down the kettle a moment to tell me: "Yassah, Ah 'membahs many's a time when we'se gone hungry 'spectin' when that whistle blew it'd bring a cheque from Mistah Wash'n'ton, sah."

RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOLHOUSE

The assembly at night in the great auditorium was impressive in revealing a personnel of earnest, sensible and practical young men and women preparing a life-work with sane and wholesome ideals. Every other day each student is required to unite with his academic studies, the real *doing* of things—homely things relating to the field and shop and home.

SCENE AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

TRUCK GARDEN EXHIBIT

MODEL EXHIBIT AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

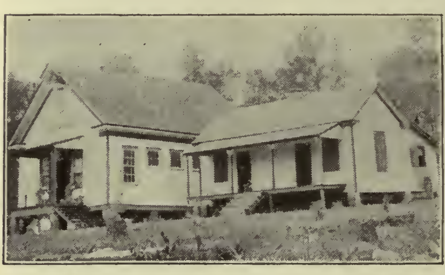
JESUP WAGON AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

HANDICRAFTERS
RUSSELL SETTLEMENT

COMMUNITY EXHIBITS AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

Nearly all the bricks that have been laid at Tuskegee were made in the brickyard there—every building at Tuskegee has been constructed from home-made bricks, and the mortar mixed and laid by Tuskegee students.

Although the institution now has sixteen hundred students, an assembly hall contains a marvelous dining room in which the entire student body gathers face to face three times a day; after grace has been said in a plaintive, reverent chant, one can see a problem grappled with, not in *theory*, but in *practice*. From forty states and over twenty-one foreign countries come the young men and women of the colored race, earnest and eager, to acquire that information and instruction which will enable them to go forth and become teachers in turn. In Panama I have visited schools taught by Tuskegee graduates. In far-off Jamaica and other remote parts of the West Indies, I have met them. The influence of Tuskegee in its short twenty-nine years bridges a history of the first importance to the nation, as well as to the colored race.



SHILOH SCHOOL, MACON COUNTY

In the village of Tuskegee is a clubroom where the boys and girls and farmers gather evenings and on Saturday afternoons. Over a store nearby is a night school of which Mrs. Booker T. Washington had long personal charge. Here the boys, with hammer, saw and plane, devote their evenings to making and repairing chairs and other "odd jobs"; the room was full of articles of furniture brought in by the villagers. There was also a tailor-shop near at hand, where clothes were made to order—in fact, every phase of the Tuskegee idea is presented in a practical and efficient way.

Tuskegee and its subsidiaries is today an educational centre known the world over for its cohesive organization: everything is conducted systematically. Efficiency in everything is the watchword. It was enjoyable to hear the young folk going to and fro, humming merry tunes—how light-hearted they seemed, yet they realized their responsibilities and were admirably attentive in the recitation room.

* * *

Early in the eighties Dr. Washington recognized that in agricultural employments the color line would not be sharply drawn, and that the first thing to be done was to train the young people of his race to better methods of work and living. In the South, there are few white people who have aught but words of respect for the work which he is doing. He is always at perfect ease, and, conscious of the justice of his cause, he moves about with almost the authority of a general, and demands results in every undertaking. Two hundred mules are kept in the stables, and there is seldom a day in which all are not at work. The question of stock-raising, too, has been thoroughly considered, and the intelligence and alertness of the young men employed and educated in these and other departments certainly indicate steady progress in scientific farm development in this section.

NEW NEGRO FARM DWELLING IN DAWKINS COMMUNITY, MACON COUNTY, TWELVE MILES FROM TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

In the Agricultural Building the farmers' institute gathers winter and summer, and at these meetings the farmers hear the lectures and demonstrations and experiences showing the results of the various crops. The teachers in the agricultural schools give special instruction to the farmers, and the course in agriculture started in the Institute in 1904 has proven

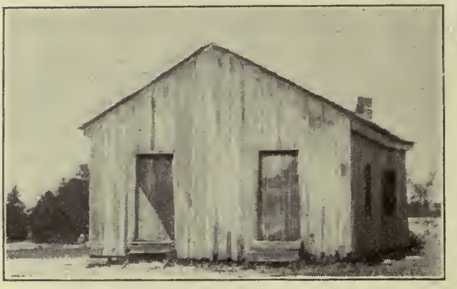
LESSON IN SEWING, RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOL

TAKING VEGETABLES HOME FROM ONE OF THE SCHOOL GARDENS

LESSON AT DINNER, RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOL

CHEHAW COMMUNITY CHILDREN WORKING THE SCHOOL FARM most successful; nearly a thousand students are at the present time enrolled in the agricultural course alone.

The engrossing work at Tuskegee just now deals with extension. The public appropriation permits of only three months' schooling for colored people in many districts, and this short term has to be divided as far as it will go. Some sections have suffered in consequence of these enforced limitations, and the extension work plans to arrange for nine months of school. The instruction is not only to include the rudiments, but is to take the boys right out into the fields to train them for home-making and home-building. As has been stated by Dr. Washington, "there is nothing in politics or any other avenue of life that begins to compare in importance with the Negro's securing a home and becoming a taxpayer." The work started by the extension department of the Institute has grappled in earnest with the one great economic problem of the times—"Back to the land." In this connection emphasis is laid on farm and household economy, as well as in knowing what to do to get the best results out of the soil. It is the lesson of living simply and of not wasting, and of looking toward those things which are worth while, which is impressed in a way that would do justice to many an older institution.



OLD RISING STAR SCHOOL BUILDING

The extension school work represents a wonderful organization. Over thirty-three community schoolhouses, in charge of Tuskegee graduates, have already been established, and forty school terms have been extended from three to nine months. The different communities have their meetings once a week. The conference of all the communities meets once a month, and the great fair is held once a year. How sensible and systematic an arrangement for bringing together the people of the surrounding country to develop that neighborhood spirit which is always characteristic of every successful community. "How I obtained a home of my own" is the chief topic of discussion at the meetings from year to year. It is the same simple story—some fail and some succeed, but the usual process is "I bought a piece of land and gave a mortgage on it." And those who worked on it paid the mortgage, as a rule; those who didn't, failed. Imagine a conference of white people confessing, as these gatherings do, their shortcomings as well as their successes. There is something delightfully cheerful and optimistic about the colored people—perhaps too much so at times for their good.

Grim humor was expressed when one Negro farmer said it was "the jug" that was responsible for his failure, and it wasn't a whiskey jug, either, but one that held two gallons of molasses. He used to send up to the store for the jugful on credit, and then more on credit, and when the bill came due in the fall he was without the money for aught else than to pay for things already consumed.

AN ABANDONED DWELLING IN RISING STAR COMMUNITY, COMMONLY USED BEFORE EXTENSION WORK WAS BEGUN

The chief point of the conferences is to impress the white people that the Negro can be made self-reliant and independent, and by attending strictly to his own business he may become a credit and an honor to any state or any community. Several of the neighborhoods around Tuskegee have school buildings built by the people themselves. Many a father with a large family feels a just pride in being able to help provide for the extension schools.

In Tuskegee the art of helping others is taught in connection with the art of helping oneself. The boy learns not only how to make a horseshoe, but how to fit it on—and to show others how to do it.

From the Institute barns Mr. Calloway drove to one of the schoolhouses which is following out Dr. Washington's plans. It is a simple building, to be sure, but a home as well as a school. Here a devoted Tuskegee graduate and his wife teach the rudiments—the "three R's"—and take right hold of the little folks with a parental hand. The youngsters are taught how to conduct themselves among strangers, how to eat, how to make beds and to keep the home sweet and clean, and how to do other useful things. The garden nearby was then being cultivated by the boys, and they showed me how they pulled stumps with an enthusiasm and interest that spoke well for their training. About the schoolhouse are gardens, tools and stock with which to review the lessons taught by actual practice; among them pigs and chickens comely and well-fed, which had evidently familiarized the students with the fundamental laws of successful farming and turning feed into profitable stock.

Eight miles from Tuskegee on the Russell Plantation, Mrs. Booker T. Washington some years ago adapted the methods of the University Settlement to the needs of the people living in the "black belt," and in an abandoned farm cabin the work was begun by Miss Annie Davis, a graduate of Tuskegee. To see little tots of eight and nine years learning how to tend the baby—for there are always babes in Negro communities—represented a great work in itself. When one realizes that each one of these colored school children has to pay a tuition fee out of the family earnings, it must be admitted that an education really means something to them, when it is not to be had without a sacrifice on their part and that of their parents.

We visited several of the many schools and communities, coming across one of the Jesup wagons on our way. These wagons, laden with the sample products of the land, travel from place to place like veritable experiment stations of the Agricultural Department, encouraging experiments of the right kind of farming. They look like the rural free delivery wagons of the government, and best of all are made in Tuskegee Institute shops. The great farm of Tuskegee itself, with its wire fences, modern buildings and experiment station, has had a most salutary influence, and the students at work in the fields, the granaries and the crops told the story.

Many of the colored farms around about Tuskegee are prosperous. The old log hut is deserted for the neat, white cottage, with green blinds and a red roof, trim as a New England homestead. At Sweet Gum community there was a petition asking those employing help to hire none but desirable characters. In the Roba Community prizes were recently offered by a wealthy white planter for the tenants who kept the best farms, gardens and homes, but only those who were not addicted to alcohol and lived in peace and order were allowed to compete.

OLD SHILOH SCHOOL, IN USE BEFORE RURAL SCHOOL EXTENSION EFFORT BEGAN

The farmer wouldn't be a true farmer unless he had his local home paper, and Mr. C. J. Calloway, who has been very active in the extension work, some time ago established *The Messenger*, a county newspaper, which has indeed the real flavor of neighborliness. The Negro Business League, founded in Boston in 1900, but with headquarters in Tuskegee, has done much to stimulate habits of saving, and banks have been established to help in building up business and industrial enterprise. Over thirty banks and three hundred leagues have been established in thirty-seven states since the work was first begun.

The ministerial institute of Macon County has done much to influence the colored man in better modes of living. At a recent meeting the Negroes discussed crime in general and organized a novel "Law and Order League" for the suppression of crime. The pledges taken by the members are simple and effective:

"I will be a law-abiding citizen."

"I will strive for the suppression of crime in my community."

"I will co-operate with the officers of the law in ferreting out criminals."

"I will discountenance crime, immorality and all phases of lawlessness in my community."

"I will protect, with the best of my ability, every innocent and helpless person in my community, every worthy citizen regardless of race or color and every worthy member of the Law and Order League."

Now as to the practical, direct and concrete influence of the Institute at home. Official records show that there has been a great reduction of crime in the black belt Negro country in recent years. Penitentiary offences have decreased sixty per cent; murders seventy-five per cent. The records of Macon County, Alabama, in which Tuskegee is situated, show it to be one of the most law-abiding districts in the state, and this is emphasized in the report of the Attorney-General. During the visit of President McKinley and again when President Roosevelt went to Tuskegee (when over fifteen thousand people were assembled from all parts of the country) not a single arrest for disorder was made on either occasion. At the Macon County Fair in October last, four thousand Negro farmers were in attendance. The Fair has been held for the past twelve years, solely for the purpose of promoting agricultural development. The necessity for keeping order at the County Fair has never been considered by the officers—the event has become a model of the perfect observance of law and order. The influence of this meeting can be found in the local conferences, farmers' improvement clubs and mothers' clubs, which have all done much to reach out a helping hand to the colored man or woman who appreciates what it means to get on in the world and become a useful citizen.

Everywhere there seemed to be recognized and reflected in life and labor the memorable saying of their great teacher:

"Respect can never be given; it must be purchased; our success will be earned and come by learning to command respect by our usefulness to the world."

* * *

Yes, it rained the day I was there, but Calloway insisted that it was "good for the crops," so we didn't mind the wetting, and the students didn't seem to have very much use for umbrellas. There was a sturdiness about it all that was impressive. As I left, the lights were being lit in the Tuskegee halls. In each room in the dormitories, and wherever else that light gleamed, I felt that there some young man or young woman under the study lamp was courageously grappling with the great problem of life. Every one of those lights that fringed the Tuskegee halls were significant beacons, lighting an important movement toward the uplifting of a race that is destined to work out its own problems to the honor and glory of mankind.

O LIFE is Life for evermore!
And Death a passing shadow—
The gloom a cloud, from its azure floor,
Casts on the sunny meadow;
The west wind blows—the shadow goes.

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The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge

"The Man From Home"

CHAPTER I

AN OLD faded carpet, which was worn through in many places, covered the floor of a little room at the top of a tenement house on Twenty-ninth Street, near Third Avenue in New York. The walls, which were decorated with faded paper, were hung with unframed pictures, and drawings such as one artist would give another, and the old bookcase which stood against the wall, with its double glass doors, covered with faded draw curtains, showed by its marks and scratches that it had been moved about carelessly for many years. The old bed-couch and a few wooden chairs gave the room an air of poverty, but as one gazed at the pictures, he could not help seeing the artist's hand in every corner; the artistic drawing on the wall; the color of the cheap cloth used to make a cozy corner harmonized with the curtains that covered a small window through which the sun was streaming. The unpapered ceiling, which slanted downward on either side, gave an artistic quaintness to the picture, and the banister in the center of the room which surrounded the dilapidated stairway leading downstairs was covered with a cheap cloth, harmonizing in color with the quaint cozy corner.

A little boy, between four and five years of age, sat on the floor in the ray of the sunlight, playing with his blocks. His little blue and white gingham suit, which was faded and patched; the little soiled knees sticking out through the cotton stockings, suggested the picture of a child who might see better days. He raised his curly head and listened as he heard the sound of feet climbing the creaking stairs.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murray," he said in a polite tone as he peeked over his shoulder and saw her thin figure standing with one hand on the banister and the other on her stomach as if gasping for breath.

"Hello, Jackie, what are ye doin'?" she gasped in a tone that showed she had climbed higher than was good for a woman of her age to climb by foot.

"I'm building a hospital," replied Jack as he leaned back and surveyed his toy building, and the remark caused a faint smile to creep into her thin face as she threw a glance from her keen Irish eye at the child, and walked over to the old bed-couch at the side of the room and seated herself with a sigh of relief and gave her little black straw bonnet a push with both hands toward her forehead.

"And what are ye buildin' a hospital fer?"

Jack turned and looked at her with his big blue eyes, and in a voice of surprise exclaimed:

"Why, don't you know that my jumping-jack has broken his leg?"

Mrs. Murray pushed herself a little farther back on the couch and rested her elbows on a pillow. She smiled good-naturedly.

"Moi, but that's too bad. Where's ye'r father?"

A smile of happiness came over Jack's face as he took his tiny hand and placed it on his stomach and forgot his blocks.

"He has gone to get some groceries," he said, and his voice told how anxiously he was waiting his father's return.

Mrs. Murray removed her elbow from the pillow, moved to the edge of the couch and exclaimed with surprise:

"Ain't ye had annie breakfast yit?"

"Yes, I had my breakfast and two eggs," he replied cheerfully as he reached for another block.

"Ain't yer father workin' yit?"

"Yes, he's writing most all the time."

A look of disgust came over Mrs. Murray's face, she gave the black ribbon of her bonnet, which tied under her chin, a quick pull, as if it were too tight.

"An' if he don't do somethin' besoides write, ye'll not ate eggs long at the price they are now," she grunted in a voice that showed her contempt for literature.

The rickety stairs creaked as Jack was reaching for another block. He paused, drew his hand back and listened. The stairs creaked again. His big blue eyes opened wider and he listened breathlessly.

Mrs. Murray gazed toward the stairway and gave her dark skirt a pull at the knees that brought the bottom of it nearer the tops of her black congress shoes. She folded one hand and held it in the other and with a firmness placed them both in her lap as she sat erect on the edge of the couch.

A heavy, pleasing voice called, "John."

The tapping of a cane was heard on the stairs, then a wrinkled hand clutched the top of the banister. The end of a cane appeared on the floor and tapped first one spot and then another.

Jack knew the sound—he did not turn to look, but reached out for another block as he yelled in a welcoming tone, "Good-morning, Mr. Warner."

Mr. Warner rested the weight of his heavy body on his cane a few seconds, then used it to feel his way to a chair and as soon as he regained a speaking breath, he said, "Good-morning, Jack," with as much fatherly love in his voice as though he were greeting his own child. He removed his black slouch hat and hung it on the handle of his cane, ran his fingers through his snow-white hair and heaved a sigh that almost shook the quaint little room.

Mrs. Murray's eyes wandered from his clean shaven face to the black shiny vest that buttoned tightly around his fleshy figure, then to the ragged edges of his trousers that hung over a shabby pair of laced shoes and a look of sympathy came over her face as she looked at the noble old man and listened to him trying to get enough breath to speak with.

He ran his fingers between his neck and the celluloid collar that was buttoned with a bone button to a figured soft shirt, and in a firmer and more loving voice said, "Where is your father?"

Jack informed him with a great deal of pleasure that his father had gone to the grocery store and that Mrs. Murray was present.

Mr. Warner greeted her with a "good-morning," and the quick, polite way he spoke showed the embarrassment he felt for not having been able to see her and greet her first.

"Good-morning," replied Mrs. Murray, and her voice seemed a trifle softer and she relaxed into an attitude of unconscious sympathy as she listened to the pleasing tone of Warner's voice and gazed at the man who was good-natured, gentle and kind, in spite of the fact that he had to feel his way about and look at the world through an old wooden cane.

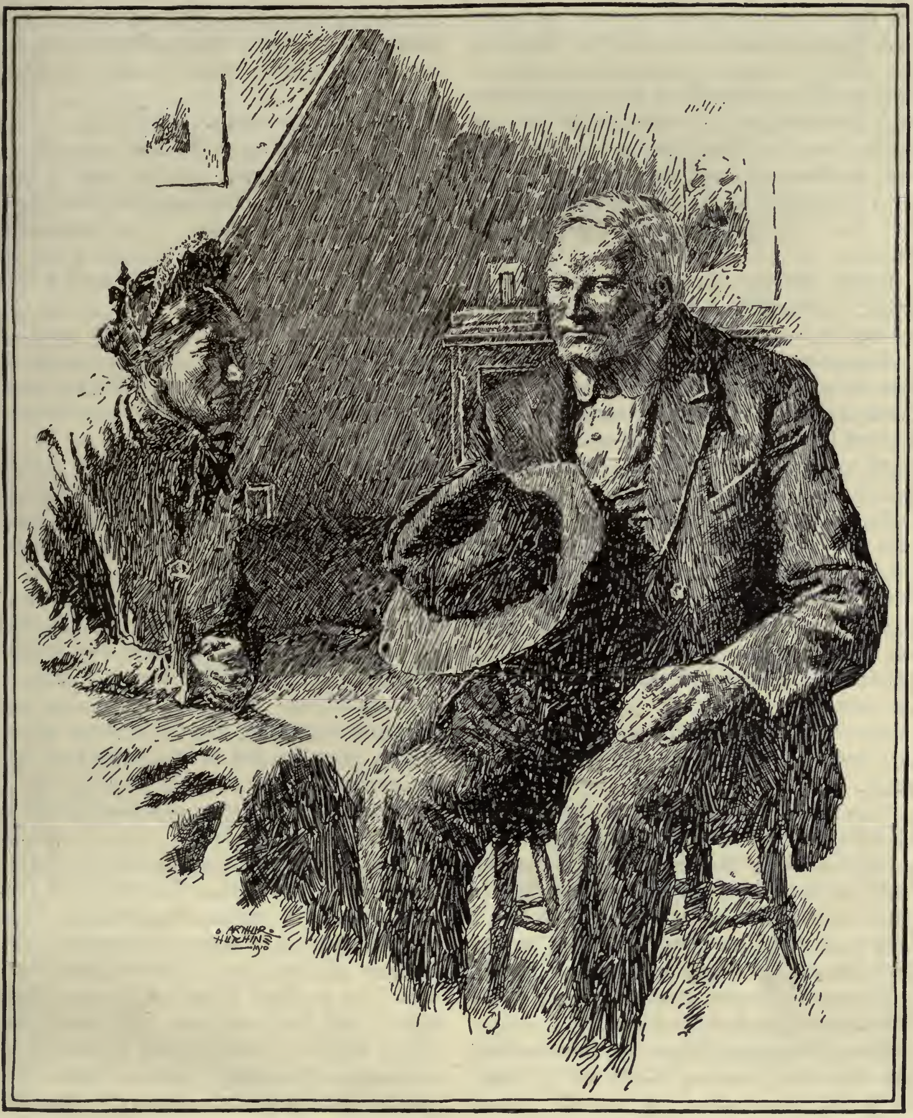
"You haven't been around these last few days, Mrs. Murray," and Warner would have continued and asked if she had been ill, but Mrs. Murray interrupted as she resumed her erect attitude on the edge of the couch and replied in a sharp quick tone, "Oi've bin busy."

A puzzled look came into Jack's eyes, he sat with his elbows on his knees, his face resting on his hands, studying the difficult problem of building a roof on his toy hospital with blocks.

"Aren't you going to make my bed any more?"

"Not till Oi see e father," was the quick reply.

"And aren't you going to wash my clothes either?" Jack asked with an inquiring, but polite tone of voice as he stood up and looked at Mrs. Murray, who hesi-



"*Informed him that Mr. Weatherbee had not paid her a cent in over a month*"

tated as she gazed at Mr. Warner, then at the child and tossed her chin in the air and retorted:

"Oi can't work fer nothin'."

Jack started for the stairs. He forgot his hospital and his jumping-jack. He paused as he reached the banister, raised his little head with the dignity of a king and with a politeness that made Warner swell with pride:

"If you will excuse me, I'll go down stairs and see if father is coming."

The old stairway didn't creak as his little feet hurried down over its steps, but each step seemed to greet the little toes with a welcome as they touched it and wished he would stand still and not glide over it so lightly.

An air of loneliness came over the little room and the narrow stream of sunlight on the old rag carpet seemed to flitter and fade because it could not shine on the childish figure that had just left. A swallow lit on the sill of the tiny window and chirruped as if calling for an old acquaintance. It hopped to the center of the window, looked in and seemed to chirrup a good-bye, as it flew away and left the two characters sitting there in silence.

"Mrs. Murray, have you gone back on John?" inquired Warner in a friendly voice.

She gave the little thin lace shawl, which was as red as her queer little bonnet was black, a little pull which brought it tightly around her sallow neck and she bent forward toward Warner as if anxious to have her sharp tone hit his ear.

"Oi've washed and cl'aned and made bids fer John Weatherbee as long as Oi'm goin' to till he pays me," and she pushed herself back to a position of ease as if she had unloaded an awful weight from her mind.

"How long have you been doing work for John?"

She thought a second and informed him in a softer tone that it was nearly three years.

"And does he owe you much?" continued Mr. Warner in a low but firm voice.

Mrs. Murray hastened herself to the edge of the couch again, extended her chin as far toward Mr. Warner as possible and informed him that Mr. Weatherbee had not paid her a cent in over a month.

Warner's voice took on a note of pathos. "He hasn't had it to pay you."

She pulled herself out a little nearer the edge of the couch. "Oi'm not to blame fer that."

"Nor is he," returned Warner.

Her eagerness to reply quickly caused her to move closer to the edge of the couch, but she moved too far and her next sitting position was on the floor. She hurried to her feet, advanced a step in Warner's direction and in a sharper tone than she would have used had she not slipped off the couch, retorted: "Yis, he is to bloime. Sure whin he first came here to live he had to rint the parlor on the very first floor, and he spint his money loike a fool."

"He spent it like a thoroughbred," and Warner raised his head proudly as he continued, "and loaned it like a white man."

"Why don't he go to work?"

"He does work constantly," he replied.

Mrs. Murray had quietly seated herself a little nearer the center of the couch and with a sneer said: "Yis, he works, foolin' his toime away writin' a lot of trash that no one would waste their toime radin'."

The remark caused a heavier note to accompany Warner's voice as he spoke slowly, as if to impress Mrs. Murray that he believed in his heart every word he was saying would come true.

"John Weatherbee is an author and a mighty clever one; his books will be published some day and he will be a rich man. All great authors have been led to fame by the hand of poverty."

The end of Warner's speech found Mrs. Murray listening with her mouth half open and gazing at him as if she unconsciously thought that it was her turn to say something. She soon recovered herself, and forgetting the fatal edge of the couch, drew herself in that direction and exclaimed:

"Why, he owes iverybody that's iver had anythin' to do wid 'm."

"But he'll pay them all, every cent he owes them," returned Warner in a low, firm tone. "I am an old newspaper man myself, and I've been associated with authors all my life. I've watched them and I've studied them. I've seen them climb and fall, only to rise again and climb higher. John's down now, but he is taking the count with a smile, but watch him—just keep your eye on John Weatherbee."

And Mrs. Murray remarked, with much satisfaction as she threw one knee over the other, swinging her foot to and fro, that until she received what John Weatherbee owed her, she would keep both of her eyes on him.

The slow tread of footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs caused her to look anxiously in that direction. The pounding of heavily soled shoes grew more distinct as they reached the top step. A small boy appeared. He held a small package under an arm which had grown many inches too long for the sleeve of a brown checkered coat that scarcely came below his elbow. The peak of his small hat which covered his somewhat large head was pulled well down over his right eye. His straight brown hair was long enough to reach well over his ears and keep the dust off his coat collar, had it come anywhere near his neck, but the fifteen-year-old shoulders in the coat built for a twelve-year-old boy pulled the collar far enough away from his neck to give the hair an opportunity to go down and keep the dust off of the soft cloth collar which was a part of the shirt of the same material and had never been in any way connected with a necktie. He placed his elbow on the banister, stood on one foot, threw the other carelessly across it, permitting the latter to rest where it landed, gave a large piece of gum a few vicious gnaws that seemed to tax every muscle in the face that was almost hidden with the marks of soiled fingers and in a voice which resembled that of a young rooster, yelled: "Is Weatherbee in?"

The words caused the lines in Warner's forehead to deepen. Mrs. Murray smiled as she inquired of the boy what he wanted of Weatherbee, before Warner had the chance to speak.

"I've got his laundry—one shirt and two collars. Fourteen cents," and he emphasized the fourteen cents with all the power his voice possessed.

"Mr. Weatherbee is not in," replied Mr. Warner in a polite tone.

"Does either of youse want ter pay fer it?" retorted the boy.

There was a short silence, Mrs. Murray watched Warner nervously remove his hat, which was hanging on his cane, and place it on his knee as he tapped the floor lightly with the thin, worn sole of his shoe. She broke the silence as she smiled, tossed her chin in the air and remarked in a tone of voice that caused Warner to shift his hat from his knee back to the handle of his cane.

"Not me!"

The boy centered his gaze on Warner and shouted: "Do you?"

The lines on Warner's forehead deepened again. Mrs. Murray watched him as he removed his cane from beside his left leg and placed it between his knees and gripped it tightly with both hands.

The silence was broken by the words, uttered in a low tone, which concealed only part of the embarrassment felt by Warner as he raised his white head higher in the air as if to lend them dignity.

"I haven't the change."

Mrs. Murray grinned and moved back nearer the center of the couch. A smile of disgust came over the boy's dirty face as he looked from one to the other and remarked in a voice which didn't betray his disgusted smile: "Gee, there ain't fourteen cents in the bunch." He shook his head, turned toward the stairs and started down them one step at a time, whistling in a high, shrill tone: "Gee, I wish that I had a girl like the other fellers have."

Chapter II

As the heavy shod feet of the whistling youngster left the last step, and the air of "Gee, I Wish That I Had a Girl Like the Other Fellers Have," died away in the distance, the old stairway seemed to give a creak all to itself as if for good luck and good riddance.

Mrs. Murray placed her hands on her hips, strolled to the little window, but as there was nothing to see but the rear of the houses on Twenty-eighth Street and the fire escapes which were hung with drying garments, she decided she would rather look in than out. She walked to the center of the room, seated herself on a plain wooden chair and gazed steadily at Warner, who was still sitting in the same chair he had chosen when he entered the room. Both of his hands were resting on the handle of his cane and his head slightly bowed.

She removed a large, white handkerchief from her skirt pocket and, after a careful examination, picked out her choice corner and used it in a manner that caused Warner to raise his head quickly. She moistened the two forefingers of each hand with her tongue and gave her hair, which was parted in the middle, several pats on either side, drawing it down on her temples and back over her ears. She cleared her throat and remarked in a most inquisitive tone, as she looked at Warner out of the corner of her eye:

"Ye're such a fri'nd of Weatherbee's, whoi didn't ye pay the fourteen cints?"

"I said I hadn't the change," was the gentle reply.

She smiled, pushed her feet as far forward as her limbs would permit her to, carefully laid one hand on the other, and as if to herself, but in a tone perfectly audible to anyone in the room, grunted: "Fourteen cints is a lot of money if ye ain't got it. I guess the laundry boy knows Weatherbee."

Warner spoke gently, but firmly. "If the laundry boy knew him, Mrs. Murray, he would have left the laundry."

"And if Weatherbee knew annithing and had annie sinse, he'd put that kid in an orphan asylum."

Warner's voice showed that his patience was weakening. "He adopted the child to prevent it from being sent to an orphan asylum, and when its poor, friendless mother died, he took money that he needed himself to bury her."

He paused and then marked each word with a firm tap on the floor with his cane, as he continued: "And he'll be rewarded for it!"

Mrs. Murray jerked her feet in so quickly that her ankles hit the rung of the chair. She advanced a few steps toward Warner, leaned over and aimed for his left ear as she yelled: "A foine home he's given the child. Sure it's nothin' but a bundle of patches, and half the toime it don't have half enough to ate."

The quick nodding of her head which accompanied each word of her taunting remark, had caused her bonnet to slide down over the small, round knot which she wore her hair in, until it rested on the back of her neck. She untied the ribbons, took the bonnet with both hands and brought it down on the top of her head with a vengeance, and tied the ribbons so tightly that it drew the bonnet well down over her right eye. She had more to say and was prepared to say it, but the stairs spoke and caused her to turn her head and listen.

A mumbling, puffing sound was heard. She seated herself on the edge of the couch. The puffing grew louder. She watched the staircase. The top of a round, fat, bald head appeared, its sides and the lower part of the neck were decorated with closely clipped mouse-colored hair. A red, fat face, with a pug nose of the same color, was buried between a pair of heavy, sandy side-whiskers that came down to the corners of his mouth, then waved back and nearly touched his ears. A pair of square-toed carpet slippers covered the two small feet that were hidden in a pair of red knit socks. The light brown trousers that should have rolled up at the bottom hung down in heavy wrinkles and covered the slippers nearly to the end of the toes. The trousers hung like loose bags over the short, fat legs. A heavy gray flannel shirt fitted the little, round, fat stomach tightly, and an old brown velvet vest which possessed one or two buttons and many prominent grease spots hung carelessly down over the waist of the trousers, which nearly reached his chest. The sleeves of the shirt were long and hung below the knuckles of the fat hand that clung to the banister and steadied the small, round, puffing figure.

A twinkle of delight came into the small gray eye that was almost hidden by a heavy eyebrow, which matched the color of the red skin that covered the fat face. Still clinging to the banisters, he bent as far forward as his fat stomach would permit, and chuckled in an English accent that had not lost any of its charm in spite of being on Twenty-ninth Street for over twenty years.

"Good mornhin', Mrs. Murray," he straightened up and continued as he looked around the room carefully and the twinkle left his eye, "his Mr. Weatherbee hin?"

Mrs. Murray replied quickly: "No, Oi'm waitin' fer him. How much does he owe you, Mr. Wartle?" And she glanced at Warner to see what effect Mr. Wartle's reply would have on him, for she knew what the answer would be before she asked the question and Wartle didn't disappoint her.

He shut his two small eyes tightly, as he stuck his head forward and replied in a threatening tone: "'E howes me nearly three months han ha 'alf rent for this room, hand hif 'e don't pay me Saturday, 'e's got to get hout," and he accompanied each word with a swift nod of the fat head that caused the long side whiskers to think the wind was blowing.

Mrs. Murray smiled with satisfaction. Warner stood and faced the doorway. Wartle watched him and continued in a most confidential tone, "Does 'e howe you hanything, Mr. Warner?"

"No," was the firm, quick reply, and his heavy voice filled the little room.

Wartle stepped from the end of the banister as Warner tapped his way there on the floor with his cane. He clinched the banister with the hand that still held his hat and in a low, ringing voice continued, "On the contrary, I owe him. I wish he did owe me. I would consider it an honor to have John Weatherbee in my debt."

The stairs creaked loudly as his heavy weight hit each step and the tapping of his cane was heard guiding him along the hall of the floor below.

Wartle was overwhelmed and amazed at Warner's declaration. He hung his head over the banister and watched him until he was out of sight. He turned to Mrs. Murray and exclaimed with much surprise: "Hi wonder what 'e howes Weatherbee for."

"Fer grub," retorted Mrs. Murray. "Sure Weatherbee has fed him and kept him out of the poorhouse fer the last three years."

Wartle gathered his mouth into an "O" shape and whispered: "Ho! Ho! Hi didn't know that." Then a smile broke over his countenance as he gazed about the room, tiptoed forward toward Mrs. Murray and whispered: "Hi knew Weatherbee wasn't hat 'ome. Hi came to see you, Mrs. Murray."

She threw her head back and glanced at him from the corner of her eye. "Don't flatter now, Wartle. Ye didn't cloimb up four flights of stairs to see me."

"Ho, Hi did," returned Wartle, as he took a step toward her and leaned forward, whispering in a more convincing tone and pointing his first finger at her: "Hi'd climb ha telegraph pole to see you, Mrs. Murray."

A broad smile crept over Mrs. Murray's face as she looked at the little, fat figure and thought of it climbing a telegraph pole.

"Sure ye couldn't get ye hands near a tilegraph pole with that fat stomich of yours, Wartle."

He took on more courage at her broad smile and advanced another step nearer.

"Hi could hif you was hat the top."

The smile left Mrs. Murray's face as she continued in a reproachful tone: "Faith and ye'll wait a long toime before ye'll see me at the top of a tilegraph pole."

Wartle crept a short step nearer, his voice gaining more confidence as he poked his little fat face forward.

"Hand before the world comes to han hend, Hi 'ope to see you 'igher hup than that, Mrs. Murray."

"Away with yer flattery," replied Mrs. Murray with a wave of her hand, but her voice and the satisfied twinkle in her eye betrayed the words and showed she was enjoying Wartle's efforts.

"Hi mean hit," pleaded Wartle, as his fat feet led him a little nearer to her.

"Sure ye don't mean anniethin' ye say," and Mrs. Murray pretended to gaze at the ceiling.

"Hi mean hevery thing Hi say to you, Mrs. Murray, hand Hi wish—Hi wish"—his voice seemed to leave him for a second, as he nervously reached for one of his side-whiskers and twirled it around his finger.

"Hi wish," he continued, as Mrs. Murray looked him straight in the eye and caused his voice to waver into a whispering silence as he unwound his side-whisker from around his finger and gave his vest a pull.

"Hi wish you'd consent to be my wife, hand live 'ere with me, hand take care hof my 'ouse."

He straightened up, gave the other side-whisker a gentle pull of satisfaction and looked straight at Mrs. Murray.

She gave her bonnet a quick push toward the back of her head and took in Wartle from the top of his bald head to the toes of his carpet slippers.

"Faith and if Oi had charge of yer 'ouse (as you call it), Oi'd clane some of these dead bates out that ye have livin' here."

The remark gave Wartle new courage.

He advanced a full step nearer and exclaimed in a firmer voice than he had spoken in since he entered the room.

"Hand that's just what Hi'm goin' to do, hand Hi'm goin' to do hit hat once, too, hif Weatherbee don't pay me Saturday, hout 'e goes."

"Well, if ye take moi advoice that's what ye'll do."

Wartle's small gray eyes twinkled with satisfaction and he quickly replied: "Hi'll take your hadvice, hand Hi'd like to 'ave you take me hand my 'appiness."

He stood with his fat hands stretched out with just the fingers showing from under the long flannel shirt sleeves.

The picture amused Mrs. Murray, though she concealed her smile and grunted somewhat sarcastically and dropping some of her h's in order to imitate Wartle, "Sure and what 'appiness have you to share? Yer so stingy ye won't hire a cook er a chambermaid, but try to do all the work yersilf."

Instead of Wartle becoming disheartened, he took courage from the twinkle in Mrs. Murray's eye and pushed the carpet slippers a few inches nearer, with his hands still reaching out as far as he could get them.

"Hif you'd 'ave me, Mrs. Murray, Hi'll 'ire a cook hand ha chambermaid, too."

"Ye can bet ye would. Sure, ye have money to burn an' Oi'd make ye set fire to it. Oi had one husband that was so stingy that he wouldn't give annione his full name."

She watched the little round figure stealing closer to her. His face and bald head were like a ball of fire. She turned her head to conceal her smile.

"Hif you'll 'ave me, Mrs. Murray, Hi'll give you hanything you want."

She turned to find Wartle kneeling at her right knee. She burst out laughing, moved away a few inches and remarked in an affected tone, which showed she was having a good time at Wartle's expense: "Oh, this is so sudden!"

The little gray eyes opened wide with surprise as he looked at her and exclaimed: "Sudden, why, Mrs. Murray, Hi've been hasking you to marry me for hover ha year."

"Oi know ye have," she said and she placed the ends of her long, thin fingers over her mouth, "but ye look so disperate on yer knees."

"Hi'm gettin' desperate," and he crawled toward her on his knees.

"Ye're gittin' foolish," and she moved away a few inches.

"Hi can't 'elp hit, Mrs. Murray," and he seized her hand and kissed it.

"Stop aitin' me fingers," she yelled as she jerked her hand away. "Are ye losin' yer head entirely?"

"Yes, Mrs. Murray."

"Ye can't fool me. Ye make love to every woman that looks strong enough to do housework. Ye're mixed in yer dates. Ye want a housekeeper, ye don't want a woife."

He crawled along and rested his elbow on the couch.

"No, Hi want ha wife, hand hafter we're married, Hi'll give you hanything you want."

"Ye'll give me whativer ye're going to give me before Oi'm married. Oi'll take no chances."

Wartle paused with surprise. He reached out and took her hand, looked up into her eyes and almost gasped, "Then you'll 'ave me?"

"Oi didn't say Oi would, did Oi?"

"You said has much," and he crawled up so close to her that he stepped on her foot with his knee.

"Git off me feet," she screamed. "Sure Oi ain't said half as much as Oi'm goin' to say," and she drew her hand away from his with a jerk.

Wartle was not used to standing on his knees. They were beginning to ache and after considerable grunting and puffing, he struggled to his feet and seated himself on the edge of the couch. He leaned over and whispered, as he reached his head up to get as near to her ear as possible:

"Go hon, Mrs. Murray, Hi love to 'ear you talk. Hi love the little Hirish touch hin your voice."

"Sure I'll give ye an Irish touch that'll do yer heart good," she chuckled as she glanced down at the little fat head that was reaching up toward hers.

"Hanything you'd do hor say would do my 'art good, Mrs. Murray," and he reached over until his chin almost touched her shoulder, "hand hif you'll consent to be Mrs. Wartle—"

As he said Mrs. Wartle, she threw up both hands and exclaimed: "Wartle! Hivins, what a name!"

"What's hin ha name, Mrs. Murray?" and he crawled along until his chin touched her shoulder.

"There's nuthin' but money in your name," and she gave his chin a push with her shoulder that sent his head away several inches, but it travelled back a short distance with each word.

"Hand hif you'll be Mrs. Wartle, Hi'll put hit hall hin your name."

There was a short pause. Her left eye almost closed as she looked down at him and spoke seriously: "Ye will?"

"Yes," was the quick reply, and his chin touched her shoulder again.

But she didn't brush it away this time. She brushed a little imaginary dust off of the sleeve of her waist, looked away in the opposite direction and spoke in a somewhat careless manner.

"Under thim conditions, I might be induced."

"Then you'll 'ave me?" Wartle gasped in a tone that was blended with astonishment and joy as he reached for her cheek with his lips, but lost his balance and nearly fell in her lap as she pulled her head away, turned and sat in a "how dare you" attitude.

Wartle moved back a few inches and gazed at the floor in embarrassment. Whether he was ashamed in his attempt or because he had missed Mrs. Murray's cheek, he alone knew; but Mrs. Murray wasn't worrying her head either. Her mind was entertaining the business end of the proposition.

"Ye say, if Oi'll have ye, ye'll put ivery-thing into moi name?"

"Yes, Mrs. Murray."

"And Oi'm to have charge of the house here and have a cook and a chambermaid?"

"Yes, dear," and he moved up to her side and took her hand in both of his.

She looked steadily at the little, fat, bewhiskered face, and after a few seconds' pause, spoke firmly and deliberately: "And the first thing ye do is to have thim lilacs cut off yer cheeks."

A bewildered look came over Wartle's face, he felt with each hand each side-whisker that had been hanging there for nearly thirty years. He looked longingly at Mrs. Murray, but her long, thin face was serious. He gave each whisker another little pull as if for the last time and exclaimed: "Hi'll cut them hoff myself!"

He gave them another little affectionate stroke and continued in a more cheerful tone: "Han' when will we be married?"

"Not till ye have everything made out in moi name," she answered quickly and to the point.

"Hi'll 'ave the papers made out in the morning. Can Hi see you tonight?" he asked as he crawled up close to her side and put his short fat arm around her thin waist and gazed up into her face.

"Ye can take me to some show."

"Hi'll call for you hat 'alf past seven."

The fat face was on its way to her cheek, but she pulled away, turned and pointed her finger at him in a threatening way, speaking in a commanding tone:

"Cut them lilacs off yer face 'afore ye come near moi house," and she strolled to the table at the side of the room.

"Hi will," and his hands wandered unconsciously up to the whiskers and gave each one a gentle pat.

"What hopera would you like to see?"

She thought a second, while she fumbled a few sheets of manuscript lying on Weatherbee's table. "Oi'd like to go over to the Third Avenue Theatre and see 'Why Women Sin.' "

Little Jack stood at the bottom of the stairs and yelled: "Mr. Wartle, Mr. Wartle," in a voice that caused some of the roomers to rush to their doors.

Wartle ran to the banister as fast as his little fat legs would carry him, crying: "Yes, yes, yes!"

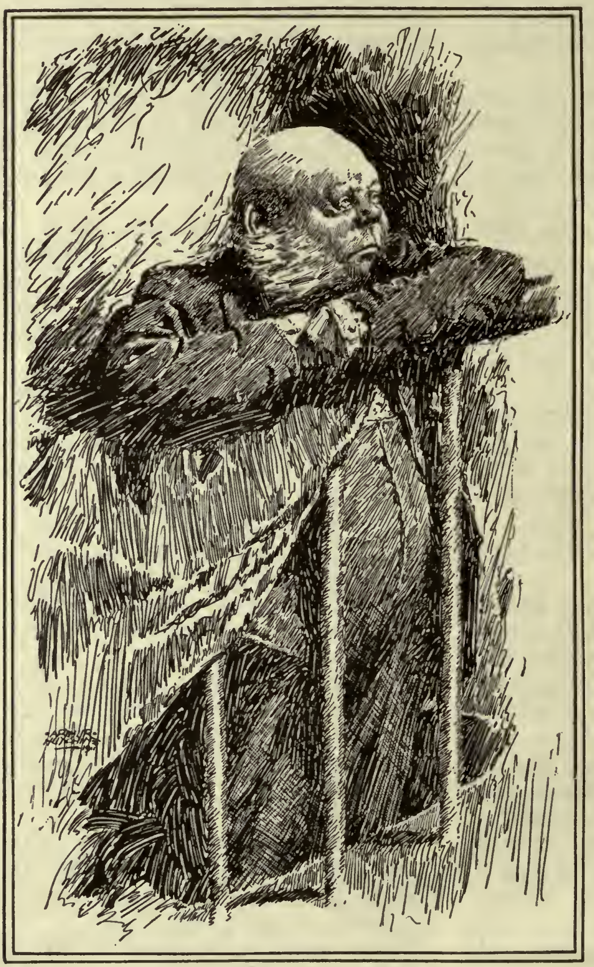
"There's a gentleman at the door who wants to see you."

Wartle sighed with relief. He thought the house was on fire. He hung his head over the banister and instructed Jack to inform the caller that he would be down at once.

"Perhaps hit's someone looking for ha room. Hi'll see you when you're goin' hout," and he waved his little stubby hand at Mrs. Murray as he started down the stairs, but paused at the sound of her voice.

"Oi'm goin' to wait fer Weatherbee."

Wartle stood at the head of the stairs and tapped the palm of his left hand with the first finger of his right and nodded his head as he uttered each word:



" *Wartle eyed Weatherbee severely with his small gray eyes*"

"Hif hit's someone for ha room, hand they'll take hit, Hi'll give 'em this one."

He heard Jack laughing heartily on the stairs of the floor below. Wartle listened. He heard a kind, heavy voice say to the child:

"One more flight after this, and it's better to go up than down."

He recognized the voice and said to Mrs. Murray, in a tone that would suggest the coming of a burglar: "'Ere's Weatherbee now!" and stationed himself at the head of the stairs.

Mrs. Murray walked to the corner of the room and seated herself in a plain old wooden rocker, which was everything but comfortable owing to the loss of one of its arms and a few of its rungs at the back, but Mrs. Murray wasn't thinking of comfort, and she crossed her legs, tapped the sole of her shoe on the floor nervously and was determined to have a reckoning with John Weatherbee, who was slowly approaching the top step of the old stairs, carrying little Jack over his shoulder.

Chapter III

As John Weatherbee's tall, thin figure, clad in a very dark blue suit which had done summer and winter service for many seasons and was worn threadbare and shiny in many places, reached the top step, he stooped over and gently stood Jack safely on his feet and patted each cheek affectionately, saying in a low, mellow, cheerful voice: "There you are. Dad is a pretty good old elevator, isn't he?"

Jack tried to brush some of the wrinkles out of his dress with his hands, as Weatherbee gave Wartle an amused glance and bade him a polite "good-morning" and a more amused expression came over his long, thin, clean-shaven face as he turned and saw Mrs. Murray sitting in the crippled rocker.

"Oh—I—good-morning, Mrs. Murray," and he quickly removed a derby hat that was still black only in spots, where the sun hadn't visited.

"Good-mornin'," was the quick reply in a cold, hard tone.

There was a short silence. The twinkle

crept out of Weatherbee's kind blue eyes, and an expression of sadness stole into his face as he hung the faded derby on a nail in the wall.

"Hi'll be back in ha few minutes, Mr. Weatherbee. Hi want to speak to you," and Wartle grunted his way down to the ground floor.

Weatherbee knew well what Wartle wanted to speak to him about and he was trying then, as he always had tried, to greet hard luck with a smile, but the twinkle in his eye and the faint smile that only lingered around the corners of his large, well-cut mouth, showed that they had been forced there. The humor in his voice sounded as if it had stumbled over a sad lump in his throat as he glanced at Mrs. Murray.

"I wonder what he wants to speak to me about?"

"It's about his room rent," ejaculated Mrs. Murray, but her sharp tones only broadened Weatherbee's smile and made his voice more mellow.

"Mrs. Murray, he talks about it in his sleep." His long well-formed hands found their way to his trousers pockets, of which the outer edges were worn through showing the white lining. He heaved a deep, heavy sigh and tried to hide its cause by remarking: "It's a hard climb up these stairs."

"It takes every bit of wind out of me," Mrs. Murray replied, and the quickness of her speech and the serious tone of her voice showed that she was not trying to be funny.

But Weatherbee's sense of humor teased him and he saw a chance to carry on a conversation for a few moments that wouldn't injure anyone and might postpone the subject he knew Mrs. Murray was there to talk on. He always found her ready to accept praise, especially about her youth; in fact, she was quite conceited about her strength and often told how she could outdo her twenty-six-year-old daughter "washin'." He looked at her and smiled pleasantly and his voice possessed a slight tone of soft reproach:

"O Mrs. Murray, why, you have wind enough yet to climb to the top of the Flat Iron Building."

The remark hit her bump of conceit. She rocked herself slowly in the old wooden rocker that squeaked at every move. She hesitated a few seconds and finally remarked carelessly: "Faith, Oi ain't got half the wind Oi used to have," and then she added with a great deal of pride, "but Oi can go some yit," as she rocked a little faster.

Weatherbee saw that he was safe from being dunned for money as long as he could keep her mind centered on herself, so he continued as he stood and looked her straight in the eye: "Why, I always thought you were just full of wind."

"Sure, Oi used to be. Oi used to could be on the go all day and it niver bothered me," and she swung herself in the little chair from one end of its short rockers to the other.

Weatherbee turned to hide his smile and fumbled with some sheets of manuscript on the table.

"It bothers other people though, doesn't it?"

"What does?" and she brought the rocker to a sudden stop.

"Why, their wind."

"Well, other people's wind don't bother me, unless they gab too much with it. Mr. Weatherbee, Oi'd like some money."

Weatherbee raised his head slowly, the sheets of paper fell from his fingers, the twinkle in his eye flickered away into an expression of sadness. The deep humorous lines in the corners of his mouth faded. He was called upon to answer the question that was put to him so often each day and that he had tried to answer so gently and so honestly each time. He had made promises but was unable to keep them. He tried to face his embarrassment with courage, but he had resorted to his pluck so often that it was growing weak, and though his voice was firm it lacked confidence, but was always gentle, kind, honest and hopeful.

"Is that the reason you haven't been around for the past few days, Mrs. Murray?"

"It is," she replied quickly. "Oi've bin makin' up yer room and doin' yer washin' and walkin' five blocks to git here and fer the past month ye ain't showed me the color of a tin cint piece, and Oi'll do it no more until ye pay me."

Mrs. Murray's tones were sharp and cutting and in her anger she had drawn herself to the front of the rocker until it tipped forward so far that its back almost rested on her neck and she was a picture which was hard to look at without smiling.

But there was no trace of humor in Weatherbee's face and his voice was filled with regret, though he spoke firmly.

"Mrs. Murray, I can't ask you to do any more until I pay you and I shall pay you just as soon as I possibly can, and I am very grateful to you for trusting me as long as you have and I am extremely sorry that I have had to keep you waiting."

"You're not half as sorry as Oi am," she grunted sarcastically. "If ye'd go to work at somethin' instid of foolin' yer toime away writin' a lot of trash that no one would waste time r'adin', sure that mess of stuff that was writ in typewritin' that ye gave me to read would make annione sick to their stomach. The two lovesick fools chasing each other around the country," and she raised her voice in disgust as she threw both hands up in the air and continued, "and no human bein' could read it fer the jaw-breaking words ye use in it. I don't see how ye invint such words as is in that thing. Can ye let me have a dollar?"

"Mrs. Murray, if I had a dollar I think I'd forget myself and pawn it!"

She paused a second as she watched Weatherbee standing with his hands in his empty pockets gazing at the floor and then continued, her voice softened with wonderment:

"Well, why don't ye go to work? Ye can write and spell and figure. Why don't ye git a job on a street car or git into a store as a clerk? There is plinty of things ye could do if ye wasn't so lazy!"

Each word seemed to burn its way into Weatherbee's ear. He raised his head and asked slowly, as if to himself: "Do you think I'm lazy, Mrs. Murray?"

"Annie man's lazy that won't work," she retorted. "Ye ought to be ashamed of yerself adoptin' a boy and then keepin' him lookin' like a rag-bag."

Weatherbee drew his hands from his trousers pockets and his eyes stared vacantly into the distance, as he sat on the corner of the table and wondered if Mrs. Murray was right.

She watched him as he walked to the banister and turned to see Wartle's face sticking up over the railing.

"Hare you goin' 'ome?" he whispered.

"Yis, Oi'm wastin' me time here," she answered as she started down the stairs.

"Don't forgit tonight," and he watched her turn down the hall below. He placed his elbows on the banister, ran his fat fingers up among his side-whiskers and rested his red face on both hands, as he eyed Weatherbee severely with his small, gray eyes.

"Mr. Weatherbee, Hi'd like to know what you hintend to do habout the rent?"

Weatherbee didn't move, but smiled and sighed politely.

"I intend to pay you, Mr. Wartle."

"When?"

"Just as soon as I can," and the hopeless tone of Weatherbee's voice caused Wartle's upper eyelids to fall down over the gray pupils and give them an expression of defiance as he yelled: "You've been tellin' me that hevery day for hover two months!"

"Not every day, Mr. Wartle."

"Hevery day," returned Wartle.

"I thought there was one day that you forgot to ask me," exclaimed Weatherbee in a tone soft enough to hide any sarcasm or humor.

"No, sir," returned Wartle in a positive tone.

"Perhaps I'm wrong," sighed Weatherbee.

"You hare wrong," snapped Wartle, "hand Hi'm sick hand tired working this way for my rent, hand Hi'm not ha goin' to hask you hagain."

"Wartle, do you mean that?" inquired Weatherbee in a surprised tone that seemed to possess a pathetic touch of humor.

"Hi do mean hit."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack from the other side of the banister, where he had been concealed studying an old torn picture book and listening to a repetition of the conversation he had heard many times before.

"Jack!" Weatherbee called in a mild, reprimanding tone, as Wartle jerked his head from between his hands and looked over the other side of the banister at Jack, who was turning over the leaves of the book quickly.

"Hi want my rent hor my room Saturday," and he pounded his fist on the banister.

"Mr. Wartle, I'd like to be able to give you both."

"Ho, hif you pay your rent you can stay, but hif you don't pay me Hi must 'ave my room Saturday, hunderstand, Saturday," and he muttered to himself going down the stairs.

Jack peeked around the edge of the banister and made a face at him that sent his little nose high up in the air, but the wrinkles soon died away as he watched his father who was sitting on the corner of the table gazing at the floor, with one elbow resting on his leg and the other arm hanging at his side. A forlorn look came over his little face as he walked slowly over to his father's side and he took his hand in both of his and asked sadly: "Dad, if we have to move, where shall we go?"

The child asked the question that Weatherbee was silently asking himself and couldn't answer, but he had never failed to find a cheerful reply to Jack's many, many questions and they were growing more numerous and more difficult each day.

"Oh, we'll find a place somewhere," and he supplied his voice with a false note of cheerfulness as he continued: "Perhaps we'll go camping."

Jack's eyes opened wide and his face broke into a happy smile as he exclaimed joyfully: "Under a tent?"

"Yes, under a tent, or a tree or something. Won't that be fine?"

Jack yelled as he hung to his father's hand and jumped up and down with delight.

Weatherbee drew the child close to his side and pressed both cheeks with his hands affectionately and tried hard to force another note of hope in his voice, but the cheerful tones seemed to crack in spite of his effort.

"Won't it, though! I tell you we'll have a great time, won't we?"

"And we'll cook under a tree like the Indians?" and he pulled his head away and looked into his father's eyes.

"Yes, we'll catch frogs and have frog's legs for breakfast and we'll shoot wild ducks and cook 'em for dinner."

"I wish I had some now."

"You play with your blocks. I've a big surprise in store for you for your lunch."

Jack took his seat on the floor by his toy hospital and studied its construction carefully, as Weatherbee sank into an old wooden chair, placed his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hand as his mind traveled from one end of his situation to the other, without finding any way of improving it.

The sun peeked in through the little window and seemed to dance on Jack's light curls as he held his elbow in one hand and rested his chin in the other as he sat in an attitude of deep thought.

"Dad, what does God do with the old moon when he sends the new moon out?"

"What's that?"

"I say what does God do with the old moon when he sends the new moon out?" Each word was clear and distinct and there was no reason for Weatherbee to force him to repeat it. He had answered thousands of questions and thought the hardest ones had been asked, but he found this more difficult than any. He cleared his throat a few times as he searched for a reply.

"Why—a—why, he just stores it away in the clouds," and he gave a little "ahem" of satisfaction as if congratulating himself on a brilliant reply.

"I thought you said the clouds were made of water."

"They are," replied Weatherbee quickly.

"Well, I should think the moons would fall out and down on the earth."

Weatherbee raised his head from his hand, turned and studied the child, who was sitting with his chin on his little hand, waiting for an answer.

"Well, you see—you see—a—the moon floats—the moon floats like a cork—yes—the moon floats like a cork."

"On this side of the clouds or the other?"

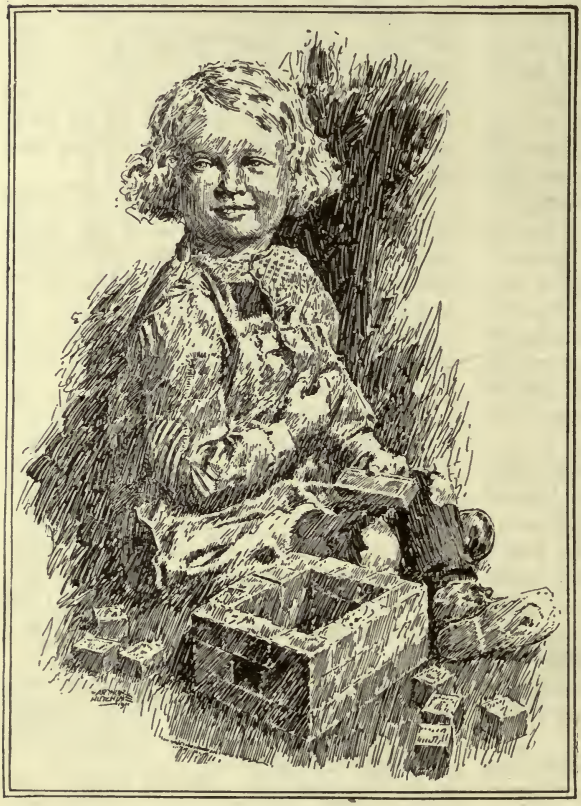
"On the other side, of course, on the other side."

Jack's eyes grew more quizzical and the

wrinkles in his little forehead deepened as he pulled his eyebrows together.

"How is it that the new moon floats on this side?" and he drew his little feet close under his limbs and his bare knees stuck almost straight in the air.

Weatherbee "ahemed" a few times and finally started to speak, not knowing just what he was going to say.



"Jack took his seat on the floor by his toy hospital"

"Well, I guess the moon doesn't float until it's full and—a—when it is full it becomes—a—so full of cork that it just floats right up to the other side," and he turned his back to the child as he smiled and reproached himself for making such an idiotic reply.

"I guess the other side of the clouds must be full of moons, mustn't it?"

"Oh, yes—my, yes—the other side is all covered with moons—it's just full of moons."

"How many moons do you think are up there?"

"Oh, thousands and thousands and thousands," and he peeked over his shoulder to find Jack still sitting in the same position and his eyes dancing with wonderment.

"Can they talk to each other?"

"Oh, my, yes, yes. They can talk and laugh and sing and dance!"

His face immediately broke into a smile of childish delight, as he yelled: "Can they really dance?"

And Weatherbee seemed to forget his troubles, for his sad face smiled and he spoke cheerfully: "Yes, they dance and kick up and have a lovely time."

"How can they dance and kick up? The moon hasn't any legs!"

"Well-a-you see the moons are round and they roll around like balls and—"

"You said they kicked up!" and a disappointed look crept over Jack's face as he lifted his head from his hand and looked at his father in a reproachful way.

"Well," continued Weatherbee in a consoling tone: "They bound up like rubber balls," and he moved his hands up and down, as Jack placed his chin back in his hand and inquired more seriously than ever: "What do the stars do?"

Weatherbee's hands fell to his knees as he gasped: "What?"

"What do the stars do when they are not on this side of the clouds?" he inquired in a pleasant tone.

Weatherbee rested his elbow on the table and crossed his legs as he sighed in despair: "Don't you want to go down stairs and play with the cat?"

Jack jumped to his feet with a shout. "Oh, yes, " and started for the stairs.

"Don't make a noise and don't go out on the street."

"No, I won't," he cried and he started

down the stairs but stepped back and stood at the side and bowed politely.

"Good-morning, Mr. Warner." He took the end of Warner's cane and pulled him to the center of the room and ran down stairs yelling back: "I'm going to play with the cat, Mr. Warner."

Chapter IV

As Jack's voice died away in the distance, it left two smiling faces in the little room. Weatherbee pushed his hands far down into his trousers pockets as he leaned against the edge of the door that opened into a small closet, and a wave of gratitude passed over his face as he closed his eyes and imagined he saw Jack down stairs playing with the cat, and he dreamed back over the child's life until he saw him sitting on the floor of the little hall bedroom, playing with a piece of old rubber doll, and he heard him clapping his tiny hands as he watched Weatherbee pouring milk into his nursing bottle. He saw his mother's frail figure lying on the bed and heard her pleading to him to care for her babe. He heard the friendless woman praying for her child and wondered if she could now see Jack and the cat.

Warner knew that Weatherbee's visit with Mrs. Murray had been anything but pleasant and he tugged at his wit and good humor and begged them for something encouraging to say, as he tapped his way to the crippled rocker with his cane.

"John, you haven't told me about that entertainment you went to, given by that 'Ten Club.' Who recited your poem?"

"The most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I got dizzy when I saw her and heard her speak. Dark hair, tall, slender, and her voice—"

"Why didn't you introduce yourself?" interrupted Warner gruffly.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I thought of it, but I took a peek at the fringe on these trousers and said to myself, if she sees me coming, she'll give me a nickel and ask me to turn over a new leaf."

"John, any girl who likes poetry loves rags. Whose poem won the prize?"

And as Weatherbee informed him that his was the favorite poem, Warner jumped to his feet and shouted: "Hurrah" in a voice that could have been heard a block away.

"What was the prize, John?"

"I don't know. I haven't received it yet. The club wrote me stating that it would be presented at a luncheon to which they invited me."

Warner swung his cane in the air, as he exclaimed: "Hurrah for Weatherbee," and his face was quite red with excitement.

"But, Warner, I had to decline the invitation."

"Why?"

"If you could see me, Warner, you wouldn't ask. I look like a December leaf on a chestnut tree."

"Those people won't look at your clothes."

"They won't," replied Weatherbee humorously, "for I won't give them a chance. Why, Warner, I wouldn't have that girl see me—why—she's—she's—I wish I could describe her to you."

"John, I never heard you try so hard to talk about a girl before—you are in love—and I bet my life if she knew you as well as I do, she'd be in love with you!"

"Warner, if that girl spoke to me, I'd fall down!"

"You'd get up again and the fall would do you good," and he rested himself in the little chair and rocked contentedly.

"You never know where love is going to light, John."

"Warner, I'm ashamed of myself for even thinking of that girl."

"Why?"

"Why, a pauper like me, with every stitch of clothes I own hanging in the pawn shop, and I owe money to everyone I know and no chance to pay them."

"John, you have every chance in the world to pay them. Here you are twenty-five years old and you have written half a dozen books and every one of them is clever, and they'll be published some day and you'll be a rich man. Each book is original. You have a style of your own. There is no writer today writing in the vein you are writing in."

"Maybe that is the reason I can't get any of them published."

"Patience, John, patience. I wish my chances were as good as yours—you're young! You have everything before you! Look at me, an old newspaper reporter out of a job and can't get one because I'm so blind I can't see to write a word.

"John, I can't see anything. I can't see when the sun is shining, but I can walk and not very good at that, for my old legs are so full of rheumatism and age, they can hardly carry my old body, but I make them. I won't give up and I hobble over to Central Park where I can smell the green and feel the breeze from the trees and hear the birds sing. I can't see them, but I can hear them sing, and there is an old robin up there, just inside the Seventy-second Street entrance, that seems to know when I come in and he sings and sings and when the carriages drive by and make a noise, he seems to grow jealous, and he sings louder for fear I can't hear him and when I start to come away he seems to sing a good-bye and I can hear him until I get away out into Broadway, and I'm happy, damn it, John, I'm happy. I *won't* be sad. I'm happy, they can't make me sad, John, they *can't* make me sad," but his smile would have been moistened if he hadn't sneaked the tears from the corners of his eyes with his bare fingers, and Weatherbee stood in silence as his heart applauded the man who smiled at the world he couldn't even see.

He sauntered over and slapped him on the back, and then gave his ear a slight pull and placed his hand on Warner's head and shook it affectionately.

"Warner, I'm proud of you. I am proud to know you," and he gave his ear another little affectionate twist.

"You mustn't get discouraged, John."

"Why, Warner, I am not discouraged."

"Don't you bother your head about what you have hanging in the pawn shop. You are going to look back at these days and smile."

"Warner, I smile at them now, bless your heart! When I see a funeral I laugh because I'm not in the hearse," and he seated himself on the table and swung his feet to and fro as he described to Warner the humorous picture he had of himself leaving the small town of his birth and starting out to set New York City on fire with his literary efforts.

"Whenever I am in need of a laugh, Warner, I look at myself driving up to this house in a cab, renting the parlor on the ground floor, and as my bank account shrunk, I moved one flight at a time until I have reached here."

"It's easier to go down than up, John."

"I think I was the most conceited pup that ever struck New York!"

"You don't know what conceit is. You gave away more money than you spent. You helped the sick and you fed the hungry. You have worked earnestly and you will be rewarded and you should be proud of your poverty."

"Oh, I don't mind poverty, Warner. Honest poverty has got stolen wealth sitting up nights taking sleeping tablets and if I don't do some hustling, I'll be sitting up nights myself," he remarked with a dry smile, as he picked up a small photograph in a wooden frame that was standing on the table and gazed at it steadily for a few seconds.

"That girl who recited my poem is the image of Jack's mother," and Warner smiled as he swung himself gently in the little rocker that squeaked at every move, but its squeak was soon buried by the sound of Jack's voice.

"Rub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rubidy—dubidy—dub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rubidy—dubidy—dub-dub-dub," and he pounded his little feet on each step of the old stairs until he reached the top and stuck out his chest and yelled: "I'm a soldier," and continued the rub-dub-dub as he marched down to his father's side and saluted him and Weatherbee returned the salute.

"What did you do with the cat, Captain?"

And Jack saluted again, held the edge of his hand to his temple as he replied in a deep tone: "I pulled its tail, General, and it ran down into the basement and out of the back door."

Weatherbee ran his fingers through Jack's curls and shook his little head as he squeezed it tightly between his hands.

"Mr. Warner, we are going camping."

"When?"

"When are we going, Dad?"

"I think we are liable to go about Saturday."

"An' we'll take Mr. Warner, won't we?"

"If you don't take me, I won't take you over to Mrs. Turner's for any more of her nice jelly cake."

"We wouldn't go any place unless we took Mr. Warner, would we, Dad?"

"You bet we wouldn't," and he gave his head another little affectionate shake. "You run down stairs and ask Mr. Wartle what time it is," and he was almost to the next floor before Weatherbee had time to get to the banister and warn him, in a suppressed tone, not to call him "Wartie" and he yelled back a promising "no" from the second floor below.

"Does he know you are going to send him over to Mrs. Turner's for lunch, John?"

"No, I haven't told him yet. I've kept it as a surprise for him. Warner," he continued as he folded his arms and leaned against the banister, "you have been holding out on me for the past two days."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you grown tired of my cooking?"

"How can you ask that after the way I ate here the other night?"

"Where have you been eating since, then?"

"At Mrs. Turner's."

There was a note of doubt in Weatherbee's voice as he walked down to Warner and remarked slowly: "You haven't been over to Mrs. Turner's for your meals for two days in succession! You have been staying away because you thought I didn't have enough to go around."

He placed his hands on the back of the rocker and leaned down over Warner and after a short pause whispered in a voice of determination that startled Warner, for he had never heard the note in Weatherbee's voice before!

"Warner, before I'll see Jack hungry, I'll steal, and when it comes to that, I'll steal enough for the three of us, so you can come here and eat until I cry quits." He placed his hands on Warner's broad shoulders and rocked him playfully.

"It is five minutes to twelve," Jack shouted as he ran up the stairs.

Weatherbee clapped his hands together as he looked at Jack and exclaimed in a jovial tone: "By jove, I almost forgot something. Come here till I wash your hands and face," and he picked him up and stood him on the table and ran to the closet and got a sponge and rubbed his little hands and face quickly.

"What is the matter, Dad?" and his big eyes were wide open with surprise.

"Why, Dad almost forgot that he has to go out on business, and Mr. Warner is going to take you over to Mrs. Turner's for luncheon, what do you think of that?"

"Oh, that is dandy," he exclaimed in words that were interrupted by the sponge.

"Dad has got to go out on business, understand, regular business."

Jack shut his eyes and held his face up as Weatherbee bounced the sponge against his mouth as he tried to talk and after a hard struggle finally asked: "What business?"

"Oh, regular business," Weatherbee answered, as he ran for the towel and covered Jack's face as he tried to talk through it.

"A boo—o—ok?"

"Yes, that's it—a book. Where is your hat—quick!"

"Dad's in a hurry, an awful hurry," and Jack ran and got his little faded straw hat and Weatherbee tied the blue streamers under his chin and gave him a kiss that made the child gasp for breath.

"There you are!" and he put his little hand in Warner's, who was waiting at the banisters.

"Good-bye, and give my love to Mrs. Turner," he yelled, as Jack led Warner down the stairs.

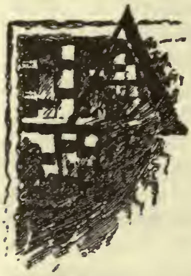
"We will. I hope they print your book, Dad," he shouted, as he pulled Warner around the corner of the hall below.

(*To be continued*)

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MADE GOOD

By

Harry Lee Snyder



ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning of the first day of April the high cost of living landed a solar plexus blow. I had just paid my good German landlady for my preceding week's board and lodging, and she had remarked apologetically: "Potatoes costs so much an' meat is so high once that it is I must ask you for ten dollars every week already."

And I had been paying only seven! I went to my office and sat down at my desk to think things over—a not altogether pleasant or wholly profitable task. I was a lawyer. My honest old blacksmith father—having in mind nothing but the thought of securing my future—had made numberless sacrifices that I might be educated, and his dearest wish had been to see me cozily established in my chosen profession. Within a week after my admission to the bar he died, and I found myself alone in the world, for my mother had passed away some years before. As I sat at my desk that morning I fell to thinking of my father's last words to me:

"Be a man, Robert," were his last words. "Don't be afraid of failure, but beware of uselessness."

I was thinking about uselessness. To what purpose, I asked myself, was I standing idly in the already overcrowded ranks of a myriad of lawyers? I was, I realized, a failure, and the roadway ahead of me seemed rough and wreck-strewn. I didn't have the knack of getting business—why should I deny it? I was fairly well grounded in the elements of legal learning, but knowledge alone, I reflected, did not seem to attract clients, and a lawyer without clients was as useless as a fifth wheel of a wagon.

I reluctantly took account of my assets. Of cash I had exactly twenty-five cents, and of accounts due me—mostly of doubtful value—perhaps as many dollars. I owned an inexpensive desk, three second-hand chairs, and thirty or forty dollars' worth of law books. I had good health and an abundance of energy and ambition, but they were not assets susceptible of speedy conversion into cash. I owed nothing, but I knew that I could not say as much by nightfall, for both my obligations to my landlady and to the owner of the building wherein my office was located were keeping pace with the sun in its journey through the blue-vaulted sky.

It was not, perhaps, an entirely hopeless outlook, but I kept thinking of the uselessness my father had warned me against. I began to suspect that the world would never be any better or wiser because I had chosen to trail modestly along behind Sir William Blackstone and his illustrious disciples, and I was certain that my inroads upon the professional interests of my brother lawyers would be imperceptible.

When the time came for me to lunch I took my quarter out of my pocket and stared moodily—almost resentfully—at it. It gives a man a queer feeling down around the pit of his stomach to contemplate spending his last cent, and there are some men who simply cannot bring themselves to take the step. But I was not one of them. I determined to lunch as sumptuously as my modest means would allow, and to that end I sought a restaurant where the price of a meal just held my single coin in a quivering equipoise. I selected a seat near the door and confidently ordered a repast of which boiled beef and cabbage constituted the basic ingredients.

Opposite me sat a prosperous appearing

man who was eating leisurely and with the patent enjoyment of hale ruggedness. His ruddy cheeks and clear blue eyes testified to good health and a cheerful spirit. His neatly trimmed gray beard and well-fitting dark suit led me to think he was a prosperous business man, although there was an indistinct something about him which reminded me of a glorious apple orchard, just touched with the hoarfrost of an October morning. Presently came the frowzy-haired waitress.

"Apple pie or cottage pudding with hard sauce?" was her demand.

"Apple pie," was my choice.

As I finished my dessert I observed that my companion had concluded his meal and was looking at me with humorous wrinkles hovering about his eyes. Again came the waitress, truculently. I tossed my quarter upon the table before her with contemptuous unconcern.

"Thirty cents," she observed tartly. "Pie is extra."

"How is that?" I asked warmly. "Meals have always been twenty-five cents before."

"New prices," she said, waving a grimy hand toward a glaring placard upon the dingy wall, "went into effect this mornin'."

I felt myself growing red to the very roots of my hair and a prickly, shivery sensation began traveling slowly up my spinal column. I fumbled in my pockets—although she must have read in my face my fore-knowledge of the result—and confessed:

"I have no more money with me; I'll pay you the next time I come in."

"No, you won't," declared the waitress. "Have to call the boss."

I was contemplating an embarrassed explanation to the proprietor—whom I did not know—when the gray-whiskered man interposed.

"Don't trouble the boss," he said, throwing a nickel upon the table. "It isn't worth while."

The waitress tossed her yellow hair and walked away, while I turned to my companion, vainly endeavoring to hide my embarrassment behind a laugh.

"You are very kind to the needy," said I, "but I don't know how soon you'll get your nickel."

"Up against the high cost of living, are you?" he smiled.

"So much so," I replied earnestly, "that I have just given that waitress my last quarter, and I don't see another in sight."

"Let's take a walk," suggested my new friend, rising from the table. "I'd like to have a little talk with you."

Arm in arm we went slowly down the street, and I told him my name and my story. I did not conceal my perplexities, doubts, or misgivings, and I told him how my father had warned me against uselessness. He made little comment, and I saw that he was a man who did not employ circumlocution but went straight to the point.

"My name," said he, "is Thomas Rannals and I am a farmer. If you want a job, I'll give you twenty dollars a month and board."

"But I know nothing about farming," I objected.

"Quite likely," he observed dryly. "If you did I'd pay you thirty."

"Wait!" I cried. "Do you understand that I have failed as a lawyer, and that if I accept your offer it is only because I have nothing better in view?"

"I think I do," he replied grimly, "but the question is, will you try to earn your wages?"

"Yes," said I.

"When can you go?" he asked.

"I'll be ready in an hour," I decided.

Getting ready was a simple operation. I made an arrangement with the insurance man who shared my office to make the best sale he could of my meagre effects and send me the proceeds, and then I hurried to my boarding house, where I packed my trunk and told my amazed landlady that my room was at her disposal. Well, within the hour Mr. Rannals and I were on our way to his farm, which was located some twenty miles west of the city.

"Mary," said Mr. Rannals, "this is Robert Chanlor—a lawyer who has failed."

It was my introduction to Mrs. Rannals, a motherly, gray-haired woman to whom my heart went out at once. And further acquaintance only served to confirm in me the belief that a kinder or more womanly woman never lived. No one will ever know what Mrs. Rannals did for me. I can never make anyone understand how she comforted me during my first days of loneliness, or how her faith in me many times helped me banish black discouragement.

The next morning I was given an old black team and put to work harrowing a potato field. It was dull work, and tramping back and forth over the yielding earth was especially trying on soft and flabby leg muscles. By evening I was too tired to eat, and after a hot bath I went to bed, where I tossed for an hour or more, unable to forget those tortured and complaining muscles. The next day Mr. Rannals gave me an easier task, but I was still unable to see any joy in farm life.

Gradually my flabby muscles hardened, and I was able to do my work without undue weariness, but I took no pleasure in it. The potato ground was at length prepared, and I finished it on a big Aspinwall planter. But I was tired of my job and about ready to quit; I could not see that I was accomplishing anything.

Early one morning Mr. Rannals and I walked out upon the potato field. The dark green leaves of the young plants were poking their way comically through the soil, and in that moment I got my first insight into one of the compensations of the farmer. For the first time I saw some of the tangible results of my own labor, and there never came a time after that when I could not look a little way into the seemingly impenetrable future and catch a glimpse of the pay-car.

"A good job," was Mr. Rannals' comment, "and every promise of a satisfactory crop. If we farmers must venture the hazards and uncertainties of changing seasons, we none the less deal with the verities. One solemn fact of life is creation, and while we do not ourselves create, we are constantly observing and are continually associated with the miracle."

At the close of the season I had more money in the bank than I had ever had before, for I had spent only a few dollars for simple articles of clothing. At reduced wages I remained with Mr. Rannals during the winter, and the next spring he employed me for the ensuing year at thirty dollars a month.

With the apple blossoms of May came Nancy, and I at once drew a part of my savings from the bank in order that I might freshen my wardrobe. Before that time I had not noticed how ragged I had become, but some linen, a couple of ties, and a moderate priced suit did wonders for my self-respect. Nancy Fitzgerald was Mr. Rannals' niece, who had come from Carroll, Iowa, to make her home with her uncle—at least she would be with them a year, Mrs. Rannals told me. She was twenty years of age and as dainty as the pink and white blossoms that came with her. Her eyes were a clear and sparkling blue, her hair undeniably red, and her nose up-tilted, but I didn't know whether she was pretty or not and I didn't much care; I knew that I was going to like her and I hoped she was going to like me.

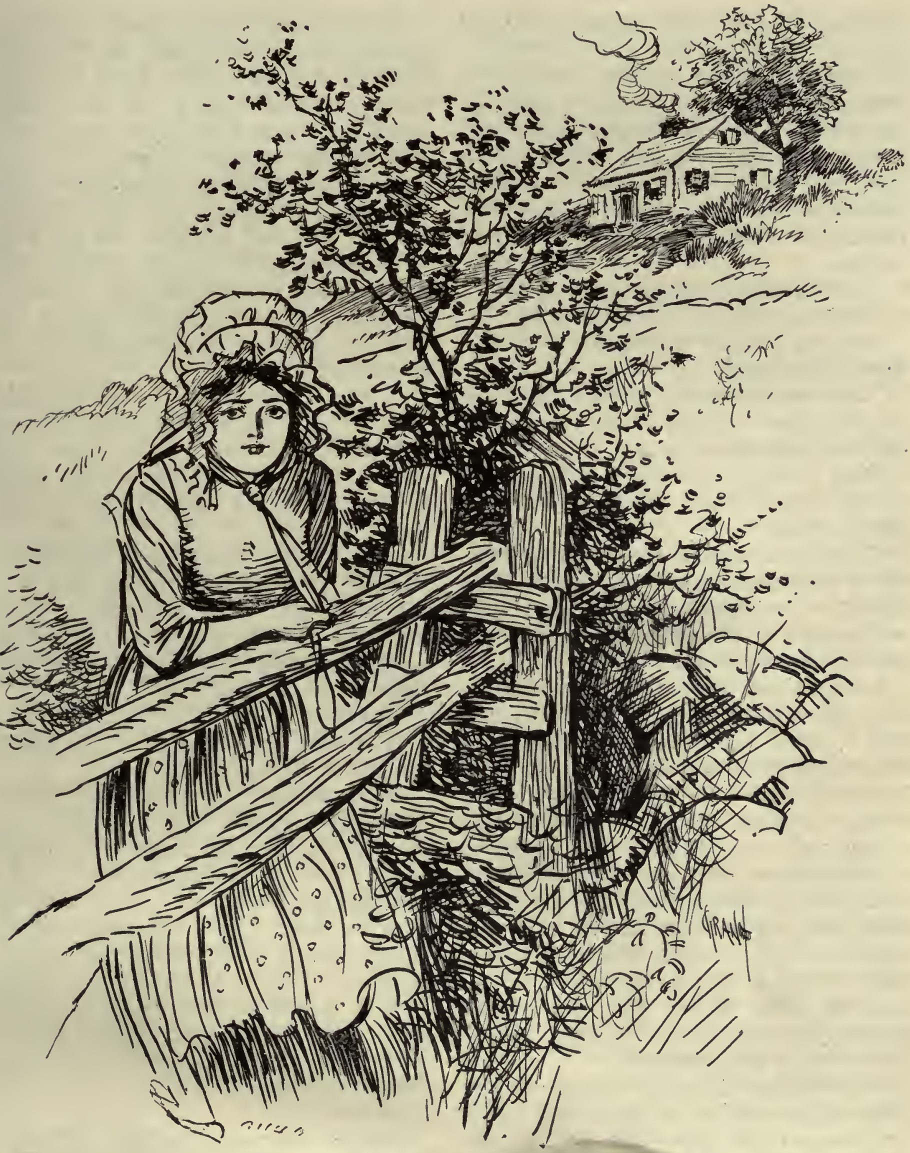
"Nancy is a good girl and a capable girl," said Mr. Rannals to me one day. "We are her only living relatives, and I hope she may make her home with us, but whatever her final decision may be, Nancy is well able to take care of herself."

I had no doubt about it, for it was evident from the beginning that she would not become a useless pensioner. I am not sure but that is what attracted me most in the beginning—her passion for usefulness. She and Mrs. Rannals were like two girls together. They divided the work of the household between them, and Nancy always contrived to select the more difficult and laborious parts of it.

During the summer I became more and more interested in both the practical and theoretical sides of farm work. Mr. Rannals was a good farmer and a fairly prosperous one, but he had small respect for knowledge gained from books. My own studious habits led me to understand the necessity of theoretical knowledge, and I spent a good many of my evenings in reading and studying. Nancy fell into the habit of studying with me and I was amazed at her knowledge of the subject.

"Where did you learn all of this?" I asked her one evening. "It seems to me that you know something of every phase of agriculture."

"Oh," she replied, "my father was a student and he taught me all I know. He



"Nancy is a good girl and a capable girl."

could have specialized in agriculture had he so desired and made a success."

It was the first time she had ever spoken of her father, and I concluded, from her guarded words, that he had not been a success in any line; and the fact that so little had been said about him by Mr. Rannals and his wife served to confirm me in that belief.

"Doubtless," said I, "he had other interests which occupied his time and attention."

"I do not think," she replied, flushing slightly, "that he ever permitted any one thing to occupy much of his time."

I was working in the cornfield one morning in September, whistling softly and thinking of Nancy. Some way I had been thinking of Nancy a great deal during the summer.

"Good-mornin'," said somebody behind me.

I looked around quickly and saw a comically weazened old man leaning on the fence. He was small, slight and stooped; his hair was long and gray; his lean face was covered with a two days' growth of beard, but his keen eyes were black and constantly shifted from side to side.

"It *is* a beautiful morning," I agreed.

"Be you a lawyer?" he asked slyly.

"I was a lawyer," I replied. "Just now I am a farm hand."

"Very well answered," he said, and I saw his shrunken shoulders quivering with mirth as he hobbled away.

That evening I related the incident to Mr. Rannals and asked him who the old man was.

"That," he replied, "was Ezra Wilfest. He is the richest man in the county—and reputed to be the stingiest. He was asking me about you the other day and I told him you were a lawyer."

I determined, however, to become better acquainted with the old man and to that end I called upon him one evening. I found him living all alone in what must have once been a comfortable home. But it had run to seed. Weather-beaten, dilapidated, and stripped of all its finery, it seemed to me the merest husk of a home. And yet it comported well with the time-worn old man who was its sole occupant. He greeted me in a civil—almost friendly—manner and I soon found myself telling him the story of my life. He seemed greatly interested in my father and in his last words of advice to me.

"Uselessness," said he, "comes near to bein' the greatest sin of young men today, an' lawyers are the worst of the lot. You're doin' more good than you ever could whittlin' away at the law, an' if you ain't happier, you ought to be."

"I don't know that I'm happier," said I, "but I'm at least more contented."

"Workin' as a farm hand," said he, "is a good way to be educatin' yourself, but don't be keepin' it up too long. Get a farm of your own an' rent if you can't buy. Get a farm an' get a wife—that's the only way a young man can ever prosper an' amount to shucks."

I am afraid I blushed when the old man advised me to get a wife, for I at once thought of Nancy. She and I had been together a great deal during the summer and I had begun to rejoice in the thought that she, like myself, was poor. We often enjoyed the simple social pleasures of the community together, and Mr. Rannals and his wife had dropped into the habit of occasionally drifting out of the sitting-room during the evening and leaving us together. I have always known that Mrs. Rannals was largely entitled to my gratitude for that.

It was in January that I asked Nancy to marry me. Sitting before the hard coal burner in the cozy sitting-room—with one of the worst storms of the winter howling outside—I asked Nancy to marry me.

"Bob," said Nancy—and though the tones of her voice were smooth and even, her blue eyes were swimming—"I am willing to marry you—but how in the world, you dear, impudent boy, do you think we would live?"

"Potatoes," said I.

"Potatoes," she laughed. "A monotonous diet, I am afraid."

"Now listen to me, Nancy," I said, "and don't laugh. We are both poor, but we can still be happy—and maybe happier because we are poor. We shall rent that old Durkin thirty-acre farm and raise potatoes. I have saved four hundred dollars—and I have learned how to grow potatoes. I know that's a small capital, I know it will be a struggle, but I can make good, Nancy—only I need you."

"You are a foolish boy," said Nancy, "but I believe you can make good—and I love you."

Nancy's blue eyes invited me and I kissed her—and then we said silly, absurd and tender things to one another after the fashion of all lovers, rich and poor alike.

At Nancy's request—although I did not then understand her reason for making it—I said nothing to her uncle or aunt for a couple of days, and then I told Mr. Rannals that I loved Nancy and wished to marry her. I also told him how I had planned to support her, although it seemed ridiculous enough when I tried to justify it to a hard-headed and practical farmer.

"You are a couple of simpletons," grumbled Mr. Rannals, "and I'm not sure but that Nancy is worse than a simpleton. So you are going to grow potatoes, are you?"

"I am," I said, "and I can make good. I am going to grow potatoes, work hard—and take good care of Nancy."

"I'm not worrying about that," said he. "Nancy is quite able to take care of herself." He looked me over with a slow and inscrutable smile and continued: "I believe you'll do it, my boy—and here's hoping that both you and Nancy may win."

Nancy and I were married in the spring and moved into the dilapidated Durkin house. We had little money but a great deal of love for each other. Mrs. Rannals gave us enough old furniture to make us comfortable, though without any pretense at style, and certain new furnishings mysteriously appeared which I also attributed to Mrs. Rannals, although Nancy smilingly refused to either confirm or refute my suspicion. It was the first real home I had known since the death of my mother and I rejoiced riotously in it, for the time almost forgetting our poverty and the struggle ahead of me.

Potatoes mean plenty of hard work and by no means unlimited wealth, but I had chosen to rely upon that crop because it is a staple—something that people must have. I was not afraid of work, and Nancy, dear girl, seconded my efforts nobly; she was a constant and never-failing source of inspiration and the very thought of her drove me to do my level best.

"The potatoes shall be your work, Bob," said Nancy, "and you will have to get up early in the morning to beat my chickens and garden."

I did get up early in the morning and went to bed late at night; I had no fear of hard work. Of course, neither my means nor my strength permitted me to plant the whole farm to the appetizing tubers, but I did what I could and rented the balance on shares to one of the neighbors. By dint of hiring some work done and paying for it by my own labor, I managed to get along and soon had a fine crop under way. Of working tools I had few, only an old team, a plow, and a harrow.

Three times during the summer Mr. Rannals took Nancy to the city on some mysterious business, and once I saw in her hands a letter bearing the name of one of the big law firms of a Western state. I was naturally curious about it, but Nancy would tell me nothing; she would only shake her pretty head and smilingly insinuate that she was about to apply for a divorce.

"Bob," said Nancy, one evening, "we are getting richer every day; I can almost see your potatoes grow."

"And the chirping of a hundred little chicks," said I, "sounds to me like the tinkle of gold coins."

There never was a couple who faced the future more blithely, and no man ever had a wife more cheerful, self-sacrificing or persevering than was my Nancy. She never grew discouraged, and she would not permit me to grow discouraged—but no man who is so fortunate as to marry a girl like Nancy has any right to indulge in that questionable and devastating luxury.

I had no time for visiting that first summer, but I did see old Ezra Wilfest occasionally. He came over to the farm once in a while, and always gave me the impression that he was secretly laughing at me.

"Still think you ain't a lawyer?" he asked one morning. "Ever think you'd rather be diggin' in law books than among these here potatoes?"

I leaned on my hoe and looked into his sharp black eyes. "I wouldn't trade my interest in these potatoes," said I, "for the finest law practice that a man could have. I'd rather deal with living things—I'd rather have a growing, living plant than a dead and lifeless brief."

Mr. Wilfest laughed silently. "We'll see how it will be lastin'," said he. "We'll see how you'll be feelin' when your crops show signs of bein' failures. How's Nancy?"

"Fine as silk," said I, "and as happy as a lark."

"Show any signs of bein' discontented with poverty?" he asked.

"Not one," I replied emphatically, "and we're not going to be poor always, either."

"Not while you're havin' Nancy around," said he, "an I expect you wouldn't be tradin' her for a crop of fortunes."

Before winter we had harvested and sold our crop, and found we had had an unusually successful season. Our debts were paid, we had a snug little balance in the bank, and almost enough provisions on hand to see us through the winter. I was in a mood to indulge in some unusual extravagance.

"Nancy," said I, "let's have a dinner party. Suppose we entertain your uncle and aunt—and I should like to invite that eccentric and lonely Ezra Wilfest."

"Bob," said Nancy, "we will. You have made good."

It was a pretty successful dinner. Nancy and I were hilarious, Mr. and Mrs. Rannals seemed satisfied and contented, and Mr. Wilfest, who had accepted somewhat grudgingly, appeared to enjoy himself as well as could have been expected. I was proud of Nancy and proud of her dinner. There was chicken of her own raising, hot and flaky biscuit, and in the center of the table a great platter of potatoes boiled in their jackets, and through the split skins a feathery whiteness gleamed. I could not refrain from boasting a little after dinner, and I told our guests just what Nancy and I had accomplished that season.

"Robert," said Mr. Rannals, "I don't know much about potatoes—they're only a side issue with me—but I do know about men, and you're one. A man—an honest man—who has made good."

"Which reminds me," said I, "that I owe you a nickel for a piece of apple pie. Here it is." And I gravely passed the coin across the table to him.

"Guess he's quit bein' a lawyer," commented Ezra Wilfest dryly. "He's a-payin' his debts."

Soon after the first of January Mr. Wilfest sent for me, and when I reached his house I found him sitting alone in his cheerless kitchen.

"Bob," said he, "did you ever think of buyin' the Taylor place?"

Had I thought of it? Every nerve in me throbbed and jumped at the mere mention of it. It was the finest little eighty-acre farm in the county. Not only were its fields well cultivated and fertile, but the residence was commodious, artistic and convenient. I thought I would be the happiest man on earth if I could see Nancy presiding over it.

"Have I?" I gasped. "I have never dared to even dream of it—I haven't had time for dreams."

"John Taylor is thinkin' of sellin' it," continued Mr. Wilfest calmly. "You know John was settin' out some years ago to be a gentleman farmer an' he ain't exactly been succeedin' in his plans. He's wantin' to go to the city now an' be takin' a job, an' he was tellin' me last night he would sell out for seven thousand."

"I'd like to have that farm," I admitted, slowly, "but you know as well as I do that it's utterly out of the question."

Mr. Wilfest paid no attention to me and continued slowly. "I've been watchin' you an' Nancy," he said, "an' I'm thinkin' you've both got plenty of sense an' grit. I can be lettin' you have the money—say at about four per cent. Pay it back when you get around to it."

I gasped—and then shook his withered hand vigorously.

"I must tell Nancy," I said breathlessly.

But Nancy, when I told her, did not act as I supposed she would. She began to cry. Then she raised her tear-stained face, laughing through her tears, and threw her pretty arms around my neck.

"Bob," she whispered, "I don't know that you will ever forgive me—but I wanted to be sure—sure—that you could make good, and I couldn't risk marrying a—a failure."

She stepped back and looked at me smiling. "Bob," she said softly, "you have made good, but best of all I love you—and I'm worth fifty thousand dollars in my own right."

* * *

GRAFT IN THE GRAVEYARD

By

Marie Conway Oemler

UNCLE ADAM CAMPBELL had never heard of New Thought, and wouldn't have understood the modern phraseology wherein is now being set forth the art of Getting What You're After. He did know, however, that he very much wanted to be made keeper of the colored cemetery, a fat and fallow piece of ground in constant use since long before the Civil War; so keeping his thought upon his desire, he got what he wanted.

What was merely a graveyard to everyone else was to Uncle Adam a golden opportunity. Having taken faithful charge of his domain, under his skillful hand it began to blossom, not exactly as the rose, but as the more useful, if less romantic, cabbage, turnip, onion, tomato, and other succulent garden "sass."

"Dem ol' hills an' rows is sho' fine," commented Uncle Adam, after experimenting. "I ain't got to buy a Gawd's mite o' fertilizer. Looks like dem ol' befo'-de-war niggers is jes' natchully what's needed fo' cucumber and cabbages."

Under his patient care long forgotten graves grew green with sage and parsley; why waste on them ineffectual flowers when pot-herbs are equally green and gracious, and, beside, fetch five cents the bunch? Taking the owner's permission for granted he borrowed God's Acre and made it yield an hundredfold; in the midst of death he was busily in life.

All day long, with M'riah, his yellow mule, Uncle Adam happily toiled, reclaiming a bit here and a bit there, in every minute he could spare from his regular duties.

The best soup bunches, the earliest lettuce, the finest, hardest cabbages of appropriately the "niggerhead" variety, were offered by Uncle Adam, and eagerly bought by housewives. Good cooks learned to wait for the rickety wagon drawn by yellow M'riah, named with fine and frank disregard of sex, in honor of Uncle Adam's deceased wife.

"Dat mewl's so natchully like dat 'oman, twell he's a heap o' comfort to me," the old man confided to an interested customer. "He's got de same look outer he eye, de same kin' o' jog-walk, an' when he lif' up he woice I 'clar to Gawd hit seem like muh wife's a-callin' me to cut de wood an' bring een de water. Yessum, dat mewl's a heap u' comfort to me."

As the years went by Uncle Adam began to regard his farm as being really his own property, for had he not reclaimed it? It had come to him rife with jimson weed and nettles, and now pleasant rows of good green eatables had taken their places. His only grievance was that he often had to make room for newcomers in his own particular domain, the unclaimed ground or Potter's Field.

He had nothing to say against decently burying you in your own lot, where your widow was free to put shells, jugs, cuspidors, medicine bottles, cups and saucers, and other household utensils over you to her heart's content. But when you had neither lot nor widow, or worse still, widow minus lot, he regarded you as an impertinent intruder, disarranging his trim and orderly house with your new yellow door.

Afterwards, of course, when your widow had been consoled, and spring had helped him paint your door green, Uncle Adam looked upon you more kindly, and put a choice bouquet of feathery carrots or fresh pink radishes above you. Sometimes a spasm of recollection seized your widow and she came to visit you and claimed the carrots and radishes, to the fury of Uncle Adam, who had entrusted them to you. Sometimes the rabbits came and nibbled, but he preferred the rabbits to the relatives any day; he could knock the rabbits in the head when he could catch them, but one may only expostulate with relatives.

Uncle Adam trove, waxed sleek, and radiated cheerfulness, for his days were days of pleasantness and all his nights were peace. He had a healthy bank account, he was president of the Amalgamated Brothers and Sisters of the Rising Star in the Bonds of Love; secretary and treasurer of the Free United Sons of Zion Burying Society, and vice-president of the Sons and Daughters of Mary Magdalen Marching on to Glory.

But as virtue and prosperity provoke envy and malice, much as molasses draws flies, when less initiative minds grasped the fact that in hands entirely skillful the free graveyard is mightier than the bought farm—which no city pays you to attend and then allows you to pocket the pickings—good colored republicans sat up and took notice.

When it dawned on Uncle Adam that he might be deprived of his perquisites he was at first indignant, then enraged and then frightened. As the time drew near for the city elections he sought to placate the powers that be, and was delicately informed that fresh vegetables, though welcome daily offerings, were insufficient; it was impressed upon him that if you want a thing you must pay for it.

Sorrowfully he trudged behind M'riah, lamenting the threatened loss of his kingdom; sorrowfully he viewed the blooming graves which had added so materially to his worldly prosperity.

"Yo' wuzn't wuth a cuss but hossnettles an' pizen weeds twell I come along an' rickamembahed yo' mought be good fo' vigitibbles," he addressed his garden patches. "Yo' wuzn't good fo' nothin', an' now when I mek yo' good fo' sum'p'n, dey ups an' wants to tak yo' 'way fum me."

He wiped his perspiring face with a red bandanna handkerchief, and groaned.

"I *could* buy a fahm," he mused darkly. "Oomhoo, but it cawst good money to buy lan', an' den I'd hab to buy fertilizer, too; but, my Gawd, attah I done pay fo' de lan' an' t'ings, wha's muh money?"

He leaned mournfully against M'riah, who flecked an ear and cocked an eye of sympathy. Uncle Adam reached out a grateful hand and stroked the velvety nose.

"Yo's a heap bettah'n de othah M'riah, mewl," he praised. "Case yo' doan' mek me trouble wuss, a-jawin' 'bout it."

M'riah lifted up his voice with a bray that startled a rabbit from a carrot patch, but Uncle Adam was too dispirited to throw even a cuss-word at that persistent enemy.

He was still leaning against M'riah in mournful introspection, when the minister approached with a solemn and secretive air. Save for the mule Uncle Adam was quite alone, but the minister peered fearfully around as if suspecting hidden listeners were in the carrot patch.

"I has to talk wid yo'," he informed the wondering Uncle Adam. "An' what I say I ain't mean to hab repeated, so come along one side an' listen at me, private-like."

"My Gawd, man, what mo' private yo' want dan dis?" asked Uncle Adam. "'Tain't nobawdy hyuh but me an' de mewl, ceptin' de daid; dey *can't* talk, an' I *won't* talk."

The minister took him by the arm and firmly led him away from M'riah, as if that faithful beast might bray aloud what wasn't intended for his long ears.

"Hit's pollerticks," he informed Uncle Adam solemnly. "Dey's dem what's plottin' fo' yo' livin', Mistah Campbell, an' ez a fren' an' a Christian I'se hyuh to talk wid yo'. Yo's got a mighty pooty place hyuh, Mistah Campbell," he insinuated.

"Hit's me what made it pooty," growled "Mistah Campbell".

"I ain't sayin' yo' didn't," deprecated the minister. "But I is sayin' yo' bettah fix t'ings so's yo' kin keep what yo's got." He leaned closer to Uncle Adam. "I'se a powerful 'xorter an' mover o' sperrits," he whispered. "Ef'n I had a decent suit o' clo'es an' some shoes an' a hat, an' a sh'ut fitt'n to 'peer een, I c'd see de right pussons, Mistah Campbell, en move 'em to let yo' keep yo' job."

Uncle Adam's heart contracted painfully.

"How much yo' want, man?" he wailed, his eyes on a cabbage-covered mound.

"I cyant do a Gawd's t'ing less'n I got a full forty dollars," said the tempter.

"Come tonight an' git it," groaned Uncle Adam, after a silent wrestle with himself.

When the minister had left, Uncle Adam went back to M'riah, and leaned against him for support. Beside him a small white wooden cross proclaimed, in faded letters, that,

> "Mary had a Little Lamb;
> Its skin was Black as Nite,
> The Kine Lawd come and took the Lamb
> And now I guess its White";

but neither the poetry nor the pathos moved Uncle Adam. He looked at the tomato vine tied to the cross, and almost wept; not because Mary had lost her lamb, but because he feared he might lose his tomatoes.

It was horrifying to Uncle Adam when he found out how many people he had to furnish with hats, or shoes, or pants, or groceries, or house rent, in order that they might intercede with the right "pussons," but having put his hand to the bribery plough, he had to follow it to the bitter end of the furrow.

He ran distracted thither and thither; he lost time and sleep and money and peace; and finally he lost his job. Uncle Adam wasn't re-elected keeper of the colored cemetery; it fell to Elder Washington Hanks.

Uncle Adam snorted with rage and disgust. Elder Hanks, of all men, who wasn't worth anything but to pass the plate in church and lead the hymn in a bull-basso! Elder Hanks, who had never done a hard day's work in his life, but subsisted upon choice morsels filched from the "buckrah's" kitchens by pious cooks and heaven-aspiring housemaids. Uncle Adam shrewdly guessed that the Elder's strong-minded sister-in-law, Molly Middleton, beloved of the white people, had induced her friends to put him in the cemetery, into which she would much have preferred seeing him enter as a respectable corpse; he couldn't, in justice, blame Molly Middleton for thus shifting the burden of her brother-in-law's partial support from her own shoulders to those of the city.

Molly Middleton had the show-lot in the colored cemetery. The marble token of her widowhood which marked her husband's resting place quoted, "I am black but comely," adding that the deceased had been a good man and the husband of Mrs. Molly Middleton. A cast-iron wreath leaned against the monument; two large vases, whereon blue and pink roses entwined a gilt cross, several large shells, a pink cup and saucer, and a bright blue china spittoon, embellished the grave.

"It looks real stylish," sighed the widow, with melancholy pride.

Elder Hanks had supinely allowed himself to be appointed keeper, believing that all he had to do was to drive Uncle Adam from Eden and preëmpt his perquisites and profits. He had lavishly agreed to reward those who had helped him secure what he believed to be a fat job, and looked upon Uncle Adam's vegetables as part payment of his obligations.

It was therefore a painful surprise to him when Uncle Adam promptly presented him with an order restraining him from touching a crop planted in good faith and with the city's tacit consent; and further, having rented a small plot of ground next to the cemetery, the ex-keeper was thus enabled to keep a very watchful eye upon his property.

M'riah belonged to Uncle Adam, and Elder Hanks found himeslf without a "mewl"; and what normal negro can work without a "mewl"? There is between them a bond of sympathy and understanding, and they will work for each other as neither will work for the white man. The hot sun made the Elder sick, the unaccustomed work blistered his hands. He found himself precipitated not into Eden but out of it.

Molly Middleton forced him to spend laborious hours embellishing her lot, without pay; he hadn't time to call so frequently on his lady friends, and his stomach suffered greatly thereby; he couldn't levy on Uncle Adam's crop, and his crowning trouble was the staving off of the hungry horde to whom he had promised a share of the spoils. It made no difference to them that there were no spoils to be had; they clamored just the same.

Uncle Adam looked on with grim satisfaction. He had been ousted, but the new monarch didn't know how to reign, and anarchy resulted. When he saw bullet-headed persons with underhung jaws come to the cemetery and call the keeper aside, he grinned.

Toward the minister he cherished the only animosity his kindly nature was capable of entertaining. That taker of bribes had made him promises which he had not kept; he had separated Uncle Adam from forty dollars, and then deserted him for a promised tribute from Elder Hanks and a word from Molly Middleton.

He had kept out of Uncle Adam's way at first, but later, judging that the old man's power had diminished with his bank account, ignored him completely. As he grew more brazen he came almost daily to demand from the new keeper the money which had been promised him.

Elder Hanks, soured, disappointed, overworked, and nagged beyond endurance, turned at bay. He had lost twenty pounds and gained twenty blisters. His back ached from bending, his mind fermented with anger. He had gathered a lot of perfectly useless bones one day and sold them to a white farmer for fertilizer, and some foolish and meddlesome people had just heard of it and had threatened to raise a scandal. Life began to taste bitter in his mouth.

One morning, therefore, when the minister again called, Elder Hanks turned his back upon his tormenter and walked off. The minister followed, expostulating, and thus they made the rounds of the cemetery.

Uncle Adam had been watching a choice assortment of herbs, almost ready for cutting, in a deserted lot next to Molly Middleton's. It was warm, and he sat in the shade of a large spirea bush and dozed. He was roused by the sound of an angry voice, and peered fron his place of concealment to find the minister and Elder Hanks glaring at each other, within a few feet of him.

The minister raised his voice still higher, and "thief," "robber," "liar," "bum," "low-down nigger," and other insulting epithets rained upon Elder Hanks, who, with hands on his hips, faced him without replying. When the minister paused to take breath, Elder Hanks shook a contemptuous finger under his nose.

"All dem t'ings yo' say I is, *yo'* is," he said bitingly.

The minister's reply was a box on the ear, and the next second they were upon each other. It was only when they fought their way toward him and began to trample upon his cherished herbs that Uncle Adam roused from his trance of rapture, and leaped forth with a howl.

"Git off'n my grave! Tek yo' foots fum my passley, an' quit tromplin' on my sage! Git off, I tell yo'! What yo' mean mussin' up muh grave, niggers?" he bawled.

He seized the struggling pair, and with a well-directed shove sent them over the low stone coping into the next lot, to topple upon the stylish grave of Molly Middleton's husband. Elder Hanks' hard head shattered the blue spittoon which was Molly's pride; the bony body of the minister smashed the shells and vases. There was a horrible sound of shivering china, and the combatants rolled off of the grave and sat up, one on either side.

The minister was a wreck, for dirt and the hands of Elder Hanks had ruined the suit which Uncle Adam's money had bought; and every rent in those clothes was as balm to Uncle Adam. He watched the dilapidated one pick himself slowly and painfully up from the wreck of Molly Middleton's mementoes, and with threats and complaints limp away, knowing that fate, in the form of the hot-tempered widow, awaited him.

When the minister's mutterings had died in the distance, Uncle Adam turned to Molly Middleton's brother-in-law, upon whose forehead a large and forbidding lump was rapidly gathering.

"Yo' sho' is a sight, Elder Hanks," said Bidlad the Shuhite in the person of Uncle Adam. "It jes' natchully looks like a nigger goose done laid a big black aig on yo' fo'haid. An' I suttenly trimbles," he continued wildly, "when I rickamembahs de sto' Molly Middleton sot on dat blue spittoon an' dem cups an' t'ings. She's a pow'ful good thrower an' hitter when she gits started, too, Molly Middleton is."

Elder Hanks raised himself up from the wreck with a rueful countenance, picked a piece of the blue spittoon from the small of his back, and wiped a trickle of blood from his neck where a fragment of the vase had gashed him.

"Wish to Gawd I'd kep' outer de dang ol' cemetery twell I natchully had to be toted to it," he lamented, trying to brush the dirt from his garments. "One t'ing sho', ef I doan' git outer it alive pooty soon I'll lan' up een it daid, dat's what."

"We's all got our trials an' tribulations, whichin we has to bear an' trus' een Gawd," exhorted Uncle Adam unctuously.

"Uncle Adam," said Elder Hanks firmly. "I'm goin' to trus' een a peace warrant fo' dat nigger, an' lan' him een de calaboose fo' 'sa'lt an' battery, likewise bribation. I ain't got no money lef', an' I ain't got no fren' lef'. I got to dodge Molly Middleton, too, 'ca'se she'll bus' muh haid wide open like I busted her blue spittoon.

"I don' want no sich job es dis nohow," he went on vehemently. "Dey'd lef yo' keep it ef twusn't fo' Molly Middleton makin' 'em gie it to me. I resigns, I quits, I throws it up dis minnit. Take back yo' job, Unc' Adam, an' I hopes to Gawd yo' soon be raisin' turnips on dat low-down nigger whut helped Molly Middleton to mek me come hyuh. An' fo' Gawd's sake, Unc' Adam," he added piteously, "len' me fifty cents to git a shampoo an' a bite o' vittles."

Uncle Adam reached down in his jeans and silently handed him a dollar. He then went to the gate with the fallen one, and watched him tramp down the dusty road. M'riah was hitched to the fence, and Uncle Adam loosed the halter and brought him inside.

"Yo' an' me is comin' back, M'riah, honey," he chirped.

M'riah lifted his voice in exultant brays, and a rabbit darted from a clump of blackberry vines, pursued by a clod of earth which Uncle Adam hurled after him.

"Dern yo', keep oof'n muh graves!" he shouted. "Jes' yo' watch out, Brer Rabbit, an' see me lan' yo' een one o' dem traps I'm gwine to set."

With his arm twined lovingly around M'riah's neck, he went whistling down the rosy Road o' Hope.

THE WAYSIDE INN

(SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

SET by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew,
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred,—
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew;
And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.

Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown!—
Happiest that from the Poet it has won
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

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WHAT A WOMAN KNOWS

Letters of Maxie, an Actress

By

Ora Lee Bargamin

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 10, 1910.

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I do believe that the road to Fame is more bumptious than the Rocky Road to Dublin! Who would have thought the jars and bumps of strenuous acting would finally land me 'way down here in "ole Virginny"? Yet, here we are; Aunt Janie and I. It's *so* lonely here with nothing but James River, Hampton Roads, et cetera, making a big splash all around the Peninsula!

I remember when I was young. . . Ah! pshaw! I mean younger. I used to think that the Hampton Roads was paved with cobble stones! Now that I actually see it and know better, the thought is yet suggestive, for the waters are usually just as wobbly. But here, I am deviating.

Of course, you darling girl, of all the desirables I had rather you were the one to "fill the bill!" But it does seem, when I had just commenced to make good at the New Theatre, that the final draught of success might have been mine ere this nerve fever had set in! How tantalizing to have the cup so near and then be compelled to set it down! Guilford said that I would have had a successful run this year in "What Every Woman Knows," especially since my debut was effected last season, and New York and I were about to become acquainted. (What I want to know is: Why will a woman go to see what every woman knows? Pshaw! Would a Scotchman smile at that?)

To return to Guilford. I am sure, my dear, you will like him even if he *is* fat. He is a good manager, and his tempestuous moods quiet to a mere zephyr before a winsome smile. Try some of yours in broken doses whenever you may find that they are needful.

You see I am posting you. You have been so much out on the Coast and so little in New York that I think you will find my hints useful, after all. Eh? Gilbert Loftin is good to lead with; his eyes and heart are the first things your heart begins to thump to. Aren't they? You know; you've rehearsed with him. But do be careful, girl. And only lead *with* him. First thing I know you'll have the "with" in parenthesis and there'll be simply "lead him" staring us all in the faces! Don't. Though with your baby-blue eyes and baby mouth, how can you help it? Nevertheless, I repeat—don't. When you go behind the scenes, keep on the mask for my sake. Will you? Gilbert and I are old pals, but he's got a weak spot in his heart that just yields immediately to a fascinatingly pretty girl. (What man has not?) But I'm usually around to cover that spot up—to protect it—to protect my own interests. Now it's different; and distance doesn't lend any enchantment, either.

Be good; give my regards to the company; smash any heart you like but Gilbert's—that's mine, and I don't want it the least bit damaged. . . MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 13, 1910.

Darling Girl:

Three days of grace! Well, old New York doesn't seem so far away after all, when you can post a letter here Monday morning and receive a reply by Wednesday.

I must compliment you on your letter. So newsy! Just the very thing for this exiled self o' me. For the time being I was transported among all of you once more, and enjoyed the little chats and gossip as only a hungry heart can.

Oh, for the din and roar of noisy New York once more! 'Tis the only music can soothe this savage breast. The comradeship, the laughter, clatter; the mad, wild confusion of things; the dear, gay lights of old Broadway! It is home to me. I cannot live without it; I cannot rest away from it! I long for it as only a New Yorker can. Even you cannot; for you, cherie, have been so long away from us that I would dub you "Californian." While I, in New York, have lived the best part of my life—or the worst; sometimes I am not sure which.

Here everything is so quiet and deadly calm at night as early as ten o'clock! Imagine. So still, so still; and I am so wakeful. Last night I arose in one of the wee, sma' hours, and looked from the window. Such a dearth in noise—so complete a silence, that I looked up and actually fancied I could hear the moon rustling in and out among the clouds!

So you want to know what is happening to me? Attention: I don't think that I have told you before—being naturally so upset at having to leave my company at this critical period in the season—but Aunt Janie and I have secured a dear, cozy bungalow on the Boulevard, which runs along the banks of the famous, historic Hampton Roads. I imagine that the summer months, cooled by the briny breezes that sweep shoreward, must be incomparably delightful.

I am glad we are in this part of the country, after all. The Soldiers' Home Grounds—Fortress Monroe—and other places hereabout furnish excellent "copy" for my stories; and I expect to do much work in that line at least. Having been forbidden to put the smallest thought upon my public profession, I must devote my leisure to that love of my earlier days which was endured so long suffering in silence.

I don't know that old Dr. Giddons would approve this latter resolution, since his strict orders were to exercise extreme caution in any diversion whatsoever I should undertake. When I complained of the ennui of such idleness as he wished me to adopt, he flew into a rage and exclaimed:—"Stay here, then! Work yourself to death. You've got just about eleven months and thirty-one days left!" Then I filled my eyes with tears, and he patted me on the shoulder softly and tamed down a little: "You little humbug. Do as I tell you now. Go to Old Point Comfort, or Hampton and locate right in sight of the water and the open; don't crowd in anywhere! Get the fresh air into your lungs and let that be the most strenuous work you do—breathing. Give up—relax—sit around—read—eat heartily—drive—go to bed early and sleep long and well." Thus his parting injunction. Indeed, I have obeyed him so far; but for me, the call to activity is positively irresistible! This part of the country with its mystery, history and romance, invites—nay, *commands* my hand to the pen, and I *must* write! With such charming material and so strong an impulse, who would not yield?

I have saved until the ending of this letter a surprise which I shall now spring: (Prepare). I am going to sing at an Episcopal Church here which reminds me very forcibly of "The Little Church Around the Corner," which, as you know, is about the only church I've ever attended since entering the "Art World"—and even then most infrequently.

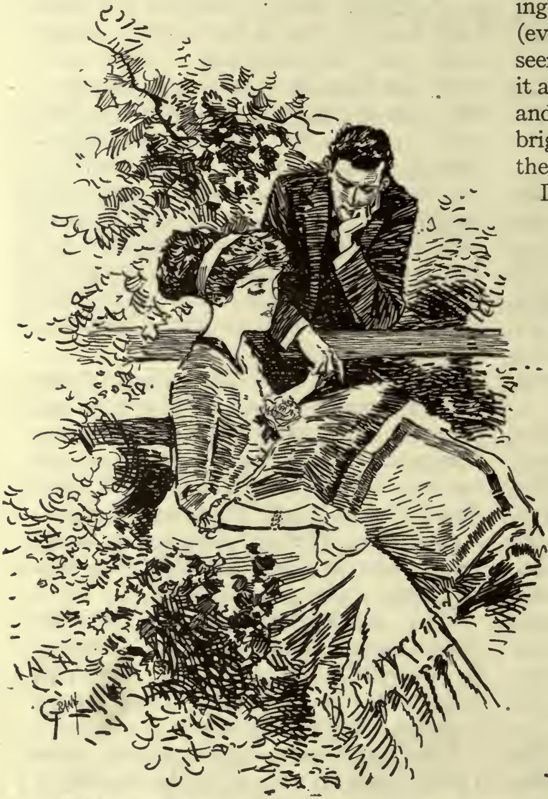
Ciel! Would that you might join the choir invisible and participate! Amen. (I should like to view your expression at present—though I believe that I have a correct conception of it!)

I am somewhat surprised myself, when I fairly open my eyes upon the realization of the thing. But it was all so simple, cherie.

When I returned at dusk yesterday from a drive, by mistake, I walked into the bungalow next to ours. Of course, once within, I discovered the error and hastened to depart; but a kindly old lady came forward to bid me welcome. I explained my presence, and we enjoyed the joke like two old cronies. This morning she came to call on us and introduced herself as the Episcopal minister's mother!

Spying the music room, she enticed me therein and committed herself to an hour's painful endurance—for you know my chronic weakness for music! When you once lead me to the piano, it is impossible to tear me away! The Lord knows why she is so intent on my rendering this—er—infliction Sunday. However, I am programmed for same and shall try to recall some prayers of my childhood days to tide me over the crucial moment.

I can face an audience with words and gesticulations; with tears and laughter; and vehemence—emotion of any sort, but—with a sacred solo? Viola! I pause.



"*Of course we got lost frequently from Aunt Janie and his mother*"

Au revoir, sweet girl; you and lights and life seem a long, long distance from me tonight. MAXIE.

P. S. Here I have cast aside my *nom de plume*, and stand forth stripped of all celebrity—simply Maxie O'Rell. I regret not having informed you of this in my first letter. Your reply would not have reached me save for the correct address. I had even then a trifling trouble identifying myself to the postman's satisfaction.

M.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 25, 1910.

My Girlie: Your letters! I have every need of them, though they are to me as poison. Slowly creeping through my blood, they will be the death o' me yet! How can I sit idly about with your words running through my brain like fire, touching every hidden thought of the old life, (even at this early period it has come to seem so distant that I invariably refer to it as the "old life!") kindling these thoughts and making every impulse in me burn bright with the longing for New York—the "boards"—and you (and Gilbert).

I can hear the roaring applause; I can see you before the curtain with Gilbert — your hand in his — I witness your triumph — Ciel! It is hard to be so far away!

Of course I hear from Gilbert — every other day. But your letters contain the "news." *His?* Well, we are pals. Strange he has not once mentioned your name to me nor in any way referred to you. I asked him point blank how he liked you, but this query has received no response. Have you hypnotized him? Enlighten me!

I am glad our play gives evidence of so prosperous a run; but there is no reason why it should not. The company is a strong one and each well adapted to his particular part. Now, I shall tell you, *ma cherie*, what occurred last Sunday.

I sang; without a tremble—without a halt—and the congregation received it — the solo — very peacefully after all. . . After service I was introduced to the Reverend John Stetson, by his mother. We managed a very friendly conversation for ten minutes!

Elizabeth! I have a very wicked scheme afoot! In casting about for a hero amidst these suggestive surroundings, I pounced upon the minister—mentally, of course! I am upon my best behavior; dignified to the extent of sanctification—neither you nor Gilbert would recognize this new me! Now the Reverend John Stetson is coming over to call on me in the very near future: a prediction. Wait: see! Oh, it will be delightful! Such a novelty to have a minister for study—for copy in my new story. Oh, by the way, I might mention right here that I would prefer your silence on this matter. Others—er—Gilbert, if you will have it, may not understand—as you do, dearest.

Last night I dreamed you and Gilbert were married after the evening performance. I ran in to protest—too late! The ceremony was just completed. Quite a horrible nightmare, I assure you, dear Elizabeth. Assuage my fears and doubts, or my nerves will be playing fatal tricks upon me soon.

Here come Aunt Janie and Mrs. Stetson up the drive; and I do believe . . . yes! The minister is with them. Do you hear me laugh—see me wink as I whisper "I told you so?"

Deepest love,
MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, November 15, 1910.
Dear Elizabeth:—"There is nothing new under the sun," yet there is always something left to learn—paradoxical, *n'est-ce-pas?* Who would have thought a minister capable of really excellent jokes, fond of really picnicial outings, et cetera? Not I—of all people. The sum and substance of this explosion is: the Reverend Mr. John Mitchell Stetson offered to conduct us on a little tour about his city and to the points of interest thereabout.

Of course we got lost frequently from Aunt Janie and his mother, particularly at Fortress Monroe. Here we were lost for such a length of time that when we returned to the officers' quarters where we had left Aunt Janie and Mrs. Stetson in charge of a guide—who was waxing eloquent before the small quarters where Jefferson Davis had been imprisoned—these two dear old souls had departed.

When we walked in our bungalow at dusk it was truly with the feeling of disobedient children and I really enjoyed the childish wickedness of it all—I believe he did, too—there was such a mischievous smile on his lips as he addressed his mother and my aunt sitting before a cozy fire in our library: "I see you left us? Well, I don't blame you!"

I did so enjoy the visit to the Fort. At sunset we were standing upon the rampart at the rear of the grounds when a private came up the incline to lower the flag, and another followed to fire the gun.

We were quite near the former, and I exclaimed: "Oh, I should love to haul in the flag!" The man looked at me—smiled, waved his hand toward the cord as it left his fingers, then stepped aside. The great old cannon went "boom!" under the gunner's assistance, while I drew the flag slowly to the ground from the high pole. The men left us immediately, and we remained in silence gazing for some time out over the Point. The view was excellent; the great gray monsters in the waters loomed up proudly and warningly to any hostile eye. Across the stillness of the twilight hour floated the sweet, thrilling strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

I didn't feel like shouting or applauding as Southerners are moved to do, but, somehow, the entire scene awakened a mournful note in me, and I could have sat there upon the rolling bank and sobbed a most appropriate accompaniment with the assistance of water-works. But the minister *is* a Southerner; when he turned to me I fancied I must have inflicted my lachrymose mood upon him. His face was grave. He said: "Let us go."

Just then the ships' bells chimed "one, two, three!" (This I have learned means five-thirty o'clock). All the way home he tried to cheer me with some amusing jokes and I must say I became interested though not entirely restored to my usual spirits of effervescence.

I do not know what made the mood swoop down upon me and retain me in its clutches. But in those few reminiscent moments I longed inexplicably for something which seemed so far away—and it wasn't New York either . . . nor you—nor Gilbert! That's why I can't understand.

Oh, I am just reminded of the questions you propound. Yes. I knew Gilbert had gone to Nevada. And it was certainly a good thing Van Greeter could have been at hand so opportunely. Though I believe he is not nearly so well adapted to "John Shand" as Gilbert is. He has not the personality Gilbert has. No, dear; Gilbert did not inform me of the contents of his telegram. Indeed I do not think it strange. Why should you? Perhaps it was sad news; perhaps—well, anyway you know a man is naturally of the clam species where his own affairs are concerned. But in the end, Gilbert comes to me with his worries and plans, all rolled into one big confidence and all that he has tried to keep from me unfolds to the least dark corner. That's why we are such real good comrades—Gilbert and I.

I am nearing the completion of a short story with these surroundings and the minister for copy—but am stalled in the "round up!" I think a few more visits of the Reverend John Stetson will set my inventive brain to work once more. *Quelle idee!* Affectionately,

MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, November 28, 1910. Elizabeth! Your today's letter exploded as a bomb under my feet, and I have not yet gotten myself all together since returning to the earth!

Tell Dr. Giddons that after the survival of this test he may rest assured his patient will live until the second childhood age—and beyond!

Gilbert married! And for the past five years! The brute—to have left that poor woman away out in Nevada! Yet . . I don't know, *cherie*, we shouldn't judge, I suppose, being ignorant of the facts and circumstances. Think you? But I can forgive Gilbert; yes, dear, I can forgive him, and I am happy that his wife recovered, after all.

You say that Guilford knew the whole thing when Loftin left? Why should he have told *you?* Our manager's pronounced characteristic is his silence—his very brusque and business-like silence, on all personal matters. And he confided to you? Well, I confess my stupidity. These successive surprises have taken the very wit o' me!

However, tonight my heart is so heavy I feel I must unburden it to its last thought that I may betimes sink witless and thoughtless to bed . . . and, I pray, to rest.

As usual, when the foolish individual flies into an alluring web, Fate is there in character of the spider to see that the poor de'il gets his deserts. I thought John Stetson was good copy for a story and friendly pastime for an exiled artist. Alas! He thought me a good woman; tender and considerate, with all femininely winsome attributes to make an ideal companion for a minister!

I must tell you all or nothing. The cap has been drawn and the stream of grief will flow to its least drop to you; so lend your kindly forbearance.

In his study at the church—we had gone there for a copy of Omar Khayyam—he told me of his love and asked me to become his wife. Then I realized he made the offer to only the imaginary me! The idealized me. Not the real, the actress me. What would he do if he knew? Then I thought: Why should he know? It was the best thing that had ever happened to me. I might snatch this happiness which, at that moment, appeared as an oasis upon a weary stretch of useless desert life. I might take this step and live up to the glorious idealization he had of me. Why not? I wrestled with these tormenting thoughts in a silence he could not understand and one he misinterpreted.

I was seated near the window—looking out on the sunset across the waters and thinking—thinking; finally my brain became numb, and I simply sat there like a marble statue. He came over and stood before me.

"You don't love me? You couldn't ever come to care?" His voice was low, and it hurt me, and wrung the truth from my heart.

"I do care; that's why I am the most miserable person in the world. I'm not what you think I am! I came here from New York to build up a shattered nerve system. To substantiate my health to return to the stage! I'm leading woman at the New Theatre. You see—you see—I'm an actress!" I stammered, tumbling the words vehemently one over the other.

He never even spoke, but went over to his desk, sat down, and bowed his head in his arms. I wasn't sure; I didn't quite understand. Perhaps the blow staggered him.

I arose. The sun's rays were slanting just through the top of the window and seemed to terminate in one beautiful halo about his golden brown head. I had to pass the desk to reach the door. At his side I halted. It was too much! I could stand no more. Just for one touch, oh, one *touch* of him! I reached out my hands and rested them on his head; and these words slipped my tongue ere I could bridle them.

"John—dear—dear!"

Then everything reeled and somehow I quit the room. He did not follow me. That was yesterday, and I have heard no word from him since. Tomorrow is Sunday. How can I go to church? How can I face him stripped of this deception? I must slip back into the old shell and return to New York at once; back to the lights and laughter; to the gaiety of the "boards" which once meant the life o' me, but now means an artificial semblance of real, good, solid happiness. Who is this talking? Elizabeth! Do you know? I have been buried ages and ages agone! And yet . . . have I? Perchance it was a long sleep and the awakening to true womanhood has just come.

I would I could answer the row of interrogation marks which confront me; but they are just so many complex problems that a fatigued brain and sluggish heart should have naught to do with. So I shall seek the arms of Morpheus and bid the eternal questions and you—good-night.

Sadly yours,
MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, December 5, 1910.
Darling, Darling!—I have the exhilaration of one who has just made a successful flight in his new biplane; though it *is* a ludicrous comparison since I am lying here in my *bed*, propped up by two big pillows that I may write this to you!

I shall not attempt to answer your many, consoling and tender replies to Aunt Janie's notes. But first of all to congratulate you upon the romantic little marriage with our manager, and to assure you of all the good wishes in this surprised heart o' me!

You sly little rascal! Who would have believed that you—*you*, with your baby-blue eyes and baby mouth could penetrate old Ironsides' marble heart! I beg pardon? He is your husband now; I should at least remember that, but—ah, pshaw! I haven't the strength to even tease you! I am quivering so with delight that you must perceive it by the little tremulos this pen is making!

One week ago I was in the deepest regions of Pluto; one hour ago—I was in—I was about to say, heaven. But I believe all true lovers call it Paradise. Anyway, as you comprehend I was very, very near heaven. Fever and nerves, and worry in general just played havoc with me for six days and nights, of which time I was only partly conscious.

Two hours ago I awakened from a refreshing sleep and here in the twilight came Aunt Janie whispering to me that Mrs. Stetson had just telephoned to know if she and her son may come over for a few minutes to see me. Her son! John!

After a bit Mrs. Stetson and Aunt Janie withdrew on some pretense or other and left John and me alone.

He came and knelt at my side. Somehow I felt all that was in his heart and he must have understood it, too. I do not know why, but suddenly the glad rush that filled me, and shook me to the very soul—the gladness of his return—just burst the last iron band about my heart and the flood gates of endurance opened. I burrowed my head in his arms as he held me, and sobbed as if my heart, too, would burst. I heard him whisper:

"God bless you, little woman. *God—bless—you!*" And I felt it was a benediction straight from heaven that cleansed my whole life and made me *good enough for him!*

We are to be married this spring in April. Nevermore a return to the old life; the new life has such a promise of goodness and happiness I never dreamed could be mine. But you understand, darling, as no one else could, what a draught it is to the thirsty soul o' me. To be tossed about in the years past on hardship and now to suddenly fall on the down—the exquisite down of good love—you understand!

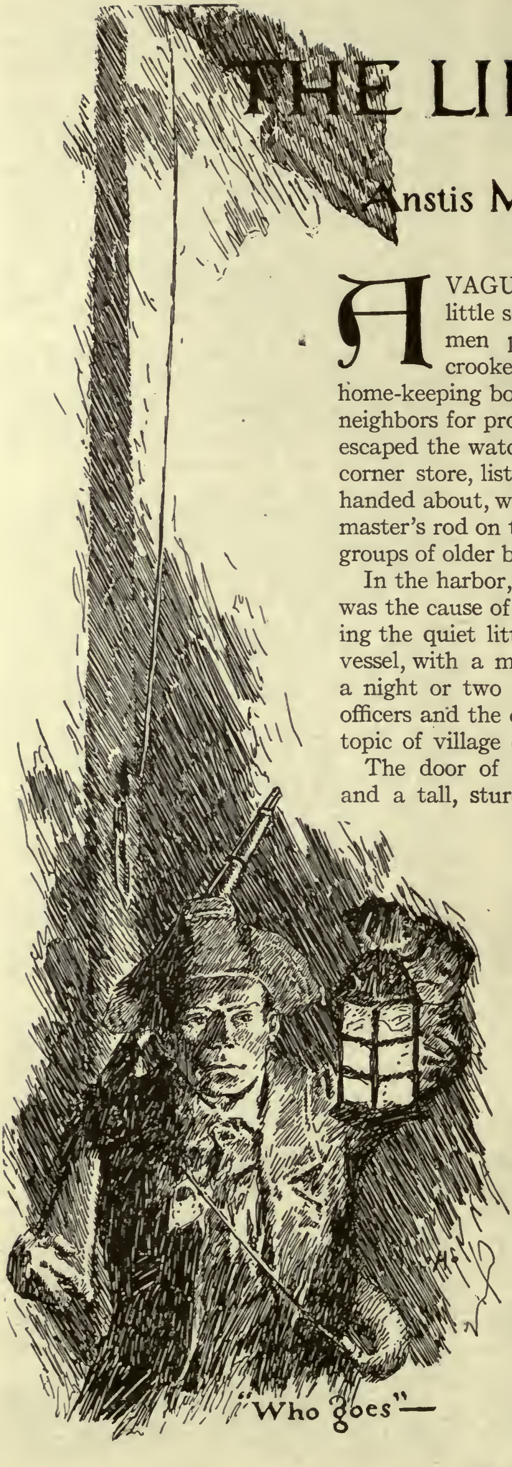
A sheltering home, a protecting husband, and good love are what every woman needs, *and she knows it, too!*

Good-night—I sink to a sweeter sleep than ever before—for I know the next day brings—John! MAXIE.

THE LIBERTY POLE

by

Anstis Maida Fairbrother



"Who goes"—

A VAGUE feeling of unrest was stirring in the little seaport of "Holmes's Hole." Sober-faced men passed hurriedly to and fro upon the crooked main street; housewives, usually staid, home-keeping bodies, found excuses to run to the nearest neighbors for prolonged kitchen-door chats; demure girls escaped the watchful eyes at home and hovered about the corner store, listening breathlessly to the news that was handed about, while small boys, braving the terrors of the master's rod on the morrow, ventured on the edges of the groups of older boys and men on the dock.

In the harbor, riding at anchor on the sullen, gray sea, was the cause of the wave of excitement that was sweeping the quiet little town from beach to hills. A British vessel, with a mast gone, had come silently into the bay a night or two before. Since then the gold lace of the officers and the carousing of the crew ashore had been the topic of village conversation.

The door of the corner store swung open suddenly, and a tall, sturdy, broad-shouldered youth elbowed his way through the crowd of chattering young people.

"John! John Robinson, lad! Hast come from the wharf? What news of the cursed vessel and her crew of rowdies, now?"

At the question, shouted by the burly storekeeper, the babel of voices ceased abruptly and an expectant hush awaited the lad's reply. His fresh, boyish face was clouded and he hesitated a moment before he said:

"My father sent me up to tell thee, Master Luce, that the captain will not order his men on board again; he says they do no harm, and if—" he frowned and lowered his voice—"if our women-folk like not the advances of his officers, they must keep their girls at home. Plague on their red coats and finery!"

"Ha, lad, thou dost not fancy the soft glances that have passed between that gay young cock, the first officer, and thy lass, I ween. Take heart, boy, brass buttons never keep a woman's heart for long, and Parnell Manter is too—"

"Peace, Master Luce, peace, if you love me" begged the boy, the dull red rising under the bronze of his cheeks.

"I've taken leave of my senses, I trow. My father commissioned me also to say that Sir Bragadoccio has sworn to take our flagpole for his mast. He says 'twill take too long to—"

"Take our liberty pole for the mast of yon vessel!" roared the storekeeper, shaking a huge fist in the direction of the harbor.

"Is that what ye mean, lad?"

"Hush, hush, Master Luce, I prithee. My father cautioned me—"

The warning came too late. During the conversation between the storekeeper and the young man, a murmur had again begun, but now it swelled to a torrent of excited voices.

"What said ye, John, lad? Our liberty pole?—Our flagpole for his mast?—Let him try! He'll find a warm welcome, I trow—I'd main like a chance at those infernal Britishers—Our liberty pole, forsooth!"

The pent-up feeling that had been simmering for the past few days now burst forth; excitement ran high, the crowd increased as a snowball gathers volume, each newcomer was greeted with incoherent explanations and for several minutes there bade fair to be a riot in the hitherto sleepy little store. The younger men were for marching in a body down to the water's edge, there to shout defiance at the pompous captain. The older men shook their heads, paying no heed to the impetuous suggestions of the boys, but offering no solution of the problem. Something must be done and done quickly, for—

Said John Robinson—"My father said 'twas his belief that the men would come ashore tomorrow to cut down the pole."

"Then must we act at once!" said a stern-faced man who had listened intently, but who had not spoken before.

"Friends, will ye meet at my house tonight? There can we talk without interruption, but here my head doth spin in all the clatter."

"'Twould be well, methinks, to do this," responded Welcome Allen. "What think ye, friends?"

"Aye, 'tis well."

"At seven of the clock, then."

Several hours later the "stately measure" of the minuet was just coming to an end in a great room gay with lights and gowns and the ripple of laughter rising ever and anon above the music. Rodger Smith guided his dainty partner to a seat, and as he picked up her fan he asked mischievously:

"Dost not miss John tonight, Parnell?"

A rose-red flush swept over the girl's sweet face, but she answered quietly: "Not more than thou dost miss having this first dance with Polly Daggett. Thou art not often beaten in *that* race, Rodger. How came it that our friend William captured the prize?"

"I delayed a moment at Master Bradley's to hear if aught had been planned to save our liberty pole on the morrow. John was there and 'tis — 'tis not a secret, Parnell, but I shall tell no one but thee—"

"And Polly," murmured Parnell.

"Um-m-m. It may be. Thou art sharp and no mistake. Perchance thou'lt not care to hear about John? Well, then, he is to do sentry duty by the pole from twelve till two tonight — ah, who comes, so fine?"

A stir at the door announced a late arrival; every head was turned expectantly and the first officer of the British ship made the effective entrance he had planned. He was a strikingly handsome chap, resplendent in his uniform. A murmur went round, though instantly hushed, of admiration from the girls but of decided dislike from the young men. In the stillness that followed they watched the newcomer keenly as, smiling and bowing to those with whom he had somehow picked up an acquaintance, he went straight to where demure little Parnell Manter sat. Saucy Polly Daggett, across the room, tossed her curly head, but not from envy. Big, plain Maria Allen looked worried. The three were bosom friends, sharing each others' joys and sorrows, and Polly and Maria did not approve of the first officer.

Most of the evening the young man spent at Parnell's side. He danced to perfection, he laughed and talked gaily and even to those farthest away it was evident that he was captivated.

"And by Parnell Manter, of all people!" commented one jealous damsel. "La! Methinks he must be blind to lose his heart to such a prim, quiet piece."

"And were some others quieter, they'd have no need to whistle for a lad, Charity Look!" flashed Polly Daggett. "If thou wert more like thy name—"

"Polly, lass, I have aught to say to thee. Wilt come with me to yonder bench?"

"Thou hast saved me from much discourtesy, Rodger. My wicked temper doth so often overcome me that I fear I have a devil, but it grieves me sore to hear dear Parnell criticized. Yet—Rodger, look at yon simpering idiot. See how he smiles into her very face. How came Mistress Beetle to bid him here to-night? There, see! He doth make as if to take her hand! Oh, is Parnell bereft of her senses? At least we can be thankful that John is not here!"

Indeed, Parnell seemed over-excited; her cheeks were crimson, her eyes shone like stars and her little hands plucked nervously at her fan. But could her censors have seen the burning gaze that was bent upon her, could they have heard the words, impetuous though softly spoken, that were being poured into her ear, they might have been kinder in their judgment.

"Why, 'tis folly," laughed the girl tremulously. "We did first see each other but three days ago."

"And have scarce three days more to see each other," groaned the officer.

"Three days! I—I—"

"Thou canst keep a secret, I'll warrant. Come closer, while I whisper—"

"Rodger, if thou lovest me as thou sayest, thou'lt bring Parnell to me. Quarrel not, if thou canst avoid it, with yonder coxcomb, but I can no longer—Ah, 'tis too late, they dance. Oh, I would that wretched vessel had foundered in the bay!"

* * * * * *

The wind blew in from the dark, heaving ocean with a chill breath. Back and forth, to and fro, paced the lad on sentry duty. The night was thick and black, the feeble glow of his lantern but emphasized the darkness round him; in the harbor the light on the British vessel moved up and down with the tossing of the ship. Back and forth, to and fro, back and forth. It must be nearly one o'clock; it seemed hours since he had come on duty. From twelve to two were the worst hours, he reflected; Hezikiah Adams had from two till four, but he was a slender stripling, not strong and—hist! What was that? John gripped his gun like a vise and sent a ringing challenge out into the night.

"Who goes—"

He stopped in amazement. The quick patter of feet slackened, the runner came to a halt. The light from the lantern that John held high fell upon a slender form, closely wrapped in a long mantle. The girl's hair was blown about by the wind and her breath came heavily.

"Parnell!" ejaculated the sentry slowly. "Parnell, lass, what—"

He stopped abruptly, caught his breath and then grasped the girl's shoulder roughly.

"Parnell Manter, what calls thee from a warm bed and thy father's house at this hour o' the night? Parnell, *say* thou art not going to meet that devil of an officer from yonder vessel. *Say it*, dost hear?"

The girl wrenched herself violently away.

"Keep thy hand off me, John Robinson!" she blazed, then more quietly:

"Thou wouldst best be careful what thou sayest. Think not to presume too far upon a friendship of long standing. I go to fetch Goodwife Luce; she is much skilled in the treating of that grievous thing, the colick."

"Thy little sister tormented again! 'Tis a most painful ailment, to be sure. Parnell, thou'lt forgive me? I heeded not what I was saying—I—but thou must not go alone, lass! 'Tis a fearsome long and dark way to Master Luce's; why did not thy father—"

"Ye forget my father's rheumatism, John. The dampness of the night air is most dangerous and, besides, he can scarce hobble along as fast as I can walk."

"But Parnell, I'll not allow it! 'Tis too long a way and, aye, dangerous these few nights past. I would anything I were not here as sentry," groaned the lad, not the first man hard pressed twixt love and duty.

"I care not for the dark nor yet the length, but thou canst run so much faster than I. Let me stay here as sentry and do thou haste to Goodman Luce's. See, John, my cloak doth cover me; give me thy hat—I will carry thy gun—let me—oooh! 'tis heavy, is't not? But see, am I not as good a sentry as thou?"

She stood clasping the clumsy gun, John's hat pulled well down over her fluffy hair, her mantle wrapped tightly about her. John stared dumbly for a moment at the picture within his lantern's glow, then with a start he came to himself.

"Let thee stay here, *alone*, lass? Thou art mad! 'Tis dark and cold and there lurks a danger in the air. I know not what 'tis, but it hath made me as uneasy as a goodwife."

"John, wilt thou not go — for *me*?"

John drew a long breath. "I'll go *with* thee, Parnell! 'Tis foolish to think there'll be any man here," he muttered to ease a chiding conscience.

"Yon Britishers will be in no haste to leave their warm quarters to come ashore a night like this. Come, lass."

"But, John, if there be no danger of aught here, do thou go on; thou'lt do it in half the time if thou hast not to wait for my lagging footsteps."

"I like it not, Parnell."

Slowly the girl held out the gun to him.

"Here then; if thou wilt not, I must go."

"Nay, I'll go—" he started but swung back again.

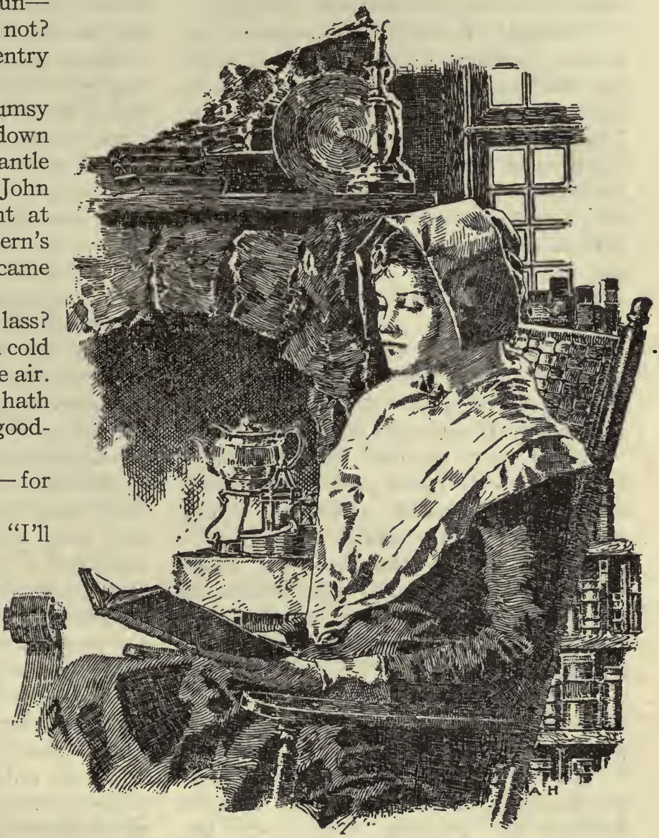
"Parnell," his voice was husky, "if aught *should* come to thee—"

"Thou foolish lad! Run on now, else will little Becky think me a laggard indeed. Thou'lt easily be back before 'tis near time for next watch."

"Yes—Parnell, how comes it thou art suddenly so brave? Only a week agone thou dar'st not skip over to thy friend Polly's after sundown—"

"John, *wilt* thou go?" exclaimed the girl, half-laughing, half-crying from impatience.

"If ever thou hadst suffered with the colick thou wouldst—"



"La! Methinks he must be blind to lose his heart to such a prim, quiet piece"

"Take not my head clean from my shoulders, Parnell! I'll hasten Goodwife Luce until she thinks the Evil One himself hath got her in his clutches. Fare ye well."

As the night swallowed him up, the substitute sentry peered into the darkness and whispered:

"Art ready? Methought the lad would never have done. Let us be quick, I prithee!"

The roar that shattered window-panes and brought the villagers bolt upright and trembling in their beds reached John Robinson as he raced along a grass-grown lane. He pulled himself up, dazed for a moment, then his senses woke to an agonized perception. The British guns, the pole—Parnell! He tore back over the distance he had covered, his breath coming in sobbing gasps, his brain a mad, reeling chaos of uncompleted thoughts.

"Par-*nell!* Par-*nell!*" he moaned aloud to the pounding throb of his heart-beats. He could hear shouting now and a woman's screams—a *woman's screams!* He had betrayed his trust, but that thought was vague and far away, something to be reckoned with later. But just ahead of him a woman had screamed and if that woman were Parnell— He stumbled into the melee of noisy men and frightened women and knocked heavily against a sturdy figure. The man wheeled angrily, then clutched at the lad's coat.

"Here he be, now!" he shouted. "A pretty sentry thou dost make, John Robinson! Where wast thou when—"

"Peace, wait, Thomas! How dost know but that John heard and was chasing some of the fiendish redcoats? Speak up, lad, and tell thy story."

As in a dream John heard the rough voices, the high-pitched ejaculations of the few women; dully he watched the bobbing of the lanterns carried hither and yon.

"Why—what?" he said stupidly. The man who held him gave him an impatient push.

"Art gone daft? Explain what happened! How came *that?*" John's glance followed the pointing finger. On the ground was a blackened stump and all about it, bits of wood and splinters powdered almost into dust.

"Didst hear the shell coming, lad? 'Twas God's mercy thou wast not killed," said Elder Adams feelingly. "How came it that thou hadst moved away just at that time? Hadst been there, methinks thou wouldst have been blown into pieces."

The black night turned red and green and all darting fire before John's eyes. Blown to pieces! Then where—he reeled, but at that moment a shrill voice penetrated the mist closing round him—

"For the love of Heaven, masters, hast seen my Parnell? I did go to call her but now, and her bed has not been slept in!"

The red and green and darting fire went out suddenly, and the blackness of everlasting night came on.

* * * * * *

The meeting-house was filled to the doors, the men occupying the main body of the church, the women in the rear seats and in the gallery. Not a whisper, not a rustle was to be heard, a tense silence reigned. Never, in the memory of the oldest there, had such a proceeding taken place in the quiet little town. Even the babies seemed awed by the grave faces and hushed their whimperings.

At the extreme front of the building there were seated before the high pulpit Elder Adams and an imposing array of church dignitaries, "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker" in the ordinary walk of life, but this morning personages important and to be feared. In the gathering were haggard faces and heavy eyes; the shock of the early morning had been an unaccustomed one and the mystery of the affair was a strain on the nerves. Then, too, their very presence was for a hard duty; one of their number, a bright, well-loved boy had deserted his post, and worse, could or would give no light upon the affair. He sat now, a little apart from everyone, head bent, eyes fixed doggedly upon the floor. Many were the curious glances turned on him and passing on, rested pityingly on his father, a proud-spirited man whose heart had been bound up in his only son. His self-control was no less perfect than his boy's, but the look on his face was not pleasant to see.

All night young John Robinson had walked his room. He had been carried home in a semi-conscious state; his mother, sternly ordered to "leave the boy alone," had gone weeping and uncomprehending, back to bed; his father had left him roughly enough, but there was no sleep in the house of Robinson that night. Gradually the lad's brain had cleared, and as he paced feverishly up and down, the horror of the situation dawned upon him. Better that his first fearful conclusion had been true; better almost that he should have been Parnell Manter's murderer, as he had believed; better that her slim young body should have been blown to atoms—better anything than this! Becky Manter had had no colic, Parnell was not on the way to Master Luce's; the gay young officer had warned her of the shell that was to be fired upon the town and alack a day, his dark eyes and tender smile had done what he, John, could not accomplish—they had won the girl's heart. When his mother called him to a breakfast that he made no pretence of swallowing, he heard them say that the British vessel, disabled as she was, had slipped away sometime during the night and he knew, though they kindly forbore to tell him, that she carried Parnell Manter on board. As he sat now, counting the cracks in the meeting-house floor, one hurt burned deep into the lad's heart—"The lass lied to me. She that hated falsehood lied to me!"

He became aware that Elder Adams was speaking, in a deep, sorrowful voice. From snatches now and then he knew that the affair of the night was being discussed; he caught the words, "sentry, desertion, honest lad, painful duty," and he wondered dully what would be done to him. Betrayal of one's trust was punished bitterly in those days.

"John Robinson, stand up!"

Once on his feet, he saw dimly the sea of awestruck faces, blurred and faraway.

"John Robinson, last night from the hour of twelve until two, ye were stationed as sentry in front of our liberty pole. At a quarter after one a shell was fired from the ship that was in our harbor, demolishing the pole. When the men of the town had gathered ye were missing from the post of duty. Since then ye have refused to offer explanation, therefore it becomes the duty of this council—" and so on until suddenly the elder rapped out a question like a pistol-shot.

"John Robinson, why wast thou not at thy post when Welcome Allen, he being the fleetest of foot among us, reached the site of the liberty pole this morning?"

John Robinson threw back his head and calmly met the elder's stern gaze.

"I will not tell," he said.

A horrified gasp greeted this. To openly defy the elder and the members of council! Betrayal of one's trust was bad enough, but this, sure, meant damnation.

The elder glared angrily at his flock, then spoke again.

"John Robinson, once more I charge thee, why wast thou not at thy post this morning?"

"I will not tell."

An angry murmur, swelling louder and louder, came from the gathering.

"Peace, order, I say!" shouted the elder; he leaned further over his pulpit, his voice shook a trifle:

"John, lad, have no fear. Speak up like the man ye are. Why did ye leave the pole?"

John Robinson turned ever so slightly toward the elder, the dogged expression faded a bit from his face. Breathless, the people leaned forward to catch his first word.

"I *cannot* tell, Elder," the boy said simply.

A long disappointed sigh swept over the crowd, and on its heels came a stir at the back of the church. Three girls, Polly Daggett, Maria Allen and Parnell Manter, were moving swiftly up the aisle. The Elder frowned and the members of council stirred uneasily. Had no one taught the girls how unseemly 'twas for women to make a show of themselves? Mercy on us! What were the girls about? Would no one stop them? What—one of them was speaking, *speaking in the meeting-house and to the Elder!* Now let the heavens fall!

A slender girl she was who was speaking, in a clear, steady voice.

"Elder Adams, full well we know 'tis not the custom—"

"Look, look at John Robinson! What ails the lad?" shrilled a woman excitedly, then collapsed into her seat. She, too, had "spoken out in meeting."

At her words every one craned and stretched to catch a glimpse of John Robinson again. He stood, with staring eyes and open mouth, steadying himself against a chair-back.

The clear voice rose again: "We know well 'tis not the custom for women to be heard in meeting, but what we have to say concerns the honor of another, and therefore we seek thy gracious consent and that of the council, to proceed."

Away back in the meeting-house a little

woman whispered in amazement—"My Parnell, as bashful as the lass is, to speak like this! Whatever can have come to the girl?"

Elder Adams having given a dazed consent, Parnell went swiftly on.

"Last night, some of us were bid to Mistress Beetle's to a ball. Before the evening was far spent, there arrived another guest, the—the first officer of the vessel that hath quitted our harbor so short a time ago."

A murmur that was scarcely more than a breath stirred somewhere in the gallery. Polly Daggett's eyes flashed fire and Maria Allen's square chin settled itself sternly. Parnell's voice sank for a moment, but rose again, clearer than before, though the tell-tale red fluttered in her cheeks and the fair head was held a trifle higher.

"He paid me some courteous attention and confided to me a secret, that the crew of his vessel were under orders to land at four this morn, to hew down our liberty pole."

This time the hum of voices could not for the moment be quelled, but when the girl raised her hand appealingly there fell the hush of the tomb.

"I knew not what to do. The officer—he—talked of many things and I found much difficulty in getting a moment's whisper with my two friends here. I fear I did dissemble, but I was forced at length to step upon the flounces of my gown and I tore it most grievous, but it afforded us a chance to talk, as Mistress Beetle did kindly offer us the privacy of another room in the which to repair my gown. We were greatly distracted and knew not what to do; we desired not to spread an alarm and so break up the enjoyment. At length Polly Daggett did burst forth with a plan; I was much terrified at first and would fain have given up all part in it but that I had not the heart to let Maria and Polly call me coward. We did excuse ourselves to Mistress Beetle and on our way home did make our plans. We had much ado to 'scape the escort of two anxious youths—methinks they feared me for a witch that I did sprite away my friends so suddenly."

A smothered laugh greeted this sally, and Rodger Smith and James Tilton turned crimson in a second.

"At fifteen minutes before the hour of one I crept most carefully adown the stairs and from the house. At our front gate were Polly Daggett and Maria Allen; the night was fearsome dark and we hastened at once to the liberty pole. At the corner, my friends did stop and I ran on alone; John Robinson was stationed there as sentry and I—I did tell him a most vexatious falsehood. I said—nay, I let him *think* that my little sister Becky had the colick and that I was on my way to Goodman Luce's to implore Mistress Luce's aid."

Another laugh interrupted her, but it died as quickly as it rose.

"John was much distressed at my going alone on so dark a night. He would not desert his post and still he would not have me venture on alone. Forsooth, Elder, the lad was so blown about he knew not which way to turn. And all the time Polly and Maria were waiting on the corner but a few feet away. At length, I feel much shame to tell it—I made feint of going on because my little sister was so tormented."

The penitent tone and the drooping head were irresistible and even the Elder smiled.

"I think ye may be forgiven, Parnell," he said, "Go on."

" 'Tis a tiresome tale, Elder, but after much argument I did persuade the lad to leave me as sentry in his place—my mantle did cover me to my toes—I took his gun and—"

A roar of laughter, the result of reaction and the relief to strained nerves, startled the girl.

"Why," she protested in an injured tone, "I made a proper sentry, I do assure thee. When Master John was safely out of the way I called the girls and—there remains but little more—we vowed that the boastful British Captain should never have our pole, Elder, so we blew it up."

"Ye blew up the pole!"

No pounding or shouting could still the tumult now. Men cheered, women wept and laughed and all the time the Elder, purple of face, hammered on his pulpit and added his shouting to the rest. Some detail-loving person recollected suddenly that the whole of the story had not been told, and the plea for silence passed from mouth to mouth until the stillness became tense again.

"Ye say ye *blew up the pole*, child, ye three girls?" asked Elder Adams hoarsely.

"Nay, Elder, 'twas a mistake. Polly Daggett did bring the powder and Maria here did set it off. My silly heart failed me and I proved but a coward after all. We did run as fast as our limbs could carry us and when the mighty noise did come I was all but turning in at our gate. I had not ceased trembling when my poor mother came home at dawn. I thought not of the distraction I was causing her, Elder, but—"

"Our liberty pole was saved! The British had it not! Three cheers for Polly Daggett and Maria Allen and Parnell Manter!"

Rodger Smith was dancing wildly on a seat well to the front and as he shouted, all in the building sprang to their feet. Cheer after cheer went up. It would have been madness to have attempted to stop the mad joy. Men clapped each other on the back, women kissed and cried and the dignified members of council were rudely pushed and crowded as they endeavored to keep a protecting circle around a little group.

"Three cheers for John Robinson, the bravest lad on the coast! Now, friends!"

Again and again they shouted; the few who were kept away from the meeting by household duties or necessary tasks heard the uproar and wondered if all the world were going mad.

Under cover of the wild confusion, John Robinson bent over Parnell Manter.

"Art grieving for thine officer, Parnell?" he asked soberly, though a twinkle lit his gray eyes. "Methinks if he could see thee now, he'd much regret his sudden departure."

Parnell stamped her foot.

"A plague take all British officers!" she cried vehemently. "Wilt *never* speak for thyself, John?"

In the tender curve of an island coast, just off Cape Cod, there nestles a little town. It is no longer a sleepy village nor is it now known as "Holmes's Hole," but should you walk up its main street some fine day, you would have pointed out to you a tall white pole. At its top flutters "Old Glory"; nearly three-quarters of the way down is a bronze tablet to the memory of three brave girls, Polly Daggett, Maria Allen and Parnell Manter.

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—*From the book "Heart Throbs."*

Serious Aspect of German Potash Contracts

By W. C. JENKINS

JUST at this time when the people of the United States have become deeply interested in soil fertility and forest conservation, a condition has arisen which has dampened the ardor of a great many people who were enthusiastic advocates of proper crop rotation and the use of manures and commercial fertilizers as a means whereby the average yield of grain in this country might be materially increased. This condition has been brought about by the invalidation of the American potash contracts by the German government.

The American interests affected by the German potash law are so extensive that it is perhaps not strange that general concern is manifested by the people of this country who are familiar with the facts. The interests affected involve at least a half billion dollars of capital invested in the manufacture of fertilizers, chemicals and explosives, besides the livelihood of several million farmers and indirect consequences to every citizen of the United States.

Potash salts, in their natural state, are found principally in Germany where they exist in practically inexhaustible deposits. They are also known to exist in large quantities in Austria, and in China, Persia, Peru and to some extent in the United States. The United States Department of Agriculture is at the present time securing data on the American deposits and is also demonstrating the feasibility of extracting potash from feldspar rocks through a patented process discovered by a government official and donated to the American people. Development of the industry outside of Germany will be stimulated as a consequence of the extraordinary attitude of the German mine owners in securing the recent passage of a drastic potash law.

Nearly sixty years ago the Prussian government began boring for rock salt and at a depth of 1,080 feet found it in immense quantities at Stassfurt near the Harz mountains. Above the rock salt are large deposits of various minerals at first thrown away as valueless but later utilized to supply the world with potash.

The agricultural value of potash was demonstrated in 1860, and in 1861 the first factory for refining crude potash minerals was established at Stassfurt. Since that time the industry of mining potash salts has grown to enormous proportions until today there are seventy-one German potash mines in operation. Notwithstanding the fact that the present capacity of the mines is three times the present world's consumption, it is stated that nearly fifty additional mines are in process of development. The United States uses about sixty per cent of the amount exported and thirty per cent of the entire production of the mines.

The policy of the potash trust is to ask high prices for its products, thus stimulating the development of new mines. Twenty mines could easily supply the world's demand for a number of years. The mines are now working on an average of six hours a day and the syndicate is again advancing prices, still further defying well-known business laws.

Viewed from an agricultural standpoint the discovery of these inexhaustible accumulations of potash was one of the greatest blessings of the Nineteenth Century. The process by which nature made this accumulation possible is truly marvelous; and ingenious man has added considerable interest to the discovery by methods which he has devised to utilize and convert the product of the potash mines into some of the most useful and valuable necessities in our civilization.

The potash beds of Germany were formed in ancient geologic times long before history began. These minerals were deposited as a consequence of the evaporation of sea water confined in lakes which, like the Dead Sea and our own Salt Lake, were without outlet. They were connected, however, with the ocean by dry channels through which the sea water was occasionally forced by great storms and tides, and fresh supplies were thus forced into the lakes and, as the climate was tropical during the formative period, the surface evaporation was rapid. As evaporation carries off only pure water, so in course of time those salts least soluble in water began to separate from the soluble ones and deposit themselves in more or less uniform strata until immense layers of rock salt and other minerals were formed.

For the past twenty-five years the owners of these German potash mines have maintained a close monopoly of the product by means of the "German Kali Syndikat," which has usually been formed for five-year periods, the last of which expired by limitation on midnight, June 30, 1909. This syndicate has been able to control not only production but to fix prices in all the markets of the world. The present syndicate was formed on July 1, 1909, but between the expiration of the old and the formation of the new organization there was an interim of a few hours during which time Robert S. Bradley, representing prominent American fertilizer manufacturers, made large contracts with individual mines for a seven-year period at prices averaging about thirty per cent below those of the syndicate.

There was a general opinion that the syndicate was broken. The government group of mines was negotiating with the Americans, and the Aschersleben and Sollstedt mines were more than anxious to effect the seven-year contract with Mr. Bradley. The latter, it must be admitted, was taking considerable risk in the transaction because of the possibility of prices going still lower following the dissolution of the syndicate.

Much to the surprise of the parties to the seven-year agreement, a new syndicate was unexpectedly formed on July 1, 1909, and within a few hours after the consummation of the Bradley contract. The Germans, thoroughly alarmed over the possibility of being unable to further maintain syndicate prices the world over, and especially in the United States, began to devise means whereby the Bradley contract might be broken. The result of their planning was a threat that the German government would impose an export duty upon potash unless the contracts were surrendered.

Notwithstanding the threat of export duties the Aschersleben and Sollstedt mines, controlled by the Schmidtmann interests, remained out of the syndicate, and in the following September sixty-five other American manufacturers who held contracts for potash made in 1906 and 1907—running to 1917—secured modified agreements in accordance with these contracts so as to conform to the Bradley contracts. It was plain to the syndicate that the trade of the United States had been lost, and in December the threat of governmental interference was carried out by the introduction of a bill in the Bundesrath which would, in effect, constitute a governmental repudiation of the contracts, thereby invalidating the agreements.

There was an intentional delay in the passage of the bill in order to permit representatives of the syndicate, who had been sent to the United States, to effect a compromise with the American manufacturers, if possible. Their demands, however, were so unreasonable that the Americans refused to consider them. In turn the fertilizer manufacturers of this country proposed to meet the Germans half-way and divide the twenty-five million dollars then involved, thus offering to surrender $12,500,000 to the syndicate. This offer was rejected, and negotiations ceased.

As the matter not only concerned the American fertilizer manufacturers but the collective body of the people of the United States, the case was then laid before the State Department at Washington in the hope that a diplomatic appeal would protect the American citizens in their contract rights with a foreign government. Following an emphatic protest to the Imperial Government of Germany, through the American Embassy in Berlin, the bill was withdrawn. It was supposed that the whole matter had been settled, and in the most friendly spirit the commercial treaty between the United States and Germany was soon thereafter consummated, one of the provisions being that Germany should be given the benefit of the minimum tariff of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act.

In May, 1910, the Imperial Government of Germany passed a potash law which in effect is more injurious to the Americans than the bill previously withdrawn. The new law imposes a penalty tax of twenty-two dollars a ton on muriate of potash production of any mine in excess of the quota allotted to it by the government. The result was that the Americans were compelled to pay thirty-seven dollars per ton at the mines for muriate of potash instead of fifteen dollars, the price agreed upon with the mine owners.

In fixing the quota for each mine there was a discrimination in favor of the syndicate mines, their privileged output, without being subjected to the penalty tax, being large enough to supply the entire trade of the world, while the allotments to the independent mines were limited to one-fourth to one-sixth of their sales to the Americans. The independent mines having sold their entire production to the Americans and none to the people of other nations, it is manifest that the law was aimed entirely at the fertilizer manufactures of this country and with the evident purpose of invalidating the American contracts made ten months before the law was passed, and in pursuance of a previous threat to this effect unless the contracts were surrendered. The ultimate effect has been to establish a monopoly and to maintain syndicate prices in the United States.

During the seven-year contract period the penalty tax would aggregate about forty million dollars. This amount would be paid to the German government by the people of the United States, while Germany would not derive a dollar from the citizens of other countries as a result of its exportation of potash. In view of these facts, plainly stated, it is difficult to conceive what the German Foreign Minister meant when he assured Ambassador Hill that the law would not affect or impair the American contracts.

Naturally the action of the Imperial Government of Germany caused much criticism in the United States, and, on the invitation of the German government, a committee of the American manufacturers went to Berlin last September, accompanied by Mr. M. H. Davis of the Department of State, to effect, if possible, a satisfactory settlement of the matters in dispute. Ambassador Hill co-operated with the American committee but was unable to receive any proposal from the German government or the "Kali Syndikat," and finally the committee repeated the "half-way" proposition made in New York the early part of the year. This was again rejected by the Germans, and as no counter proposition was made the Americans, concluding that their efforts were fruitless, returned to the United States, the Department of State again taking the matter up officially. The question now comes before the United States government in this form:—Do the conditions which led to the proclamation granting to Germany the minimum tariff any longer exist? Eminent counsel in the United States maintain that Germany has deliberately changed the conditions under which she secured the minimum tariff concession.

Warren, Garfield, Whiteside, and Lamson, of Boston, have given an opinion which states:—"The President of the United States, acting under authority of the Tariff Acts of August 5, 1909, has by proclamation put into effect the minimum tariff upon goods imported into this country from Germany. At the time that the minimum tariff was so proclaimed the Act of the German Government of May 10, 1910, above referred to, had not been passed, and its enactment so affects the situation that in our opinion the conditions which led to the issuance of the proclamation of the minimum tariff no longer exist, and a proclamation should now issue, imposing the maximum tariff upon all goods imported from Germany to this country.

John S. Miller, of Chicago, has written

the following opinion:—"In my opinion, by reason of the passage of this potash law and the action of the German Government in applying and enforcing it up to this time, to the prejudice of such American holders of such existing contracts, which were made before the passage of the act by potash mines made subject to the act, and which contracts exist only with such American manufacturers and purchasers—the conditions which led to the issuance of the proclamation of the President admitting articles imported from Germany under the terms of the Minimum Tariff, no longer exist."

John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, has given a written opinion from which the two closing paragraphs are quoted, as follows:—"Can it be that when this Government is confronted with the fact that the German Government, designing to destroy contracts which citizens of the United States had entered into, enacted legislation which affected this design and thus necessarily put them at a disadvantage, it can properly protect its citizens otherwise than by subjecting Germany to the maximum tariff?

"In my opinion, a changed condition now exists, such as imposes upon the President of the United States the duty of issuing a proclamation which, within ninety days thereafter, will apply to the importation of articles from Germany the provisions of the maximum tariff."

Germany claims that the potash law was enacted for the purpose of conserving the natural resources of the nation. This claim, however, does not harmonize with the statement sent out by the German Kali-Works, the American selling agency of the syndicate mines, that "this law does not aim to restrict the production of potash, but on the contrary expressly seeks to increase it." Neither is it consistent with the claim of German mining experts who have pronounced the Kali deposits of Germany as practically inexhaustible.

The potash controversy is being watched with keen interest throughout Europe and the United States. This country, to say the least, is placed in a very delicate position. Its desire to promote friendly trade relations with foreign countries is a matter of worldwide knowledge; but it cannot, in justice to its citizens, refuse to take cognizance of discriminative legislation or the repudiation of international contracts. Therefore the Department of State at Washington is insisting upon the recognition of the sanctity of these potash contracts and is maintaining that, having been entered into in good faith by all parties, they should not be invalidated nor in any way impaired by a law passed ten months after the contracts were signed.

Germany, through its paternal form of government, has departed from the system of unbridled competition so conspicuous in the commercial activity of the United States. The Germans assert that it is better for the people as a whole to permit small manufacturing concerns to make price agreements with their larger competitors, as such agreements tend to build up the smaller manufacturers, diffuse the employment of labor and prevent the development of overgrown corporations. In their stead they have enormous trusts, greedy and daring. The various state governments of Germany, through their legislatures and executive department, control, in the interest of the ultimate consumer, the price paid by the Germans. There is, however, no limit to the prices which may be charged the people of other countries.

Germany also protects the health of its people through stringent laws which control the manufacture and sale of food products, but is not so particular about food and beverages shipped to other nations.

The policy of the United States is different. Laws have been enacted in this country which stimulate competition between the larger and smaller companies by forbidding reasonable price agreements. The effect is that the smaller companies are often demoralized and forced out of business or are forced to sell to their larger competitors, thus forcing the various industries into the control of large corporations and defeating the object of the law. In international trade the two systems occasionally clash, and they are now in collision over potash and other articles. The Germans are endeavoring to crush competition and have extended their system to the United States by the formation in this country of the German Kali Works, an American corporation but owned by the "German Kali Syndikat," the control of which is centered in the Prussian and Anhalter government-owned mines. The German potash law penalizes the two independent anti-syndicate mines and the American contractors about six million dollars a year for seven years, while the mines of the "German Kali Syndikat" are not exposed to this penalty tax, nor are the citizens of any other country affected by any such charges.

The total cost to the Americans is forty-two dollars per ton *delivered* in the United States. The German-owned American syndicate has been quoting thirty-six dollars to thirty-eight dollars, apparently with the idea of forcing a surrender of the advantages gained by the Americans. The company is also actively engaged in a campaign among the farmers and others, the evident object of which is to prevent any action by the President under section two of the Payne-Aldrich Act. Thus the German syndicate, of which the Prussian and Anhalter governments are members, are endeavoring to influence American political and diplomatic action.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the American fertilizer manufacturers alone are interested in this controversy. The numerous by-products obtained in refining crude potash salts are utilized for many purposes. Some of them contain twenty to thirty per cent actual potash. Besides the agricultural, plant-feeding use of potash salts, large quantities are used by the chemical industry of the United States in the manufacture of carbonate of potash, caustic potash, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash and bichromate of potash, alum, cyanide of potash and other compounds. Many trades use potash in one form or another. It is used by doctors, photographers, dyers, painters, weavers, bleachers, soap-makers and electricians. The manufacture of fireworks, gunpowder, matches, paper, glass and the extraction of gold from its ores would be impossible without it. Hence these potash contracts are of more than ordinary importance to the American people.

The question is not a political one; neither is it in any sense sectional. It concerns the collective body of the American people and the administration should be supported in its efforts to command international respect for contracts made with citizens of the United States. The enforcement of these potash contracts will be of distinct benefit to rich and poor alike.

What will be the outcome of the present situation? Will Germany win out, as she has done heretofore, or will the United States government take a strong position, and by so doing stop the trick law methods of discrimination practiced by foreign governments against the commercial interests of the United States?

The German government works solely for the Germans. Its methods are thorough; it bides its time; is patient, diligent, daring, greedy. It is thoroughly informed as to the political situations existing in foreign countries. It measures accurately the inertia, the tolerance, the peace-loving tendencies of the American people. It knows how to stir up the mollycoddlers—how to throw dust into the eyes of the general public—how to enlist the aid of men who admire adroit methods, and how to tire its opponents. It knows the American people are "easy" unless aroused. It sees the American traveler leave a trail of gold as he meanders over the Fatherland paying double prices for his desires and enriching by foolish fees the porter and the kellner. So it taxes the American farmers the price of a battleship a year. Will Germany get it?

THE MOTE IN HIS EYE

By

Henry L. Kiner

THE clock had just chimed half-past nine and Billson arose to go, which was his invariable custom. With a good deal of hesitation, he stepped to Annie's corner, and diffidently asked permission to examine the motto she had been making during the evening.

"Annie does these things with some taste," said Rector John, grabbing the card from his daughter's lap, and holding it aloft, at arm's length, to fit the focus of his spectacles. " 'What Is Home Without a Mother?' " read Rector John admiringly.

Barnaby Billson, admiring the motto with face illumined, murmured something about the sentiment being as pretty as the yarn. Then he looked at Annie, as much as to say: "But neither sentiment or yarn is as pretty as the maker." Rector John, blundering and butting about, got between them, and delivered himself of the opinion that fathers have something to do with founding a home. Why didn't sentimental females work a motto that reads: "What Is Home Without a Father?"

"Somehow it doesn't sagashiate right," said Billson, whose ideas were often vague as a driving cloud; but which, like the lightning-loaded cloud, sometimes contained a shot that hit the mark. "It's all hunky to make a motto read, 'God Bless Our Home.' But ye never see one that reads, 'God Bless Our Boarding House.' Wouldn't sagashiate right. See?"

* * * * * * *

"There, she's coming." Billson, hustling home from Rector John's, looked up at the tempest-tossed clouds, as a particularly powerful gust grabbed at him from the dark. The gust was dust-laden. Something went into Billson's eye.

"Drat it!" exclaimed Billson, gouging at his eye with his thumb. "Sand, I suppose. Feels big as a hunk of gravel."

When Billson went to bed, the foreign substance was still in his eye. He had tried various expedients without avail, such as rolling up the lid on a pencil, and putting flaxseed in. He had also washed the eye with copious libations of water. The thing stubbornly stuck. Tears streamed from the eye. They did not wash out the substance.

The eye pained Billson so much that he lost much sleep. In the morning, the eye was inflamed and red, contrasting strongly with Billson's other haggard features. He turned from the looking-glass, and glanced discontentedly from the window. The thunder gust had blown over, without rain.

"It's gone Foraker's way, and saved his hay," muttered Billson audibly. Foraker was a young neighboring farmer. "Gosh, that's a rhyme," he grumbled, as he gathered his clothes. "Wonder if I can make another? It's bad for my corn, as sure as you're born. That's another rhyme. Ah-h-h, it's so easy to rhyme. Nothin' to it. A small speck of dirt causes eyeballs to hurt. I hope I'll get through this day without seeing that senseless and sapless old salamander, Rector John. Why doesn't he make himself scarce, so's a fellow can have a word with Annie? Bumped in last night. 'What Is Home Without a Father?' Humph, a place to have a good time in, I should say, if the fathers are like Rector John. Wonder if I can manage to spill him the next time I get him up behind Flying Childers? If I could bu'st a few of his bones, and lay him up, I could make good with Annie."

Talking thus to himself, Billson finished dressing, and went out to do his chores. The wind had upset a strawstack, and a sow and her swarm were absent. Billson forked frantically at the billowy ruin, and rescued the mother and family in a state of exhaustion. Billson was exhausted himself. He sat on a hummock of straw, and regarded the reeling pigs he had just released with a disconsolate gaze.

The violent exertion had set his blood thumping at his temples. He felt that his face was aflame. The eye was throbbing with pain.

"Good-morning, friend Billson." It was the voice of Rector John.

"Oh, go to ——" Billson might have said something unhallowed; but at that moment he caught a glimpse of a fluttering red frock just beyond where Rector John's fat face filled a hole in the hedge. He deferred to the frock. He cut it off short, and sat staring through the hole in the hedge, trying to see past Rector John.

"Friend Billson, you have a bad eye this morning."

Billson, finding it vain to see past the big round face of the Rector, arose and drifted lumberingly to the hedge, like a derelict.

"Something was blown into it last night," explained Billson. "Good-morning, Annie," he added, craning slightly and sidestepping to catch a glimpse of her.

Rector John thereupon consumed a quarter of an hour with a long and circumstantial account of how he once got a timothy seed in his eye, which he could not get rid of for so long a time that it began to sprout and grow. Finally, when the sprout grew long enough to make a handle, he had got hold of it with a pair of tweezers, and removed it.

"That was an expensive timothy seed," concluded Rector John. "Surgeons, doctors, medicine and all told, it cost me about $7.40."

Annie had drifted away down the hedge in the direction of home, and was loitering and waiting, plucking leaves, and gathering the petals of wild roses, which strewed the ground, after last night's wind.

Billson yawned.

"Perhaps," said he drearily, "this may be a seed of some sort. I'd look deuced odd, going round with a young tree sticking out of my eye," he added, laughing a little, and wanting to get away. Billson's knowledge of botany was limited.

Rector John responded with a perfunctory smile.

With some parting cautions against catching cold, Rector John went on after Annie.

"I have my suspicions," he puffed as he came up with her, "that Billson stopped in a saloon on his way home last night."

"Why, papa!" Annie was horror-stricken.

"I caught a suspicious whiff of his breath," Rector John went on. "It smelled like liquor." Billson had suffused his eye with diluted alcohol and witch-hazel.

"Ugly, cross-grained, awful eye," went on the rector.

"Many persons are petulant early in the morning," said Annie tentatively. "Then, your eye did not appear very presentable when it harbored the timothy seed, did it?" There was just a suggestion of mischief in her face. Rector John, regarding her obliquely, saw that she was counting the leaves on a locust twig: "He loves me, he loves me not." She formed the words with her lips. The last leaf at the apex was "he loves me." She seemed pleased.

"If I were sure that he drank, though ever so little, he would never again be welcomed at the rectory. I would never ride with him again," said Rector John emphatically.

He then lectured Annie upon temperance till they reached the rectory door.

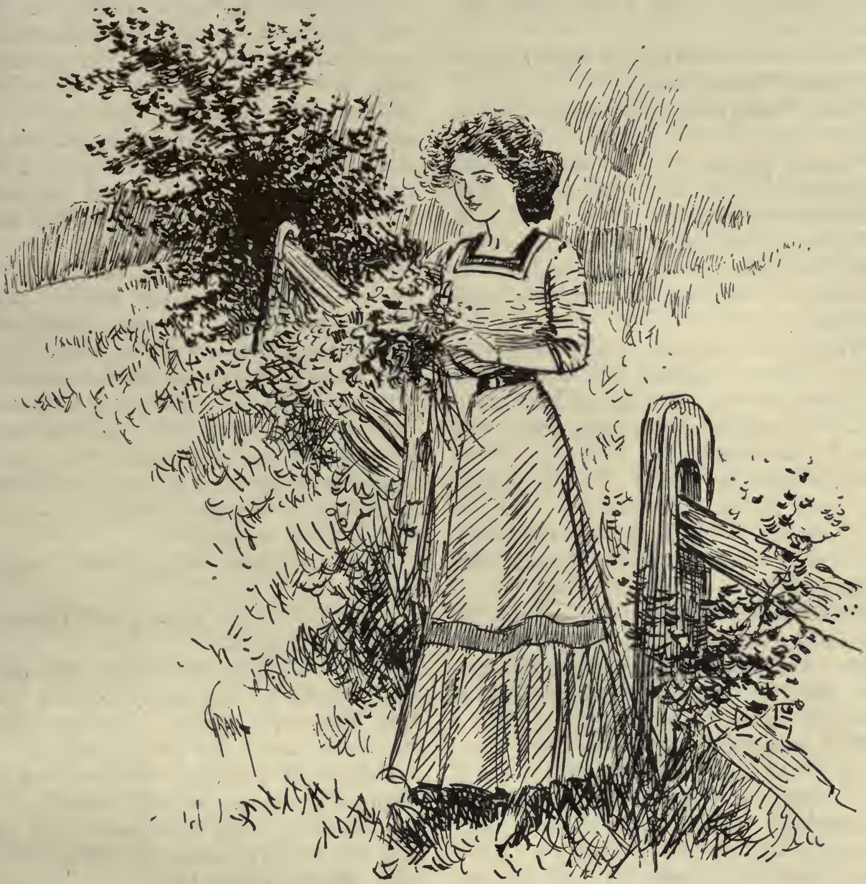
"Oh, dear," said Annie, flinging her little straw hat on the piano, "papa proses so."

Billson's eye grew worse that day. He worked hard about the farm, and drove Flying Childers furiously about the leafy lanes in the early evening. These diversions distracted his mind from the pain; but as the later evening gloomed along the land, he became apprehensive of the long painful night before him. He concluded to make the loneliness of the night as brief as possible, by spending an hour or two at the rectory. He turned Flying Childers, reeking and palpitating, in that direction.

"I never seem to sagashiate right at the rectory," growled Billson. He was tying Childers to the accustomed post, when Rector John came into view. Billson was not overjoyed to see the moonfaced man. He had hoped to hear that he was in his study, preparing the customary weekly portion of torment for fallen man.

Irritated and filled with repugnance, Billson viewed the rector's approach. "ahs" and "ums," accompanied by shakings of the head.

Billson sat down, and looked about for Annie. She was not visible. To his extreme disgust, Rector John set off in a long diatribe against the sin of profanity.



"There was just a suggestion of mischief in her face"

Childers, nervous and champing his bits, relieved his red nostrils, dilated like bird's nests, by a bugle blast. Billson said, "Blast it," and Rector John halted in horror.

"Do my ears deceive me?" exclaimed the man of piety.

"No, I don't know as they did," growled Billson. He was getting busy with a handkerchief.

The two men walked to the house together, Billson still busy with the handkerchief, and the rector gasping out pious

"Savages do not swear, nor do the animals," said Rector John, at the conclusion of a quarter of an hour's harangue.

Just then a pair of cats outside the open window by which Rector John sat, put up the most terrific vocal turbulence that mortal ears are called upon to endure. For height and depth, for grief, and rage, and despair, and horror, and a wild desire to rend reeking flesh asunder, all concentrated into two voices, in intense rivalry, the life of each depending upon the outdoing of the other, these felines displayed a fearful fluency, beyond all earthly comparison.

"Drat the cats!" exclaimed Rector John, entirely forgetting his lecture and himself, and leaping to his feet in a frenzy.

"If that isn't swearing, it is the best substitute for it I ever heard," said Billson.

"Do you have reference to what I said?" demanded Rector John.

"Naw," said Billson, "to what the cats said."

"I can't endure it," said Rector John, mopping his fat face. "It really does sound like swearing."

The rector thereupon ran from the room, and Billson heard him scraping about in the dark of the yard, in search for some weapon.

"Why, Mr. Billson, your poor eye is worse." It was Annie's soft voice. She had come into the room by an inner door, as her father left by the outer door. She bore a lighted lamp.

"Good-evening, Annie. Yes, it is painful," said Billson.

"Come here to the light," she entreated. "Perhaps I can remove the obstacle that pains you."

Billson arose, and reseated himself by the light. Annie's touch upon his inflamed face was soothing, wonderfully soothing. He had never felt the touch of her hand before.

With fingers exceedingly deft, she rolled the eyelid on a pencil, and in a few seconds held aloft her little white silk handkerchief in triumph. There was a tiny speck upon it.

"I have it out, Mr. Billson," she exclaimed. She showed it to him.

"I never can thank you enough," said Billson, unusually relieved and rejoiced. "I have a good notion to make you a present of Flying Childers, out there."

"He would run away with me," pouted Annie.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Billson, minutely examining the little speck that had caused him so much misery. "I'll put it into a flower pot. I believe that it is a seed. You remember about your father's timothy seed. Perhaps it may be the seed of some lovely flower. I will grow the flower and present you with it." And he wrapped the seed carefully in a bit of paper, which he placed in an envelope, and then in his pocket.

Thus the atmosphere was growing quite sentimental, when a diversion was created in the dark of the yard.

The cats had just set up another labored vocal disagreement. This was immediately succeeded by the savage whirr of something in the air, followed by its violent collision with something, and this by an explosion of howls, and that by the rearing and snorting of a horse, and that by a hollow, subterranean scream, as if the earth itself had gone mad, and its bowels were rent.

Annie and Billson hurried out of the house. The first thing they became aware of, was the rapidly lessening sound of a wild tattoo of hoofs. Flying Childers had torn his tether, and started homeward.

"Where's papa?" asked Annie anxiously.

"I hope he's on the cart behind Childers," growled Billson to himself. Then, in a louder key, "He must be right around here somewhere. He fired a club at the cats, only a few seconds ago."

"He has totally disappeared," wailed Annie.

"Just as if he had gone up in a balloon," responded Billson.

"No, I've gone the other direction," said a voice so apparently beneath their feet, that both sprang back in dismay. "Help me out! I'm in the cistern!"

Billson got a ladder, and soon had the dripping rector out on the surface.

The rector, with widespread arms and legs, the water drizzling from him as if he had been a walking drain, immediately started for the house.

"Good-night, Annie," said Billson, ignoring the rector. "I wish I had given you Childers. Then you would have to chase him down."

Annie followed her father into the house, and Billson proceeded down the dark lane, in pursuit of the runaway.

Billson found the horse and cart in the barnyard, as he expected, and little the worse for the escapade.

Before he retired that night, he planted the speck taken from his eye. He placed it in a pot of rich earth, and put the pot in a sunny windowsill, in his room.

"I hope it'll sagashiate right," murmured Billson, carefully moistening the soil from a sprinkling pot.

The speck did prove to be a seed. It pushed a tiny tendril of green through the brown soil. Billson was so rejoiced that he immediately upon the discovery hitched Flying Childers to the cart, and sent him at top speed to the rectory, where he divulged the glad news to Annie. She received the tidings with a genuine sympathetic delight that was lovely to see. Billson was so enchanted that he had to grab and hold himself with both hands, metaphorically speaking, to keep from grabbing and holding her.

"The thing seems to be sagashiating about right," murmured Billson, as he drove homeward. "I have it all planned out. When the plant blooms, I'll wrap the pot in that big white silk handkerchief that Ma gave me onct for Christmas, and which is too nice to use, or carry around. How nice that'll look! The pot and dirt will all be covered up, and the pritty posy a-wavin' and a-noddin'! Then I've made it up to say to her that she brought beauty and loveliness out of pain and misery, and that if she will be Mrs. Billson, the pain and misery of life will always give way to beauty and loveliness. Now, if that isn't pritty smooth, I don't know what is. 'Be Mrs. Billson,' says I, after the speech about the posy plant, 'Be Mrs. Billson, and my life will be like that there seed that was in my eye, pain and misery at first, but all turned into beauty and loveliness by Annie.' That'll fetch her. 'Mrs. Billson I'll be,' she says, and falls into my arms. Git up, Childers!"

Tenderly solicitous, Billson watched the tiny tendril pushing its way from the dark mould into the air and sunshine. He watered it half-a-dozen times a day.

"I wish I could feed it, too," said Billson.

* * * * * * *

It was on a hot and sultry night. It was such a night as that on which Billson got the seed in his eye. Thunder was growling along the horizon, and angry puffs of wind raved along the land. Billson, alone in his room, was preparing for bed. Before extinguishing the light, he took up the flower-pot, and rehearsed, for the thousandth time, the speech he had prepared as a presentation address to Annie.

"It's growing pretty fast," muttered Billson. "Only a week or two more, and it'll be away up in the air, where my hopes are." Billson had grown so poetical and inspirational that, in a sudden fervor, he placed the plant to his lips, and kissed it.

He did not remove it, but stood there, holding the plant to his face, and staring into vacancy.

He stood there so long, the plant close to his face, and that awful look into vacancy frozen upon his features, that an observer would have become alarmed. But there was no observer.

Slowly, with awful deliberation, Billson replaced the pot upon the windowsill, extinguished the light, and went to bed.

"Longfellow says," muttered Billson, after the lapse of a full hour, "'that his hopes fell thick, like the leaves in the blast.' That's what ails mine. That there plant is a onion."

Billson slept little that night. The odor of the obnoxious onion appeared to permeate the place, and drove sleep away. He arose next morning, red-eyed and unrefreshed.

"All that pritty speech wasted," mourned Billson, regarding the nauseous plant with a glare. "No flower, no wife, no happy future! Loneliness and desolation! Things don't sagashiate right."

Not knowing how to break the news to Annie, and knowing that she would surely inquire about the plant as soon as she saw him, Billson studiously remained away from the rectory. A week, ten days, drifted by, and Billson had not been at the rectory, nor had he seen anyone from there. He remained away from the church services and temperance lectures.

"Mind my word," said the astute rector, when Annie uneasily alluded to Billson's long absence, "mind my word, he's gone wrong. That eye! It was beer or red liquor that made it. I said so then, and I maintain it now. He doesn't want to hear any more temperance lectures. You just make it a point to get a good whiff of his breath the next time he comes, and report the whiff to me."

"But he may never come!" responded Annie, troubled.

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Meanwhile the baleful onion grew in altitude and strength. At the end of ten days, after the discovery of its true character, it was a big, rank, reeking thing. The rich soil and the tender waterings had encouraged the onion wonderfully.

Billson had decided a dozen times to smash it; but always refrained, held back by some unaccountable restraint. It was on his mind day and night. "I taste it in my sleep," muttered Billson, in lone self-communion. "It ha'nts me. I see acres of onions in the fleecy clouds that sail over me. I taste onions in my food. I dreamed I saw Foraker with an onion head, and long green legs made of onion stalks. He was reading in a roaring voice a verse he had made up to worrit me:

'Billson had a forget-me-not,
Growing in an earthen pot;
Now Billson's temper has a bunion,
For his posy was an onion.'

That's a good deal better than that lunkhead, Foraker, could do. I gave him too much credit in my dream."

Once Billson decided to take the pot, plant and all, out behind the barn, and bury it. But what should he tell Annie?

"And that old rector always a-buttin' in," said Billson, talking to himself. "I wish I had left him in that cistern! I wish him and this here onion was in the cistern together, and the cistern would cave in."

So desperate had this gentle rural soul become! Willing to sacrifice Annie's father with the onion!

One evening in a sudden frenzy he grabbed his enemy by the top, furiously wrenched the root from the soil, and with, perhaps, something of the feeling of a cannibal when feasting upon his worst enemy, he ate it, root and branch.

Then he rushed from the room, hitched Flying Childers to the cart, and went like the wind into the village.

Billson bulged up to the bar, and amazed the barkeeper by absorbing a stein of beer. It was his first visit there.

Then, his courage being great enough for anything, from trying a flying machine, or commanding an army in a great battle, on up to asking a pretty woman to marry him, he sped behind Flying Childers to the quiet rectory.

He was tying his horse to the accustomed post, when he became aware of a presence in his immediate vicinity. Looking up from the tying-strap, he beheld Foraker.

"And this is the first obstacle I meet," he confided to Childers sullenly. He meant object; but, on the whole, he spake wiser than he knew.

Something about Foraker caused Billson to falter and halt in his manipulation of the halter. He concentrated his gaze upon the young man.

Foraker was immensely dressed. He seemed to stew clothes.

To emphasize his gorgeousness, Foraker had a red flower in his buttonhole. It was a poppy or hollyhock. It was a very conflagration of a blossom.

"Good-evening," said Foraker, lounging up, and elevating one foot to the hub of Billson's buggy.

"Good-evening." Billson's response was even less cordial than Foraker's greeting, which is getting it down below par.

"Good weather for crops." Foraker said this in self-defense. Billson had come close to him, and appeared to tower and swell in the deepening dusk. Foraker's tone was conciliatory. Aggressiveness surrounded Billson, as an aura and halo.

"You seem to be fixed up a good deal," said Billson, growing still bigger, and swelling to a threatening degree about the chest. He entirely ignored Foraker's remark about the weather.

"Why, aw—yes—I—in fact, I came to see Annie, and girls like to see a fellow groomed up. It sort of shows respect to them, like." Foraker, still with his foot on the buggy-hub, put his finger in his vest pocket, and drew forth a quill toothpick, with which he began a nervous and unnecessary exploration of his teeth.

Both men began a slow saunter, side by side, toward the house. Neither looked at the other. Each had his gaze fixed upon the ground.

Thus they appeared before Annie, who met them at the door. Behind her loomed Rector John, like the full moon rising over a troubled sea.

"Come in, come in," called the rector.

Good soul, his officious hospitality and his presence could have been dispensed with by the turbulent-souled trio at the door.

Annie knew, with a woman's intuition, that both these men had come to say to her the words of greatest mortal import to any woman, and divined at once that they had, each unknown to the other, chosen the same evening and the same hour for the same purpose.

"Come in, come in," chirped the marplot rector. Though men called him a divine, he divined nothing. He bobbed and ogled and thumped about, like an ill-conditioned, unguided log, coming wrong-headed adown the stream of time.

The two young men stiffly took seats near together, close against the wall. Annie gracefully drooped into a settee a little way from them, wondering, faint-hearted and filled with forebodings, what on earth would come of it.

"Fine weather, fine growing weather," muttered the human magpie, feeling about for a match. "Great weather for corn, and grass, and onions. Now, what makes me think of onions? I guess I must smell —why, I declare" (looking at Foraker, who sat nearer him). "Mr. Foraker, you have been eating onions."

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Foraker.

"Why, goodness me, what's the use of denying it? The onion is an undeniable vegetable, sir, and there's no use denying it, for it speaks for itself, as one may say."

"I don't care what you say, I have not been eating onions," siad Foraker stoutly.

"And I don't care what you say, sir," said the contentious rector. "I have not yet taken leave of my senses. One of my senses is the sense of smell. I do hereby and now affirm that I do hereby and now detect upon your breath the odor of onions, and I am prepared to affirm and maintain that it is not what is expected of a young man in respectable society to go reeking with onions into the presence of a young lady, to say nothing of the clergyman of the parish. Neither do I approve of the odor of beer, which has within a few moments become apparent in this apartment."

"O papa," protested Annie.

"My child," said the now thoroughly aroused rector, "this is for your good. Your salvation may be worked this night, here and now. Haven't I given of my intellect, my time and best attainments to the cause of temperance? Has not this same young man sat under my lectures, and gathered unto himself the rich gold of my mental treasure-house? Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, he sat among the lambs of my flock, and now he comes after one of them, laden with the poison against which I have preached all my life. This is an insult to me. I—"

"I won't stand for this any longer," said Foraker fiercely, and rising to his feet. "You must be crazy, you old stoughtonbottle! What do you pitch onto me like this for, the moment I enter your house? Your mental treasure-house—bah! It's empty. It ought to have a tenant. Your old lectures were the worst mental rot that ever festered in a diseased brain. To thunder with you and your imbecile estimates of yourself! You don't know enough to come in when it rains. You ain't fit to fertilize a turnip-patch. I cut you and your whole shooting-match out."

"Ah, ha! He doesn't deny the beer as he denied the onion, note that," Rector John was toddling after him, as Foraker strode from the apartment. Shaking his fist after the disappearing form of the youth, Rector John stood in the door, shouting all manner of invective.

"Why, I smell the odor yet! The room is redolent of it. It'll take all night with open windows to let it escape upon the shuddering atmosphere," fretted Rector John, prowling around and around the room. "It makes me sick. What a lucky escape you have had, Annie, my own! I know you two will miss me; but I must go to bed. This excitement and this odor have entirely unnerved me."

* * * * * * *

As Billson drove home in the lonely night, the wind going by him like a restless memory, he thought of Annie's promise to marry him, and still he was not happy.

"I like to be on the square," confided Billson to Flying Childers, "and I feel that Foraker didn't have a square deal tonight. He didn't sagashiate right. They say that all's fair in love or war. Do you believe that?"

"Neigh!" whinnied Flying Childers.

Home Sweet Home

By WILLIAM McGRATH

I WAS on the steamer "Croix du Sud"
We met—the captain's cheer to test—
And soon the little ship was gay
With song and laughter, wine and jest.
The glasses gleamed with ruddy glow,
Their chinkling pleasant music made,
While cheese and crackers rested near—
The booty of the purser's raid.

The watchman with his measured tread,
Upon the deck marched to and fro,
Keeping a bright lookout ahead
In case a sou'east gale should blow.
And then when suddenly a lull
Fell on the merry laughing throng,
The first mate rose and volunteered
To sing the crowd a song.

He sang of England, and each voice
Joined in the chorus loud,
And patriotism burning bright
Inflamed the jolly crowd.
But when the last note died away
And all again was still,
Another rose and sang of love:
"Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still."

And by the hush that fell on all,
For no one spoke or moved,
The power of that sublimest thing—
A woman's love—was proved.
Another sang that old sea song:
"O'er the Wild Waves I will Roam,"
But all hearts joined in brotherhood
While singing "Home, Sweet Home."

With tear-dimmed eyes and husky throats
We sang that song sublime,
While each heart swelled with longing pain
As throbbing it kept time.
And thus wherever man may be,
On land or ocean foam,
His heart will turn with fond regrets
And love to Home, Sweet Home.

"EVERYWOMAN"

A MODERN MORALITY PLAY:

Its Author and its Producer

by James Shesgreen

HENRY W. SAVAGE'S production of Walter Browne's modern morality play "Everywoman" has given rise to much speculation regarding its title, and the question naturally arises, what does "Everywoman" mean?

The answer is vastly interesting and, to a large degree, unexpected. Mr. Browne describes his work as a "*modern* morality play" which has a special significance to all students of dramatic literature. The query that comes to the mind naturally is: "What was an *ancient* morality play and what is the relation of the two?"

Epicures of the stage—as a certain class may be styled, will inevitably recall "Everyman," that curious antique which was presented a few years ago and attained a conspicuous vogue as presented by Miss Edith Wynn-Mathison and a company of English players. That was an "*ancient* morality play," and the only example of its kind, familiar to present day theatre-goers; but it was largely curiosity that drew its audiences, much in the same fashion that persons of culture will go to see a Greek tragedy presented by university students.

Of course it was "Everyman" that suggested the name of Mr. Browne's work, and he has in a great measure followed the general structure of the earlier piece. This may seem a daring experiment where the favor of the sophisticated, pleasure-seeking theatre-goer is sought, but there is a wide difference between the old and the new. Mr. Browne has adopted the quaint system of philosophy that pervades the earlier work, but his achievement lies in the fact that he has applied it with power and originality to contemporary conditions, the result being a spirited, pulsing drama of life as it exists today in every metropolitan city.

Considering the fact that the basic idea of both dramas is about five hundred years old, it may easily be said that the author of "Everywoman" is a bold adventurer. It is that very feature, however, that lends extraordinary interest to Mr. Savage's production, and makes a look backward profitable. In "Everyman," as in its successor, the characters are given names that indicate their qualities, but the first is little more than a preachment, prolix and dull, the only interest in which was purely literary, and the excellent acting of which—in the revival mentioned—alone saved it from disaster as a theatrical production; while in Mr. Browne's play, there is a story of absorbing vital interest.

In the olden times the morality play was simply a form of allegorical literature. It did not become widely popular until its personification of the virtues and vices in action could be used as an appeal to the people on great public questions in debate among them. It had a use of its own when, in the days of Henry the Eighth, it was taken up by men who sought the reformation of abuses, and it helped to form or express the opinions of the people. The best examples of this period, of this particular class of writing are the "Magnificence" of John Skelton, and Sir David Lindsay's "Satire of the Three Estates."

Lindsay's play set forth the condition of the country with distinct and practical suggestions of the reforms most needed. Some of the characters were King Humanity, Diligence, Wantonness, Lady Sensuality, Flattery, Falsehood, Deceit, Solace and Good Counsel. It was played before the King in 1539 and had such an effect that at the close of the performance His Majesty warned some of the Bishops present that if they did not take heed they would be dealt with summarily.

Actually, the morality play is isolated among forms of dramatic production. It sprang in a sense from the miracle play, which dealt with spiritual subjects only, but its usefulness ended when the Renaissance brought into England the wealth of Italian poetry, and translations of Terence and Plautus took the stage. Then came the wonderful Elizabethen Era, and the morality play was virtually forgotten, although Shakespeare and his contemporaries make casual allusion to it.

In the chapter on "The Mediaeval Drama," in his work entitled "The Development of the Drama" (Scribner, 1903) Professor Brander Matthews writes:

"The Morality was an attempt to depict character, but with the aid of primary colors only, and with an easy juxtaposition of light and darkness. Yet it helped along the development of the drama, in that it permitted a freer handling of the action, since the writer of Moralities had always to invent his plots, whereas the maker of Mysteries had his stories ready-made to his hand; the Morality was frankly fiction, while the Miracle play gave itself out for fact. Then also the tendency seems irresistible, for any author who has an appreciation of human nature, to go speedily from the abstract to the concrete, and to substitute for the cold figure of Pride itself the fiery portrait of an actual man who is proud."

There was no attempt in the old morality play at what we now call dramatic construction. There were no "situations," in the modern sense, no "climaxes." The play was all talk, didactic and dull. But in it lay possibilities which the serious-minded writers of those days did not realize. It remained for a playwright of a period of five centuries later to appreciate the opportunity, and in the guise of allegory to build a drama of which modern femininity is shown "Everywoman," with all the virtues and frailties of the sex, but beset and surrounded by the conditions which prevail today in every great metropolis.

In calling "Everywoman" a modern morality play, the author has sought to convey two facts. First, that to a large extent, it is written in the same fashion and after the model of those products of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries of which "Everyman" is the best known example. Second, that notwithstanding this, it is absolutely modern as regards action, characterization and environments.

While every part is symbolical of various abstract virtues, vices and conditions, Mr. Browne has endeavored to make them also concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. The object was to present an allegory, in the shape of a stage play, sufficiently dramatic and soul stirring in its story and action to form an attractive entertainment, quite apart from its psychological significance.

"Everywoman" is not a sermon in disguise. It is not a quixotic effort to elevate the stage. It is intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers—hence the music, the songs, and choruses, the dances, the spectacular and scenic effects, and the realism of everyday life.

At the same time it is hoped that the play may be found to contain some clean and wholesome moral lessons. Since the days of chivalry, when knights clashed steel for their lady loves and went on crusades to prove their prowess, while they remained secluded in cloisters or in moated castles, womankind, of which the title role of this play is intended to be a type, has grown more self-assertive and more bold. To every woman who nowadays listens to flattery, goes in quest of love, and openly lays siege to the hearts of men, this play may provide a kindly warning.

To every man it may suggest an admonition, the text of which is contained in the epilogue to the play:

"Be merciful, be just, be fair,
To Everywoman, everywhere.
Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame."

The principal characters in "Everywoman" are named Youth, Beauty, Modesty, Conscience, Nobody, Flattery, Truth, Love, Passion, Time, Wealth, Witless, Age, Greed, Self, Vanity, Vice, Charity, Law, Order, Stuff, Bluff, and a dozen others of lesser value.

The story and action of the play is as follows:

The scene of the first canticle is laid in the home of Everywoman, a character designed to be typical of all womankind. The dawn is just breaking and in the dimly-lighted room Nobody is discovered. The character of Nobody, which acts as Chorus to the play, is portrayed as a whimsical, cynical, sardonic and somewhat mystical figure.

After a plea for fair play for Everywoman, there are seen dancing in the dawn-lit garden, bound by garlands of roses and singing a joyous spring song, three fairy-like, graceful maidens. They are Youth, Beauty and Modesty, Everywoman's cherished friends and companions. Their sweet song awakens Everywoman, who appears at the head of the stairs leading to her bed chamber. She greets them lovingly. It is seen that Everywoman is a beautiful, young and innocent maiden, with a girl's harmless love of fun and a girl's love of admiration. She bemoans the fact that Nobody is in love with her, and fearing that Nobody will marry her against her will she orders that mythical personage from the house. In anger he prophesies that when Everywoman shall have lost Youth, Beauty and Modesty then she will love Nobody and will find comfort in Nobody's arms.

Youth and Beauty lead Everywoman to her mirror. She rejoices somewhat vainly in the beautiful picture she presents, and as she gazes the image of herself fades away; in its stead she sees Flattery, in the guise of a fop and courtier, who announces that he bears a message from King Love the First. Love would make her his queen, and Flattery bids Everywoman go out into the world in quest of Love. Everywoman elects to do so, and Youth suggests that Love is most readily found in the amusement temples of the great cities.

Everywoman and her three companions are about to set out in quest of Love, when Nobody again warns her that disaster will follow her obeying the dictates of Flattery. She scoffs at him and spurns the pleadings of Modesty. Then Truth comes to her. Truth is depicted as an old witch, who is beloved by Nobody. Truth almost prevails on Everywoman to remain at home and await Love's coming, but again Flattery appears and fascinates his victim. It appears that in reality Love is the offspring of Truth, and as she brings her son to Everywoman's house, Everywoman is seen doing homage to Flattery, and Truth realizes that it is too late. Everywoman and her three companions go out into the world in quest of King Love the First.

In the second canticle is seen the stage of a big city theatre at rehearsal time. It is shown that Everywoman has quickly risen to be a "star" in the profession she has chosen, while Youth and Beauty are her subordinates. Unknown to the managers of the playhouse, Everywoman has smuggled her much loved friend, Modesty, into the chorus. There she is discovered by Bluff and Stuff, theatre managers of a vulgar type. In spite of the pleading of Youth and Beauty, Modesty is banished, and when Everywoman arrives at the theatre, accompanied by two of her admirers, Wealth, a millionaire, and Witless, a nobleman, she laments the loss of Modesty. She is attended by her handmaiden, Conscience, whose still, small, sweet voice alternately sooths her and makes her sorrowful. As Everywoman grieves that Love is still unfound, Youth and Beauty suggest to her that Passion, a play actor, may be Love in disguise. She feels his strange influence over her, and when he rehearses to her a passionate love song, she relinquishes herself to his artifices. As she embraces him she hears the voice of the banished Modesty wailing "Fare thee well." Realizing that for the moment she had forgotten Modesty, Everywoman, in a revulsion of feeling, tears the mask from Passion's face, repulses him and orders him away. The scene ends with a powerful apostrophe to Love, whom Everywoman still vainly seeks.

Everywoman's palatial apartment in the city is the scene of canticle three. The time is after midnight and Everywoman is entertaining Wealth, Witless and a host of friends of somewhat reckless type, at a lavish, uproarious, Bohemian after-theatre supper. Late hours and a gay life have had their influence on Beauty, and while the others eat, drink and make merry, Beauty lies ill upon a couch, attended by Conscience, whose plaintive, dirge-like song ever and anon is heard by Everywoman midst the din and the hilarity of her guests and her own audacious frivolity. The party gradually develops into an orgie, during which Everywoman is enthroned on the top of a table as "Queen of the Revels." There she recites to music a poem of an almost ribald nature, backed by the bacchanalian chorus of her friends in the refrain, "Be-elzebub!" Be-elzebub!" The voice of Conscience breaks into this and eventually reaches all hearts, so that Everywoman dismisses her guest sorrowfully. Youth falls asleep from exhaustion, as Wealth returns unsteadily and more or less brutally to endeavor to persuade Everywoman that he is the king she seeks. Assuming the name and title of Love, he tries to buy her with rich gifts, but when she reminds him that sooner or later she will lose Youth, and Beauty, Wealth shows himself in his true colors. She realizes that it is because she is young and beautiful that he desires her, and that he and true, pure love are not even akin. Disgusted with her pilgrimage in search of Love, she determines to go back to her old home, taking Youth and Beauty with her, and to consult with Truth, but in the moment of her resolve, Conscience tells her that Beauty has perished. Everywoman is horrified, and as the window curtains are drawn and the light of day streams in, she looks in her mirror and sees, not Flattery, but Truth. Maddened by the sight she hurls a wine bottle at Truth, and seizing the hand of Wealth, who still lingers by, she breaks into a wild, hysterical abandoned dance with him, singing the refrain: "Be-elzebub! Be-elzebub!"

The fourth canticle occurs on "The Great White Way" during New Year's Eve. There is seen the merry, uproarious throng which marks upper Broadway at such a time. The scene is the street outside a fashionable restaurant; within are a typical crowd of New Year's Eve supper parties. Everywoman enters, still clinging to Youth, the last of her early companions. But Youth is failing fast, and Time, who seeks to slay her, is dogging her footsteps. Everywoman, who has fallen from stardom, since Beauty ceased to exist, now seeks Wealth, who cast her aside at Beauty's grave. Youth tries to lead her to the adjacent church, from which the chimes proclaim the birth of a new year. Everywoman, blaming Youth for her many mistakes and determined to let worldly wisdom guide her in future, bids Youth begone and Youth falls into the clutches of Time. Wealth appears from the restaurant, surrounded by a crowd of vulgar sycophants. Everywoman makes a final appeal to him, but he discards her, now that she has lost Youth and Beauty, and goes off with Vice, a siren of the "Great White Way." Everywoman is now alone, an outcast. In the midst of her misery a bier with the body of Youth is borne across the stage to the church, Charity, a minister of the gospel, chanting at the head of the procession, followed by Conscience singing a requiem. Everywoman, heartbroken, sinks to her knees amid the falling snow and at the end of her pathetic appeal for "Help" Nobody appears. He reminds her of his having protested that Nobody was her friend. She would find Love in Nobody. Tragically she seeks to escape him and she then meets Truth. Gladly she greets her and led by Truth approaches the church, crying "Charity! Charity for Everywoman, I ask."

The scene of the fifth canticle is the same as that of the first—Everywoman's home. It is a stormy winter night. Sitting in a cosy corner by the glow of a fire is Love, who has patiently awaited Everywoman while she has been battling with the world. To her old home comes Everywoman, led by Truth. There, when alone for a moment she finds Love, awakening him from his slumbers. Believing him a stranger she calls Truth, and is astounded when Love greets Truth as "Mother." She has not known that Love is ever born of Truth. After pleading her unworthiness, because of her unholy pilgrimage in which she lost Youth, Beauty and Modesty, she is won by Love, and with the return of Modesty, who has escaped her persecutors, the play ends with Everywoman happily betrothed to Love, in her old home, where with Love and Truth she will evermore abide by the fireside of happiness.

The manuscript of "Everywoman" was accepted by Mr. Savage nearly a year ago, and for the past four months his production department has been busily employed constructing the scenic equipment, properties and vast paraphernalia that will constitute the settings required in its five canticles. One of the big scenic features will faithfully depict the riotous reveling of a New Year's Eve on Broadway, and in order to render this scene absolutely correct Mr. Savage took advantage of the opportunity recently afforded. His scenic artist, Walter Burridge, made sketches from life, and his general stage director, George Marion, visited the congested intersections of the "Great White Way" for the purpose of absorbing the realistic atmosphere of the riot fanfare and the carnival spirit that prevails in New York on New Year's Eve. In this scene in "Everywoman" upwards of three hundred people will be employed on the stage. The magnitude and vast realistic details of the New Year's Eve scene will be further enhanced by a chime of bells weighing three thousand pounds. In order to accommodate this particular feature it will be necessary to rebuild the upper structure of the stage of the theatre in which the play is presented.

The scenic equipment of "Everywoman" will be most elaborate and intricate, and will represent the biggest investment in stage offerings since Mr. Savage's amazing production of "Parsifal" in English.

The costumes were designed by Hy. Mayer, the well-known artist and illustrator, and their production alone will represent a small fortune. Their making has been a laboriously long process. Every detail of the designs has been followed faithfully, as they are a very necessary adjunct to the actors in the correct depiction of the characters in the drama.

The incidental and choral music, of which there are twenty-six numbers, especially written by George Whitefield Chadwick, the famous American composer, will be a very important feature. The musical numbers include a male quartette, six choruses, solo dances, a trio, three solos, and several incidental numbers for the orchestras, which will number forty-two pieces—nearly as many instruments as are required for grand opera.

In selecting the cast for "Everywoman" Henry W. Savage has exercised the greatest possible care and discrimination. Scores of actors for the principal characters were considered, and accepted or rejected before the company was finally organized. The principals make up a remarkable roster of talent that includes Laura Nelson Hall, Frederic de Belleville, H. Cooper Cliffe, Edward Mackay, Orlando Daly, John L. Shine, Sydney Jarvis, Walter Soderling, and Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

The action of "Everywoman" furnishes an object lesson in diction and the reading of blank verse that has seldom if ever been afforded the student and observer of the drama in America. Each and every principal player in the cast of "Everywoman" was engaged with a special view not only to his ability as an actor but also his training in diction and reading blank verse, in which metre "Everywoman" is written. The company was rehearsed and the play staged under the direction of George Marion, Mr. Savage's general technical stage director, who is without a peer as a master craftsman in his art in this country or in Europe.

Walter Browne, the author of "Everywoman," was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, and is the only son of the late Dr. George Browne, who was twice Lord Mayor of York. He was graduated from St. Peter's College and took the degree of L. D. S. Royal College of Physicians. As an amateur Mr. Browne founded the York Garrick Club. He studied music in England and in Italy and for some time toured England giving pianoforte and vocal recitals. He made his first professional appearance on the stage in London in 1881, originating the part of the Colonel in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Patience." He sang many of the principal baritone parts during the seasons of grand opera at the Covent Garden and the Crystal Palace. In the meantime Mr. Browne did much magazine and dramatic writing. He was one of the founders of *The Yorkshireman*, a weekly satirical publication, and for three years was dramatic critic for the London *Evening Echo*. Mr. Browne's first play "Hearts and Homes," was produced at the Theatre Royal, York, England, in 1879. In the same year there was published in London a volume of his verses. He is the author of "A King of Shreds and Patches," produced at the Theatre Royal in 1880. Other plays by Mr. Browne are "Ripples," "A Love Game," which was played for over nine hundred times at Toole's Theatre, and "A Wet Day" which had a run of four hundred nights. His plays "Fits and Starts," "Blue Ribbons," "Wedded," "Once Again," "The Bo'sun's Mate," "In Possession," "Mates," "Photographic Fun," and a number of others enjoyed a great measure of success in London and the provinces in the eighties. He also wrote "The Next Day," which was produced in this country by Harry Lacy. Mr. Browne is also the author of two novels, "Joe Buskin, Comedian," published in London, and "The Fossil Man," published by Dillingham, New York. In 1889 Mr. Browne went to South America as the principal baritone of the first English opera company to visit the South American Republics. He returned to London and for a year appeared in vaudeville sketches of his own writing in the London Music Halls. He then embarked for South Africa where he was for some time a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. From Africa he came to this country, making his first appearance as Grosvenor in "Patience" at Palmer's Theatre, New York, in 1892. In 1894 Mr. Browne joined the editorial staff of the *New York World* and has since been known as a newspaper man and writer of dramatic short stories. He is at present with the *New York Herald.*

Henry W. Savage, the producer and managerial sponsor of "Everywoman," ranks with the foremost of America's theatrical managers. His name is familiar to every theatregoer throughout this broad land, and is equally well known in the theatrical and musical centres of England and the Continent. Mr. Savage's career as a theatrical producing manager began upwards of a score of years ago, as the lessee and manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. After several seasons of elaborate revivals of light operas covering the entire repertoire of the most popular and best known bills, he organized similar companies in New York and Philadelphia. At this period his eye caught the spirit of the public demand and he launched into the sister realm of musical comedy. His first production in this field was "King Dodo," which was followed by "The Prince of Pilsen," "Peggy From Paris," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Woodland," "The Yankee Consul," "Sho-Gun," and "The Yankee Tourist." Following these came his productions of "The College Widow," "The County Chairman," "The Student King," "The Stolen Story," "Tom Jones," which were followed in rapid succession with "The Galloper," "The Love Cure," "The Gay Hussars," "The Devil," and a number of others leading up to his most recent successes, "The Merry Widow" and "Madame X." In addition to this long list of productions Mr. Savage has attained international distinction as a producer of grand opera in English. For several seasons the Savage Grand Opera Company toured the principal cities of the country with enormous success. His production of "Parsifal" in English will long be remembered as the most amazing offering in the realm of music-drama in the vernacular, in American history, and his production of Puccini's grand opera, "Madame Butterfly" in English was one of the most artistic and elaborate offerings that ever graced the operatic stage. Next season Mr. Savage is planning an elaborate presentation in English of "The Girl of the Golden West," Puccini's grand opera based on the famous Belasco drama, which is the feature bill of the present season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Savage's production of "Everywoman" is justly regarded as the crowning achievement of the remarkable career of a remarkable man.

Henry W. Savage is perhaps the least known individual personally of any of the big theatrical producers. His time is wholly engaged in planning and executing his multifarious enterprises. Labor is his sole pleasure. He is invariably at his office at eight o'clock in the morning and, except when attending rehearsals, he is at his desk at 108 West 45th Street, New York City, till midnight. His vacation is a trip to Europe semi-annually, whither he journeys to look over the European theatrical markets. He maintains foreign representatives in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

When Mr. Savage plans the production of a foreign attraction, Mr. George Marion, his technical stage director, is sent abroad to study the features of the play, and frequently some of the principal actors are sent, in order that they may familiarize themselves with the roles that they will essay in this country.

One of Mr. Savage's notable characteristics is his courteousness. He treats with marked consideration every member of his various organizations and admonishes his managers and executive staff to follow this rule. The keynote of his "Bible of Publicity" is to keep within the province of *Facts*. Among his instructions to his press agents are the following:

"Speak in the highest terms of other attractions. A short story with a sting in the tip is to my mind infinitely better than a florid paragraph which hardly anyone prints and no one believes. Do not use the term 'show girl.' Avoid stories about losing valuables, accidents behind the scenes, fires, etc. Omit references to stock brokers, automobiles and stage-door 'Johnnies.' Stories about members of the company winning large sums at the races should be avoided. Do not use extravagant terms and do not misrepresent."

THE HUMAN TRIUMPH

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

NOT from the lightning flash;
 Not from the icy star;
Not from the flames that lash
 The wandering fires afar;
But from the noonday heat,
Torch I snatch for my feet!

Not from the purpling rose;
 Not from the lily cool;
Not from the garden close
 Sheltered and beautiful;
But from the wayside flower
Do I snatch breath of power!

Not from the maddening thrush;
 Not from the nightingale;
Not from the winds that rush
 Storm-driven through the dale;
But from the silence calm
I snatch the sweetest balm!

Not from the printed book;
 Not from the word or song;
Not from the smile or look,
 Nor from the bell or gong;
But from the grassy sod
I snatch the peace of God!

Seein' Things at Night

By MARY LOUISE RUSSELL

IN winter when I go to bed it's awful dark outdoors,
There are horrid lookin' shadders on the window, an' the floors
Just covered all with crawlin' things that give one such a fright.
So how's a feller goin' ter help a-seein' things at night?

There's a ghost up in the corner where my hobbyhorse has stood,
An' he starts a-sort o' wavin' roun' his hands as though he would
Come an' catch an' hug me in his awful arms so white,
An' then I scream, it skeers me so, a-seein' things at night.

An' in the Spring it's most as bad, though it is not so dark;
I hear the burglars climbin' up my window from the park,
An' then I hide my head—but soon I peek it out a mite,
An' find it's only vines that keeps me hearin' things at night.

I heard a noise t'other night, the mostest awful howl,
But mother laughed at me an' said, 'twas nothing but an owl;
I guess she wouldn't laugh like that, if *she* hadn't any light
An' was in my place, all alone, a-hearin' things at night.

One summer we was in the woods, an' I was awful skeered,
'Cause there was lots of things up there that made me all afeared.
When I was lyin' in the tent, an' I hear 'em gnaw an' bite
I'd get all shivery an' cold, a-hearin' things at night.

I ain't afeared o' porkeys when I meet 'em in the day,
Nor snakes nor bears, nor any other o' them beasts o' prey;
But when I'm lyin' all alone, I stop my ears up tight,
An' even then I just can't help a-hearin' things at night.

But Autumn is the time for ghosts that make the weirdest noise,
For then they creak, an' crack, an' groan, an' all the little boys
Is almost skeered ter death, ter see 'em dancin' roun' so bright.
For it's awful creepy, lyin' still, a-hearin' things at night.

My mother says it's only winds a-howlin' out o' doors,
An' moombeams dancin' on the walls, an' shinin' on the floors,
But you just bet she can't fool me, 'cause I'm dead sure I'm right
An' that I'm really a-hearin' an' a-seein' things at night.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur Wilson

THE singing of opera in the English language is a lively question for speculation and debate just now. It is not the first time in the history of opera that men have reasoned among themselves, have arisen in high places and said: "Come, let us sing together in the theatre, as in the church and the concert hall, in the tongue of our fathers." This is upon the supposition that their fathers spoke the King's English as well or better than the King.

Indeed, let us ponder a moment in profound contemplation of that perennial, that eternal work: "The first American Opera." A catalogued list with genus, species and pedigree would comprise a respectable sized monograph, not as voluminous as the New York telephone directory, Montgomery Ward's catalog or the unabridged dictionary, but perchance rivaling the space required to treat with due respect the hats of Geraldine Farrar, or the reason why David Bispham said "Fie! fie!" and called for an ounce of civet at Mr. Bonci's incomprehensible audacity in presuming to undertake to teach American singers how to sing their own tongue, and at the equally inexplicable delusion of the gentlemen who would proffer a portion of their worldly goods to back him in an opera company as a means to that end.

Not long since, when Boston was about to have its second session with Mr. Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," there was to be observed in some literature circulated about it, the statement that it was the first really American opera. Doubtless we shall keep on having the first American opera yet for a goodly number of years. We have had it reborn, revived, resuscitated and otherwise discovered for the first time for so many decades now that it is a question what we should ever do without it.

Mr. Louis Elson, veteran of musical research, in his "American Music," cites W. G. Armstrong as authority for saying that the first American opera was "The Archers, or the Mountaineers of Switzerland," libretto by William Dunlop, and music by Benjamin Carr, said to have been performed in New York, April 18, 1796. In the same book, Esther Singleton, a writer upon operatic subjects, names her first American opera as "Edwin and Angelina," libretto by one Smith, music by Pellisier, performed for the first time in New York, December 19, 1796. "Bourville Castle," by the same composer, was given the following season. The first American opera apparently began to thrive a number of years ago.

Then there was "Leonora" in 1858 and "Notre Dame de Paris" in 1863 by William H. Fry, European correspondent and music critic of the *New York Tribune,* and there was "Rip Van Winkle" (1855) by George F. Bristol. For a time Mr. Bristol and Mr. Fry had an "American school of opera" all their own. There should be a word of remembrance for Frederick Gleason's "Montezuma" and his "Otho Visconti." The latter, if I am not mistaken, was produced several years ago in Chicago at what was known as the College Theatre. There was also "The Scarlet Letter" of Walter Damrosch, produced for the first time anywhere in Boston at the Boston Theatre, February 10, 1896, with Mme. Gadski as Hester Prynne; the "Azara" of Professor Paine, never produced as an opera, but sung in concert by the Cecilia Society, Boston, April 9, 1907, B. J. Lang, conductor.

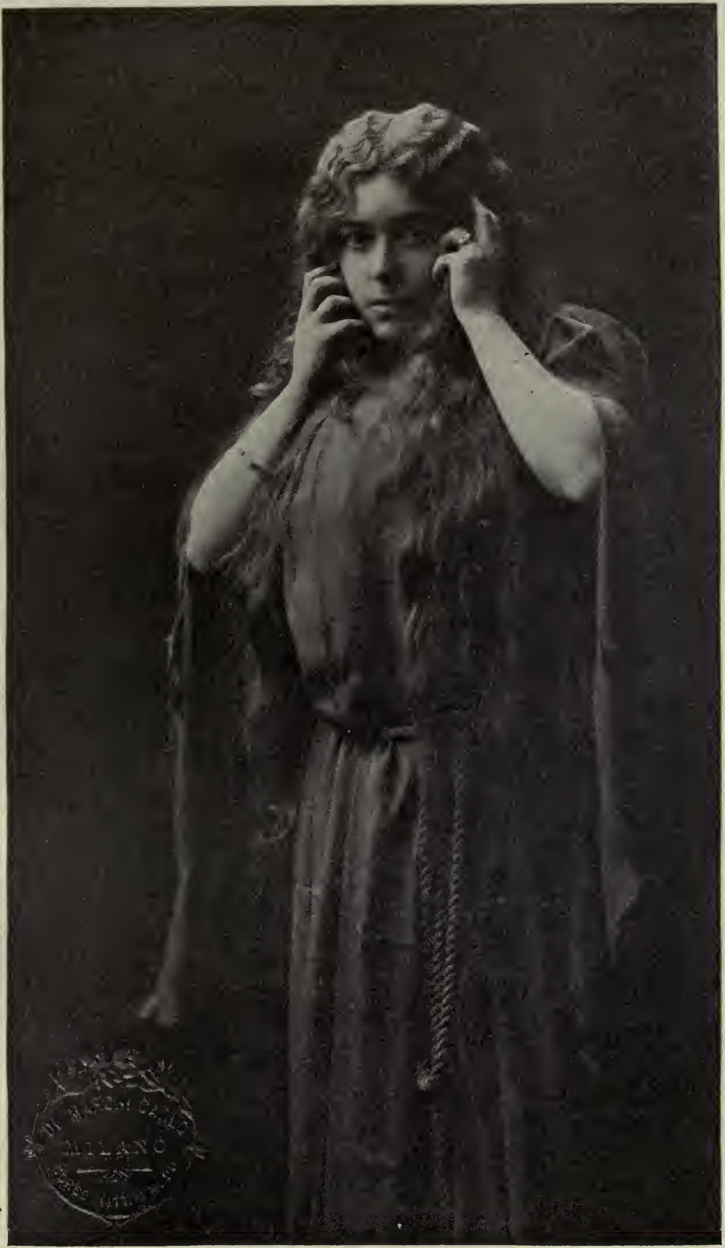
Nor is that all. The record should include the "Zenobia" of Louis Coerne, produced at Bremen, December 1, 1905, the "Safir" of Henry Hadley, produced April 6, 1909, at Mayence, during the period of the composer's conductorship there, and Arthur Nevin's "Poia," of recent and not altogether joyous memory, yet now alert with the promise of a new baptism, for upon the receipt of the cable of congratulation from the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at the premiere of Professor Humperdinck's "Kingschildren," the Kaiser straightway commanded the intendant of the Royal Opera to stand before him, and the report went abroad that it was probable "Poia" would be revived, perhaps as a measure of international reciprocity, perhaps as a penance for the vituperative comment of the German musical press. From the accounts even of Americans who were in Berlin, it would now appear that the Kaiser's capacity for compunction is generous. But Mr. Nevin is soon to have a hearing in New York, his one-act opera in English, "Twilight," has been accepted for production this month at the Metropolitan Opera House.

And the end is not yet, nor is this list guaranteed complete. There is Howland's "Sarrona," sung once last winter in New York, Pietro Floridia's "Paoletta," produced in Cincinnati last August, and, for a pioneer overlooked, "La Spia," an opera with a libretto founded by Filippo Manetti on Cooper's novel, "The Spy," and with music by Luigi Arditi, a well-known conductor, which was performed at the Astor Place Opera House, New York, March 24, 1856, for the first time on any stage.

More than any other work, "The Pipe of Desire" has been associated and in a sense identified with this agitation of opera in English, and unfortunately so. Its premiere occurred in Boston, January 31, 1906. It was done by amateurs. Two other performances followed in February and March. It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the eighteenth of March, a year ago. A repetition followed at the Metropolitan and another at the New Theatre. Why the opera was accepted for production in New York must remain an inexplicable mystery, for inherent and serious weakness in the libretto was discovered at its first appearance in Boston, and was promptly pointed out and exceptions also taken to the music by the New York reviewers. Notwithstanding, it was again proffered to Boston by the local company the sixth of January, and once again has been found wanting in the power of appeal.

It is therefore unfortunate that the cause of opera in English should in any manner be judged by or associated with a work which manifestly ignores the salient principles of dramatic construction in plot, text and consequently in much of the music. There are now operas in English forthcoming which it may be hoped will more successfully promote the innovation for which they stand. Mr. Converse has made a second essay in "The Sacrifice," announced for production by the Boston company this season. This time he is to be his own librettist. He has laid his plot in picturesque Southern California in 1849 during the struggle for possession between United States and Mexican troops.

But the opera of the hour is Victor Herbert's "Natoma," the premiere of which at this time of writing is announced to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelpha, by Mr. Dippel's Chicago-Philadelphia company or now, according to its degree of geographical latitude, the Philadelphia-Chicago company. Mary Garden, one of the comparatively few upon our lyric stage to whom the word "artist" in its supreme and proper sense justly applies, is to create the name-part. The librettist is Joseph D. Redding, a lawyer of New York and San Francisco. He was the first president of the Bohemian Club of the latter city, and has written some of the plays which they have given in the redwood forest. At this time the vocal score of "Natoma" has not come



MISS FRANCES ALDA
An artiste of exceptional ability who is pleasing Boston opera-goers

from the printer, and it is not yet possible to know the character of the libretto.

Opera in English, such as it is or was, has therefore existed for some time. That every work with music set to a text in English has not endured through successive years is not strange. The founding of an American "school" of opera is not a thing attained with a few sporadic performances of any one opera or of several. There are many factors which must be successfully combined to produce operas with an English text, and with music by American composers that will endure, and retain a place in operatic repertory.

In scanning the horizon to discover the coming man in American opera, whoever he shall be, much thought has been taken of the music. No one will deny that an opera demands music, and music presupposes a composer whose schooling and practice has not set up as his models either the oratorio or the symphony, but one who has observed the operas of Scarlatti, of Gluck and of Mozart before sitting down to express his thoughts in the style and vocabulary of Strauss and Debussy, and who has also observed that the fundamental and enduring principles which underlie operatic construction require a terse, vigorous and vital recitative which shall narrate and propel the action of the plot and express the prose of declamation, and with it a fluent, more graceful but equally vital arioso which shall express the poetry of passion and emotion. Let him then be mindful of the need for dramatizing or characterizing music which, by the employment of melodic symbols or by sheer tonal suggestion, will mirror, illumine or italicize in the orchestra the action on the stage. In short, let the composer be urged to come to his task prepared to write music for the theatre, and not for a religious service or for the concert room.

And what, pray, shall inspire him to the accomplishment of all this? Granted that he has acquired his technic by proper instruction and by ample opportunity for trying out his compositions, although such a condition does not yet exist to my knowledge in this country—the nearest approach to it might be the New England Conservatory where a complete symphony orchestra, fully manned in both the woodwind and brass choirs, is a working part of the institution—what then shall be the actual foundation upon which he is to rear his musical structure? What is to be the immediate and specific source of inspiration that perchance shall enkindle the latent power of invention and of creation which he may possess? This cannot be found altogether in the hope of winning a prize of $10,000. It cannot even spring at once from the dream that some day he shall hear Caruso paint in golden notes, as upon the heavens, the majestic curve of some pet melodic phrase—that is, if this composer of opera be so old-fashioned as to write melody—nor can it arise from the dream that some day the poetry and passion of the incomparable Toscanini shall set orchestra and audience on fire with that climatic page of his score that one memorable night he heard chanted by the stars, and has since nestled like a darling against his heart. These are not rhapsodic imaginings, but estimable and proper desires, in their due place, and doubtless the sober history of the night watches under many a roof tree. What then is to be the real guiding motive, the *sine qua non* of the composer? This, gentle reader, must be the libretto.

Is it not true that each season every theatrical manager is submerged under dramatic manuscripts which to his practiced eye reveal an astounding technic of the stage, a heart-gripping emotional appeal, plots which fairly ooze with that estimable species of magnetism, human interest? Is it not true that all of even the most likely and absolutely assured successes of these embryonic marvels are stunning and unescapable "hits" when produced? Furthermore, is it not true that those which do fail, do not do so because of their theme, their method of construction, or their style, but because of the time of the moon, the continued popular adoration of Mr. Roosevelt, the unanimous re-election of Mr. Joseph Cannon to the speakership of the House, or on account of the conversion of the heathen of Mars? It is not. There is a deluge of stuff which contains perhaps one or two good ideas; but manuscripts that reveal first of all a dramatic motive of popular or powerful appeal, a sense of the situation that gets over the footlights, skill in logical development, and a command of pointed, gripping dialogue —manuscripts with these qualifications in any conspicuous degree are rare, and yet there is still room for clever producers of hymns, psalms, sonnets, national anthems and street-car advertisements.

On the twentieth of November, 1908, Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera House, proposed to the board of directors of that institution that a prize, afterwards fixed at ten thousand dollars, be offered "for the best grand opera written by a composer born in this country." His suggestion was immediately accepted, and the first general announcement was made by the newspapers the following morning. When the competition closed, the fifteenth of last September, twenty-five manuscripts had been submitted to the judges. Walter Damrosch, one of them, spent an anxious Christmas because a package containing some of these possible masterpieces was stolen from an express wagon the day before. Unfortunately the conditions of the competition required that the names of the composers be withheld, even from the judges, else by the publicity attending upon the incident, the composers would already have been immortalized without waiting for the public disclosure of their works. However the lost was found, and the point is that while the composer is bidden to do his best with the inducement of a generous honarium and the production of his opera to the winner, what of the librettist?

What is being done in this country to seriously, practically encourage the writing of drama? Professor George Baker, of the chair of dramatic literature of Harvard University is endeavoring to secure a permanent endowment for his department. Studying therein at the present time is Charlton Andrews, of Indiana, MacDowell resident fellow in dramatic composition. Mr. Andrews came into possession of this scholarship by winning the competition instituted last year by the MacDowell club of New York, an organization of about eight hundred members, among whom are painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, writers and those who are engaged or interested in the fine arts. This organization at that time created a fellowship in Professor Baker's department at Harvard. On the twentieth of last December, at the annual Christmas festival of the club, there was presented at the Hotel Plaza, New York, a Christmas masque, entitled "The Interrupted Revels." It was in the Fifteenth Century style and combined the drama, music, art, history and the dance. The music consisted of carols and madrigals of the period, and was specially compiled after research in the British Museum. The British Morris Dancers trained the members of the club in the dances of Merry England. The masque was written by Mr. Andrews.

Last year, John Craig, director of his own stock company at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, made an offer to Harvard University to give the sum of five hundred dollars, half of which was to go as a prize for dramatic composition, and half to the University library for the purchase of books treating of the history of the English stage. The competition was open to all undergraduates in the University, to members of Radcliffe College—who are girls, and this revelation of their sex to all those who by chance do not know is made without insinuation, impertinence or malice, as shall presently be disclosed. It is open also to graduate students of either institution who have not been out of college more than one academic year. The donor specified that all plays must be in three, four or five acts. Those with less were to be excluded. Within a year after the acceptance of the play, Mr. Craig agreed to produce it at his theatre and to give performances of it for one week during the regular theatrical season. If the play should be continued he would pay the author a royalty. The competition closed the first of last November. Twenty-one dramas were submitted. Five were by young women. The prize was awarded to one of them—Florence Ayers Lincoln. Mr. Craig, who was one of the judges—Professor Baker also served—said that the plays submitted by the girls seemed to them superior to those of the men. The name of Miss Lincoln's play is "The End of the Bridge." She has described it as "a modern play with a mild problem." It is in three acts, and has six characters. Mr. Craig will now bestow this prize annually.

The Harvard Dramatic Club has also encouraged the writing of plays. It produced on the twelfth of December a comedy by another Radcliffe girl, Miss Louie Stanwood, a student in the play-writing course. Her comedy is a light and semi-satirical piece, named "Mrs. Alexander's Progress." This club, since 1908, has aimed to produce each year a play written by an undergraduate, graduate or recently graduated student of Harvard. There being no available play last year, Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow" was chosen and performed for the first time upon any stage.

William Vaughn Moody, the deceased playwright of the class of 1893, was active in furthering the interests of dramatic composition at Harvard.

The writing of plays is doubtless studied and encouraged by the other universities of the country and by other auspices. I have referred at some length to the work of these because it shows the best recent development in this direction at Harvard and in Boston.

It may now be argued that the subject of the opera libretto has been left far afield, and that it has no appreciable relationship to the spoken drama.

As a matter of fact and of mere observation, it has a great deal to do with the spoken drama. The time was when any flimsy, incongruous if not reasonably impossible series of incidents was padded, interpolated and otherwise patched into a musical medley called an opera, which existed to exploit singers who were to be admired more for their vocal agility than for dramatic conscience. That time is past. Submit the plot of "La Giaconda" to any undergraduate in a dramatic class and he—pardon me, probably she—will laugh at the absurdity of its contrived and transparent coincidences. If we are to have opera in English because there are those who insist that we must know what it is all about, then we must have plots that hang together not merely by a string of arias, because arias are now out of fashion and held to be bad form, but by reason and logic—at least by theatrical plausibility, which is often the good Samaritan to limping technic. If we demand consistent and congruous construction in a drama to be spoken, we should demand the same in a libretto to be sung.

Sane and sound librettos will materially hasten the coming of the "national school" of opera. This all the musical elect devoutly desire. Even music which would transport the soul beyond the confines of the flesh is carrying a heavy ballast when freighted with a book about symbolism, ethics, moonshine and frothy fairy lore, written in mawkish poetry and drab prose, English which is neither lucid, elegant or euphonious. The writing of the text has been too much ignored, although "The Scarlet Letter" had an excellent libretto by George Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law. Why not then establish some definite auspices to develop the librettist as well as the composer? The probability is that the young man—pardon me again, the young woman—who has studied the laws of construction and the models of style which underlie and characterize the spoken drama will have acquired something of the equipment necessary to write a libretto for an opera. The writing of good plays and its encouragement is therefore significant.

After the libretto and the opera are written they must be sung. Wide opportunities appear to be opening to young singers of opera in English. They hear and read the advice not to go abroad, but to build their voices at home. How are some of them being taught? It is a painful truth that there are professed teachers of singing, laden with titles, honors and spoils, who give patent and indisputable proof of the fact that in plain terms, they don't know their business. Under their care are talented students with good, natural voices, who, if properly prepared, could be a credit in several years to some opera house. Next month it may be worth while to consider how some of them are being prepared to weep rather than to sing.

DELIVERING THE GOODS

By

Rev. George Wood Anderson

EDITOR'S NOTE — The Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England has become one of the liveliest organizations for the development and extension of trade in America. Monday evening, November 21, 1910, was specially dedicated to the consideration of "Transportation." Dr. Anderson, pastor of the Union Church, St. Louis, Missouri, was one of the notable speakers.

THE question of transportation is not confined to New England. It is a national question in that it confronts, in a local way, every section of our land. Until this nation-wide question, which confronts each section of our country, in the form of some local problem, is settled, none of us can enter into the fullest realization of our national prosperity.

It has occurred to me that there is another phase of this transportation problem which has been overlooked. To many I doubt not but that it is the most important phase, and that is: "What is the easiest and quickest way to transfer a dollar out of another man's pocket into your own?" Now, a dollar is not a trifling thing, and is not easily secured, as many of us preachers can testify. A dollar should not be lightly esteemed, and is not by some of you, as we know by looking at the collection plate after you have attended service. I have known some business men to be so stingy that they would sit in the rear pew in order to have the interest on their penny, while the collection plate was being passed. A man ought to value his money highly, for it is of great value. I happen to have a dollar with me. I hold it in my hand. What is it? "A piece of paper," says one. No, more than that. "Circulating medium," says one. No, more than that. "Something that you borrowed from your friend," says another. No, more than that. That dollar is a part of my life. I worked hard yesterday and earned a dollar. I might have spent it in a minute's time and been no richer for the investment, but I did not spend it. It was the only tangible thing I had out of the whole day's existence. The joy, the opportunity, and the privileges of the day had gone into the silence of the eternity that has passed. That dollar is my yesterday. I may spend it, and start tomorrow bankrupt. I may keep it and tomorrow need not work at all, because my yesterday's dollar will pay for the services of one who may do the work better than myself; or, I may work again tomorrow and the next day, and the next, and save my yesterdays until I have long years of yesterdays, strong and capable of toil, who shall labor for me and keep me in comfort when my body is too weak to toil. A dollar is part of a man's life, and as he guards his health to take care of the future, so should he guard his dollars to secure the full service of the past. Now, when a dollar means so much to an individual, how are you going to transport it out of the pockets of the West into your own treasuries? This brings us two more phases of the problem of transportation. First—how can you get the people of the West to you? Second—can you deliver the goods?

How can you bring the West to you? That is easily answered—by advertising. I have had many pleasant visits in New England lecturing in many of your larger cities and meeting men whose strength of personality and power of achievement are daily inspirations. But think not that I was a stranger the first time I crossed your borders. Some of you I have known from my childhood. I have always known your friend, W. L. Douglas, whose benign countenance illuminates the pages of all our daily papers. Ever since I was taught to eat pie with a knife, I knew your friend Rogers, for did not the very knife that cut my lips have his name stamped upon it? From that hour that my sensitive fingers felt the first suggestion of a whisker—and bid my anxious soul arise in wonder, love and praise, did I not know your friend, Mr. Gillette? Think not that I was a stranger the first time I came to New England. I knew several of you and bought your goods because I knew and believed in you. But, when I consider the important place that New England holds in the manufacturing world and the long list of daily necessities that are made here, I am surprised that I did not have a wider acquaintanceship.

New England is just awakening to the opportunity and advantage of advertising, and until more of your great firms begin a nation wide campaign, so that we become familiar with the names and characters of the persons back of these manufacturing establishments you cannot expect to get our dollars. The fact is, that when a man spends his money, he wants not only the goods that are placed upon the counter, but he wants the knowledge that the men back of the goods are men who are not afraid to stand in the light of public inspection. The first problem of transportation which you are to consider is the question of advertising, that of bringing the people to the threshold of your shops and factories eager to buy your goods.

But advertising is not all. There is another question of transportation to be considered and that is, having brought the people to you, can you deliver the goods? I do not mean by that a question of express or freight, but can you deliver the goods that are worth our dollars?

There is, on both sides of the ocean, an advertising scheme being pushed that is unworthy of the people of any nation. Traveling through England, I have seen on every side, sign and newspaper advertisements saying, "Buy only 'made in England' goods." Our novelty shops are crowded with goods stamped "Made in Germany," while, here in America, the same method is being employed and Chicago says: "Buy only 'made in Chicago' goods"; St. Louis says: "Buy only 'made in St. Louis' goods"; and now New England is taking up the same slogan and saying: "Made in New England." Now, I leave it to you, gentlemen of business, if that slogan is worthy of any city or group of states, desiring to do a national business. Such advertising may call attention to a certain section of the country, but it does not increase the sale of the goods. On the other hand, it does tend to create sectional feeling and to restrict one's trade to his own section. No careful consumer cares where a thing is made. What he wants to know is, "How is it made?" What the West wants to be shown is not that the article is made in New England, but does it possess the "New England Quality"?

You Pilgrims have a wonderfully combined advantage and disadvantage in that New England has always stood for the highest possible quality. Wonderful beyond words is the position that New England has held in the history of the world's civilization. To say that an article possesses the "New England Quality" is to say that it possesses the highest possible degree of excellency. In statesmanship, "The New England Quality" means the Adamses, Franklin and James G. Blaine. In literature, "The New England Quality" means Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne and Longfellow. In reform "The New England Quality" means Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. In the pulpit, "The New England Quality" means Channing, Phillips Brooks and Theodore Parker. In invention "The New England Quality" means Whitney and Howe. "The New England Quality" stands for the highest possible standard of excellency, and it is a wonderful advantage to be the inheritors of such a record.

* * *

But, on the other hand, there possibly could not be any greater disadvantage, for it is as hard to live up to a good name as it is to live down a bad name. When a man is said to come from the West, you immediately compare him with a cowboy or an Indian. When a man says he is from New England, we immediately associate and measure him with some of the world's greatest characters. If a man undertakes to fill a New England pulpit, we measure him with Brooks and Parker. If he enters literature, we measure him with Emerson and Lowell. If he enters law, we measure him with the Adamses. If he would work reform, we listen intently to hear the clear notes of Puritanism that made Phillips and Garrison world leaders. When a man enters business, we measure him with Oliver Ames, whose shovels were the standard of excellency the whole world 'round. Now, the greatest question of transportation that you men have to face is whether you can deliver the goods; whether you can live up to the name you inherited, and give us goods that are worth our dollars. To solve this phase of transportation, by one who loves New England, his own ancestors having come over in the Mayflower, three things are necessary. (I put the Mayflower statement in for effect. Out West it would count for nothing, for there they do not care whether one came from the Mayflower or from a Fall Pippin).

First—Make use of your opportunities and show the West that while you have beans you are not "has beens." You are not making full use of your natural resources. Your rivers are unharnessed, and we have heard through Mr. Ives how Boston Harbor is neglected in that you have no fleets to garner the treasures of the Southwest. Harness your forces. If you do not, the Vermont granite that you are sending to mark the resting place of our dead, will be needed at home to mark the once historic scene of former industrial success. For, think not that the West is asleep. We not only make our own shoes, but we are sending them to New England. We are getting tired of sending our cotton to your mills and building just as good ones for ourselves; and pretty soon, we people at St. Louis will dig a fourteen-foot channel in the Mississippi and forget that there ever was a place called Boston.

* * *

The second requisite is that you get away from the old spirit of conservatism. There is nothing more detrimental than a spirit that permits one to take pride in being conservative; for it means death not only to the mental and physical being, but to every enterprise with which the name is connected. There is nothing about conservatism to be proud of, for, in its final analysis it is one of two things—either dry rot or petrification. Conservatism has never written a book, painted a picture, created a building, achieved a reform, or written a constructive law. Conservatism, on the other hand, has been the enemy of every movement that has ever been of permanent value to the world. Conservatism in New England would shut down every factory and stop all progress. Your history was made not by the conservative, but by the radical progressive. Conservatism never could make history. It only repeats history. It says: "We always have done it this way and we always will do it this way." Suppose your fathers in the early days had waited for precedent. Where would we be? All the wealth and value of this nation is the gift of men who dared to throw precedent aside and make venture and adventure for what they believed to be just and right. If I remember correctly, you had a "tea party" here once. That was most radical, but it made history and while, as some of the conservatives of that day said, "We never have done it this way," I notice that you Pilgrims by your list of viands this evening are following closely in their footsteps. I believe you had a radical here by the name of Paul Revere who performed a most wonderful feat of transportation one midnight.

It was a very unprecedented thing to do, but it made history, and history of which you may well be proud. Conservatism never holds a "tea party" or sounds an alarm, and therefore, if you wish to live worthy of the great name you have inherited, you must cast away the spirit of conservatism and dare to make venture.

* * *

The last suggestion that I would make to you is, remember that the world measures a man or an institution, not by what he or it intended to do, but by what is accomplished. You have a magnificent organization here, representing the business interests of this great section of our land. Your plans are good; your purposes are beyond criticism; you are hoping to do great things; but the world will measure this association by what it accomplishes, not by what it hopes to do; and we shall watch most carefully your history to see if you are giving strength and emphasis to the business life of New England. This movement either means a great victory or a great defeat, for there is nothing more dangerous than the inhibition of a good impulse. When a good purpose suffers from arrested development, it can never come back in its old-time power. But the next impulse will be weaker and the following one still weaker. Therefore, instead of working for numbers, although numbers are good and essential, see that you have small committees to visit each business man and manufacturer to secure his promise to do two things: First—Advertise more extensively, and bring the whole world to New England. Second—Deliver the goods that bear the mark of "The New England Quality."

CITIZENSHIP FOR THE RED MAN

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

A MIGHTY nation we have built
  Of many a race, remote or kin,—
Briton and Teuton, Slav and Celt,
  All Europe's tribes are wrought therein;
And Asia's children, Afric's hordes,
  Millions the world would crush or flout:
To each some help our rule affords,
  And shall we bar the Red Man out?

The Red Man was the primal lord
  Of our magnificent domain,
And craft, and crime, and wasting sword
  Oft gained us mount and stream and plain.
And shall we still add wrong to wrong?
Is this the largess of the strong—
His need to slight, his faith to doubt,
And thus to bar the Red Man out,
  Though welcoming all other men?

Nay! let us nobly build him in,
Nor rest till "ward" and "alien" win
  The rightful name of citizen!
Then will the "reservation" be
Columbia's breadth from sea to sea,
And Sioux, Apache, and Cheyenne
Merge proudly in American!

Copyright, 1905, by Edna Dean Proctor

Chicago's New Terminal Station

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE ebb and flow of the tide of travel through the great railroad centre of Chicago gauges the rise and progress of the great central states and the farther northwest beyond any cavil or question.

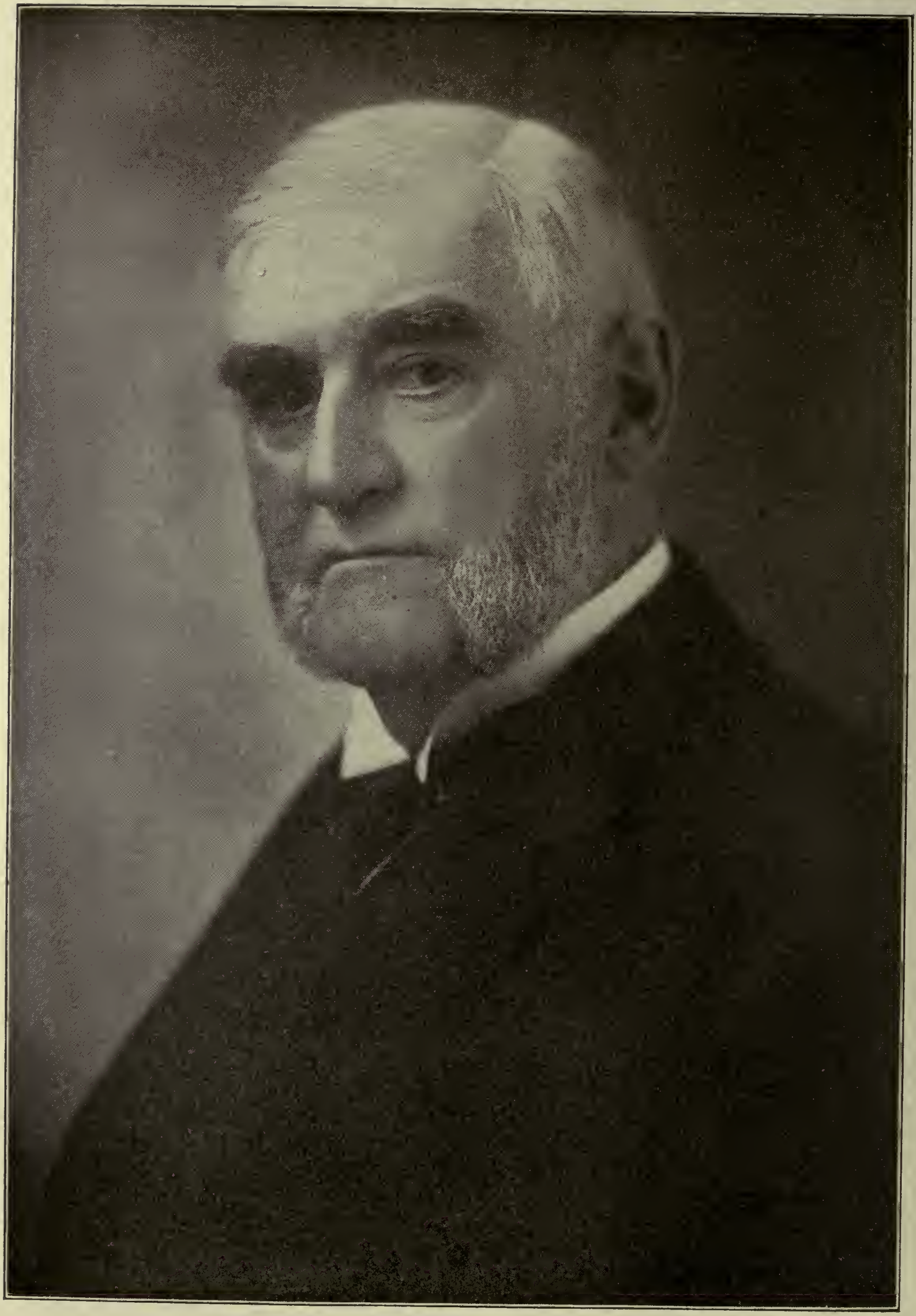
Among the many splendid structures completed during 1911, of which Chicago may well be proud, the new twenty million dollar terminal station of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway marks an epoch like that of the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt or St. Peters at Rome. Its construction involved the rebuilding of a large portion of the city, and its completion further emphasizes how liberally the great railroad corporations are providing for the public gathering-places and quasi-public resorts which in the olden times were provided only by the state. No other building in Chicago is so significant a monument to the growth of the Middle West, for the single railroad which undertook at immense cost the construction of the splendid structure has been prominently identified with the growth of that segment of the compass leading northwest of Chicago, reaching out to the great granary area of the nation.

Under the spell of Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Go West and grow up with the country," a young telegraph operator left Albany, New York, many years ago, and entered the employ of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway with the determination to make the building up of this railroad his life work. By a series of rapid promotions, because of his keen and broad grasp of the necessities of the rapidly growing and expanding country, and the development of adequate transportation facilities, Marvin Hughitt was chosen president, and has for many years been the executive head of what is considered one of the best managed railroads in the world.

Nearly every person living on the route of the Northwestern Railroad with its eight thousand miles of trackage, knows of Marvin Hughitt by sight, at least. Every employe of the line has in some measure felt the personal influence of the man who knows how to operate economically and effectively, and how to expand and create traffic.

While located in a city on the outer rim of the Northwestern system many years ago, I remember vividly the visits of his official car switching down to the ore-docks or over the different feeders that have reached out in all directions to the mines and mills, creating business for the road. In seeing him on these trips it was an inspiration to observe his simple, quiet mastery of detail, and small wonder that the whole force, from section man to superintendent, manifested loyal enthusiasm toward their president. From the day the trim and natty young brakeman dons his uniform for his first run, to the closing career of the portly, gray-haired conductor with seven stripes on his sleeve—every stripe representing five years of faithful service—"out on the line" was a familiar response at the president's office in Chicago.

Close observers of the personnel of railroad corporations agree that the Northwestern men always seem imbued with the spirit of their president—to give the public the best possible service, and to conduct their business in the interests of the public as well as of the stockholders of the road. Mr. Hughitt has seen longer continuous service as a railroad president than any other man now living, and it was fitting that, before his retirement from active duties "out on the line," and his acceptance of chairmanship of the Board of Directors, he should carry out a long-cherished ambition, to provide



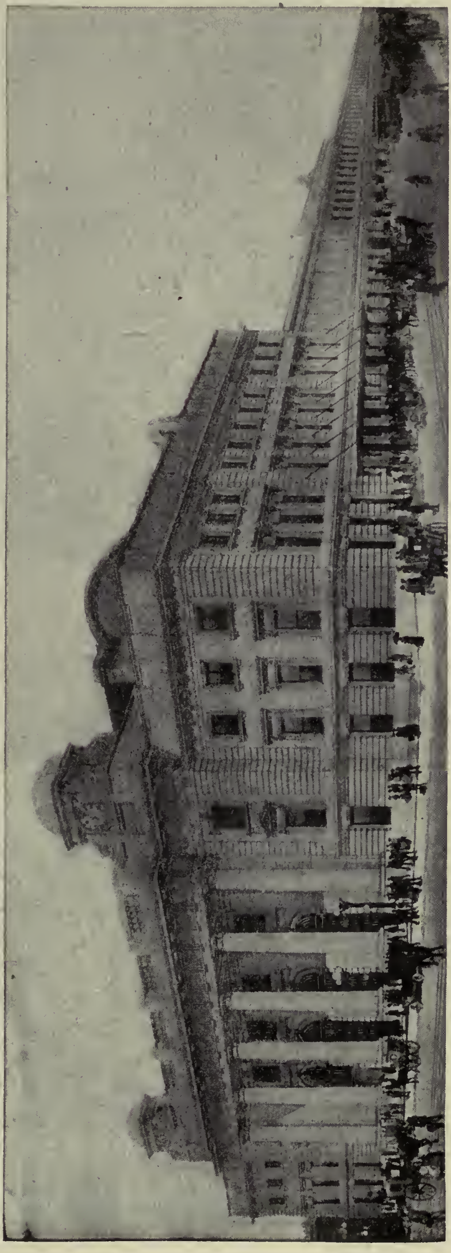
MARVIN HUGHITT
For many years President of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway
New Chairman of the Board of Directors

a public terminal station which might remain a fitting monument to the Northwestern policy as exemplified in his years of active administration.

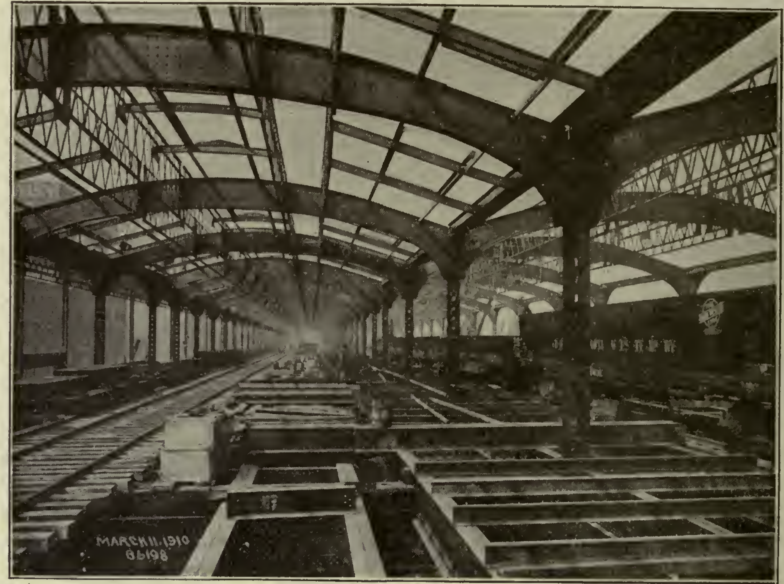
In touch with the remotest of his system, quick in decision and careful in the selection of men for responsible positions, he has made an unrivalled record in railroad supervision. There is always a gleam of inspiriting enthusiasm in his blue eyes, and with it that rare smile which has meant so much to many a young superintendent called in to confer with the president. Yet his stern exaction of the best that is in his men has made Marvin Hughitt in many ways an ideal railway president. His iron-gray side-whiskers, erect form, and natural dignity, and his sharp glance, which seems to completely absorb every detail, over-awed the careless, and inspired the ambitious.

His assimilation of an immense flood of minute details, and his foresight in providing for the great future of his line are perhaps best exhibited in the design and construction of the first great Chicago terminal station, and is the supreme tribute of the intense loyalty and faith of the president of the Northwestern in the great Middle and Northern West. In all the details of its construction, the intention and desire to consult the comfort and convenience of its patrons that has always characterized the administration of the Northwestern is unmistakably manifest.

The new Chicago & Northwestern Station faces the south, its Madison Street entrance rising from an immense platform, in a lofty colonnade of six Doric granite columns, flanked on either side by clock towers, and supporting a massive frieze and a magnificent parapet *en balustrade* to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. Back of this colonnade the great arches of the entrance each open upon a vaulted vestibule, covering over one-half an acre of floor space, and forty feet from floor to apex. Its impressiveness necessitates a second look. The main building is of granite, in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and four stories in height. These vestibules lead to an immense floor-space two hundred feet long by ninety-two feet wide, around which the ticket and telegraph offices, baggage, lunch and parcel-check rooms and news-stand are ranged for the convenience of the patrons of the road. From the center of this floor, the grand staircase, even more impressive



CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN'S NEW STATION RECENTLY ERECTED IN CHICAGO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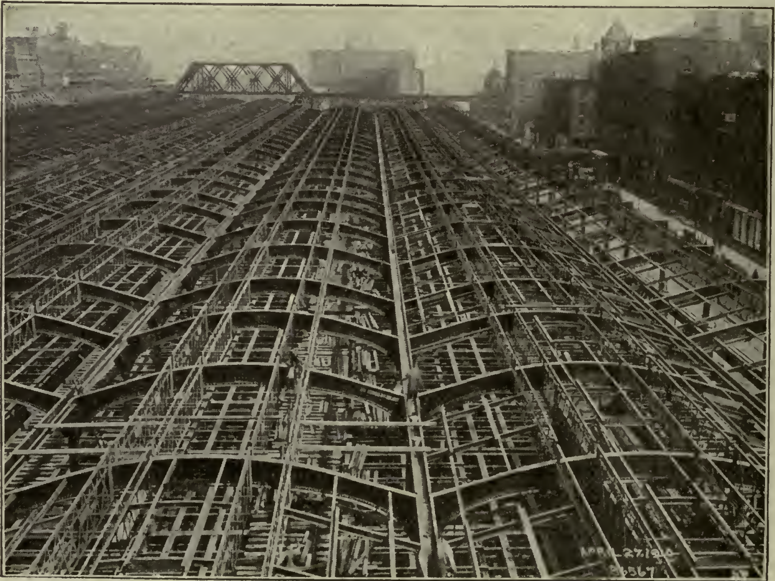
VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN NEW STATION IN CHICAGO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TRAIN SHED VIEW OF THE NEW CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN STATION IN CHICAGO in its granite simplicity than the famous Doges staircase at Venice, leads to the great waiting-room on the level of the track floors, a splendid apartment like a Roman *atrium*, except that it lacks the fountain and is covered by a lofty vaulted roof, supported by free columns of light green Greek Cippolino marble. Around this splendid waiting-room are arranged the dining-room, ladies' room, smoking room, barber's shop and other conveniences.

The dining-room, whose panelled walls are decorated with scenes portraying the striking history and features of that West and Northwest, with whose settlement and development the Chicago & Northwestern has been so intimately connected, is in every detail one of the finest as well as largest dining rooms in the country, and it is needless to say that its service and menus will follow the well-known and established policy, the "best of everything."

On the third floor, and reached by a separate elevator system, invalids or ladies with children can find refuge from the bustle, noise and nervous tension incident to the daily transportation of a quarter of a million of human beings. Here are tea and retiring rooms, baths, easy chairs, lounges and emergency rooms, where medical aid is rendered, and skilled nurses are in attendance.

The train shed itself impresses one as a series of steel and glazed arches, four hundred and eighty feet long, each of which has an open central louvre through which the funnels of the engines discharge their smoke in the open air. The baggage is handled by an endless moving truck that suggests a moving sidewalk. The concourse through which the passenger passes to his train is completely enclosed in steel and glass construction, making a cheerful, bright vestibule or waiting room, over three hundred feet long and sixty wide. The entire structure is absolutely fireproof, and with its marble and tile floors, perfect sanitary and plumbing arrangements, and materials which are almost wholly non-porous and easily cleansed, is certainly as nearly an immense temple to Hygeia, the ancient goddess of health, as it is a wonderful monument to the immensity and perfection of the transportation facilities of the day.

AN OLD STORY

I HAVE heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey County, Indiana, to Pike County, Missouri (where John Hay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe). He was starving to death on donations of catfish, 'possum, and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you.'"

—From the book "Heart Throbs."

First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.
BOSTON, MASS.
Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States; Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department

PART VI

B*ANDAGING and the transportation of the wounded.* Bandages are pieces of cloth of various shapes, widths and lengths used to bind on and retain dressings in their proper positions for wounds, and splints for broken bones; to stop bleeding, give support and immobilize parts of the body. Bandages are made from different materials, such as linen, muslin, gauze, flannel and cotton. There are several different shaped bandages, the Esmarch triangular, the four-tailed and the roller bandage. The triangular or Esmarch bandage, which was first introduced into popular use by the Surgeon-General Esmarch of the German Army, in 1869, is the ideal bandage for First Aid work and is more easily applied by those unskilled in the use of the rather difficult roller bandage. The triangular bandage may be easily made by cutting any piece of cloth forty inches square into two triangular halves, and may be made from muslin, gauze, or linen, but should be made preferably from a piece of good, strong cotton cloth. The triangular bandage supplied for the use of the Medical Department of the United States Army and found in all First Aid packages is made by Johnson & Johnson, and upon it are printed illustrations, showing just what to do and how to apply the bandage in all cases of First Aid requiring the use of the triangular bandage. This can be washed and ironed without destroying the illustrations.

H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.

In order to become familiar with the use of the triangular bandage, it will be well to give a general description of it. The longest edge of the bandage is called the lower border, and the two sides of the triangle are known as the side borders: The apex of the triangle is the point, and the other two corners are called the two ends (see illustration number 12). The bandage may be used as a whole, as for instance to bandage the head, or as a sling, or it can be folded into different widths in the form of cravats, depending upon the part of the body to be bandaged. These cravats are very useful to use as tourniquets for stopping bleeding, to retain splints and dressings, and also as slings (see illustration number 13). The triangular bandage may be fastened either with a safety pin or by tying the two ends in a reef or sailor's knot. Never tie a granny knot, as it is liable to slip and become unfastened. The triangular bandage may be used as a sling for injuries of the hand, arm or shoulder, either as a narrow or broad sling (see illustrations numbers 14 and 15). The narrow cravat arm sling is made by folding the triangular bandage, as shown in illustration number 13, depending upon the width desired, and is applied by placing one end over the shoulder of the injured side and allowing the other end to hang down in front. The injured arm should then be bent at about a right angle, in front of the cravat, with the thumb pointing upward toward the chin; the end hanging down should then be drawn up in front of the arm and over the opposite shoulder and tied at the back of the neck (see illustration number 14). The broad sling is applied by placing the point of the bandage below and beyond the elbow of the injured arm and the upper end across the top of the opposite shoulder, letting the other point hang down. Now place the forearm across the chest at about a right angle, with the palm of the hand inward, resting on the chest, with the thumb pointing upward toward the chin, then bring the lower end up across the outside of the forearm, pass it over the shoulder of the injured side and tie the two ends behind the neck in a knot, or pin with a strong safety pin. Draw the point of the bandage forward over the elbow, pulling it snugly, and pin with a safety pin. This makes the ideal First Aid dressing for any injury to the upper extremity, including a broken collar-bone, dislocated shoulder, fracture of the upper arm bones, dislocation of the elbow joint, fracture of the bones of the fore-arm and sprained wrist (see illustration number 15).

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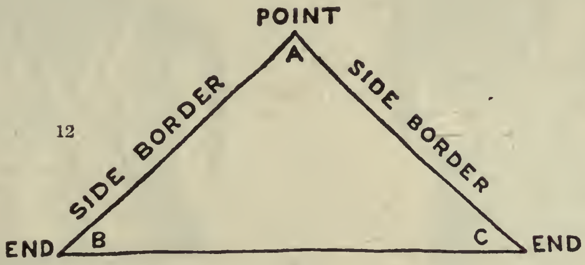

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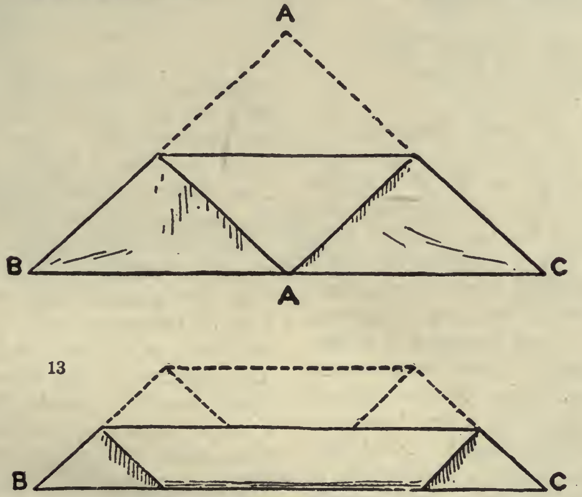

Method of folding triangular bandage, broad and narrow, to make cravats

Application of the triangular bandage as a whole to the head. This is a valuable application for scalp wounds, particularly where there is bleeding. In applying it to the head, it is best to form a hem, along the lower border, about one and a half to two inches wide, as this makes it hold better. The hem may be turned either inside or outside. Place the lower edge of the bandage, with the middle of the hem over the center of the forehead with the lower edge of the hem on a line with the eyebrows (always see that it is in this position, otherwise it will slip off the head). The point of the bandage should hang over the center of the neck, at the back. Now carry both ends backwards around the head, just above the ears, being sure that the point of the bandage is underneath the two ends. Cross the two ends and bring them around to the front of the head again and tie in a firm knot over the center of the forehead. Next pull the point of the bandage downward, so that the bandage fits the head snugly, then turn it up over the two points and pin with a safety pin (see illustrations numbers 16 and 17). This bandage, properly applied to the head, makes a very secure dressing and will remain for several days without coming off.

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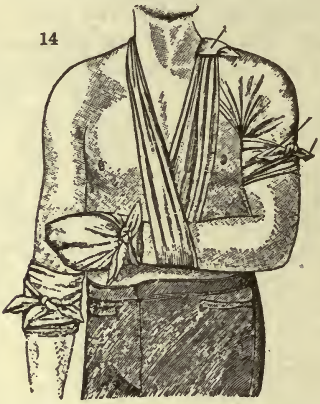

Narrow arm sling and the application of the triangular bandage to the shoulder, hand and elbow

For small wounds of the head, or where an eye or an ear has been injured and it is not necessary to use the triangular bandage as a whole, it may be folded up in the form of cravats (as already suggested) of different widths, depending upon the part to be bandaged (see illustration number 18).

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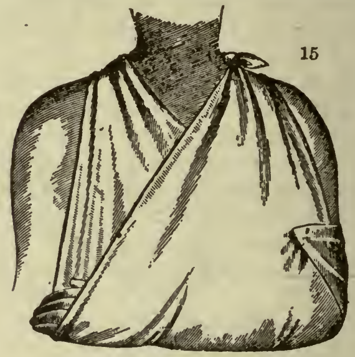
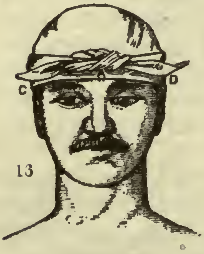


Broad arm sling

For Wounds or Injuries of the Shoulder. The triangular bandage should be applied by placing the lower border downward across the middle of the arm, the point resting on the top of the shoulder or alongside of the neck. The two ends should now be brought around the arm, crossed on the inner side and tied on the outside. The forearm, on the same side as the injured shoulder, should then be bent at a proper angle and a narrow sling applied, then draw the point of the triangular bandage under and around the cravat



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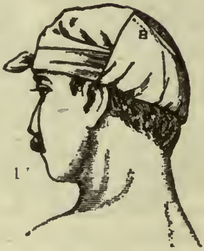

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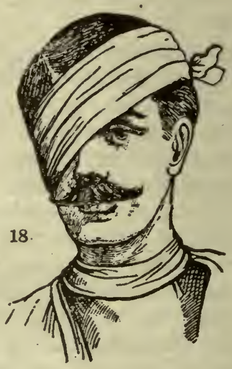
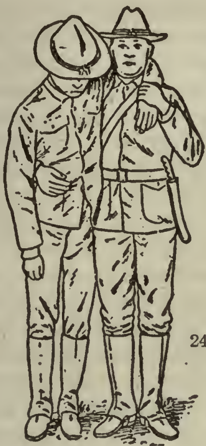


18

Application of triangular bandage to the head



Method of carrying patient in an upright manner

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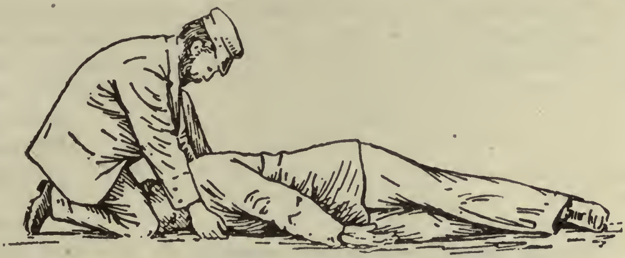
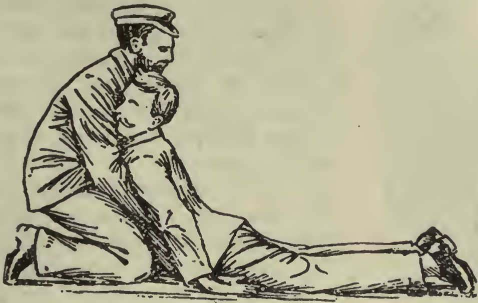
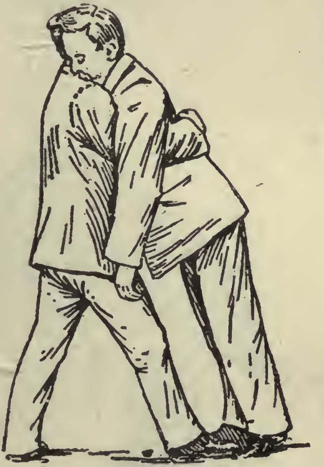


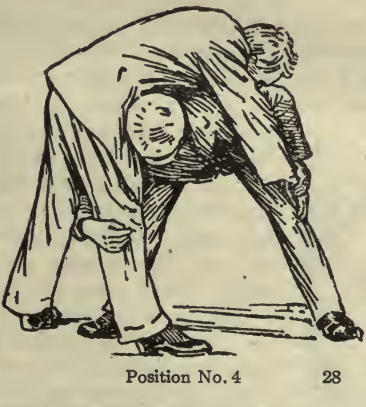
Position No. 1 25



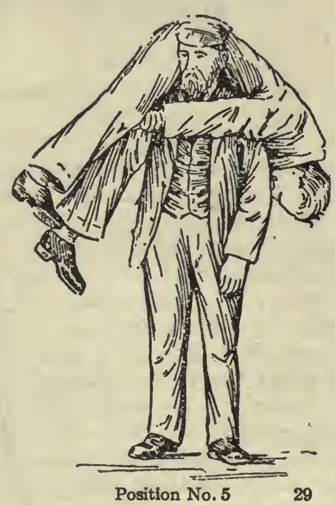
Position No. 2 26



Position No. 3 27

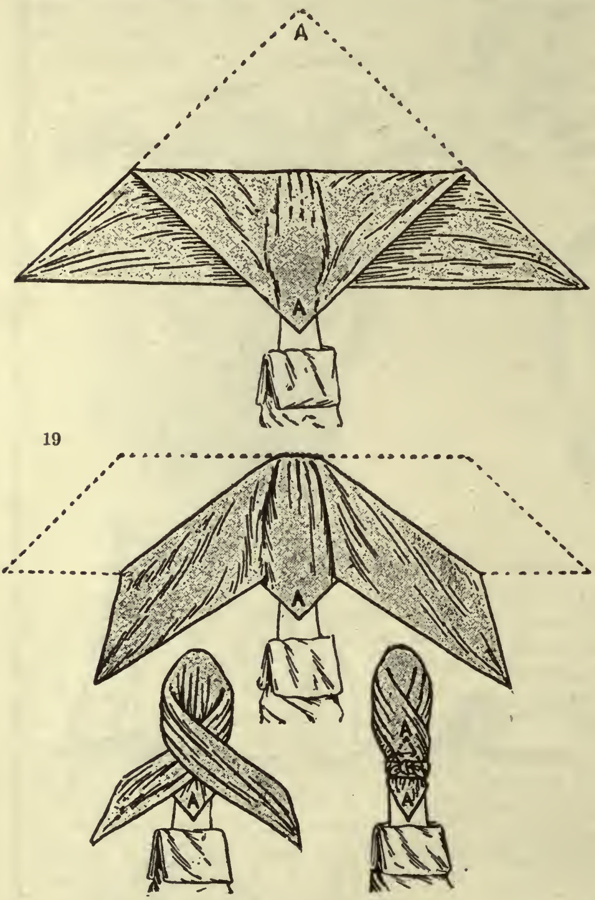


Position No. 4 28



Position No. 5 29

at the point where it passes around the neck and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 14).



19

The triangular bandage for the whole hand

For Wounds and Injuries of the Hand. There are two ways of applying the triangular bandage to the hand, either where the whole hand is to be covered, or where a small portion of the hand has to be covered. To bandage the whole hand, spread out a triangular bandage, place the hand upon it palm downward, the fingers pointing toward the point of the bandage, and the wrist on the centre of the lower border. Now turn the point over and backward, carrying it down over the wrist, then bring the two ends around the wrist, binding down the point, cross the ends and bring them back again, tying in a reef knot over the point; then draw the point up so that the bandage fits snugly, turn over and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 19).

For Wounds and Injuries of the Palm and the Back of the Hand, where it is Not Necessary to Cover the Fingers. Fold a narrow cravat, place the centre of the cravat over a sterilized compress applied to the wound, bring the ends around the hand and cross them on the back obliquely; then bring them over the wrist forward, cross them in front and carry them back again around the wrist and tie (see illustration number 20).

This is for a wound on the palm of the hand.

For a wound or an injury to the back of the hand, reverse this process.

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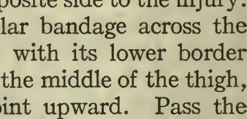

For a Wound or Injury on the Hip. This requires two triangular bandages and is applied in a similar way as at the shoulder. First, fold a narrow cravat and tie it around the waist like a belt, with the reef knot on the opposite side to the injury. Now lay a triangular bandage across the outside of the hip, with its lower border across the middle of the thigh, the point upward. Pass the two ends around the thigh, crossing them, and tie in a reef knot or fasten with safety pins on the outside of the thigh. Now pass the point under the belt, bring it over and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 21).

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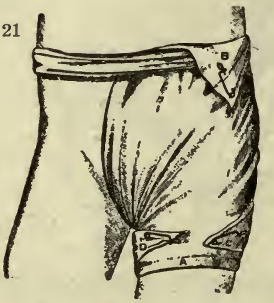
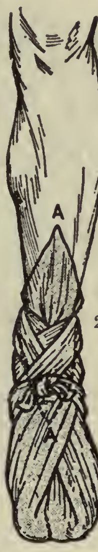


Triangular bandage for the hip

For Wounds or Injuries to the Leg, from the Hip down to *the Foot.* The bandage can be applied in the form of a narrow cravat, passed around the leg several times and tied on the opposite side to the injury so that the knot does not press into the wound.

For Wounds or Injuries to the Foot. Place the foot in the centre of the triangular bandage with the toes toward the point. Now carry the point upward and over the instep, then take both ends and bring them forward around the ankle, to the front and over the point, cross them and carry around the ankle; cross them again behind, catching the lower border of the bandage; bring them forward again and tie in front of the ankle. Now bring the point down over the knot and fasten below with a safety pin (see illustration number 22).

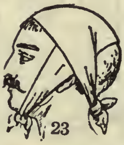


22

Triangular bandage for the foot

The Four-Tailed Bandage can be made out of a strip of muslin, cotton, or gauze, one and one-half yards long and about four or five inches wide. This should be folded lengthwise in the centre, and torn from both ends to within two or three inches of the centre of the bandage. This bandage is useful in treating fracture of the lower jaw and injuries to the scalp. When applied to the jaw, the centre of the bandage should be placed directly over the chin; the lower tails are then carried up over the top of the head and tied. The upper tails are carried backward and tied at the back of the neck. This style of bandaging may be readily prepared even by an amateur from an ordinary four-inch roller bandage.

When the four-tailed bandage is applied to the top of the head it should be considerably broader than when used on the lower jaw, and should be torn from a piece of cloth anywhere from eight to twelve inches in width, and torn in the same manner as previously described. The bandage is then placed on top of the head, the two front ends to be carried backward and tied firmly at the back of the neck, while the two rear ends are brought forward and tied very snugly underneath the chin (see illustration number 23).



23

Four-tailed bandage for top of head

TRANSPORTATION OF THE WOUNDED

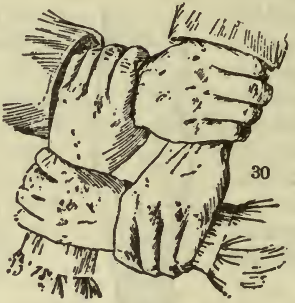
Lifting, Carrying, and Conveying the Sick and Injured. It is fully as important to know how to properly carry and move a sick or injured person as to know how to apply First Aid treatment, particularly those persons who have been rendered unconscious and those who have been so injured that it is impossible for them to walk. Transportation may be effected by the use of a stretcher, or one or more persons carrying the injured party. The litter is by all means the best method and should always be employed, if practicable, and particularly for persons suffering from severe injuries, such as broken legs and all unconscious conditions.

Carrying the Injured by Means of a Single Bearer. This method of transportation is useful in slight injuries where there are no bones broken and when the person is not fully unconscious and can render some assistance himself.

Supporting with One Arm Around Waist and One Arm of the Injured Around the Bearer's Neck. The bearer places his shoulder under the injured man's armpit on the sound side, the patient passes his arm behind the back of the bearer's neck and over the distant shoulder; the bearer then grasps the wrist of the patient's arm which is over his shoulder with the hand of that side, and with his other arm he encircles firmly the patient's waist. The bearer is in this way able to entirely support the patient should he become faint (see illustration number 24).

Pick-a-Back. This method is impracticable when the patient is unconscious, as it is necessary for the patient to be able to place himself in the proper position. The injured should place himself on the bearer's back with his arms over the bearer's shoulders. The bearer should then stoop slightly so as to get both his arms well under the patient's knees and grasp with one hand the patient's wrist on the opposite side, thus preventing him from slipping off. This method is best adapted for carrying children and lightly built persons.

Carrying Across the Back. This method of carrying by single bearer is the one method which is particularly well adapted to carrying unconscious persons, especially those who have been overcome by smoke or gas, and have to be carried in such a way as to leave one hand of the bearer free in order that he may grope or feel his way through dark or smoky rooms and passages, or where he is obliged to carry a person down a ladder or fire escape. This method is, however, not applicable to a person of whom the extremities are injured, for example, where an arm or leg is broken. This method is known as the Fireman's Lift.



Four-handed seat

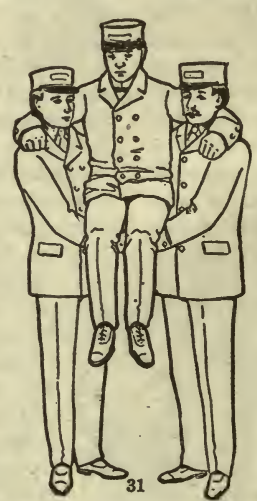
There are several different steps necessary in placing the patient in position on the bearer's back, and in order to make it clear to everyone we will illustrate each of these different steps.

First. Kneel on both knees at the patient's head, facing him, turn patient over face downward, straighten the arms down to the sides. Position No. 1 (see illustration number 25).

Second. Pass your hands under his body, grasping him under the armpits, then raise the body as high as possible in the kneeling position and allow it to rest on one of your knees. Position No. 2 (see illustration number 26).

Third. Pass both arms around his waist and lift him to an upright position, with the body inclined toward your right shoulder. Position No. 3 (see illustration number 27).

Fourth. Grasp his right hand with your left hand, throwing his right arm around your neck; now stoop over and place your head underneath the patient's body; at the same time pass your right arm between or around the patient's legs, bringing his weight well on to the centre of the back. Position No. 4 (see illustration number 28).



Method of carrying patient by means of the four-handed seat

Fifth. Then grasp the patient's right hand or wrist with your right hand, balance the body carefully on the shoulders, and rise to an upright position. Position No. 5 (see illustration number 29).

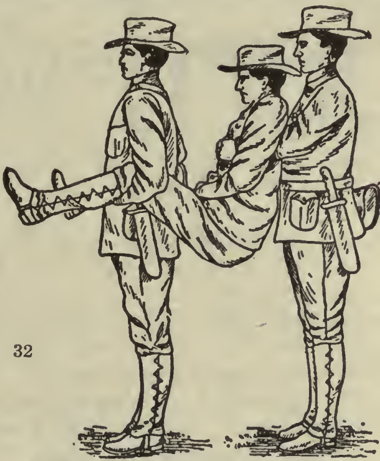
Carrying by Two Bearers. This is an easier and more simple method of transportation and may be effected by means of hand seats, improvised seats, and in a horizontal position.

The Four-Handed Seat, called by children "lady to London," or "lady's chair," is suitable for patients who are able to support themselves by placing their arms over the bearers' shoulders. Each bearer should grasp his left wrist in his right hand, the other's right wrist in his left hand, with the back of the hands uppermost (see illustration number 30). Stoop down and pass the seat thus formed under the hips of the patient, who, having seated himself firmly on the seat, should pass both arms around the bearers' shoulders as they stand up in the erect position (see illustration number 31).

Carrying by Twos in the Horizontal Position—sometimes known as the fore-and-aft carry. This method is useful in cases where the patient is unconscious, and where the upper and lower extremities are not severely injured or broken. One bearer should stand at the patient's head, the other between the feet. The bearer at the head should pass his arms underneath the patient's armpits and interlock the fingers in front of the patient's chest; the other bearer should pass one hand around each knee and carry a leg under each arm (see illustration number 32).

The patient should never be carried face downward by the arms and legs.

Carrying by Means of an Ordinary Chair. This method is particularly useful in carrying patients up and down stairs, especially if the stairs are narrow and have a number of short turns; also for getting an invalid on and off a railroad car. The patient should be lifted onto the chair and well wrapped in blankets; the front bearer should then face toward the stairs, and grasp the top of the back of the chair from behind, tilting the chair backward or toward him, in order to let the patient's back rest firmly against him, in a semi-reclining position. The second bearer should face the patient, and grasp the front legs of the chair low down, both bearers lifting together. Carrying down stairs, reverse the positions.



32

Method of carrying patient by means of the fore and after carry

Use of the Litter. A litter is the ideal form of transportation in First Aid work, and, when it is possible, one of the various kinds of litters manufactured and used in hospitals and by the United States Hospital Corps is the best; but when these are unobtainable we must be able to improvise one from material that is handy, such as a light door, window shutter, or cot-bed. Litters are frequently constructed by using an overcoat, turning the sleeves inside out; buttoning the coat over the sleeves and passing a pole through each sleeve. In the woods a litter may be improvised from branches of trees, held together by grapevines or handkerchiefs, and covered with ferns, leaves and grass. It is never advisable or safe to carry an injured person in loose blankets, bed clothing, curtains or rugs, held at the corners by bearers, as one of the corners can easily slip, or the material tear and precipitate the patient to the ground. Stretchers may be carried by two, three, or four persons. When carried by two, one person should be at the head and one at the foot of the litter. When three or four carry, there should be one at the head, one at the foot, and one or two at the side.

Where only one person is available the head of the litter should be held and the foot of the litter allowed to drag on the ground. This, however, is a poor method of transportation and should never be used when a great distance has to be covered. The following rules should be carefully observed by those engaged in carrying a stretcher:

Always test the strength of the litter, especially an improvised one, before placing an injured person upon it.

The bearers of a stretcher should be as near the same height as possible; if there is any difference, the taller and stronger man should be at the head.

A stretcher should be carried by the hands or suspended by straps from the shoulders. Never carry a stretcher, when loaded, upon the shoulders; it frightens the patient and he might fall off very easily, especially if one of the bearers should stumble.

The bearers should not keep step but break step, the one in front starting off with his right foot and the one behind with his left.

The injured should be carried feet first; in going up a hill or up stairs the head should be in front, and the reverse in descending, except in case of a broken thigh or leg, when the feet should be first in going up and last in coming down, to keep the weight of the body off the injured limb.

In conclusion the writer would say that he trusts these articles may be the means of saving some lives and alleviating some of the suffering of humanity. These articles have covered almost all cases of emergencies that may arise. However, if there are those who should desire to go into the subject deeper, they can do so by sending for the author's book to the Boston Society of Instruction in First Aid. Price, 50c postage paid.

What Would You Call It?

By JOSEPH BONDY

THE sob of toil-worn children
  The back-ache, and the tear,
That fill the nights with horror
  And fill the days with fear;
The noise of crashing wheels,
  That maim and crush as well,
Some people call it labor,
  But others call it hell.

The falling of a woman
  To a depth no man may name,
Where love and home and honor
  Are all engulfed in shame;
No heart may reach to help her,
  In a foulness none can tell,
Some call it prostitution,
  But others call it hell.

The groping after manhood
  To the place each one should win;
The struggle after knowledge
  That saves the world from sin;
The heartache and the sorrow,
  That only he can tell,
When some will call it failure,
  And others call it hell.

And moiling, shame, and failure
  Each unto each may come;
And the coward's heart will waver
  Or the craven's strength grow numb;
For the struggles of life are bitter
  Yet they teach life's lesson well;
That some of the paths to Heaven
  May lead through the toils of Hell.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE APOTHECARY OR DRUGGIST

By Charles Winslow Hall

THERE is no class of modern retailers that have brought the art of attracting and pleasing the public to greater perfection than the American apothecary or "dispensing druggist" of the small town or city of the present day. His handsome store is so charmingly decorated, beautifully lighted by day and dazzlingly illuminated at night; furnished with shelves, counters, tables and seats in the most lavish style of business convenience and taste, with a great soda fountain, a marvel of costly marbles and gilt and silvered metallic ornaments and fittings, thick plate mirrors and artistic accessories, and contains such a stock of goods so varied and attractive that it becomes the favorite resort of a multitude of liberal pleasure-seekers. It is only now and then that one is suddenly reminded that graver and more tragical interests busy the careful brains and fingers at work behind the handsome frosted and decorated glass screen that shuts out from public view and possible interference the dispensing department.

Indeed, it is safe to say that the expenditure made to attract and satisfy the demand for soda fountain beverages and compound ices, and the trade in toilet and stationery specialties, bric-a-brac, postal cards, photographic supplies, confectionery, cigars, etc., immensely exceeds that part of the investment applied to the purchase of drugs and the almost innumerable necessities of the druggist's art. While it can by no means be claimed that the dispensatory of today is in any way inferior in comparison with other up-to-date businesses, the development of the aerated beverage trade, of proprietary and package remedies and curative appliances, have made the interior of an American drug store of the best class so great a contrast to one of a generation back that it scarcely seems possible that both have primarily existed to furnish material for the prosecution of that eternal war against disease and death which men have waged unceasingly from the beginning of human history.

It will doubtless interest both the public and the profession to trace from what ancient and mysterious beginnings the dispenser or compounder of medicines arose, to become one of the most important and central features of all local trade, and the creator of a class of tradesmen whose chief business was to prepare and sell the medicines prescribed by the physicians, is of comparatively modern origin.

Egypt, Greece and Rome undoubtedly had dealers skilled in the preparation of perfumes, philtres, pigments, cosmetics, cordials and too often poisons, but there is little to show that such men dealt largely in medicines, unless they themselves were both the givers of advice and the compounders of the remedy. The word apothecary comes from the Latin *apothecarius*, through the old French, *apotecaire* and Mediæval English, *apotecarie.*

While it is impossible to say that the nations of Northern Europe had no special dealers in drugs and simples, it is very unlikely that there were enough of this class to be generally recognized as a factor in social and business life. Indeed the frequency with which the "wise woman," "witch wife," "white witch," etc., are spoken of in both Latin and Norse literature compels the belief that, as a rule, the regular or irregular practitioner kept on hand and compounded most of his own medicines.

THE ADEPTS OF BOLOGNE

The exception to this rule in northern Europe was the grocer, called in old England the "spicerer" or "pepperer," whose trade with foreign lands brought him consignments of spices, oils, roots, dyes and drugs unknown to the simpler pharmacopœia of the Saxon and Gothic peoples.

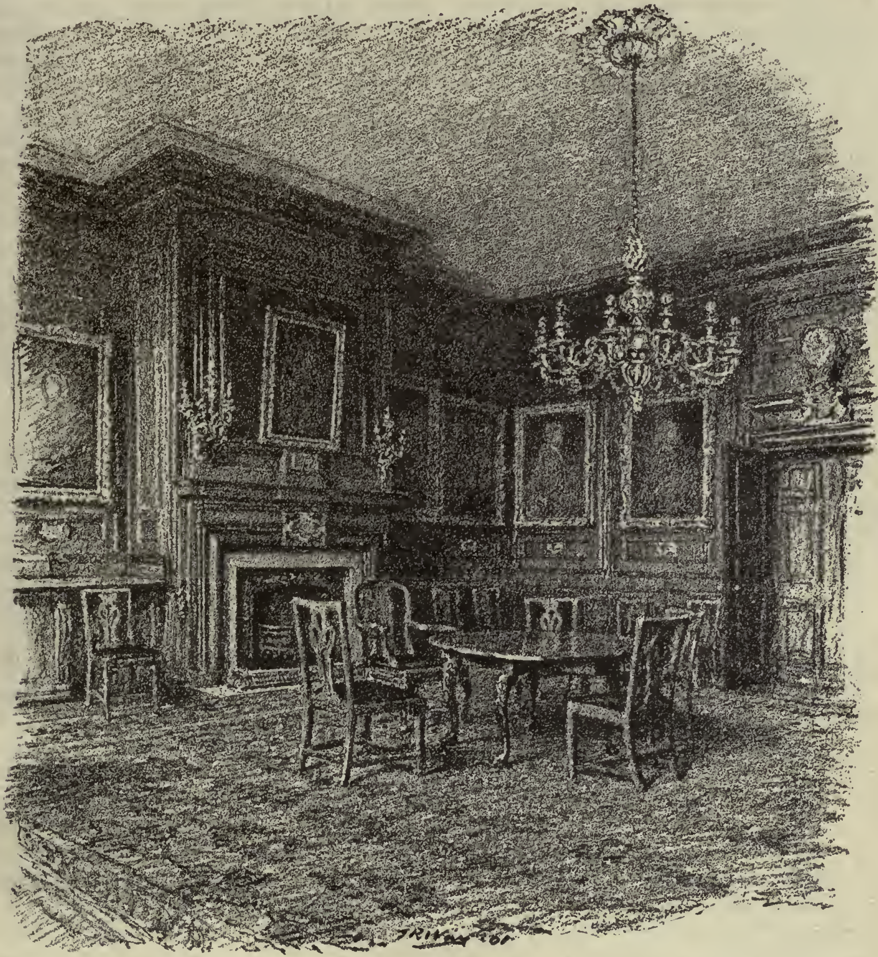
In time, but at no early date, a certain class of these were known as apothecaries, and in Scotland as "pottingers" or "pottingars." The "pepperers" and "spicerers" of London were first incorporated as The Company of Grocers in 1341, by King Edward III, and was, as usual, granted a coat of arms—the crest a camel supported by two gryphons; above them a shield bearing nine cloves or peppercorns in gold, with the motto, "God Give Grace." A certain number of these had attained to medical skill in the use and preparation of native and also foreign simples imported and kept for sale, and were known as "apothecaries," one of whom, Coursus de Gangeland, was granted a pension for life for attending King Edward III while sick in his Scottish campaigns, and was termed in the grant "an apothecarie of London."

In time the necessity of regulating the sale of poisons and powerful medicines was recognized, and in 1564 it was enacted that "apothecaries and their stuff shall be under the search of the College of Physicians." In 1607 James I formally incorporated the apothecaries with the grocers; and ten years later, at their petition and on the advice of his favorite physician, granted an order of incorporation to "The Master, Warden and Society of the Art and Mystery of Apothecaries of London," to such of the Society of Grocers as were considered worthy of the trust.

The coat of arms of the new society bore on a shield Apollo with his head radiant, bearing in his left hand a bow and and in his right an arrow and supplanting or treading upon a serpent. Above the shield a helmet, thereupon a mantle (veil) and for a crest, upon a wreath of their colors, a rhinoceros supported by two unicorns armed (horned) and ungulated (hoofed). Upon a compartment to make the achievement complete, this motto, set forth in Ovid as the declaration of Apollo himself: "Opiferque Per Urbem Dicor" ("Throughout the World I am Called the Help-Bringer").

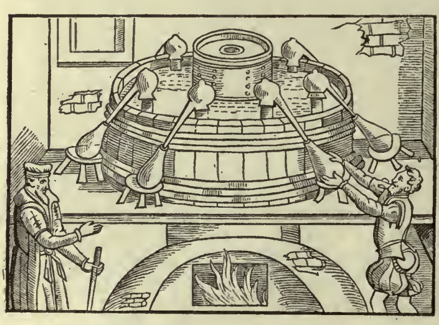
Under this act of incorporation, all grocers and others were forbidden to keep shops for retailing medicines and nostrums, the sale of which must be entirely under the management of the "Master, Warden and Fellows of the Apothecaries Company," who were empowered to search all shops in order to destroy all such drugs as were unfit for use and to levy fines on transgressors. In 1624 this jurisdiction was extended to a district seven miles beyond the limits of London, and Sir Edward Coke suggested that they should have "the sole right of preparing those medicines that require art and skill and are proper unto them."

Long before this time the "physicians" had sought to restrain the "spicerers" and "pepperers" from selling medical commodities, and now the physicians, grocers and apothecaries were engaged in a very pretty triangular fight in which the doctors sought to prevent the grocer from selling drugs at all, and the apothecaries from selling except to those for whom a doctor had prescribed. The apothecaries insisted on selling to whom they pleased, and practiced medicine as much as possible; and the grocers retaliated by prosecuting such unlicensed apothecaries as sold wines and spirits as medicines, and from time to time the sellers of adulterated and fraudulent remedies. But Henry VIII in 1511 had decreed "that no person should practice as a physician or surgeon" unless duly approved by an examining board, and so many unfortunates died because they could not pay for advice or costly drugs or receive aid from the laymen and old women who had been the main reliance of the "borrel folk," that in 1542 another act allowed any person to aid a sufferer, and an apothecary to sell remedies to any customer (provided that he made no charge for advice) and this act, supplemented by the decisions of the English courts, is practically the law today. The acerbity of these disputes was immensely increased by the fact that almost everything that could be swallowed



APOTHECARIES GUILD, COURT ROOM, LONDON, ENGLAND or applied was in that age considered a remedial agent of more or less power. Certainly there was nothing in the shops of the "Pepperers of Soper's Lane" or the "Spicerers of the Warde of Chepe" that did not in some way figure in the cumbrous and nauseous panaceas of that era. From the cask of sack or canary to the red herrings they might help to wash down; nay, from the thief going by to his death on the gallows to the adder coiling his scaly folds by the roadside, there was nothing which was not or at least might not be used as "medicine."

King Mithridates of Pontus was fabled to be so skilled in simples that he defied poisons and almost became immortal. It was claimed that the recipe for this precious remedy had been preserved, and under the name of "Mithridate" it was largely exhibited in quarter-ounce doses up to the close of the Eighteenth Century. It contained forty-four ingredients, including most of the spices and condiments, many gums and a large amount of honey.


ANCIENT METHOD OF DISTILLATION

"Venice Treacle" was, however, the crowning triumph of the apothecary's skill and contained from seventy-three to one hundred "ingrajiencies," as the late Charlie Dempsey used to say, including a much larger proportion of opium than "Mithridate." One prescription runs as follows:

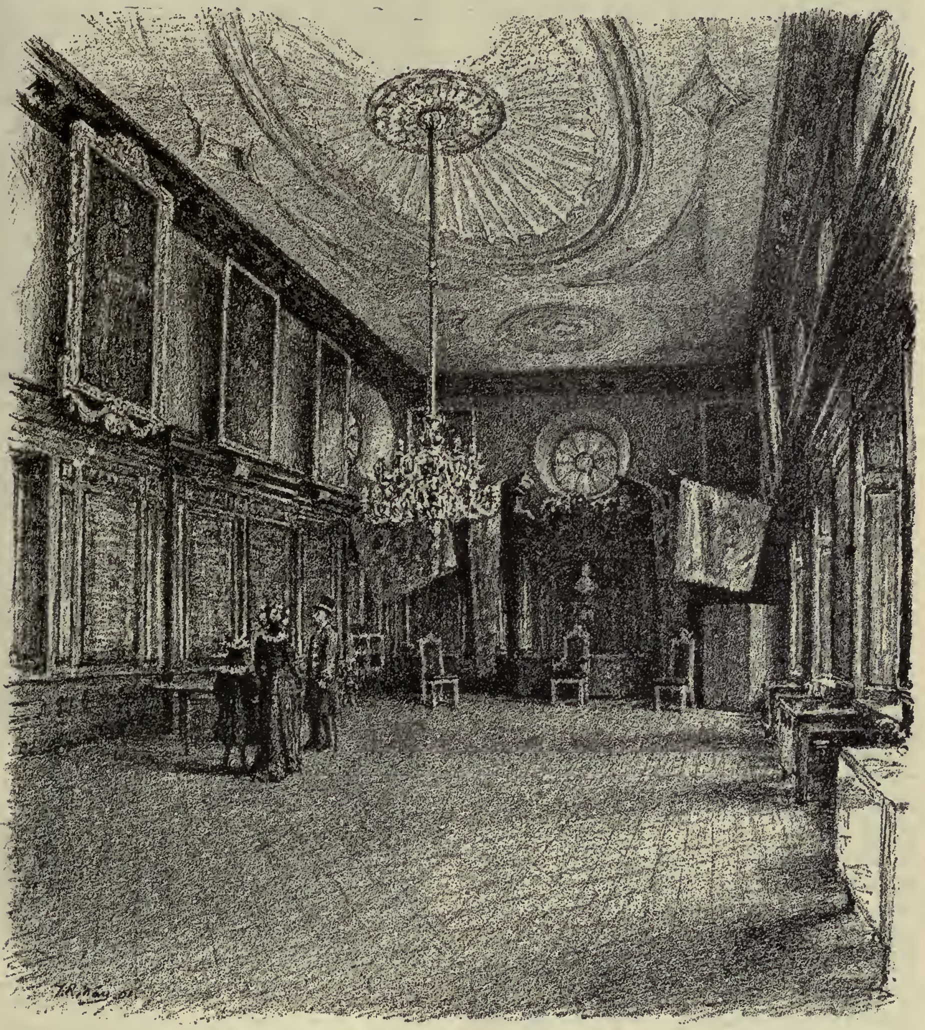
Troches of squills, six ounces; long pepper, strained opium and *dried vipers*, of each three ounces; cinnamon, balsam of Gilead, or expressed oil of nutmeg, of each two ounces; agaric, florentine, orris root, water germander, red roses, navew seed, extract of liquorice, of each one and one-half ounces; spikenard, saffron, amomum, myrrh, costus or zedoary (both East Indian aromatics), camel's hay (a kind of rush), of each an ounce.

Cinquefoil, root, rhubarb, ginger, Indian leaf or mace, Cretan dittany leaves, horehound, catamint, French lavender, black pepper, Macedonian parsley seed, olibanum, Chio turpentine, wild valerian root, of each six drachms; gentian root, celtic nard, spignel, leaves of poly mountain (kind of mint), of St. John's wort, of ground pine tops, of creeping germander with the seed, the fruit of the balsam tree, or in its stead cubebs, anise seed, sweet fennel seed, the lesser cardamon seeds freed from their husks, seeds of bishop's weed, of hartwort, of treacle or mithridate mustard, juice of the rape of cistus, acacia or in its stead Japan earth, gum arabic, strained storax, strained sagapennum, Lemnian earth or in its stead Bole Armenic or French bole, green vitriol, calcined, of each one-half ounce.

Root of creeping or of long birth-root, tops of lesser centaury, seeds of the carrot of Crete, opoponax, strained galbanum, Russia castor, Jew's pitch, or in its stead white prepared amber, root of sweet flag, of each two ounces. Of clarified honey, three times the weight of all the other materials.

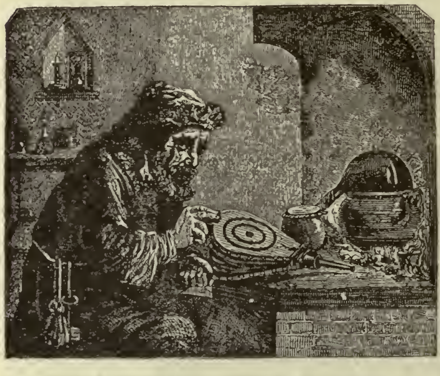
The opium dissolved in wine was mixed with the heated honey, and the gums were melted together in another vessel and the oil of nutmeg added. Into this aromatic mixture the warm honey was slowly dropped, at first a spoonful at a time and later more rapidly, after which the other ingredients, having been finely powdered, were gradually added before the medicated honey cooled. Both these "shotgun remedies" were largely relied upon to avert or cure the great plague of London in 1664-65, which destroyed about 100,000 people in that city.

It will not surprise the reader to learn that as late as 1750 a prominent London apothecary was complained of for selling to the complainant both "Mithridate" and "Venice Treacle" out of the same pot, and further that either of these ancient and precious remedies were evidently lacking their more valuable components; the cheaper ingredients, such as anise seed, being especially in evidence. Other remedies, recommended as late as 1657, were "the Magiestery of Human Blood," duly digested and nine times distilled, which "taken inwardly and applied outwardly, easeth pains, and cureth most diseases." The same learned physician, a contemporary of Governor John Winthrop and Judge Sewall, directs the use of Elixir of Mummy as a preventive against all infections; Essence of Man's Brains for epilepsy; Spirit of Human Cranium for gout, dropsy, an infirm stomach, etc.; Oil of Snakes and Adders for deafness; Quintessence of Snakes, Adders and Vipers "for the purifying of the blood, the flesh and the skin; and consequently cleanseth of all diseases therein." Other preparations of the droppings of cattle, etc., are too disgusting for further reference.



APOTHECARIES GUILD HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND

The early remedies of the world were mainly vegetable simples accompanied generally by the power of religious consecration or heathen incantations, amulets and charms. Egyptian dispensers, about B. C. 1500, had produced strychnine or nux vomica (hydrocyanic or prussic acid) "the poison of the peach" with which princes and other criminals of elevated social position were allowed to execute themselves to avoid public scandal and family disgrace, and numerous lesser drugs, such as conium, scammony, elaterium, aconite, aloes, senna, manna, etc. Even the ferocious Scythians contributed to Grecian medicine the powerful virtues of Indian hemp and the still popular liquorice.



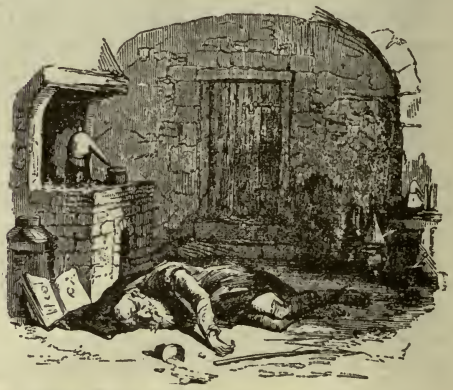
THE ALCHEMIST, THE FATHER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY

The Persian Magi also used vegetable infusions, etc., but declared that the herbs must be gathered, not only at the time when their virtues were in perfection but with suitable religious ejaculations, and pulled with the left hand from behind the gatherer.

Costly medicines were commonly prescribed for those wealthy enough to purchase them. For instance, "An ounce of pearls in a cordial emulsion; another of four or five ounces of fresh peach kernels ordered in early summer; prepared bees, ordered in mid-winter; a restorative electuary of parrot's tongues and hawk's livers" were among the extravagant and costly medicaments of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Some of the prescriptions of that era cost five pounds sterling a pint, and that was an enormous sum in comparison with what it is considered today.

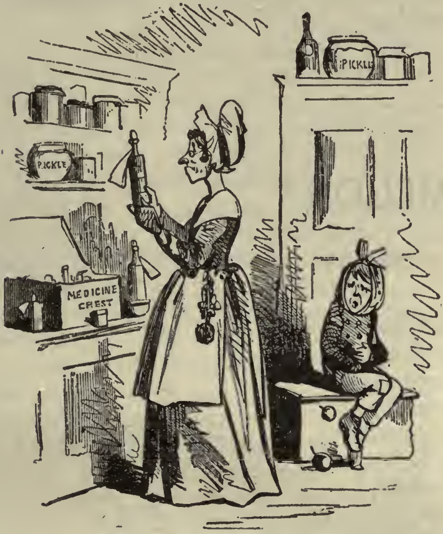
Up to the time of Galen, roots, barks and leaves of herbs, with seeds and spices formed the entire materia medica. Aesculapius or Asclepias, the fabled son of Apollo and Coronis, and fellow-pupil of Achilles, Jason, Hercules and other Grecian heroes who were fostered by the wise centaur, Chiron, is said to have been the first great observer who drew from the vegetable world the powerful agents which have by turns blessed and cursed humanity. Leeches of his house for many generations practiced in his name and prescribed his remedies, and this was the almost universal practice until about the Fifteenth Century of our era, when mineral preparations began to come into use. Hippocrates of Greece used powerful purgatives, diuretics and sudorifics, relieved headaches with a vegetable snuff, and prescribed the juice or gum of the white poppy, white and black hellebore and elaterium. Galen, who was long considered an authority by the learned, denounced all mineral remedies as poisons, and seems to have largely used musk, rhubarb, castoreum, camphor, the acid juice of tamarinds, ginger, zedoary root and like organic remedies. Gold he used not as medicine but to coat some of his pills and boluses, a device sometimes revived by the quacks of the Twentieth Century.

From these and other pioneers in the art of official botany, we derive that world-wide belief in the virtues of a host of vegetable remedies, which, however abused or debased by combination with nauseous ingredients, or cabalistical and necromantic farrago, have furnished humanity with its chief weapons against pain, sickness and death. Our Norse, Celtic and Saxon ancestors up to the time of the Norman conquest, while relying too greatly on Odinic Runes, Galdra or incantations,

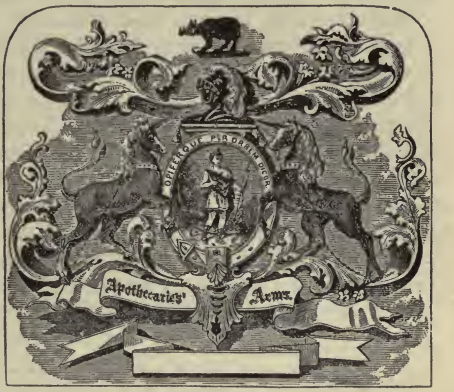


DEATH OF BOMBASTES PARACELSUS

and druidic spells and ceremonies, possessed a great knowledge of simples, including not a few of foreign origin. These, used chiefly in the shape of infusions, embrocations, and as salves and ointments, or less frequently as cordials or mingled in wine or ale, included many which are still used, and some familiar plants whose virtues are no longer recognized. Among those commonly used by the English people were: Henbane, dock, gentian, nasturtium, beet, strawberry, marsh mallow, hoarhound, white poppy, comfrey, heliotrope, peony, verbena, clover, woad, celandine, marigold, groundsel, fern, gladiolus, couch or twitch-grass, rosemary, wood chervil, savin, snapdragon, bramble, pennyroyal, catmint, marjoram, wormwood, coriander, portulaca, lily-root, milkweed, rue, ivy, southernwood, hellebore, foxglove, elder, cummin, larkspur, pansy, peony, yarrow, nettle, water-cress, lily of the valley, feverfew, mullein, nightshade, spearmint, lettuce, hemp, fennel, parsley, thyme, violet leaves, etc. These "worts" and a host of others were in use in Saxon England, and have to a greater or less extent remained family remedies on the farms to this day. Curiously enough the use of a tea of freshly cut brown violet leaves has been strongly recommended as a cure for cancer, and was described in the *Lancet* of 1906, as singularly effective in some cases. The mullein, poor, straggling denizen of worn-out Cape Cod pastures, is declared to be of singular efficacy in helping wasting babies to retain and digest the nourishment they would otherwise reject. Other simples will recall to the memories of our readers the simple lore of earlier days when "wort-cunning," as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called a knowledge of herbs, was a necessary accomplishment in the "simple life" of our fathers.



THE HOME APOTHECARY



"OPIFERQUE PER ORBEM DICOR"
Coat of Arms, London Apothecaries

Today the nauseous draughts and huge drenches, the hard, sticky salves, great boluses and bitter pills and powders, are seldom compounded by the apothecary, and life or death hang, humanly speaking, on the exhibition of pleasant medicines and infinitesimal pills.

The dispensatories grow swollen and unwieldy with new remedies, and the chemist adds yearly new mineral salts, and vegetable preparations, drawn from every country under heaven, and more or less accredited by savage experiment and use, and scientific analysis and observation. Ever the proportion of cures in the world's hospitals grows larger, and the pains and weariness of mortal sickness are more completely alleviated; so that the modern apothecary may well repeat the ancient motto of his calling: "Throughout the world I am called the Helpbringer."

Something should be said in this connection of the alchemists or philosophers, who in their consuming thirst for knowledge became men apart from their kind, and too often, it is to be feared, willing at least to barter salvation for eternal manhood, or unbounded wealth. The awful experiments which their teachers recommended, and the strange noises, odors and apparatus which were a part of their daily labors, with the more or less frequent fatalities resulting from unexpected explosions and deadly gases, added fuel to the prejudices of men in those ages when every strange event was attributed to the grace of God and His Saints, or the malice of the devil and his demons. The church itself, never prompt to recognize authority or influence outside its pale, seldom exercised charity, much less generosity toward the alchemist. As a result we have innumerable legends of bargains with the Great Adversary, in which the priceless jewel of the immortal soul was pledged in repayment for the aid of "the Prince of this world." So the popular belief recognized the fatal compact, the unholy triumph of forbidden arts, the brief enjoyment of ill-gotten wealth and power, and finally the terrible culmination of the arch-fiend's triumph when the swart hound of hell appears to rend the trembling body limb from limb, and drag the shrieking soul down to perdition.

Doubtless there were many terrible fatalities in the early days of research and experiment; even today science claims its victims in laboratory and factory. But it is to the labors and research of such men that the apothecary of today owes his most useful drugs and mediums, and the knowledge that enables him to do safely what it cost life and limb to perfect, and much obloquy and misconstruction to commend to the mass of mankind.

"CHEQUAMEGON"

By WILLIAM McGRATH

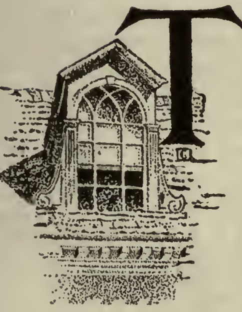
IN the gloaming, hushed and lonely,
Lies the fair Chequamegon;
In whose waters—mirrored only—
Bright stars twinkle one by one.
By thy side I wooed my sweetheart,
In the days no more to be.
Oh, I loved, I did adore,
But I'll wander nevermore,
Doling kisses, on thy shore,
Oh, thou lovely inland sea!

Chequamegon! Chequamegon!
Lull me with thy murmur deep;
Like the spirits from Kakagon
I would on thy bosom weep,
Where I wooed my lovely sweetheart
In the days forever flown.
Is there sweetness in my sorrow?
Yes. My weary heart would borrow
Hope from some serener morrow,
When my love may hear my moan.

SOME POPULAR SONGS AND A GROUP OF APARTMENTS

By

Grace Agnes Thompson



THE words of a popular song floated out on the morning air. "Love me, and the world is mine," sang the rich contralto. Bob Walters, the reporter, perched on the rail of a tiny balcony under his window, lazily smoked a cigarette or two before catching the 11 o'clock car for his office, and kept a cautious eye on a bright spot just beyond the window-frame across the court one story above, which he knew to be sunshine glinting on her hair. It wasn't the first time by any means that he had sat there and watched her and thanked his stars that her piano was so near the window, and that his landlady had relet the front room and had made him take a side one.

Between 9:15 and 10:30 every morning she practised, ending always with a few minutes of her delightful singing. The first bar of music had become therefore the cue to stop banging out "short fiction" on his typewriter and clamber on to what he had nicknamed his "second gallery seat." From there he had usually a fascinating profile-view of her pretty face, with an occasional glimpse of a rounded arm when she turned the sheets of music. Four times also something had attracted her attention out of the window and her glance had encountered his—accidentally, of course; no one would suspect Bob Walters of being on that balcony for any other purpose than to smoke cigarettes, enjoy a view of the shrubs in the court beneath and the patch of blue above, and make infrequent scribblings on a paper pad with an officious looking pencil.

"I only know I love you;
Love me, and the world is mine,"

came the chorus again, lingering softly on the last line.

"Her favorite song, I should think," was the reportorial soliloquy.

At the same time his news-eye noted that the performance was over—shortened ten entire, disappointing minutes. The girl was leaving the piano. He stretched himself erect and leaned for a moment against the brick wall, humming thoughtfully the words of her chorus and looking down into the court where Mike McGee, the janitor, had just appeared.

And that was how he came to witness the rest of what happened.

Perhaps it was because the singing had ceased earlier than usual, and the irregularity of it had prompted the listeners to an unconscious effort to fill out the pause; perhaps because it was a warm day and many windows overlooking the court were open, so that the sweet music had penetrated to a larger audience than usual—at any rate, the last tone of the piano had hardly ceased before a woman sewing by a window underneath leaned dreamily against the screen and softly repeated, twice over, the final line: "Love me, and the world is mine."

The chord thus struck vibrated throughout the group of apartments. A musical, though rather noisy spell of magic seemed suddenly to have fallen over them. Voice after voice caught a note and blended it into some melody of its own. For a few minutes there was a curious medley. Snatches of "Starlight," "Dear Old Girl," "San Antonio," "Lazy Moon," "When Dreams Come True," "In Zanzibar," "Cheyenne," "Love's Old Sweet Song," rang out gaily or sadly to join the strange chorus.

It ended soon and as suddenly as it began, though scattered voices sounded spasmodically a few times. From one window came the fretful crying of a child whom the mother soothed into silence with "Sing Me To Sleep," and "The Song That I Heard in My Dreams." As that also died away into silence, there approached from a window directly across the court the strong, full-throated volume of an Irish girl's voice singing "Honey Boy" at the top of her power. Behind this sound—if one may so express it—appeared the brisk form of the Brownleys' maid, who shoved up the screen and vigorously shook a duster out of the window.

Mike looked up instantly from his shrubs and laughed a jolly, "Good mornin'. Say, are you goin' tonight, Mary?"

No reply. Just a cheerful glance.

"I say! Wait on, Mary—*are* you goin'?"

Without interrupting "Honey Boy," she shook her head roguishly at him, then disappeared, song and all.

"Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?" he began with teasing emphasis in a clear baritone, whose power sent it penetrating after the ears for which it was meant. Then he waited a minute, looking up. Apparently "Mary Ann" had not heard him.

"*Are* you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?" he repeated more teasingly.

"Arrah, don't say that you can't, for you *can*—" The inquisitive face of the Brownleys' maid appeared for one fleeting instant at a corner of the window.

> "There's a gossoon wants to spoon
> Underneath the harvest moon—"

Another glimpse.

"Sure it's me, can't you see?—Mike McGee—
it's *me:*
There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,
Oh 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;
There's a kiss goes with it, too,
Mary Ann, what's keeping you?—
Are you coming out tonight, Mary *Ann:*"

There was a personal emphasis in the tone of his voice that made the parody delightfully significant, in spite of the innocent way in which he had returned to his shrubs.

"Hush up, down there, Mike McGee, I'm ashamed of you," remarked the Brownleys' maid in a shocked undertone, with her mouth close against the screen.

Mike McGee looked up at her delightedly and began again: "*Are* you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?"

Mary bestowed on him one more shocked glance, then she again left the window. Mike McGee laughed out merrily and went on clipping twigs with an air of humorous patience and determination, that Walters understood to mean: "Oh, very well; but I shall stick it out to the finish."

He seemed thoughtful for perhaps two minutes, then he commenced to sing out distinctly and easily, even carelessly, but with flexible intonations and little punctuations of emphasis on the "Mary Ann" that would have made him successful on the stage.

"Mary Ann, just put on your brand-new
bonnet,
Mary Ann, wear the dress with shamrocks
on it;
Come, Allanna, don't you hear me sigh?
See, the moon is shining in the sky—
Mary Ann, what a *lovely* night for sparking,
Mary Ann, boys and girls are all skylarking—
Don't keep me here, waiting like a clown,
Mary Ann, *will you come down?*

"Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?
Arrah, *don't* say that you can't, for you *can.*
There's a gossoon wants to spoon
Underneath the harvest moon—
Sure it's me, can't you see?—Mike McGee—
it's *me:*
There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,
Oh, 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;
There's a kiss goes with it, too—
Mary Ann, *what's keeping you?*
Are you coming out tonight, *Mary Ann?*"

The last of these coaxing words almost clashed into a fresh volume of song from the Brownleys' windows.

"I'm going to do what I please,
And I don't care who I please just so long as
I please myself;
I'm going to go where I please;
I'm going to come when I please . . . . ."

This was positively refreshing in its carefree abandon, Walters felt. Down in the court the snip, snip, snip continued, uninterruptedly, and, after the briefest noticeable pause, the pleasant baritone hummed along cheerfully again and with apparent unconcern, ringing out occasionally into audible words.

" . . . . out to-night, Mary Ann?
. . . . for you *can* . . . . .
There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,
Oh, 'tis you that knows it well . . . . . .
There's a kiss goes with it, too . . . . . .
. . . .*what's keeping you?*
Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?"

At the same time song kept pouring volubly from the Brownleys' windows:

> "I'm going to go where I please . . . .
> I'm going to love who I please
> Just so long as I please,
> If I don't please no one else. . . ."

> "There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann . . .
> . . . .
> There's a kiss goes with it, too,—
> Mary Ann, what's keeping you?"

Mike continued carelessly, as he crossed the court to fetch his watering pot.

"I'm going to do what I please," came an apparent answer from the windows.

For several minutes now Mike was very busy with the watering pot. Then he began in a new key:

> "You'll be sorry just too late. . . ."

Here Mike's voice trailed vaguely out from a half open door for a moment and Walters lost some of the lines. Then—

> "Say you're sorry, 'cross your heart,
> Then I'll give you one more start.
> If you are, don't hesitate,—
> You'll be sorry just too late."

Not a sound from the Brownleys' apartment. The concerto there had reached an abrupt finis. Their windows appeared deserted, though Walters was almost willing to swear that a pair of bright gray Irish eyes were cautiously spying from behind the lace curtains of one of them. Mike had glanced upward once very casually and now he too was silent. Walters congratulated himself that his balcony rail was high and that the Brownleys lived a story below, for this thing was growing rather exciting and he knew the ending might lack somewhat in naivete if he were discovered.

He lighted a fresh cigarette and then reconnoitered carefully over a corner of his railing. The woman on the ground floor who had been singing to her child and the one who had echoed the chorus, "Love me, and the world is mine," were no longer in sight. So far as he could see, no one was listening now besides himself and the sweet-faced cripple girl, Alice Eagan, whose wheel chair always stood in one of the sunny windows at a right angle to the Brownleys'. She espied him, smiled and waved her hand.

The window revealed nothing except a reminiscent looking piano.

Walters smiled and waved back to Alice Eagan, noting pleasurably that the roses he had brought her four days ago were still in their vase on the window-sill, and mentally patting himself on the shoulder for having thought of the gift. It was worth while bringing flowers to a girl like Alice, who fairly reveled in them and could never gather them for herself. How her eyes had lighted up and the pretty pink come into her cheeks. Ever since the second day of his sojourn at Waverley Court when he had seen her drop her silver thimble out of the window and gaze down in helpless distress where it had fallen because the janitor was not in sight and had hastily presented himself like a troubadour beneath her window and diligently searched the diminutive treasure out from its hiding place in the grass—since that moment Alice Eagan had been a sort of inspiration to him, and Walters had a very warm spot in his heart for her. Hardly a day passed when he did not run in to chat with her a few moments, to show her something he had written, or to bring her a fresh book. She was pretty well educated, and an appreciative reader of good books. She could certainly criticize, too, and lately Walters had been ruminating over the possibility of getting her some of the book work to do on his paper. He made a mental note now that he must see about the matter this very day. It might mean a whole lot to Alice, for he fancied that her people were not especially wealthy and that she was not always sewing at those little novelties for mere pastime. Moreover, it was not likely that she, dear and sweet though she was, would ever get out into the world and marry like—well, like *her*.

Walters looked rather guiltily up at *the* window and saw that it was still lonely.

At last Mike carried away his watering pot and brought out a hose. Walters thought he handled it with unusual deliberation and determination. Certainly those qualities were dominant in his tone as he repeated:

> "You'll be sorry just too late
> When my love has turned to hate. . .
> You'll be sorry just too late."

Walters was sure that he saw the lace curtains moved by some other agency than the light breeze. By some spirit of camaraderie he was also sure, as he glanced over at Alice Eagan, that she had marked the same thing. Yet almost instantly from somewhere in the interior of the Brownleys' apartment came the voice of the Brownleys' maid:

"Teasing . . . just to see what you would do;
Of course you know that I was teasing, teasing,—
I was only, only teasing you."

This time, however, her tone was not careless and indifferent. It was mischievous, and just the least bit plaintive. Alice Eagan gestured her delight to Walters, then demurely signalled him not to betray his auditory position, as the Brownleys' maid raised a screen and with her head thrust out at the aperture sang again softly: "I was only, only teasing you."

Mike, bending over the hose, started as though suddenly electrified, and stared up at her.

"You're worth teasing, Mike," she announced.

"Are you going tonight, Mary Ann?" he demanded in his natural voice.

"Sure, Mike. I'll go. What time is it to be?"

"Seven-thirty sharp by th' clock on th' right hand upper corner of this buildin'. Will you be downstairs here at seven-thirty sharp? It's your night out, I know."

"Sure, Mike," she acquiesced again with mock meekness, and immediately drew in her head and shut the screen.

Mike, however, appeared satisfied, for he set about his work with wonderful cheerfulness and alacrity.

Alice Eagan clapped her hands merrily—though noiselessly—at this propitious close of the performance, pretending to demand an encore. Walters, with equal gaiety, followed her example. Then he pulled out his watch and assumed an expression of horror as he discovered that it was twenty minutes to eleven. Alice laughed, but signed eagerly that he should come and speak to her before he tried to catch his car. And he was nothing loth to do so, for there were two or three tactful questions he wanted answered before he broached that subject of book criticism to his editor.

"Mr. Bob Walters," she began, as he dropped into a seat near her wheelchair a few seconds later. "This isn't teasing you, because I don't want to be sorry, and I don't want you to miss your car either, but tomorrow is Friday, your day off duty, and I very particularly want you to arrange to come and take tea with me here. You've never done that, you know. Mother will be chaperone. And I shall have a friend here whom I want you to meet. She's a nice girl, and pretty, or rather beautiful, and she sings divinely. In fact, you may possibly have heard her singing sometimes in the mornings, if you were not too busy with your stories—she's Miss Barbara MacAllen, and she lives in the other side of Waverley Court."

Barbara MacAllen! That, then, was her name.

Walters looked at Alice a bit searchingly, hoping at the same time that he had concealed any start her speech had given him. "I didn't suppose you knew her," he said wonderingly. "You've never mentioned her before."

"You *have* heard her, then," Alice said, leaning forward eagerly. "Isn't her voice exquisite?"

"It's perfect," he answered, and to save his life could not keep the note of emotion out of his tone. In self-defense he added quickly: "You see, I've listened sometimes when I was scribbling out on that balcony of mine. A fellow naturally would, when a girl can sing like that."

The delicate color came into Alice's cheeks and her eyes were bright and dark. "Of course a fellow would," she said. "I had to myself."

"You haven't mentioned her before," Walters repeated thoughtfully.

Alice replied after a second's hesitation. "She is a new friend, but we are already good ones, and I think you will enjoy knowing her, too."

"I would like to," he admitted. "I—in fact—"

"'Fess up," Alice urged with pretty gentleness. "I'm your Muse, you know, and a Muse may be trusted as fully as a father confessor."

"I certainly do tell you things," Walters returned. "I was going to say I had already often thought I should like to know her."

"I'm so glad then," Alice said, "that I thought of asking you here at the same time. I want you to come about five o'clock. Barbara will be here only a few minutes before that, but I am going to let you come early and talk to us while she helps me arrange the tea table."

"Yes," he answered absently, not rudely. "I can't get over how queer it seems that you really know her."

It seemed to Walters that something rippled vaguely, like a wave across Alice's face—emotion, laughter, or something; it was so very elusive, he could not tell what. She leaned back among her pillows, reaching out her hand for the extra one which lay on the floor by her chair, before she spoke.

"It's very pleasant," she said brightly. "Now don't forget five o'clock, and you mustn't miss your car."

Eleven o'clock *was* approaching. Yet Walters lingered.

"No. Did you say you had not known her long?"

"Our friendship is almost two weeks old, but it's real friendship, I think." Alice hesitated and appeared a little embarrassed. "I will tell you a bit more—I—asked her to be my friend. Sitting here by my window every day, I can watch her whenever she sits at her piano—see!"

Walters stood at the back of Alice's chair and looked up to *the* window—and saw how much better a view she had than he from his balcony.

"My window is really dear to me, I see so much from it. I watched her—Barbara—a great deal, feeling always more and more attracted to her, and sure that she and I might become friends if we could only meet, until finally I wrote her a little note—mother got me her name from the janitor. She did just what I knew she would, came right down to see me and sing for me, and we were friends."

Down from the other angle of the court floated two or three bars of music, as if someone in passing had lightly run her fingers over the piano keys, and that rich contralto rang out clearly and sweetly:

"I only know I love you,
Love me, and the world is mine."

Alice, listening and approving, smiled up at Walters with inscrutable eyes. Walters listened, too, with a somewhat quickened beat of his heart. But even while he paused there to hear the last echo, an odd fancy struck him—that Alice looked wonderfully brave and strong somehow, he couldn't tell whether it was in her expression or where, but wonderfully brave and strong as well as sweet and dear.

"Good-bye, Bob Walters," Alice said, the moment the last echo had died. "That old eleven o'clock car," with a wry face—wry faces with Alice were not pouts or anything else commonplace—"I am so glad you are coming tomorrow."

Outside the door Walters paused, he had not asked those tactful questions, and turned back. It was evident that Alice thought him really gone. She was leaning toward her window with her elbow on the sill and her chin in her hand, and seemed to be looking out beyond the opening of the court, which her window faced, to the greenery of a small park across the street. Of course he could not see her eyes, but he felt that they were dreamy and yet shining, her whole attitude was somehow so elate. She was probably thinking of that song which must have been written as a sort of answer to "Love Me, and the World Is Mine," for presently she sang over softly the words:

"I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved
Still well remembered, grieve not me. . . .
. . . . . . I love, and the world is mine."

It would be presuming now to disturb her, Walters felt. He was curiously awestruck, and turned away without quite closing the door, lest he should make some sound, and tiptoed quietly down the hall, and hurried out to his car, stowing this picture of Alice away among certain choice treasures of his memory and thinking in a kind of subdued excitement of tomorrow, of meeting *her*, and of securing that criticism work for Alice.

WHEN WE DINED WITH LADY ZU

By

Isabel Anderson

ONE day in September the women of our party dined with Lady Zu. We had received the invitations, executed in black Chinese letters on a long piece of red paper, several days before. A translation was attached which stated that we were expected to arrive at five o'clock and that dinner would be at seven. We were warned that it was not a Chinese custom to reply, but that we must appear with the invitation in our hand. As foreign women are seldom admitted to even the humbler homes of the Manchus, and Lady Zu was not only a Manchu but a personage of high rank, it was a rare privilege that was offered us by these curious invitations.

Starting off in carriages, we passed Chinese dignitaries serenely squatting in covered chairs carried by coolies, while outriders were going helter-skelter before and behind them on shaggy ponies. We whizzed by carts drawn by mules, and jinrikshas bearing painted Manchu ladies, and Chinese women toddling along on their tiny broken feet.

Bumpity-bump over the rough street we drove, while our driver snapped his whip and gave long calls which sounded like "liar! liar!" We went under pailos and through thick-walled arches, passed gray walls and pink ones, and saw in the distance the Forbidden City, whose dazzling, yellow-tiled roofs were as bright as the setting sun.

Finally we drove up before Lady Zu's house. This looked like any other on the outside—a long gray wall with a hooded entrance gate. Inside also we found the usual arrangement—a walled compound enclosing many courtyards and one-storied buildings, the latter often connected by bridges or covered passageways. Entering on foot we passed through one of these courtyards and into a second yard where stands the stone screen which is placed in every house to keep out the devil, since the Chinese believe that "the devil can travel only in a straight line."

This same devil seems to give them great concern, for on the corners of the roofs were little curligigs, which when the devil slides down the roof are supposed to toss him up again. Then along with the little tiled animals, the dragon and the phoenix, which mean happiness and prosperity, comes the mysterious hen ridden by a man. The hen is supposed to give the devil a peck when he comes too near. The Chinese have built pagodas to propitiate the spirits of the air; but their houses are all low, and for a long time there was a law forbidding any structure above a certain height so as to prevent missionaries from erecting churches with towers, which might interfere with their gods of the air.

We presently found ourselves at the entrance to a charming paved court. There were potted green plants twisted into queer shapes, and small fruit trees with bunches of crab-apples and beautiful ripening pomegranates hanging from their branches. Lotus leaves floated on an artificial pond, and bright flowers peeped at us between fantastic-shaped rocks. At this entrance Lady Zu and her daughters stood waiting to greet us. They were noble Manchu ladies, and they looked like curious flowers in their long, light blue, straight gowns and short jackets, their faces whitened and rouged beyond belief, their black hair plastered down with oil and sewed together at the back and surmounted by strange black satin top-knots with flying buttresses. There were flowers in this head-dress, too, and pearl ornaments striking out at different angles. We could easily believe what we were told, that such a toilet takes several hours in the making. The Chinese ladies who soon gathered about us were costumed quite differently from the Manchu women. Mme. Tsi, for instance, was in a short embroidered pink jacket with pink trousers, and her hair was oiled and coiled in the back of her neck with many jewels; she wore bracelets on her arms and precious stones about her neck. As a rule the Chinese and Manchu women do not mix much. These Chinese ladies all had natural feet, were educated in America and spoke English, while the Manchu ladies had little or no education.

When they met us they all shook hands, but in greeting each other they slide their hands upon their knees and bow low several times. We were escorted into a room where amahs or maids took our wraps as they balanced themselves on their high shoes, trembling so in their excitement at seeing people from a far-off land that their mutton-fat jade earrings shook in their ears.

We were then taken to the big seat of honor, made of teak-wood and marble, in the center of which was a small table. Here we had tea for the first time—I say the first time, for we were offered it in different pavilions at least five times as we walked through the compound.

Lady Zu's two daughters, who looked about her own age, were presented to us, and a small baby was also brought forward. Whether they were all her own children or not we could not find out, but we saw no other wives, although we were told that Chinamen may have as many as they can afford to keep. If there are several they all live in different parts of the same compound, each one keeps house, and I believe they make very good mothers and housekeepers. The unmarried girls take precedence over the married ones, for they say: "Perhaps some day she may be Empress!"

The rooms through which we passed were all more or less alike: tables and chairs of teak-wood, a European oil painting here, a piece of Japanese embroidery there; instead of "God Bless Our Home," poems hung upon the walls, together with "Good Wishes" written in big black letters by the old Dowager Empress's own hand. On the stone floors, instead of the Golden Tibet Monkey Rug, which "keeps the whole house warm," as they say, were only here and there a few garish European carpets. The house was cold, even in September, but in winter it is partially warmed by fires built under their large beds.

At last dinner was announced. The table was set for sixteen. It was quite European, with flowers, knives and forks. I was rather disappointed that we didn't have duck's tongues and fish lips. Course after course—wine after wine. Our hostess proposed toast after toast, saying: "I drink the glass dry with you!" It was rather a struggle to keep up the conversation. One end of the table was made gay by trying to teach a Manchu girl English, while some of us passed around our menu cards for the ladies to write their names upon. Some of the Chinese ladies had been given English names, such as Ida or May, while others still kept their Chinese ones, such as "Fairy of the Moon," and "Beloved of the Forest." Lady Zu would not write her name. Mme. Tsi assured us that she had trouble with her eyes.

After dinner, to our amazement, some Chinese music was played on the pianola, while more tea and cigarettes were passed. It was all very interesting and delightful, but when we drove back to the hotel at half past nine we were so tired and it seemed so late to us that we wondered why the sun didn't rise!

This was perhaps the most novel experience we had while in Pekin. It well illustrates the transition period through which the empire is now passing, when some Chinese women are still wearing the "cup of tears," as they call their tiny embroidered satin shoes, while others who have studied in America or at mission schools are leaders in the ranks of progress, and one woman has even established a daily newspaper in Chinese for her own sex.

IN THE DAYS OF THE "OLD WEST"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHAT a charm there is in listening, in the course of desultory converse, to the story of an active life! Sitting on the veranda of beautiful *Pres de Leau*, the summer home of Mr. Francis M. Smith—with a field-glass close at hand to sweep the harbor of Shelter Island, wherein his beautiful steam yacht "Hauoli" lay at anchor—he described to me with all modesty and simplicity incidents of a career that has had an untold influence in household economics.

Francis Marion Smith left his Wisconsin farm home in 1867 for the "Rockies," and followed the mining camps from Montana to Idaho, and from California to Nevada until 1872, back in those days which Mark Twain illuminated with witty chronicles, and Bret Harte immortalized in the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands" and other classics of an era of fiery adventure and enterprise, which may be hard to understand in this quiet day of business improvement and development.

In the fall of 1872, among the forest camps that encircle Columbus, Nevada, some ten miles away Mr. Smith was supplying material to miners, and engaged in mining exploration. While delivering wood at the mills and timber to the mines, he made a discovery which proved to be more valuable than any placer or gold-bearing ledge. From his cabin in a narrow gulch, one day, he was struck with the appearance of a gleaming white marsh near him, and taking supplies of provisions and tools on his pack animals, he found, by chance, that the richest portion of a barren marsh was an immense deposit of borax.

He carried the samples to an assayer at Columbus, little suspecting the great value of the shiny white deposit, richer and rarer than the pockets of golden nuggets which others had found in the surrounding country. The reports on the samples were so favorable that Mr. Smith returned to the marsh, locating several thousand acres, most of which, however, was found to be worthless. Arrangements were made to put up a plant, and the production of borax on a large scale was begun.

* * *

At that time the many uses of borax were little known. The druggists sold it at twenty-five cents per ounce, and it was principally used for medicinal purposes. Mr. Smith has lived to see borax become one of the most important articles of commerce, and his extensive operations have brought about a revolution in its production and sale as a household staple, in universal use. For fifteen years "Teel's Marsh" was operated without cessation, and practically controlled the market: over seventeen thousand tons of borax were taken from this marsh alone. The years and energy spent in buying up over a hundred locators, and clearing up all adverse claims was an undertaking, in those days of titanic tasks, demanding persistent effort and determination. But Mr. Smith "kept right at it" until finally the ownership of the marsh was centralized and later transferred to the company of which he has been president ever since its organization in 1890.

Ten years previous another important discovery of borax was made in Death Valley, California, from which the "20 mule team" hauled the crude mineral to the railway at Mojave, 167 miles distant. One of the drivers of this famous mule team died only a little while ago, a man whose life story is of picturesque interest. A few years ago the mule teams were supplanted by a broad gauge railroad called the Tonapah & Tidewater Railway. Nearly every foot of the land in this great area has been traversed personally by Mr. Smith. His permanent residence is now in Oakland, California, one of the golden spots in the Golden State, in which the deathless Californian flowers bloom in all their radiance the year round. His summer home on Shelter Island, *Pres de Leau*, meaning "by the water," occupies an estate of three thousand acres, on which he has lived for many years, and delights to superintend personally.

Mr. Smith has been very successful in other lines of business undertaken outside of his great life work. The street railways of Oakland, the Key Route Ferry System, and the electric train line running to the suburbs of Oakland, Piedmont and Berkeley, stand as monuments to his enterprise and foresight. He is president of the West End Consolidated Mining Company of Tonopah, of the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad, and also of the Oakland Chemical Company of Oakland.

* * *

Few men who have won in the great battle of life are so beloved by the young men with whom he is associated in business. He keeps in close touch with each of them, and the men who are managing his interests often wonder that none of the many details of his great business escape him.

His hair is thrown up from his forehead in a great wave, and his blue eyes keenly note all that takes place about him; small wonder that he has been so successful in all his operations; and yet anyone acquainted with him soon realizes that if there was ever a broad-minded and noble charity, it is that which Mr. Smith exercises in his own unostentatious way. A sturdy, rugged character, he has always persistently refused to identify his name with the advertising of the great staple with whose production and sale he has been so closely identified. He believes that the goods rather than the name of their owner should make their own record.

An enthusiastic yachtsman, his sloop, the "Effort," has long been known as the fastest of her class; sixty-three feet in length, and of perfect lines, rig and equipment, she is the pride of her owner. She won the cup offered by the late King Edward to the New York Yacht Club, and the name of F. M. Smith was the first to be engraved on the famous trophy. If one were to name Mr. Smith's favorite recreations, yachting must first be included, for he very often sails his own boat, and out of twenty-six races in one season the "Effort" won twenty-three, which is considered an unusual average in yachting contests. The steam yacht owned by the late H. H. Rogers recently ran a close race with Mr. Smith's "Hauoli."

With all his diversion he continues his work of supervision and initiative with the same zest as in the early days. The careers of such men mean much. If it were not for the inspiration of such achievement, very little incentive for bold and adventuresome spirits would remain. The development of the great arid plains of the West and the creation from desert wastes of wealth and employment for thousands, besides bringing into daily use and reducing in price an invaluable mineral, is certainly a record of beneficent conquest.

* * *

To sit with him as he details the experiences of his early manhood would enthrall a Fenimore Cooper, for the men who initiated the great undertakings in the great West are growing few in number Those who went West in the sixties and were identified with the great interests and operations covering such a large area, were necessarily men of broad ideas and purposes. One can almost determine the individuality of a man by the outlook he chooses for his home—and the site on which this home is built and the views it commands reflect in a measure the great guiding purposes of the owner's life.

It was late into the evening before we had finished our talk, as we quietly smoked, and as a minor interlude between the reminiscences of his career, I learned that for many years his sight had been impaired from "desert blindness," and during all that time his correspondence was largely read to him by others. His sight is now fully restored, and with his wife and his charming little children, he is enjoying to the full those simple comforts of life which are the richest heritage that any career can afford.

A ROMANCE OF A SKY PILOT

By

Edgar Wm. Dynes

EVERYONE has their own idea of the hurry-up-hustling West, but few would accuse it of spending much time in building monuments. She is so busy finding gold mines, sowing wheat and planting orchards that she has but little time to spend in the erection of granite shafts to the memory of the hardy pioneers who blazed the way.

In the hurly-burly of the strenuous life she has even allowed some of the old prospectors, who discovered the rich bonanzas which have brought her not a little of her wealth, to die in poverty. One of them died in Colorado a short time ago. He crossed the plains in the early days and discovered the great Cripple Creek camp. But others reaped where he had sown, and when he passed over the Bridge of Death he took with him all that he possessed.

Although this think-of-yourself spirit is more or less in evidence all over the growing, throbbing West I am glad to be able to cite an exception to the rule. Some of the heroes have been forgotten—but not all. On the main business corner of the smart little mining town of Rossland in southern British Columbia there stands a monument to the memory of a brave, big-hearted man.

The erection of this beautiful stone column is remarkable for three things.

In the first place it was erected to the memory of a sky pilot. The West has generally been rather slow to recognize the benefits she has derived from the work of the men who have gone from camp to camp and from ranch house to ranch house spreading the message of the Word. In the newest and wildest camps, the presence of a gambler and a saloon keeper has always been taken as a matter of course, while the parson has been considered more or less of an unnecessary quantity.

Then again it was erected in a town where in the boom days the saloon with all its attendant evils reigned supreme. What with wine, women, booze, blackjack and cards—it was about as near the devil's camping ground as any town or camp could very well be.

But there is one more reason. It was because of the efforts, and mainly through the contributions of the miners of the various camps that this memoriam was possible. And as a class the miners of the West are not given credit for being very religious. Rather a false idea, it is true, but a popular conception, nevertheless.

In the centre of that wide-awake mining metropolis it stands, a permanent, lasting tribute to the life and works of "Father Pat," an Anglican clergyman, who was pastor of the little frame church in that city for a number of years. In the parish records he was described as the Reverend Henry Irvine, but he was known far and wide in the mountain country as "Father Pat."

As the latter name might suggest, he was an Irishman, and a good-natured one at that. It is doubtful if he ever knew just how big his heart really was. It throbbed with a mighty love for all humanity. Creed, color or nationality made no difference; a man was a man to Father Pat.

He was a parson pure and simple. He never speculated in real estate or dealt in wildcat mines on the side. Like the humble follower of the Nazarene that he was, he cared for nothing but to bring sunshine and hope into the shadowy lives of men. And in his mission of help and cheer he did things with an absolute disregard for time-honored custom or the conventionalities of civilization.

He had his own way of doing everything. In the main he did things a little different from anyone else. When circumstances seemed to warrant, and there seemed to be no other way in which he might accomplish his end he would bring some muscular Christianity into play. The following incident will illustrate the meaning of his muscular Christianity.

Away out on a lonely mountain side, thirty miles from a doctor of a hospital, a prospector lay seriously ill. Father Pat had a wonderful faculty for hearing about people who were in trouble and he chanced to learn about it. He gathered together some appliances and a few bottles of medicine and started on his weary march over the mountains. Thirty miles was nothing to him. He has been known to walk as much as forty miles in a day.

As he neared the cabin home of the prospector he met three miners on horses who saluted him in a very uncivil manner and inquired where he was going. He told them that he was on his way to the sick man's cabin. They replied that Bill needed a doctor instead of a parson and began to say nice things about parsons in general, and him in particular, finally refusing to allow him to proceed any further.

He made an attempt to pass but they stoutly held their ground. Then quicker than lightning he brought his muscular Christianity into play, and almost before they had realized his intention, he jerked one of the miners off his horse. Without stopping to take breath he pulled the second one off also. It was not necessary to repeat the act with the third as they were too much surprised at the turn things had taken to further interfere.

Reaching the sick man's side he soon ministered to his wants. He put on a fire, cooked a good supper of bacon and beans, and then spent the night with him. On the following day, having done all that he could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick man, he set out on the return journey.

While going down the trail he encountered the three miners whom he had met on the day before. They surrounded him in a threatening manner and again began to insult him.

"Will you see fair play if I fight one at a time?" he inquired.

They all replied in a breath that nothing would suit them better.

A ring was formed and it was not long until the first man measured full length on the ground. The second fared no better, and the fighting parson smilingly invited the third to come on. But he had come to the conclusion that the new parson was not a man to be trifled with, and he took to his heels, running as hard as he could. Before going on, Father Pat bathed the bruises of the two prostrate figures. Then he preached a little sermon on the evils of fistular activity and proceeded on his way.

Henry Irvine was born on August 2nd, 1859, in a secluded part of the Wicklow mountains in Ireland. His father was a clergyman, and when a mere child he is said to have stated that he would become a missionary. He was educated at Oxford, where, on account of his Irish wit and drollery he was given the popular sobriquet of "Pat." Then, when he had definitely announced his intention of going into the ministry, the clerical handle was added, and he became known as "Father Pat." Through all the years that followed this name stuck to him. There are many persons in British Columbia to whom Father Pat is a familiar name but who probably do not know that such an individual as the Reverend Henry Irvine ever existed.

He came to British Columbia in 1885. His first charge was at Kamloops, a railroad town on the Canadian Pacific Railway. With wonderful zeal and enthusiasm he threw himself into his work. He very quickly became a favorite with the boys on the railroad and with the miners and prospectors in the outlying camps which he visited.

It was while he was at Kamloops that he had his first experience with a bucking broncho. Some of the boys thought that it would be a nice joke to play a trick on the new parson and they asked him if he could ride. He replied that he could. They suggested, that, since he was a good rider, he would hardly mind trying one of their horses, although he was a little spirited. And the good-hearted parson replied that it wouldn't bother him in the least.

However, although Father Pat had known what it was to ride mean horses in the old country, he did not know anything about the antics of one of these wild creatures that puts its head down between its front legs and bucks—really bucks. In this case he had to admit defeat. He was thrown. But he mounted again. He was thrown a second time. And in his I-don't-know-when-to-let-go way he was preparing to mount the third time when his friends interposed. They assured him that he had given ample proof of his pluck and they never tried to tease him in that way again.

It was also while he was here that an event happened which was destined to have a great effect on his after life. In the end it made him the great open-hearted pilot that the Kootenay miners in later years came to love so dearly. For it was during his incumbency, at this point, that he met—the woman.

Miss Frances Innes was the daughter of a government official at Victoria, and a sister of the wife of a brother minister in the Spallumcheen valley. She was one of those shy, womanly creatures who appeal to a strong, brave man because of their essential womanliness. She had soft, curly, brown hair, expressive blue eyes and a sweet, winsome, childlike smile.

Father Pat fell desperately in love with her, and his love was returned. They were an ideal couple; he, the strong, brave minister, and she, the meek, loving, true-hearted woman.

In 1887, Father Pat was transferred to Donald, a railroad town on the mountain section east of Revelstoke. Not long after the completion of the building of the railroad Donald ceased to exist, but at this time it was a live burg. Being high up in the Rockies snowslides were very frequent in that vicinity and soon after Father Pat took up his residence there an event happened which throws an interesting sidelight on his methods and strength of character.

Word came to Donald of a snowslide up the line and a snowplough was sent to clear the way. While it was at work a second slide occurred in which the conductor of the snowplough train, a man named Green, was killed.

In the meantime other slides had come down behind the snowplough, and the way was completely blocked. It was impossible to get the body brought back to Donald and Mrs. Green was wild with anxiety lest they would bury him up in the mountains. Fearing that the woman's strained mental condition might have serious results, Father Pat resolved that, if possible, he would go to the scene of the accident and bring back the remains of the unfortunate man.

Disregarding the danger to which he was exposing himself on account of the smaller slides which were still coming down, he took a small toboggan and set out for the scene of the accident. He found the body, reverently placed it on his little sleigh, and, in the face of obstacles and perils that would have chilled the enthusiasm of a less determined man, he brought the body back to Donald. The thankfulness of the wife can well be imagined.

At this time another wife was very anxious about the welfare of her husband who was with some of the trains held up in the blockade. Half mad with fear and anxiety she came to Father Pat for news. He replied that he had heard from her husband and that he was all right. She was comforted and went back to her home happy.

It was true that the man was safe and erelong was restored to his wife. But Father Pat knew nothing of him. He afterwards confessed this to the wife whose fears he had allayed by his—shall we say?—justifiable lie. He said that he had done it because he was afraid that he would have her distracted upon his hands.

It was one of his most prominent traits that he acted on impulse, led by his heart as often as by his head. But his loving impulsiveness won him the good will of the people. They soon came to realize that no matter how others might be guided by custom or conventionality he was guided by the impulses of a loving heart that nobody knew the size of.

He worked so hard and was so reckless in the expenditure of his physical energy, as he traveled from camp to camp over the rough mountain trails, that in 1888 he was compelled to take a rest. He went back to his old home in Ireland on a visit. His friends in the old land were much surprised at the change in him. They say that he looked twenty years older. He was bearded and browned, and the old, wild, hilarious boyishness was gone.

Among the old familiar scenes he recovered his strength quickly, and he came back to British Columbia in the following year. On January the eighth, 1900, he was married to the woman of his choice. He took up his residence in New Westminster where he was made assistant to the curate of Holy Trinity Cathedral.

He made friends quickly here as well as elsewhere, and this was one of the happiest periods of his life. His home life left little to be desired. Everyone remarked upon his intense devotion to his wife, and she, in turn, descanted upon him with all the fervor of a maiden in her teens.

But it would seem as though the period of happiness was too great—too real to have a very long existence.

A little one came into the home. But it never drew breath in this world, and three days later the loving wife followed it out into the land of the Great Unknown. The heart-broken father was left alone in the little home that had known so much happiness.

From this time onward Father Pat was a changed man. He was the same lovable, impulsive creature, but the zest of life was gone. He had worked hard before. He worked harder now. When he first came to the province he is said to have stated that he would always remain a celibate, and he held to this determination until he met Miss Innes. But when she passed away a work mania seems to have taken hold of him and he appears to have desired to wear himself out as quickly as possible in the work of the missionary.

It was impossible for a nature such as his to forget. He would still speak of his wife as "Fanny" just as though he expected her to appear at any moment. No one, not in possession of the facts, and hearing him speak of her, would imagine she was dead. He always carried with him a copy of "In Memoriam," and he struggled hard to believe that it was all for the best. But his superiors saw how he was suffering and again they persuaded him to take a trip back to the old land.

When he again came out to British Columbia he asked to be allowed to do some good, hard, pioneer work. His request was granted. The Kootenay mining district was just opening up, and he was given charge of the work at Rossland with a commission to visit the surrounding towns whenever possible.

At this time the story of the wealth of the rich Rossland camp was upon every lip. It was just on the eve of the great boom which gave it a world-wide fame. Its population was made up of all the various types of individuals which make up life in a new mining camp. The shrewd Yankee, the scheming Jew, the well-groomed capitalist, the energetic prospector, the simple tenderfoot, the wild-cat promoter, the corpulent saloon man, the professional gambler, the remittance man, the big-hearted miner, all were represented in Rossland in those stirring days.

And what stirring days they were! The town was open wide and a saloon never knew what it was to be locked up. The champagne glasses clinked day and night and seven days in the week. Many a miner's savings faded beneath the bright lights which shone over the green tables. Smiling gamblers daily walked down to the bank with good, fat rolls. But why go on? These words will give a peep at the scene. A peep is enough. In short, everybody was so busy either making or losing money that few had time to spend in making men. And it continued so until the coming of Father Pat.

It was now that he began the great work which has made his name a household word in all the Kootenay country. And what a work it was! He was always at work. One day he would be found at Trail, ten miles east of Rossland; a few days later he might be found at Grand Forks, forty miles to the west, and in a very short time he would cover the whole territory.

Because of his reckless benevolence it

was hard for him to keep the pantry full or a decent suit on his back. If he had a good coat, and he found a poorer brother who was coatless, he would not hesitate to part with this part of his wardrobe. A brand new hat went the same way on one occasion. At another time while passing a field he noticed a scarecrow and ventured the opinion that if he were to trade suits with the wooden man the transaction would result in considerable advantage to himself.

It can thus be easily understood that at this period in his life his attire was not exactly immaculate. One time the congregation became scandalized at the threadbare appearance of his clothing and bought him a new suit. He thanked them heartily, but it was not long before they discovered that his heart had again got the better of his head as he had given the suit to some poor fellow who had gone broke and needed some warm clothing.

It may surprise the reader that such charity was ever necessary in a rich mining camp. In explanation let it be said that in those days "the boys of the hills" were in a greater or less degree a rather improvident lot and all too frequently their month's check was spent in a gambling den or saloon before they had paid their board or purchased the necessaries of life. And then if they were unfortunate enough to be thrown out of employment they were "right up against it." It was at such times as this that Father Pat often came to their assistance.

On one occasion when the Bishop came around he is said to have found Father Pat attired in an ordinary pair of blue denim overalls. He was inclined to remonstrate, but he found that in his own peculiar way Father Pat was doing such a great work and seemed to be in such favor among the people that he felt that it would be improper to criticize.

There is also the story of a young man who came out from England with an introduction to the Reverend Henry Irvine. But when he found a man in the garb of an ordinary miner he felt that assuredly there was some mistake and he went away without producing the letter of introduction.

Father Pat made his home in a few small rooms under the church. But on the Bishop's second visit he found him living in a shivering, cold shack, while a homeless prospector was domiciled in the more comfortable quarters under the church. Was it any wonder the miners loved him?

"Why, Dick," he said to an old timer, late on Sunday night, "did I not see you in church this evening?"

"Yes, yer riverence, I was there," replied the other. "The first time I have been to church in thirty years. I couldn't stand too much of it at a time, though. So just when it was getting a bit long I went outside and had a smoke. But I say, yer riverence, it was good. I went in again after I had had a bit of a smoke and it all came back to me as I was used to it when a boy, and I tell you I did come down on them ah-mens."

He was at his best when discoursing on human nature. He always believed in trying to find the good side of the most suspicious character.

"My experience in this western country," he would say, "is that the more you trust human nature and treat people like human beings and not with suspicion, the better you will like them. If I knew a man was a born thief I would throw the doors open to him just the same, relying on his better nature not to betray me."

And the men understood him.

"He's a good man," said one, "We know that. There's nothing we can give him. His reward is ready for him. Some day he will get his pay for nursing the poor fellows that no one else would bother about. No one can take it from him. He's recorded his Claim right enough."

There was a young woman who had led an evil life but in whom Father Pat saw the seeds of better things. Encouraged by him, some young fellows clubbed together to put her in a decent lodging. They also bought her a sewing machine so that she might earn an honest living. And this she was sincerely endeavoring to do.

But a man meeting her in a hotel one day greeted her with insulting words. Father Pat happened to be there and with his fist in the other fellow's face, said: "You scoundrel! You get out of here as quick as you can or I'll help you out." The man soon vanished, for the beloved pilot's skill as a fighter had now become well known.

In 1900, we find him doing some missionary work at Fairview, in the Okanogan country, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Rossland. Owing to the failure of the mines there, his stay at Fairview was not long, but two typical incidents come down to us as a result of his work there.

While among a crowd of miners one day a coarse, mouthy, brutal fellow ventured to insult him. The beloved pilot paid no attention until words were added which were an insult to religion and to the Creator as well. He strongly resented this and turning on him fiercely, said: "I don't mind your insulting me, but you shall not insult my Master."

The miner drew near and dared Father Pat to prevent him saying anything he liked. He evidently expected that his large physique would frighten the Padre.

But he was badly mistaken. Without any warning Father Pat turned on him, and, using his fist scientifically as he so well knew how to do, he gave him the trouncing that he deserved. After a hard tussle the man went down like a log, unconscious and bleeding. But in a moment the big-hearted pilot was down beside him and in a fit of remorse exclaimed: "O Lord, forgive me for not telling this poor man that I was a champion boxer at Oxford."

While at Fairview he went into the West Fork country to hold some services. Although he had with him a little hand organ he was no vocalist, and as singing is a very popular feature in a service among the miners, this was a distinct lack.

When the time came for the hymn he played the tune over on the little hand organ, but no voice responded. A leader was lacking. After vain exhortations to tune up Father Pat turned to a friend of his, Gorman West, an ex-saloon keeper, and exclaimed: "Gorman, you beggar—sing."

"Well, Pat," West replied, "if I sing every other son of a gun will walk out."

"Then for Heaven's sake don't," replied Father Pat, and the service was continued without singing.

But the end was not far off. His hard work and the hardships he had undergone appear to have undermined not only his constitution but his intellect as well. The body could not stand such treatment without showing its effects. Although the brave pilot tried not to show it his superiors became advised of the condition of things and persuaded him to go home for a holiday. When he again returned it was proposed to make him an itinerant missionary with the whole of the outlying districts of the province as his field.

But it was not to be. Nobody knows just how it happened, but when on his way home he got off at a small station near Montreal and was lost. In his partially demented condition he appears to have started off, intent on a long walk. Becoming weary, he laid down under the glistening stars just as many a night he had done in the milder climate of the mountain country by the slope of the Western sea.

One morning early in January, 1902, a farmer driving along the Sault au Recollet road, a few miles from Montreal, saw a man walking with difficulty on the frozen ice. He seemed to be shoving his feet along instead of lifting them up. The farmer immediately ran to him and asked him if he were ill or if his feet were frozen. The man replied that he did not feel any pain but just a numbness in his legs.

The farmer kindly took him in his sleigh and drove him to a doctor in the Sault. After examination the doctor administered a cordial to the stranger and told the farmer to drive him as quickly as possible to some hospital in Montreal. The stranger refused to give his name but begged that he be taken to the Notre Dame hospital, which is famous for its nursing.

When he arrived at the hospital he gave his name as William Henry. The sisters suspected that this was not his real name, but they let it pass.

His feet were very badly frozen. His shoes had to be cut off and the frozen members were put in a medical preparation to thaw out. The kind-hearted sisters knew too well the agony that was beginning and they could not keep back the tears. But William Henry laughed at their fears, and said that their tears affected him more than the pain.

He suffered a great deal for a number of days. Then mortification set in and he felt no pain. His appetite was good and his mind was clear. But his manner, his kindness and his wit and drollery convinced the doctors and nurses that he was no ordinary patient. His magnetic personality seemed to attract to him everyone who came into the room and one day the Superioress came to him and said that she felt that he had not given his full name.

He gave her a very evasive answer, joking with her that women were never satisfied, and finally he asked for the house doctor of the hospital, a son of Sir William Hingston.

Dr. Hingston had been in the habit of having long chats with him each day, and in the long conference which followed he admitted that he was none other than Father Pat. He gave all his papers over into the doctor's keeping, pledging him to not reveal his identity until after his death.

Toward the last he lost the power of speech. To prevent suffocation he had to submit to a severe operation on the throat. When it was over he made a sign for pencil and paper and wrote: "That was needed, but it was hard." During the night Dr. Hingston was called to see him twice. When he was going away the second time the dying pilot beckoned him to come back and he clasped his hand in a last good-bye. Early in the morning he became unconscious. As the day wore on he sank rapidly and toward noon of January 13th he passed away without regaining consciousness.

Dr. Hingston, speaking of him afterward, said that he had never seen so much sweetness and strength combined in one individual.

No sooner did the news of his death reach British Columbia than requests came pouring in that he should be buried in the province, upon the life of which he had so indelibly left the stamp of his own lovable personality. This request was granted. The body was brought west. The casket was placed in the Cathedral at New Westminster where crowds of people came to pay their last tribute of respect. And on a lovely afternoon he was laid to rest in Sapperton cemetery beside the wife he had loved so well.

Soon afterward a movement was started for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. A subscription list was opened. And how the money did roll in!

Not that it came in big sums. It did not. There were small sums for the most part—contributed by the miners and the common folk who had loved him. But back of each contribution was the fervor of a loving heart. What more fitting close to such a self-sacrificing career?

The monument stands on the main business corner of Rossland in the midst of the whirl of its busy life. Aside from being a monument it combines the use of a street lamp and a drinking fountain; one an emblem of the Light that he tried to make shine among men, and the other—typical of the Water of Life, at the fountain of which he had so often bid the miners drink. The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

On the face of it are these words:

RICH HE WAS OF HOLY THOUGHT
AND WORK
In loving memory of
REV. HENRY IRVINE, M.A. (Oxon)
First Rector of St. George's Church, Rossland
Affectionately known as Father Pat
Obit, January 13th, 1902.

Whose life was unselfishly devoted to the welfare of his fellow-man irrespective of creed or class.

"His home was known to all the vagrant train:
He chid their wanderings and relieved their pain."

And on each side of the same stone fountain are these shorter inscriptions:

On the east:

"I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink."

On the west:

"I was an hungered and ye gave me to eat."

On the north:

"In Memoriam, Father Pat."
"He who would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert. For none can truly know
Thy life, thy worth, but he that liveth so."

On the south:

"A man he was to all the country dear."

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1911

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE excitement attending the close of the Sixty-first Congress was increased by the President's announcement of an extra session to consider the Canadian reciprocity agreement. President Taft had declared, long before the filibustering of the closing session began, that the failure of the Sixty-first Congress to act upon the reciprocity agreement with Canada would oblige him to call an extra session.

Few of the members, however, took the President at his word—indeed, wagers were made between Senators that the extra session would not be called. The decisive official announcement made by the President at the Capitol scarcely two hours after the close of Congress, that an extra session would be called for April 4, created an unusual sensation.

Much has been said of late, regarding President Taft's use of "the big stick" to enforce certain well-defined policies. His refusal to be swayed by partisan politics has always won for him the respect of the people, but his positive stand in enforcing legislative action has called forth nation-wide admiration.

ALTHOUGH the public is wont to criticize the past Congress for its refusal to act upon reciprocity with Canada, yet much important legislation has been enacted during its history. This legislation includes the Payne-Aldrich tariff act, the establishment of postal savings banks, the creation of a Commerce Court, the resolution for an income tax amendment and various other important measures.

The failure of this Congress entirely to "clear the decks" will leave to the credit of the new Congress the enactment of a bill which is accounted to be of even greater importance than the tariff act. Thus the Sixty-second Congress has virtually had thrust upon it an opportunity to begin its history auspiciously.

* * *

NOT the least sensational incident at the close of the Sixty-first Congress was the resignation of Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas, following Senator Owen's filibuster to force the admission of Arizona to statehood. Condemning the action of the Democrats in taking a course "unrepresentative of the Democratic party," Senator Bailey declared that he could no longer work in harmony with them, and hastily wrote out his resignation.. Vice-

President Sherman refused to announce this to the Senate, and Senator Bacon also shook his head.

Governor Colquitt immediately wired Mr. Bailey urging that he reconsider, and after a deputation of Democratic members had appealed to the Senator from Texas as their acknowledged leader, he thought things over and will retain his seat.

An able and brilliant speaker, Senator Bailey's loss would have meant much to his party, and in the Democratic camp there was a general exchange of felicitations that an impulsive act did not result in Senator Bailey's permanent withdrawal.

ASHER HINDS
One of the new Congressmen from Maine, formerly clerk at the Speaker's desk

* * *

THE retirement of Mr. Norton, private secretary to the President, also goes into effect April 4, when Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, will succeed him. Mr. Norton leaves public life to accept the vice-presidency of the First National Bank, New York.

The public announcement was made at a luncheon at Mr. Norton's home in honor of his successor. Both men have served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and from that office received the higher appointment. Mr. Hilles takes up his new work with a long experience in financial circles, and promises to deal effectively with the duties and responsibilities of his new position.

* * *

ASHER C. HINDS, the new Congressman from Maine, is well known in the House of Representatives. For the past sixteen years he has been the parliamentarian of the House, or, according to official designation, the "clerk at the Speaker's table."

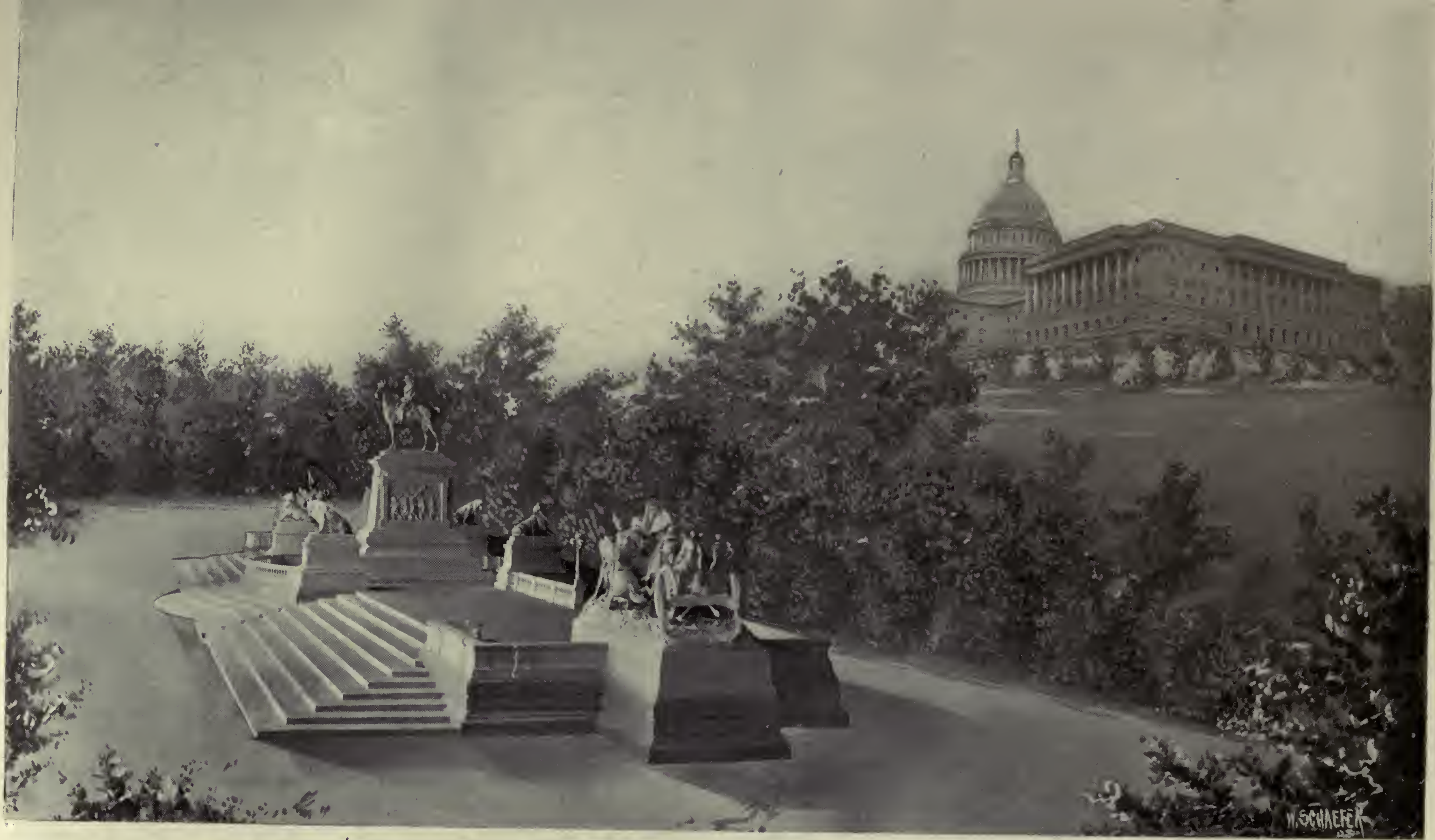
His first appointment was received from Speaker Thomas Reed, and since taking the position, Mr. Hinds' salary has been increased from $2,200 to $3,600, with an additional $1,000 for the compilation of the annual digest.

Few members of the Sixty-second Congress will be more familiar with the "rules of the House" than Mr. Hinds, and his progress as a member of that body will be watched with especial interest. The new Speaker will surely pay attention when the new member from Maine makes a point of order.

* * *

ASIDE from the many legislative changes incident to the outgoing of the Sixty-first Congress, the resignation of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger is the first vacancy made in the personnel of the President's Cabinet since his inauguration. Mr. Ballinger retires to private life, and will be succeeded by Mr. Walter L. Fisher of Chicago.

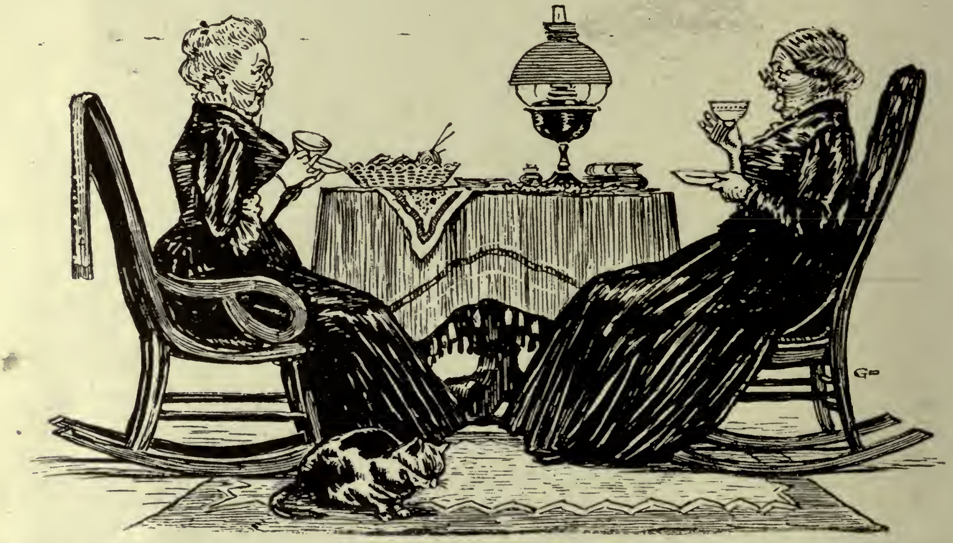
President Taft's correspondence with Mr. Ballinger in regard to his resignation was singularly affecting, evidencing as it did the sincere confidence of the Chief Executive in the officers of his Cabinet, and his disregard of the attacks made upon them without foundation. He served notice that even at the peril of his political career, he would not countenance what he considered unjust attacks, to palliate popular impressions at the expense of his sense of justice and conscience, after hearing and knowing the evidence at first hand.



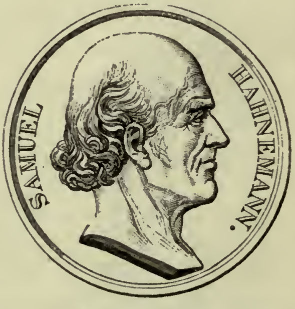
THE GRANT MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

The heroic equestrian statue of General Ulysses S. Grant, contracted for nearly ten years ago, will soon be completed. The statue itself is said to be a faithful representation of the great commander as he usually rode *en campaign*, swordless, and without display. A working-day soldier in every sense of the word. On either face of the great pedestal suitable bronzes commemorate the great Civil War, and as he sits his war-horse in review, from either hand comes the rush of field artillery and Federal cavalry equipped and coming into action as they rode and fought in, an already archaic and obsolete "Effeir of War." All the stone-work and most of the bronzes are ready for placing, and while there is some delay about the final decision as to its location, the tourist will probably be able to admire it at Washington in 1912.

AS I talked with my old friend Colonel H. B. Hedge, United States Pension Agent at Des Moines, Iowa, it was hard to realize that half a century ago this genial gentleman was one of the hard-hitting, rough-riding, sharp-shooting troopers of the Ringgold Cavalry, which, as an independent Pennsylvania troop, was the first cavalry mustered into the three-year Federal service during the Civil War, and for over a year was scouting and skirmishing in eastern and western Virginia. After fourteen months' service the company, with six others, became the Ringgold Battalion, and at the end of three years became the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry, serving until the close of the war. Besides almost innumerable casual exposures to long-range fire, the Ringgolds were in over fifty battles, acting as body-guard for General Shields when wounded at Winchester, and fighting at Kernstown, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, on Hunter's Raid and under Sheridan in his famous Shenandoah Valley campaigns, including many fights of which historians know nothing; but in which every tenth man engaged was killed or wounded.



THERE WAS SERIOUS DISCUSSION OVER THE PROPOSITION OF HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOLS


SAMUEL HAHNEMANN.

See "The Nobility of the Trades" Page 841

"At Romney, Virginia," said Colonel Hedge, "a small detachment was sent out on scout and fell into an ambush. The trooper just in front of me went down and we came out of the fight with ten per cent less men than when we rode out. I was captured near Romney, but they chose to take my horse and arms and let me go.

"Suffice it to say, I saw enough of war and smelled sufficient powder to convince me that General Sherman's definition of it was correct."

* * *

THERE was serious discussion down at the Department of Commerce and Labor regarding the advice of Deputy-Consul General Hanauer of Frankfort, that the Prussian government proposes to ask in its next budget for "housekeeping schools," whose teachers will traverse Prussia, from place to place, giving instruction in housekeeping to the daughters of farmers, mechanics and laborers. The course of instruction will take about eight weeks at each place. Baking, cooking, conserving and hermetically sealing fruit and vegetables; poultry raising and breeding, dairy and stock service, raising fruit and vegetables; sewing, repairing and cleansing clothing; laundry work, house cleaning and sanitation, even to the preservation of health will be taught by the Prussian teachers of the novel housekeeping schools. Few of us realize that at this time there exist in the Rhenish Province and elsewhere in Germany schools of this kind which are an immense success.

This is truly the age of service, and practicality in the school curriculum is taking the place of classical endeavor. Not only is this being done for the students of today, but the young men and women who were educated under the old program are enabled to get instruction in industrial lines by means of the "continuation school," which has already been experimented with in Boston. The work was begun less than a year ago, and the employers of certain selected lines gave valuable co-operation. At present there are courses in salesmanship, the dry goods business and the shoe and leather industry. The continuation school is free to students, and its value as successor to the old apprentice system, which required years of menial labor while "learning the trade," cannot be over-estimated.

* * *

AFTER I had arrived in Washington and the usual greetings had been exchanged, I took out my book and made a summary of the things talked over with five Senators, eight Representatives, two members of the Cabinet and one chief of a bureau, as to the matters uppermost in the minds of the people.

One subject enthusiastically discussed was the appeal made by the War Department for aeroplanes. The French government already has a squadron of sixty or eighty airships, and the English government is equally active, while the United States owns one lonely little aeroplane, which is included in the inventory of the Signal Service Corps. An appeal has been made to Congress for an appropriation adequate to keep pace, at least, with European countries in the matter of military aviation.

The new Signal corps has been doing some important work. To see them lay wires across field and forest makes one think that he is looking upon an artillery force or upon a prize battery of hose carts instead of upon a signal corps. A cordon of wireless stations extending from the farthest north to the tropics is one of the most important arteries that keeps in direct touch with Washington.

Every day there are interested groups in sight of the War Department watching the globe, which at exactly five minutes before twelve, is sent up to the top of a staff on the tower. Everybody looks in that direction, and at that time all work on the telegraph lines throughout the country is interrupted. Precisely at twelve it drops, and the click is felt to the remotest parts of the world to which the telegraph wires reach, thus announcing the standard time of the country.

MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA
Who made her debut as "Carmen" when only sixteen

* * *

NO longer may the phrase be used that a debater in Congress "made the sparks fly"—unless his colleagues are arrayed in asbestos frock-coats.

Nearly all of the great catastrophes that from time to time shock people as they read the newspaper extras, receive investigation at the hands of some one of the government departments at Washington. Just now the novel theory is advanced that a spark from the human body was responsible for the great conflagration at Newark, New Jersey, in which thirty lives were lost. The explosion of a gasoline can by an electric spark from a workman's finger is the explanation given by high authorities. This does not look so improbable when we realize that some persons by "scuffling" across a carpet or rug may generate sufficient electricity to send sparks from their finger-tips.

Now that it has been demonstrated on high scientific authority and by those who study into the causes of fires, that a spark may be emitted from a man's body, and set fire to a gasoline can, a new element of danger is recognized, and one so subtle and impossible of avoidance that the only consolation possible is the reflection that comparatively few persons are capable of "sparking" to such a dangerous extent.

Some philosophers now insist that thus originated the old-fashioned term "sparking," which may be true, but excites "shocking" speculations as to the origin of many mysterious conflagrations that have puzzled the good people of this world since time began.

THE SEASON APPROACHES WHEN THE TROUT ARE SIMPLY ACHING TO GRAB A FLY AND THE FISHERMAN IS ALSO IN A RECEPTIVE MOOD

CROWDS of visitors are daily thronging the second floor of the New National Museum, eagerly seeking a glimpse of the trophies brought back from Africa by the Roosevelt party. But alas, these are snugly stowed away in the Smithsonian Institute, and only a few samples are on exhibition for these curious visitors.

The art collection of the National Museum is very interesting. Many of Moran's famous historical paintings are there, and the admirable collection of Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of President

Buchanan, throws a new light on the administration of her distinguished uncle. Brides and grooms linger long to look over the furniture used by Washington at Mount Vernon. In the great glass cases are shown life-size figures of American native tribesmen, from the Esquimaux of the Alaskan floes to the Indians of the tropics, and these furnish graphic pictures of the life of the American aborigines before they were civilized.

Such institutions as the National Museum have a more vital educative influence than can well be realized, following out the old philosophy that what is seen and enjoyed makes the most lasting impressions. The new Museum is not yet completed, but it promises to be one of the most popular treasure galleries of all the "Washington sights."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF OIL ONE WOULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED OF SEEING IT HANDLED BY THE TRAIN LOAD AS IT IS TODAY

* * *

IT was during the days when the President was wrestling with the message. It seemed as if unexpected kinks would occur after paragraph upon paragraph had been carefully "ironed out," and then something else would appear to open the forms again—more reports would be needed and more information from the different departments. The slogan seemed to be "Curtail! Curtail!" until it seemed as if things would never "come right."

But during all the trying period, Secretary Knox could not lose his sense of humor and as he began his fourteenth trip across Executive Avenue to be conferred with for the thirty-fourth time, someone told him of an acquaintance who had sold his political birthright for "a mess of pottage."

"You don't say," commented the Secretary, with a smile playing about the corners of his mouth. "Well, I know a man who's just now watching the political caldron, busy with a pot of message."

* * *

AMONG the first tariff commission bills introduced into Congress was that of Representative James W. Good of Iowa at the last session. His bill was followed by that of Representative Lenroot of Wisconsin. Later the Longworth bill incorporated the ideas of the other two and came out at the time of the meeting of the tariff commission convention in Washington, before which the President again declared. It is pretty rough on a Congressman to have his pet measures taken up and appropriated almost bodily by others, but the great point is to have a bill that will pass. "Pass" is just as necessary a term in Congress as in a poker game. The Lenroot bill provides for five commissioners to be appointed by the President for terms of ten years each. These men are required to possess special qualifications and to have a practical knowledge of manufacturing industries. One is to be a representative of labor, one a lawyer, one a man who has made a special study of tariff laws, another of expert knowledge of accounting and one an economist who has made a study of wages.

For Buck
Wash.
Mr. Mitchell Chapple
Boston Mass.
Sincerely yours,
P. V. DeGraw
1910

PETER VOORHEES DEGRAW
Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, who has had the magazine publishers on the anxious seat for the past two months

The work of the commission as indicated, is to ascertain the cost of articles in this and other countries, the standards of living, the cost of labor, the rates of fixed charges, and the true value of capital invested. The commission may hold public meetings from time to time, or such hearings as are customary with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is also provided that the testimony shall be taken in secret session, if the witness desires, and that it will not be reported to Congress in detail unless Congress express a desire for it. Mr. Lenroot believes that his bill will bring out many points which could not be secured at public hearings.

The commission is to be given power to enforce the production of books, papers and documents as in the case of hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, which will virtually bring under federal surveillance nearly every manufacturing industry of the country.

* * *

I WAS thinking the other day, as I saw one of the cabinet ministers carelessly throw his notes into the basket, that out of the waste-baskets at Washington might be gathered many scraps of paper that would mean much to future generations and the modern student of civil government. When I mentioned this to an old messenger whose service in the Capitol dates back to ante-bellum days, he remarked that he had seen borne out of the White House many a basketful of Lincoln's writings that would now be priceless treasures for museums and libraries. "We little thought of the fame that was to come to him then," he said with a thoughtful shake of the head.

Washington is truly a place of coming and going. As the political tides ebb and flow, one realizes how directly responsible are their public servants to the people.

* * *

IN the spacious marble room of the Capitol on a January day, Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont received the friends who called to extend personal birthday greetings. While congratulations were being showered upon him from all sides, a telegram was brought in from his son, Russell Smith Page of Vermont, and this the Senator read aloud:

"Congratulations on the day and year—Russell."

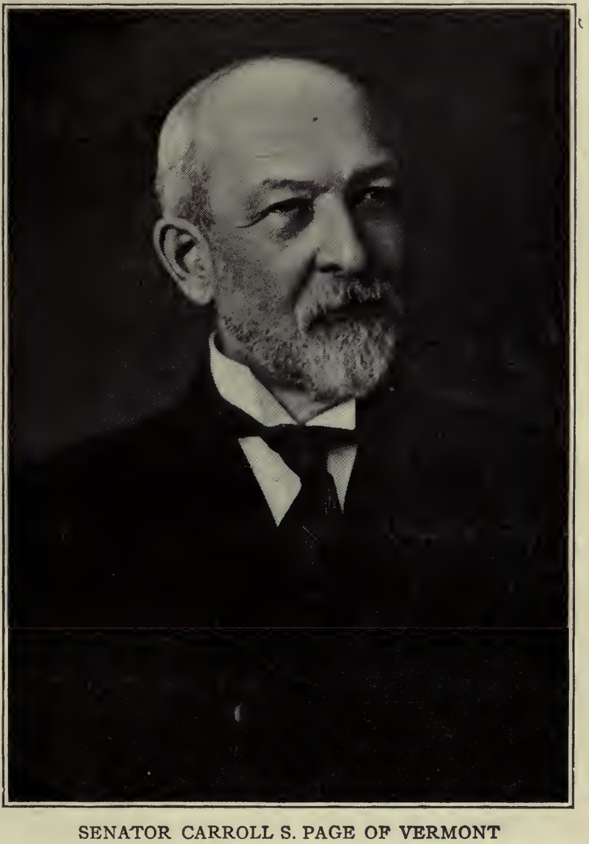
On the same day, Senator Smoot of Utah was celebrating his birthday, and although the birth dates varied as to the year, 1843–1862, the two Senators congratulated each other on the coincidence, and someone suggested that next year a double birthday cake should be served on the occasion.

It was the sixty-eighth birthday of Senator Page, but a more energetic member of the Senate never answered the roll call. Systematic and businesslike in all things, his thoroughness of character is evidenced in his manner of attending to his correspondence. No letter that reaches the hands of the Senator from Vermont ever remains long unanswered.

In his campaign for re-election, Senator Page received the endorsement of not only his own party, but of the opposition as well, an unusual compliment and quite without precedent in the Green Mountain State. A Democrat made the speech nominating him, the nomination was seconded by another Democrat, and the people of all parties throughout the state heartily approved the action of their legislators in voting for a Republican Senator. It must have been gratifying to Senator Page that his son, Russell Smith Page, a member of the state legislature from the Hyde Park district, was one of the legislators to vote for him, and with the unanimous endorsement of his neighbors at home.

The Senator has had a most active career, and has perhaps a larger personal acquaintance among the farmers of the country than any other man in Congress, owing to his business relations with many of them in connection with the great hide business which is now being conducted by his son.

Senator Page is chairman of the Committee on Standards, Weights and Measures, and as a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, he succeeded the late Senator Proctor. Senator Page also takes special interest in the work of the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which he is the only Eastern member from the upper branch of Congress.



SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE OF VERMONT
Who recently celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday in Washington

THERE was a day when a "government job" at Washington was regarded as somewhat of a sinecure. Well-paid door keepers, elevator men and messengers worked from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Then came President Roosevelt, who directed that the hours of labor should be stretched out to 4.30, and now President Taft declares that five o'clock shall be the end of the government employe's day. The usual thirty-day sick leave has not as yet been changed, but it is persistently insisted that if a policy of thrift and economy is to be effective, the government should be the first to set the example.

The question of pensions for clerks has also come up again, and has attracted unusual interest, for it is believed that when an old age pension policy is adopted, the government employe will be among the first named to receive such a pension. A discussion of this matter by a group of government clerks revealed the amusing fact that they were eager for the passage of the law, not as affecting their own careers, but because it would remove from office many aged employes who, though now unable properly to perform their duties, cause the younger clerks not only extra work, but constant anxiety to avoid exciting the sensitiveness of elderly men who cannot believe that they have reached the end of their effectiveness, after they have given a loyal life's service for the government.

RUSSELL SMITH PAGE
Member of the Vermont Legislature and son of United States Senator Carroll S. Page

* * *

OF Scotch descent and born in Buckinghamshire, England, March 25, 1862, Senator George Sutherland of Utah is one of the many naturalized citizens of the United States who have attained prominence in the halls of Congress.

Senator Sutherland is frank and open in address, though somewhat scholarly in expression and bearing. But when in action, whether on the floor of the Senate or before a court, one at once realizes that he is most of all a lawyer.

He studied at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was admitted to the bar in 1883. His first political campaign elected him State Senator from Utah. In 1900 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention and again in 1904. After a term as Representative in the Fifty-seventh Congress, he declined renomination, but was later elected to the Senate in 1905, and re-elected in January, 1911, for the term expiring in 1917.

In a recent speech Senator Depew declared that Mr. Sutherland was "one of the great constitutional lawyers of the Senate," and at one time it seemed not unlikely that he would be appointed a justice of the Supreme Court by President Taft.

Senator Sutherland is very popular with the home folk—as his nomination for re-election, endorsed without a dissenting vote, plainly shows. Despite his far-reaching legal knowledge and serious mien, the Senator is reputed to be an excellent story-teller—and not "English jokes," at that. He has a never-failing fund of pleasant sayings and genial good humor, and the State of Utah has reason to be proud of his selection, and of his social and political popularity.

* * *

FROM the attaches of the Russian court has just leaked out the information that in May an American opera favorite will entertain His Highness, the Czar, with her trills and warbles.

Madame Marguerita Sylva, admired by lovers of grand opera, as the world's greatest "Carmen," has, the rumor goes, been selected by the Czar to be the principal at his yearly musicale in St. Petersburg.

While touring Russia two years ago the beautiful singer met the country's ruler, who is said to be passionately fond of music. The meeting was followed by an invitation to sing at the 1910 musicale, which Madame Sylva was forced to decline. This year, however, she is said to have accepted, and for three days preceding the concert will be a guest at the Metropolitan Palace.

Madame Sylva is now a member of the Metropolitan Opera, singing in Philadelphia. Her success has been even greater in heavier than in lighter roles. She is known best by her "Carmen," which American critics have proclaimed to be quite flawless, and even more exquisite than the "Carmen" offered by Calve.

When but sixteen years of age Madame Sylva made her debut as "Carmen" at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and in three years has given 119 portrayals of the character of the gypsy girl, singing with fifty-eight different tenors. In that time not an unfavorable criticism has been received.

The young artist has sung in nearly every country of the world, and was the foremost of Oscar Hammerstein's stars last season. She is in great demand by American light opera producers, who have offered her fabulous prices to enter their ranks. All of these offers she has steadfastly declined.

The fact that Madame Sylva has many friends connected with the court of Russia adds strength to the rumor that she will be a guest of honor at the royal palace during a part of the coming summer.

* * *

THE first room in the Capitol decorated by Brumidi, the famous Italian artist, is occupied by Congressman John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on the post office and post roads. The work was done in 1855 as a test of Brumidi's ability to execute the greater wall paintings of the decorative scheme. The principal decoration represents "Cincinnatus Leaving the Plough." There are also contrasting pictures of the Fast Mail over the Lake Shore Road, of old style steamboats, and the now passé features of the railway service of 1876.

It is no wonder that when the committee were admitted to this room to inspect Brumidi's finished work, they promptly told him to go ahead—that he had won the commission. The *bas reliefs* of Washington and Jefferson painted on the wall stand out as vividly as if cut in marble, and a painted flag is so realistic that one can almost see it wave; indeed, there is a tradition that a bird flew into the room and tried to alight upon its staff, so complete was the illusion.

Later decorations representing pastures and harvest scenes were added when the room was occupied by the Agricultural Committee. This chamber has recently been the arena of many interesting hearings—the ocean mail bill, the parcels post bill and many other great propositions have been discussed in this chamber.

At many of these hearings, petitions from the people have played a prominent part, but long lists of signed petitions are now looked upon as rather unreliable evidence, since no sooner has one side sent in a petition carrying signatures of "sovereign voters" than the opposition comes back with a list equally as formidable. It is said in some instances that the same people have signed opposing papers, showing that they have not given very close attention to the prayer of the petition. In fact, it is claimed that there are organizations whose only business is to "manufacture" public sentiment, and that the postal cards or telegrams sent in by ardent advocates often delude the Senator

MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA
The young Grand Opera singer who is gaining favor both at home and abroad

Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright, copyright, 1910, *by The Macmillan Company*

CASAS RIVER—ISLE OF PINES

The Cuban tourist should not be content until he has visited the Isle of Pines, reached by steamers which ply between Batabano and its ports; so shallow is the channel here that the sands are stirred in passing. This island possesses the most salubrious climate, and fever, plague and other ills which have taken possession of Cuba have passed it by. The average temperature for the year 1907-1908 was 78.95 degrees. The air is balsamic with the resinous fragrance of piny woods.

or Congressman into believing that something is really "doing" back home, when very little interest is being taken by his constituents.

Representative Weeks has long been recognized as one of the strongest men in Congress, and few members have given committee work more arduous attention. When the pension bill was pending, Mr. Weeks introduced an amendment providing that no benefit should accrue to any veteran having an income of over one thousand dollars a year. "The pension is for those who need it," he declared, as his amendment was offered; namely, "that no part of the appropriation under this act shall be paid to any person whose annual income exceeds $1,000." The provision was timely in the passage of the pension appropriation of $45,000,000.

There have been many urgent requests that Mr. Weeks be made chairman of the Republican National Committee. Coolheaded, equably poised, good-natured and fair-minded, he has made a record that reflects great credit to himself and his state, to say nothing of the splendid district that so keenly appreciates his consistent statesmanship.

* * *

IF a roster were to be made of the strongly individualized members of the Sixty-first Congress, the name of Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts would undoubtedly head the list. Very few Representatives have maintained a more independent career in the House, although Congressman McCall's name is associated with much important legislation during the last decade. His services on the Ways and Means Committee, and as chairman of the Committee on the Library, have demonstrated his initiative force and independence of thought and action.

In the consistent promotion of liberal ideas for the adornment of Washington and the Capitol, he has been an ardent advocate of building new halls for the House adequate to the needs of the increasing representation, and has enlisted the enthusiastic interest of prominent American architects in plans to make these at least the peers of the great legislative chambers of the world.

Congressman McCall's sense of beauty and "the eternal fitness of things" is extremely sensitive, and the vacant pediment over the east portico of the House has for many years offended his vision. At last he has persuaded Congress to appropriate seventy-five thousand dollars to relieve the severe simplicity of this pediment with sculptures in white marble, in high relief from the gray-toned and weather-stained walls of the building. He has also been successful in removing the draped statue of Washington to the Smithsonian Institute, where he thinks it will be more appropriately placed, especially in unseasonable weather.

J. EDMUND THOMPSON, A.B.
Author of "The Science of Exercise" (see page 891)

Mr. McCall's most notable address outside the House was undoubtedly his eulogy of Speaker Thomas Reed at the unveiling of the Reed statue at Portland, Maine. A close personal friend of the ex-speaker, this address, embodying the memories and sentiments suggested by the unveiling of the monument, was natural, pathetic and touching, and came directly from the heart. The speech has been preserved by many as one of the most tender and affecting tributes ever paid to a beloved friend and great statesman.

* * *

FOLLOWING up Senator Aldrich's suggestion that the government could save three hundred thousand dollars a year if proper business methods were enforced, Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland was summoned to demonstrate how money could be saved in the executive departments.

It is believed that the twelve thousand dollars paid to Dr. Cleveland will be one of the best investments that the government has made for some time, for it has been determined and announced that the affairs of the government are henceforth to be managed with a scrupulous regard for economy and the purpose of securing the worth of money paid out as salaries. Cabinet officers, bureau chiefs and clerks have been interviewed in order to make a complete investigation of the existing conditions.

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COUNT CONRAD DE BUISSERET
Minister from Belguim, who has written three plays, which are to be tried out at the new Washington "playhouse," opened February 9

It is said that Dr. Cleveland was chosen to manage this delicate and difficult task at the suggestion of Secretary Norton. During his service as assistant secretary of the treasury, Mr. Norton felt that the treasury system was defective, and in trying to remedy it, saw that reforms could only be properly carried out by an expert. The new appointee has made an exhaustive study of finance at the University of Chicago, and also at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was made a Doctor of Philosophy and a Fellow of Economics. For some time he has been actively indentified with the finance investigating committee of New York City.

* * *

WHILE walking along the corridor of the House Office Building, I dropped in to make a fraternal call, as a newspaper editor, on George Winthrop Fairchild, the congressman so well known to printers throughout the country.

Mr. Fairchild, when a lad of fourteen, served his time in a printing office in his native town of Oneonta, New York. After having acquired a speed of nine thousand ems a day as a "comp," and the skill for making up a local page in an hour, and for "sizing up the 'personals'" in very short order, the youthful printer was presented with Webster's dictionary as a gift from his employers. The fly-leaf was inscribed:

> "This is to certify that George W. Fairchild has served a due apprenticeship in the Art Preservative of all Arts, and is entitled to all rights and privileges of a journeyman printer."

To this day Mr. Fairchild has that dictionary, and despite his extensive manufacturing interests, he has always retained a keen interest in the newspaper business. He still owns the newspaper at Oneonta, and declares that the day has not yet dawned when he can resist the sniff of benzine and the lure of ink. He likes to recall the old days when he inked the forms, from the marble slab which always seems to have found its way to the country printing office from a nearby graveyard. He knows all about printers' "pi," and insists that his interest in the art preservative will always be maintained. He is a union printer, and was at one time the president of a typographical union in New York state.

Congressman Fairchild's father, Jesse Fairchild, was descended from an ancestor of that name who came from England in 1639, and settled at Stratford, Connecticut. One of his maternal ancestors was Thomas Morenus, a soldier of the Revolution, who after the war settled in Otsego County, New York, and whose estate has been in the family ever since.

When elected to the Sixtieth Congress, Mr. Fairchild had never before held public office. He is a practical business man and has done much to build up the interests of his native town. There is not a constituent in the "Twenty-fourth New York" district who does not feel at perfect liberty when at Washington to drop in for a friendly chat with Congressman Fairchild. His services upon the Committee of Expenditures in the Post Office Department and on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, and his re-election in New York State in spite of the Democratic avalanche, demonstrates unmistakably the earnest way in which Mr. Fairchild has served his constituents.

* * *

"LIFE is a jest and all things show it:
I thought so once and now I know it."

sang the poet Gay; and although the President appreciates the necessity of upholding the dignity of the Chief Executive, still, like Oliver Cromwell, he "loves an innocent jest."

He was to attend a fashionable bazaar held at the New Willard for sweet charity's sake, and started out accompanied by Captain Butt and two secret service guards, Messrs. Sloan and Wheeler.

The party were cordially welcomed by the Reception Committee, and were about to be permitted to enter the hall when the President whimsically decided to pay his way in like the other patrons of the charity. Walking up to a desk where the tickets were on sale, he inquired, "How much are the tickets?"

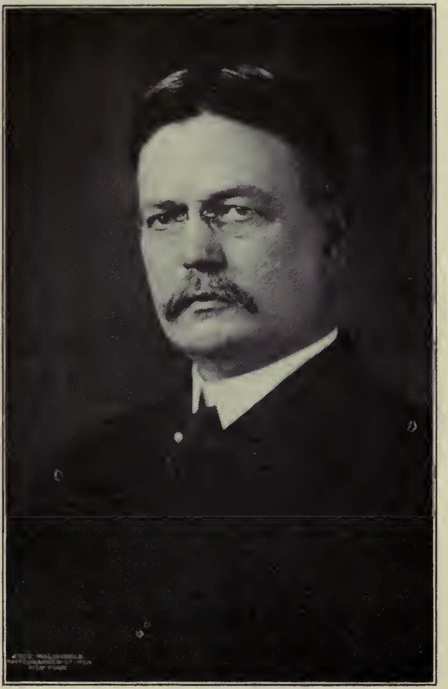
"Two dollars," replied the young lady in charge sweetly.

Plunging into his spacious trousers' pocket the Presidential right hand brought forth two one dollar bills, which he passed to the ticket seller, and nodding to his trio of companions, he entered the hall.

"Lend me two dollars, Jack," whispered Captain Butt to Wheeler, "left my money at home."

"So did I," mourned Wheeler. (The party were attired in dress suits.)

"Never mind, I'll take care of you both," hastily offered Jimmie Sloan, with becoming magnanimity. The others breathed a sigh of relief as he approached the desk. "Three tickets, please," he announced calmly, producing a crisp five-dollar bill.



CONGRESSMAN GEORGE W. FAIRCHILD
Who began his career in a country printing office and now represents the Twenty-fourth district of New York

"Another dollar, please," gently remarked the young lady at the booth.

"Another dollar! H—how m—much did you say those tickets were?" demanded James.

"Two dollars each."

Jimmie was blushing a rosy red when Wheeler came to the rescue. A passing bell-boy was taken by the collar and a few of the morning's tips were removed from his inside pocket. Then four silver quarters were placed triumphantly upon the table, and the three passed inside.

NOW that it has at last been decided that the Panama Canal Exposition is to be held at San Francisco, the headquarters of the New Orleans and San Francisco committees will no longer be a rendezvous for interested Washingtonians.

There were lively times at the Capital when the controversy was at its height. The Louisiana contingent came up headed by the governor and the mayor of New Orleans. The Ebbitt House was gaily decorated with the products of the Creole state, and open house in the full warmth and generosity of Southern hospitality was the order of the day. Such delicious French coffee and rolls and other viands for which the Crescent City is famous, were lavishly distributed, and placated many opponents of the Gulf City proposition. The speeches before the Committee revived memories of the fervor and eloquence of Pierre Soule and other New Orleans orators, and though it was a losing fight, the delegation from the South certainly did its level best to secure the prize.

CONGRESSMAN HAYES OF CALIFORNIA
Who was a very busy man during the Panama Canal Exposition controversy

San Francisco had headquarters across the way at the New Willard, but there were not many delegates in the rooms, for everyone was out looking for votes. You could tell a California man a mile away when he had a Congressman in a corner, and the coy San Franciscans asked for no money for the exposition, but the fact that they had raised seventeen million dollars themselves and were prepared to carry the plan through without assistance, was made good use of by the delegates.

While the struggle was at white heat, there were few busier men about the House than Representative Everis A. Hayes of San Jose. He represents a portion of San Francisco, and was returned to Congress this fall by a majority of over eighteen thousand, a handsome endorsement of the efficient work which he has accomplished in representing his district. Mr. Hayes is always alert, and while keeping in mind the interests of his constituents, he has always been an active and aggressive advocate of what he believes to be most beneficial to the country at large. For many years Congressman Hayes was an active mine-owner on the Gogebic range in northern Wisconsin. He has had a wide experience in both public and private business, and the San Jose district is signally proud of its efficient Representative.

During his term in Congress, Mr. Hayes has been a very active worker on the Immigration and Naturalization Committee, having made a special study of these subjects, which are of vital importance on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

STORIES of Rear Admiral E. H. C. Leutze, formerly commander of the navy yard at Washington, come in now and then from the New York yard, of which he is at present in charge.

Not long ago someone reported to the admiral that a machinist in the shops had threatened to kill him on sight. "Shall I dismiss him?" queried the captain, after a salute.

"No," said the admiral thoughtfully, "tell him I wish to see him."

A burly, surly machinist was ushered into the private office. He looked a bit sheepish.

"Well, my man," said the admiral, getting up from his desk and going to meet him, "and so you have called me names and declared your intention of licking me on sight."

The machinist mumbled that he had been misquoted.

"Good enough! but do you really think that you could thrash me?" insisted the admiral. "Here's your chance; we are quite alone." The admiral was ready to have it over with, right then and there.

The machinist still protested that there was some mistake, and finally Leutze cut short the interview. "Well now, my man, go back to your work. I'm glad to make your acquaintance. I wanted to be prepared for the killing when it occurs."

* * *

AFTER six years' active service in the House, Congressman Albert F. Dawson of the Second District of Iowa voluntarily retires at the close of the Sixty-first Congress to resume his business career. He has accepted the presidency of the First National bank of Davenport, Iowa—one of the strong financial institutions of the Central West, and the first national bank in operation in the United States. Mr. Dawson entered the House at thirty-two years of age, but had been well known in Washington circles for some years previous, having served as private secretary to the late Senator William B. Allison. Mr. Dawson was one of the most active of the younger members of the House, and was especially prominent in the work on the Appropriation and Naval Committee. He was also tendered the position of private secretary to President Taft but declined the honor.

A year ago he announced that he would not accept renomination, and despite the efforts of his friends to dissuade him from retiring, he held his ground. Many of his colleagues who were swept into the "lame duck" class by last November's landslide now point to Mr. Dawson's action as an evidence of keen foresight, particularly as his district went Democratic last fall by nearly three thousand majority.

* * *

THE irresistible tendency of Americans traveling abroad to talk about the larger and broader scope of action and results of development in the United States, naturally leads foreigners, who cannot realize the difference in conditions and popular opinion and enterprise, to set down the average American as a confirmed if patriotic boaster. The United States government has long been regarded as the "biggest thing on earth," but a recent report states that the railroad business in this country costs twice as much as the total expenses of the government itself, and that the gross earnings are more than treble the treasury receipts. Not many years ago the British shipping interests were admitted to be the most gigantic industry of the world, but the American railroads, with an income of nearly $3,000,000,000 in round numbers, represent more than two-thirds of the entire stock of money existing in the United States. In less than two years, the net income of the railroads would liquidate the entire national debt.

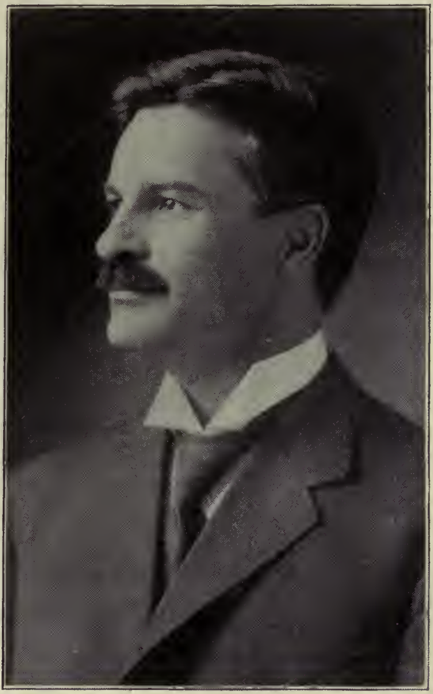


Photo by Muenzer

HON. ALBERT F. DAWSON

Who has represented the Second Congressional district of Iowa for the past six years

This tremendous development has come in spite of certain natural and well-defined handicaps and perhaps emphasizes the oft-quoted truth that no great success is ever built up without overcoming formidable obstacles.

* * *

WHILE the railroads are being peppered with advice on scientific reductions of expenses, and city folk are wrought up over local politics and the management of public-service corporations, attention must be called to the fact that the old conventional idea of the farmer must be changed, for the present-day agriculturist is a different being.

Now, the keen eye of the railroad magnate can see where the farmer is letting millions of dollars go to waste, but perhaps the farmer, on the other hand, can show the railroad man a thing or two. The gaunt, poorly-clad individual of former days, with demoralized "galluses," the traditional cowhide boots, jeans and unbleached "hickory" shirt, belongs to a past day and age. To-day, when three fair hogs can be sold for a hundred dollars apiece each season, and when good money can be had on farm products, such "luxuries" as collars, cuffs, derbies and neckties have a ready sale at the village store.

While the subject of the cost of production is being investigated by scientists, the farmer has unostentatiously, but practically, been giving the same problem effective attention.

* * *

PATRONS of the rural delivery service will be pleased to learn that Postmaster-General Hitchcock has recommended that on such routes as he shall elect, at such rates as he shall determine, parcels shall be transported and delivered as other mail if they do not exceed eleven pounds in weight, three feet six inches in length, and a girth of thirty inches. This will preclude the average "fish that Jimmie caught."

The rate will probably be twelve cents per pound, or three-quarters of a cent per ounce; at which rate a Canadian or European can send like parcels to any part of the United States, under existing international parcels post agreements. Why the system should not be made general, if it is already granted to aliens, is legitimate matter for inquiry; but if our farmers can have its benefits, it will do much to relieve the loneliness of those who live at a considerable distance from any town.

FRED P. FELLOWS
Author of "A Century's Growth in Federal Expenditures" (see page 795)

* * *

AND now comes a warning from Dr. Wiley against the use of tea and coffee to excess. He says that many people are keenly sensitive to the soluble constituents of these beverages, the most active of which are the alkaloids, theobromine and caffeine. He advises parents not to allow children to form the habit of drinking tea or coffee, for caffeine is one of the habit-forming drugs. The evil effects from excessive drinking of these beverages are of course not so acute as indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and Dr. Wiley believes that a grown person should have a right to choose his own food. However, he would caution everyone against using too much tea or coffee and when one feels that he is becoming a slave to either, the danger flag is hoisted and the warning should not be neglected.

While the tea-drinker with disordered nerves or impaired digestion does not incur the penalties risked by the drunkard, he is in danger of forming a dangerous drug habit. And to think that Dr. Wiley should give such a heartless interview just at the time of his honeymoon, at a cosy table, with two cups of ambrosial tea or coffee in Edenic juxtaposition!

* * *

MANY successful plays have first been tried in Washington. Both "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Little Minister" first saw the public footlights in the Capital city. A typical Washington audience witnessed the initial performance of Mr. H. S. Sheldon's new play, "The Havoc." It was a critical gathering, one well calculated to detect any "pin-holes" that might exist in the construction or action of the play.

"The Havoc" is unique in that it employs only four characters, and one of these is but an algebraic factor—a "fourth dimension," as it were. Entering the theater during the last of the first act, it was impressive to find the audience in the dark, every eye centered upon the stage, every ear strained to hear, like children listening to a fairy tale.

The plot is formed upon the old eternal triangle used by so many dramatists—two men and a woman. A friend who comes to board with a young couple, makes love to the wife. Discovering this, the husband decides not to shoot at the climacteric moment, but suggests that matters be arranged for the friend to marry the wife, letting him be the boarder. The plan is agreed upon, but it soon transpires that a mistake has been made. The boarder is an exponent of a new "philosophy" and of "free love," and does not relish living under old-fashioned conventionalities. The many tense dramatic situations reveal Mr. Henry Miller at his best in the interpretation of the cool-headed and well-poised hero, John Craig.

The last act shows Craig at his desk as general manager of a railroad. The man who stole his wife is brought before him as a defaulter. The wife, in order to spare her child, is willing to work—to do anything to pay the amount of the embezzlement on condition that the defaulter goes away forever. In the twinkling of an eye, she accepts her old position as stenographer, and hangs up her wraps while John Craig answers a telephone call. Her husband shrinks from the room and the curtain falls, leaving the audience to complete the plot.

The play was written by Mr. H. S. Sheldon, a young Danish actor who came to this country a few years ago to study the writing of drama from an actor's standpoint. He played with Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," and has written many humorous skits for vaudeville. "The Havoc" is his first real play, and represents the one absorbing work of his life.

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HON. CALEB POWERS
Congressman-elect from Kentucky

While we discussed it—its plot, production, and moral—the author rose and walked about the room, acting the parts as the lines were recited. John Craig, the husband, was clearly his hero, and Henry Miller's work in this part even excels his success in the late William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide."

As I talked with Mr. Sheldon and noticed his affectionate glances toward the miniature likeness of his wife and little baby, I could well understand why such a fervent plea had been made for the sanctity of the marriage vow. "The Havoc" is a keen thrust at Bernard Shaw and Ibsen, whose pens have given such undeserved prominence to sentiment and selfish desires, and tend to undermine the old fixed standards of purity and love that have existed through the centuries.

It was observed that during the play the sentiments and situations that evoked applause were participated in largely by men. Whisperings were also afloat that Mr. Miller found great difficulty in procuring a leading lady for the chief role. Miss Laura Hope Crews, however, seemed to identify herself fully with the author's conception. The play is a very effective antidote for the Ibsen fever, and as the audience passed out, there was much earnest talk and thoughtful discussion.

* * *

AT the extreme right of the Chief Justice sits Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter of Wyoming, who when he took the oath of office January 3 realized his life ambition. Born in Indiana, and admitted to the bar when only 22 years of age, he went to "the Golden Northwest" and located in the then sparsely settled territory of Wyoming. His fellow-citizens were quick to recognize his splendid ability, and after having served as city attorney, legislator, and member of a commission to revise the Territorial Code, he was appointed to the Supreme Court of Wyoming in 1889 by President Harrison.

JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER

Various federal positions were offered the young territorial Chief Justice, but his movements were guided entirely by such service as would best equip and prepare him for high professional and judicial service. As assistant Attorney-General assigned to the Department of the Interior, he so distinguished himself that President Roosevelt in 1903 made him United States Circuit Judge for the Eighth Circuit. As a member of the Circuit Court bench, the Judge sustained his reputation as a jurist of exceptional ability, and his appointment to the Supreme bench by President Taft is a worthy culmination to a career whose future seems to have been pre-ordained.

The personnel of the Supreme Court, as now constituted, has met with the hearty approval of lawyers all over the country, irrespective of party. This is especially notable because the Chief Justice and three of the nine justices on the bench have been appointed by President Taft. A lawyer himself first, last and always, each of the President's selections was prompted by consideration of judicial ability rather than by deference to any sectional or partisan interest.

The forthcoming decisions of the Supreme Court, it is felt, will be remarkable for virility, concise and comprehensive expression, legal accuracy and exact justice, such as in the conviction of our President-Judge should characterize the highest tribunal of the Republic.

* * *

IN his late report to the Secretary of War, Major-General Wood, Chief-of-Staff, states that there is no adequate supply of reserve ammunition for the heavy ordnance of the forts, and by no means a sufficiency of light and heavy field artillery and ammunition for an army in active service. He says that if we were called upon to fight a first-class power today, we should have just about one-half the field artillery and ammunition needed for the existing regular army and organized militia; and that at the rate hitherto set by Congress in the matter of appropriations, it will take about fifty years to supply these deficiencies. In case of the need of a large volunteer army, there would be no field artillery for the increased force, and the State militia force is very weak in this indispensable arm.

Also General Wood strongly urges the passage by Congress of the pending bill for raising a volunteer army, which will save millions in time of war. Under the present law the general staff cannot make preparations in advance of war for its execution. The General also advocates the adoption of 610 officers to replace those detailed from line duties for staff and militia work; the creation of a reserve of not less than three hundred thousand men who have served in the regular army or militia; the concentration of the canteen; and finally an increase of the signal corps and the acquisition of aeroplanes.

Judging from this report, we are much more likely to arrive at the peace millennium, than at a time when Congressional appropriations will fill our arsenals with sufficient field guns and ammunition enough to meet the first three weeks' brunt of any war with "a feller of our own size."

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MISS LUCINDA CARPENTER PENNEBAKER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Pennebaker. She led the minuet at the Southern Relief Ball, at the New Willard, and is accounted one of Washington's most charming social lights

* * *

WITH the opening of the Sixty-second Congress, the father of railroad rate legislation, Honorable Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, takes up his important work in the Senate, and adds another farmer's boy to the Senatorial roll-call. Years ago when railroad rate bills were in their infancy, I recall meeting and becoming interested in the new Representative from Michigan who wrote one of the first of these bills ever introduced into Congress.

Mr. Townsend is a lawyer, but his practice of law did not follow the completion of a college education arranged for him by his parents. "The Townsends were always poor," he declares with fine simplicity—and the Senator's success is due largely to his own efforts.

When in a reminiscent mood, he likes to tell of how his college education was obtained. His first year at the University of Michigan was paid for by a kind friend who advanced the young man two hundred dollars on his note, without security, and before he was of age. After his freshman year, young Townsend came home to work and pay his indebtedness. Then he taught school for fifty dollars a month, and later became Superintendent of Schools in a nearby town at a salary of nine hundred dollars per year. The great desire of his heart was to become a lawyer, but all this time the young teacher was very much in love with a playmate of former days—they were married, and the law course abandoned—for a time.

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MISS RUTH WYNNE
Debutante daughter of former Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wynne, who recently returned from London, where Mr. Wynne served as Consul General. Miss Wynne was presented to Washington society January 3, 1911. She wore the gown she was presented in at the Court of King Edward and Queen Alexandra

It was as a delegate from Sandstone Township to the Republican County Convention that Mr. Townsend had his first experience in politics. To his utter surprise, his name was mentioned as a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds. He was about to decline the honor because he had already accepted an offer to teach school at Parma; but the school directors of that town telephoned that Mr. Townsend might accept the nomination, which he did. A real, old-fashioned campaign was conducted, with speeches among old friends in the evening—for school kept every day. He was elected by an eight hundred majority, and after having taken public office, Mr. Townsend completed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar.

One of his first important cases was brought by the railroads to restrain the state of Michigan from taxing the value of their property instead of their earnings. He was one of the Attorneys for the State. During this case a host of witnesses was examined, and the lately graduated attorney spent two busy years in a study of the railroad business. His interest in this branch seemed to presage the later work by which he has become famous.

Mr. Townsend was elected to Congress in 1902, and was appointed by Speaker Cannon as a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. When he came to Washington, he "stood around and listened," as he grimly remarks, with a keen ear for anything that pertained to railroad matters. At the first opportunity he suggested to the Interstate Commerce Commission that those who used the railroads should be allowed a hearing and should be permitted to "tell their troubles" to the Committee. With fine sarcasm he was reminded that there had been such hearings for ten years past. The matter was put in "cold storage," as it were, for the time being, but after having made the acquaintance of some of his colleagues, Mr. Townsend found one man, Congressman John J. Esch of Wisconsin, who agreed with him on the proposition, and together they prepared resolutions making railroad rate hearings an important part of proceedings at the Committee meeting the following December.

Both Congressmen spent a busy vacation. Mr. Townsend began a correspondence campaign with railroad shippers throughout the country for information. He went up to Wisconsin to consult with Mr. Esch, and after careful preparation, two bills were drawn—one that provided for a commerce court, to hear and decide controversies about rates; the other an amendment of the existing law, empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to decide upon the fairness of a new rate as soon as it was announced by a railroad.

When Congress met in December, both bills were dropped into the legislative hopper, one marked "Townsend," the other "Esch." Later these were consolidated into one bill, and this bill passed the House at the close of the Fifty-eighth Congress, but failed of passage in the Senate. At the beginning of the Fifty-ninth Congress Mr. Townsend introduced a new bill, while Chairman Hepburn introduced a similar bill which was considered and became a law; thus the Townsend proposition became the Hepburn law. Though the names of Esch and Townsend were not used on the bill which they had composed, neither stopped active work on the proposition.

The passage of the bill by Congress, and the endorsement by the President, must have been gratifying to the Michigan Congressman, who enters the Upper House next term, and, as Senator Townsend, will devote much time and energy working for proper measures in behalf of the people.

* * *

THE bards of past centuries, like "the old masters" and the defunct "statesmen" of generations cruder and more unlettered than we, are still immortalized for what they said or sung or did. And it is well, since the public appreciation of such men, like a century plant, never carries to the glory of its perfect flowering during the generation with which it came into being. Yet it seems regrettable that great poets should sing and labor among us, and go out of life without that full and adequate reward of wealth and honor, which is their due.

Sam Walter Foss, poet and humorist of New England, who has just passed away in his fifty-third year, was one of a number of American poets, who in this utilitarian age sang chiefly for very love of song-making. For book publishers look askance at offered volumes, and the average journal pays nothing or very little for poetic contributions.

Of these conditions loyal, modest, true-hearted Sam Walter Foss was never known to complain. His muse affected the gay and cheerful rather than the tragic and mournful, and was largely true to that Doric simplicity, expressed in Yankee dialect, and homely figures of expression and speech; yet his work lacked neither true dignity nor inspiration. Who that has read "The Volunteer Organist" can claim that any of a score of "standard" English bards has ever written a poem of deeper intensity of feeling and beauty of expression of the power of music? His "Back Country Poems" (1894), "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" (1896), "Dreams in Homespun" (1897), "Songs of War and Peace" (1898), and "Songs of the Average Man" (1909), have had a steady sale, and will undoubtedly in due time be condensed into a volume or two of "Poems" and become an American classic, for generations to come.

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND
United States Senator from Michigan

Born at Candia, New Hampshire, June 19, 1858, a son of Dyer and Polly (Hardy) Foss, he was entitled to claim kinship with Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden and John G. Whittier. His early farm life left many pleasant memories and a vivid comprehension of natural beauty and rural associates, and colored deeply his literary works in after life. He had a good public and high school education, and graduated from Brown University as the class poet of 1882.

He became one of the proprietors of the *Lynn Union*, and his humorous writings for that paper led up to his employment by *Tid-Bits*, *Puck*, *Judge*, the *New York Sun*, and other publications. From 1887 to 1892, he was occupied as editor of *The Yankee Blade*, and editorial writer on the *Boston Globe*, which employments he left for literary work, and public readings and lectures, until in May, 1898, he became librarian for the Somerville Public Library, a position he held until his death.

The keynote of his scheme of life, and one which all testify was no sentimental aspiration, but lived out from day to day, is best expressed in his "House By the Side of the Road."

THE LATE SAM WALTER FOSS

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

What more can be said, but "Hail and Farewell"; unless we be permitted to express the hope that already the nobler and immortal entity of this departed friend may have realized the expectation embodied in the last verse of his cheery and noble poem, "Hullo":

"Say 'Hullo' and 'How d'ye do?'
Other folks are as good as you,
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel in the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be and say 'Hullo!' "

* * *

IT doesn't seem so long ago that I saw Chase Osborn bending with wrinkled brow over the imposing stone in a newspaper office out in Wisconsin, carefully considering the purchase of the outfit. He had decided to begin a journalistic career and was looking for "a location." Fortunately for him, he didn't buy that paper, but settled down at the Ste. St. Marie, where the great locks that guard the deep water channel from Lake Superior to Lake Huron furnished inspiration to the youthful editor and proprietor.

It has been some time since I saw this boy who was casting about for a newspaper "location," but recollections of that keen, black-eyed young man, full of nervous energy and ability, but who never lost his temper when he "pied" a galley of type or smashed his thumb in the job-press, have often been in mind. His name somewhat suggests the man, for Chase Osborn has always been on a chase, and a lively chase at that.

Born in a one-room log cabin, at South Bend, Indiana, he began his career as a newsboy selling papers in the street, and later added typesetting to his list of accomplishments. At fifteen he entered a lumber mill, and in 1876 he tramped to Philadelphia to see the Centennial Exposition. Returning West, he served as a porter in a hotel, and later reported for a time on the *Chicago Tribune*. In Milwaukee he drove a coal team, and loaded lumber on boats until, having for some time solicited for a promising daily, he bought out a newspaper office chiefly on credit. How well I remember looking for that newspaper week after week in the pile of exchanges, and feeling that it was like a personal letter from the hopeful, energetic young editor.

His political career began with his

appointment as postmaster. Later he was made a game warden, ran for Congress and was appointed railroad commissioner in rapid succession.

Then came his greatest good fortune—the discovery of an iron range, from which he obtained a competency. He spent some years in visiting the chief iron-producing countries of the world. His published travels give interesting accounts of his experiences during the Chinese war and while observing conditions in Siberia, also of his observations and experiences in the Turkish Revolution. He returned to Michigan to re-enter the field of politics, and has had the unprecedented honor of being the first governor of Michigan from the "Upper Peninsula."

His originality and honest frankness were strikingly evidenced at the inaugural ceremony at Lansing, where after the State officers were sworn in and the usual salute of seventeen guns had been fired, the new Governor tenderly kissed his aged mother, who had come all the way from South Bend, Indiana, to attend the inaugural, and who declared that the proudest moment of her life was when she heard her son take the oath of office to be Governor of the State which he had so devotedly served in his remarkable career.

There was no "gold lace" at this inauguration—simple frock coats and silk hats were the order of the day; and since taking the gubernatorial seat, it has been apparent to all that the new Governor means to have an above-board, straightforward administration. When the usual visiting deputations of office-seekers began, Governor Osborn insisted that his callers "talk right out loud," and forget about whispering. He always talks out loud himself, and can't see why any man "should be afraid to let everybody hear what's on his mind if it's honest." Not the least of Chase Osborn's virtues is his refreshing frankness. He has taken up his new duties in a business-like way, and has already electrified public sentiment by demanding the resignation of two members of the State Board of Pardons for an alleged venal agreement to pardon out two men serving life sentences for murder.

It is a foregone fact that Michigan will have under Governor Osborn an administration which will be a credit to that Commonwealth.

* * *

ADVICE from the Department of Agriculture sometimes takes the form of a first-class legal bulletin for the unwary. "All persons are warned by the United States Department of Agriculture," we read in a letter from the Bureau of Animal Industry, "not to eat pork or sausage containing pork, whether or not it has been inspected by federal, state or municipal authorities, until after it has been properly cooked."

HON. CHASE SALMON OSBORN
Governor of Michigan

This statement follows an exhaustive investigation of the danger of trichinosis, from eating raw or imperfectly cooked pork. The trichina, a microscopic fleshworm, infests a small per cent of the hogs slaughtered in this country, and when transmitted to human beings, this parasite may cause serious illness or even death. No method of inspection has as yet been devised by which the buyer of pork may be assured against trichinae, but a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit is warranted to kill the parasite. Thus pork may be eaten without danger of infection, and the parasite, horror of fastidious souls, eaten without danger of recognition.

MRS. HENRY D. CLAYTON

Dry salt pork, pickled pork and smoked pork previously salted or pickled, providing the curing is thorough, are safe enough. But to be quite, quite sure, one must obey the 160 degree law before sitting down at the kitchen table to enjoy a luncheon of pigs' feet.

* * *

NO young couple in social Washington is more admired nor has a wider circle of friends than Representative and Mrs. Clayton of Alabama. In the fall of 1896, when Henry D. Clayton was chosen to represent in Congress the Third District of Alabama, the Lower House received a new leader for the judiciary, and the Democratic forces a powerful champion for the support of their measures. The new Congressman associated himself with political rather than social Washington, and when in the spring of 1910 the papers carried the announcement that Mr. Clayton was soon to become a benedict, few people at the Capital realized that Washington society was soon to be refreshed by a belle from the Southland, and enlivened by a new and charming personality.

The active political career of Henry D. Clayton was begun when he became a member of the State Legislature, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary. Rapidly he progressed from the honorary office of presidential elector to be district attorney, Member of Congress, permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention at Denver, and chairman of the Democratic caucus in the House of Representatives, and now he has an undisputed claim on the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee in the Sixty-second Congress.

Mrs. Clayton, formerly Miss Bettie Davis of Georgetown, Kentucky, is what the South has long cherished as its greatest natural product—the Southern woman. Tradition has long held that Kentucky and beautiful women seem almost synonymous—the belle from the Blue Grass region has had fame in song and story. Mrs. Clayton's father, Hon. Samuel M. Davis, was for nearly a quarter of a century Mayor of Georgetown, and as upon his daughter rested many social responsibilities, thus Mrs. Clayton began her career as a natural social leader.

The honeymoon was spent in Europe, but not content with the conventional "sight-seeing" of London, Paris, Rome and Berlin, the young people toured the greater part of the continent, and made many friends on their travels. Upon their return to America, Mrs. Clayton took a trip which she declares charmed her far more than the varied foreign tours—she went, with her husband, to make her political debut among her newly acquired constituency in the Third Alabama District. But a few months previous the good people of that part of the state had presented her husband with a wedding gift in the nature of a renomination to Congress without opposition, and now, in the midst of the harvest season, they waited to welcome his bride, to open wide their doors to her.

Hospitality set a new standard for itself, and instead of a political canvass, such as English women are accustomed to make with their husbands, Mrs. Clayton found herself the subject of an ovation nine counties large, planned and executed in the Southern way. Serenades, barbecues, picnics and buffet suppers attended them everywhere, and the spirit of the old South was the order of the day. Mrs. Clayton, like her husband, now has no opposition in the "Third Alabama."

Versatility is hers to a remarkable degree, and she can enter into a barbecue with as much becoming grace as she can preside in the drawing-room. Her poise and ease of manner portray those innate attributes that are always distinguishing. Her temperamental intensity, which may be said to characterize her as an enthusiast, marks a nature that knows how to enjoy, but knows also how to sympathize, to love and to applaud. Constraint and reserve have no place here. Mrs. Clayton attracts and holds by frankness, friendliness and responsiveness that are spontaneous and unaffected. Nature has endowed her with beauty of a most striking type, and the greatest of all attractions, naturalness; culture has added grace and composure.

These are the qualities with which she comes to share and to sponsor the splendid career of a statesman whose force, logic and strength of personality have brought him to the front as a powerful factor in the councils of the nation.

* * *

THE decision of the Senate in the Lorimer case by a rather close vote of forty-six to forty declared that William Lorimer was not illegally elected to the Senate of the United States by the legislature of Illinois.

Seldom has the Senate Chamber been the scene of such intense excitement as when the result of the vote was announced. The tumultuous applause from the gallery was only hushed that the proper stress might be laid on the formal announcement of acquittal by the president of the Senate; but confusion instantly followed, as friends and colleagues of the Senator from Illinois crowded around him to extend their congratulations.

All through the protracted debate, Senator Lorimer has been calm and cool, never losing his self-control. The recital of his life story from his newsboy days, down to his election to the Senate, unfolded the details of a remarkable and interesting career.

HON. HENRY D. CLAYTON
Representative from the Third district of Alabama

The vote itself is very suggestive, as party lines were by no means closely drawn, and prominent Republicans and Democrats alike seemed to act as jurymen in a *cause celebre* rather than as partisan politicians. The narrow margin in favor of Senator Lorimer indicates that evidence of venality in the Illinois legislature will furnish pungent text for biting arguments when the popular election of United States Senators again confronts the Senate at the next session of Congress.

* * *

OPINIONS on the fortifications of the Panama Canal seem as varied as those on tariff revision and on reciprocity. Many important arguments both in favor of and against the proposition were advanced at a recent meeting of the Economic Club in New York City. Prominent speakers came on from Washington, and their addresses showed that much thought had been given to the matter.

MRS. MARIE L. BALDWIN
Indian woman who works for Uncle Sam in the Indian office, Washington, D. C. She assists in settling claims brought against the Government by people engaged in furnishing supplies to her own people. She is highly educated and speaks French

The speakers were introduced by President Milburn of the society, who maintained a strict neutrality. Count Apponyi, the Hungarian Cabinet Minister, who has been visiting America, spoke briefly against fortification, saying that both fortifications and battleships were becoming obsolete.

General Nelson A. Miles was not so optimistic. "Every military man must know that in case of war the Isthmian Canal would be, if possible, the first place to be seized by a foreign foe, and the student of history must know that treaties are disregarded in almost every war." Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, major surgeon, United States Volunteer Engineers, had a word to say regarding neutralization. "Ideal in theory, neutralization is only effective as long as all nations can be induced to observe their treaty obligations. This requires universal agreement; but it has happened in the past, and it will doubtless happen in the future, that some nation or nations will disregard these obligations, and as the canal will be used by all, so it will be an object of attack by any who thus begin a war and seek to injure their enemy by robbing it of the use of this waterway."

STANLEY FINCH
Chief of the Crime Detecting Force of Department of Justice, who has been rounding up the "Get Rich Quick" firms throughout the country. The entire detective force of the Government is being concentrated and will be under Mr. Finch's direction. Chief of Secret Service Wilkie has been assigned to reorganizing the Customs Inspection Service

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, an associate of William Dean Howells, Nicholas Murray Butler, John Graham Brooks and others, struck a quite different note when he declared, "The thing now needed is delay. Why this hurry about so important a matter? The Panama Canal will not be finished tomorrow nor the next day; and the question of its fortification can be determined better by some future Congress than by the present one."

This view of the case is not in line with the utterance of Beaver Creek Brown on the desirability of carrying a pistol habitually. "It may be," he observed judicially, "thet a man mout carry a gun all his life and never hev to use it; but when he does need it, he wants it right away, an' dang bad."

Photo by Clinedinst

MAHA VAJIRAVUDH PHRA MONGKUT KLAO
New king of Siam

As soon as the canal is finished, friendship and treaty ties with foreign nations must, if ever, come to a crucial test. Either neutrality or defences must be relied on then, and the choice must be made now.

* * *

A FEW years ago when some five or six score "rubber plantations" were being exploited in the United States, and begun in Mexico, a very modest German visitor curiously inspected, and experimented with the hitherto useless and evil-tasting guayule scrub, which covered the plateaus of Torreon and other Mexican states. He managed to induce a company to follow up his experiments, and a new brand of rubber began to appear in small quantities in the markets of the world, and to be known to the initiated few as "guayule rubber."

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COUNT VON BERNSTORFF
Latest photo of the German Ambassador in Court uniform

Very few of the Castilloa rubber plantations have come into profitable bearing and the processes of collecting the juice and hardening it into rubber is a slow and thus far a not very profitable business, but the cost of buying a ton of guayule brush, and extracting the viscid rubber is very small compared with the price realized. It is estimated at Washington that the total production of guayule rubber in Mexico aggregates say 2,750,000 pounds per month, valued at about $1,650,000, which would soon give Mexico a guayule rubber export of nineteen to twenty millions of dollars, while the Castilloa development is not over one-fifth the output of the formerly despised guayule. Also the profit from guayule is immensely greater, as the cost of manufacturing is not over forty cents a pound, for a rubber that sells at wholesale at from sixty cents to $1.15 per pound. Many contractors are still collecting and hauling to the factory this valuable shrub, at a contract price of from $25 to $30 Mexican, or $12.50 to $15 per ton.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS MARY SOUTHERLAND
Daughter of Rear Admiral W. H. H. Southerland, She is Miss Helen Taft's most intimate friend, and one of the leaders in Washington society

* * *

THE census tells the story of the great development of the South in figures, but figures are often most eloquently illumined in addresses made by enthusiastic devotees.

Professor E. A Pound, Superintendent of the Board of Education at Waycross, has delivered a speech on the "Come South" slogan that has in it the real ring of welcome. He gives facts and figures of the immense development in the South, and the address is interwoven with sentences that read something like this:

"Come South, homeseeker, come South to a land with a glorious past and to one that is to have a more resplendent future.

"Come South, fellow-American, because the growth of population in the South has not kept pace with her growth in enterprise and opportunity and achievement.

"Come South, homeseeker,"—he grows more specific—"come down to Georgia, the Empire state of the South—to Georgia, where the luscious peach exudes the smile of Southern sunshine upon tables in far distant lands.

"Come South, homeseeker"—here the reader is drawn still nearer to the land of the orator's heart—"to the wiregrass region, where you may raise cotton, corn, alfalfa, sugar cane, celery, tomatoes, onions, melons or fruit; where you may gather your one hundred bushels of corn to the acre or raise more than a bale of cotton.

"Come South, homeseeker, come south, to South Georgia, the land of promise, profit and the Pine. And in coming, if you wish to dwell in an up-to-date city, come on down to Waycross, the magic city of the pines, the queen city of the wiregrass—where mortality is lowest, where the climate is delightful, where the people are progressive and generous, and whose motto is, 'Work, will and wonder.' Come and you will remain, remain and you will prosper, prosper and you will be happy in understanding why it is that her present is the expanding marvel of the day and why her future dazzles even the visions of prophecy."

* * *

THE terrific explosion in New York which shook the glass at the buildings of Wall Street and was heard for many miles around has awakened a keen interest in the manner and method of handling explosives. Few people realize how much explosives are used in farm work. The farmer and excavator are fast learning how to utilize the higher form of explosives in the excavating and exploring of heavy soils for cultivation, and have made many interesting and necessary observations.

CLINEDINST PHOTO

SENORA DONA MARIA RIANO
Daughter of the minister from Colombia and wife of the second secretary of the Colombia Legation

WHERE comparatively few large stumps are left and it would not pay to purchase a powerful extractor, a two-inch augur-hole bored through the heart of the stump nearly to the roots should be loaded with a single cartridge of rendrock, or giant powder, with a fuse leading to the top of the stump. Dry sand poured into the hole will sufficiently "tamp" this charge, which should not only blow up the stump but split it up so effectually that it will furnish good material for the family wood-pile. The cost of removing the largest stump that may be found ought not to exceed fifty cents or, at the outside, a dollar.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS CORNELIA ELLIS OF VIRGINIA
Grand-daughter of President Tyler who is receiving much social attention during her visit to Washington. The necklace shown in this photo was worn by her grandmother, the wife of President Tyler

Where a wall of earth is to be removed a cartridge set deeply from five to ten feet back from the excavation, and loaded and "tamped" as above, will throw down and loosen large masses of earth, saving slow and costly labor with pick and bar.

Where a cellar is to be excavated in heavy clay a few holes sunk to the level of, or even a little below the bottom of the cellar, and properly loaded, tamped and fired, will loosen the material at the surface, within a circle whose diameter will be thrice the depth of the hole.

Thus a cartridge exploded at a depth of six feet should loosen the surface soil within a circle of thirty-six feet circumference. Where, as is often the case, the strongest man can only loosen a handful of clay at a stroke, the economy of this method is beyond question. The farmer who has tried in vain to raise fruit and shade trees on land underlaid with hard clays, will find a sure cure for these conditions, by digging the holes deep down with high explosives, which will also shake up the surface around so greatly that it will never again be compacted as before.

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CAPT. GRAHAM L. JOHNSON, U.S.A.
Aide to President Taft

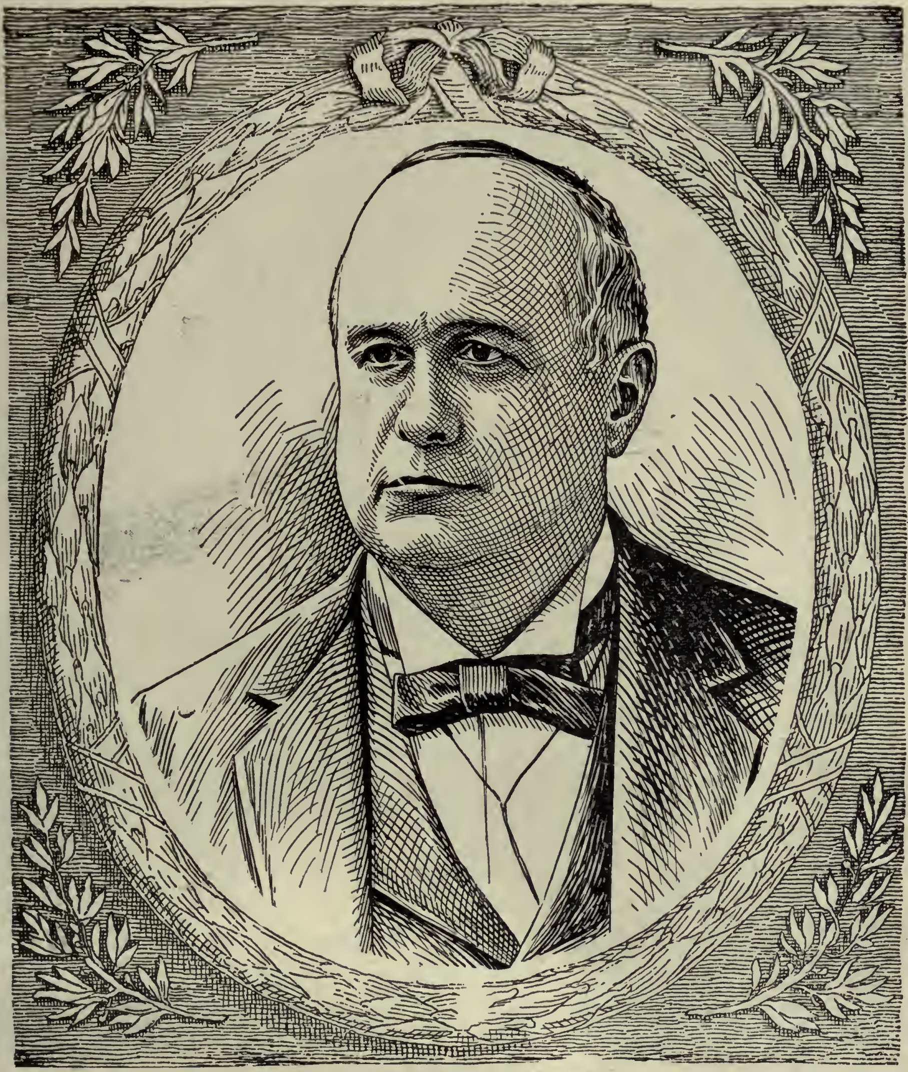
Surface boulders should be drilled to some depth if possible, but do not need large charges, which should be tamped by a layer of sand or moist clay. If near a house, the rock should be covered with planks, brush, etc., to prevent the splinters and pieces of rock from flying to a distance.

All work of this kind should be done in warm weather, if possible, as chilled explosives of which nitro-glycerine forms a part are useless, unless thawed out, and this process is always more or less dangerous. The cartridges should be stored under lock and key in some waterproof box or tool-chest at a distance from any building, or may be put in a barrel or covered canister and buried. The capsules which are used to cap the fuses must never be kept near or with the explosives, or affixed to the fuses near the cartridges. With ordinary attention and care in these matters, there should be no danger in using high explosives for these purposes.

* * *

THE vote by which the Senate delayed for a season the direct selection by the people of United States Senators was too close to be pleasant for those who opposed the measure. With eighty-seven present and voting, fifty-four voted for the proposed change and only thirty-three against it; so that a change of four votes from the negative to the affirmative side would have given the required two-thirds vote.

The Democrats opposing the measure were chiefly from the South, and it is believed that the acceptance of the Sutherland amendment, retaining federal control of elections, was responsible for the many Southern "nays." New England, with the exception of Senator Frye, voted against the measure. One of the Western Senators, commenting upon the remark that, while Eastern members might be influenced by the argument that if the people could not trust their state legislatures, those bodies should be abolished, declared that this was quite impractical and that the direct election proposed no such radical change. Most of the Western members were heartily in favor of the Borah resolution, and Senator Borah promises that the fight for the bill will begin again with renewed vigor at the opening of the Sixty-second Congress.



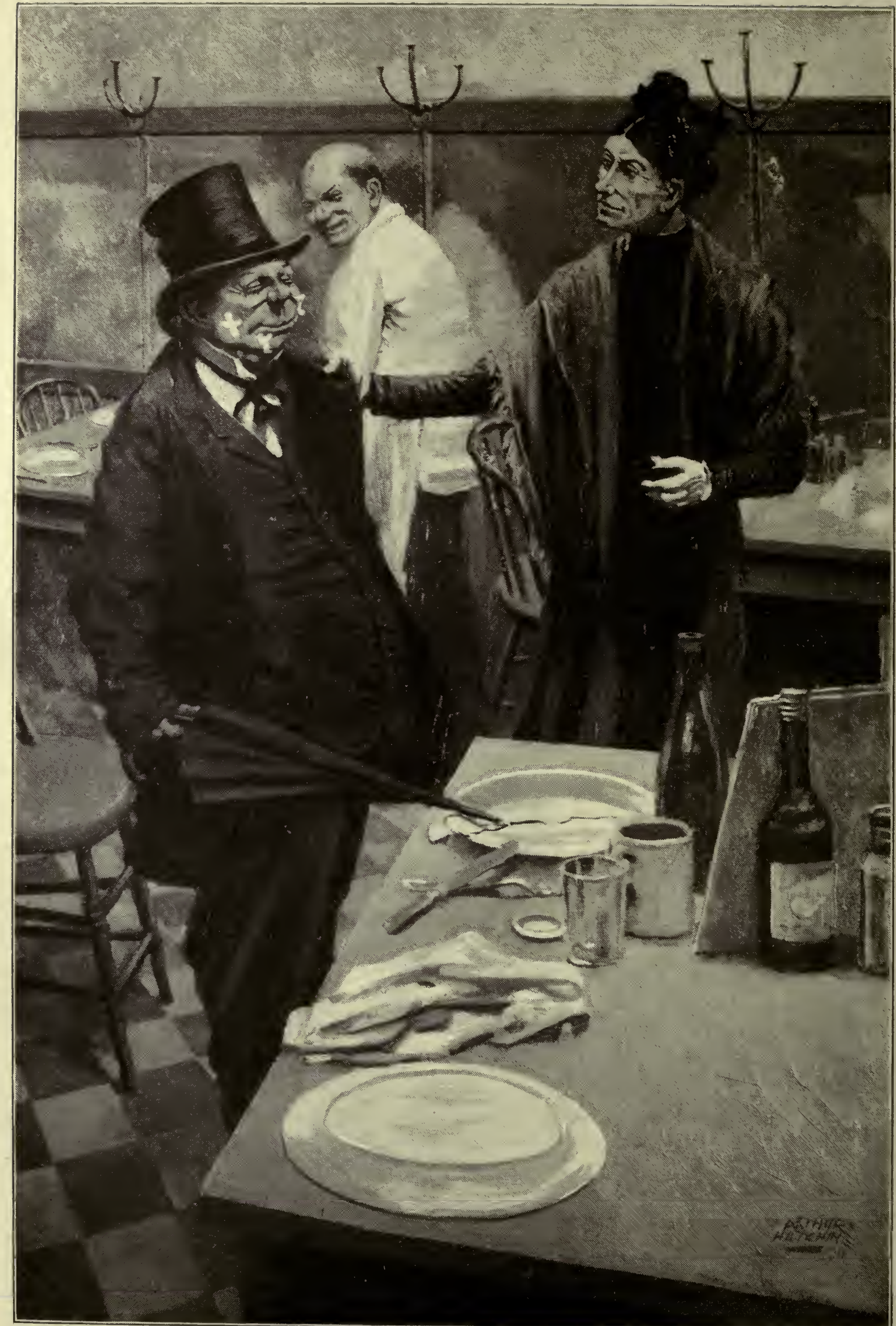
HON. STEPHEN M. SPARKMAN
Member of Congress from Tampa, Florida, and prospective chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors

THE Senate's recent ratification of the Japanese treaty will do much to quell the war gossip which has of late furnished a burning theme for our novelists and story-writers.

The new treaty has met with favor by the governments of both nations. With the treaty a "gentleman's agreement," in the form of a memorandum from the Japanese ambassador, will enforce the Japanese passport regulations that prevent "coolies" from coming here.

A "gentleman's agreement" often means more than the most binding promise bearing governmental seals, for the former pact is based upon honor, and the honor of a nation—especially that of the Island Empire—is an impregnable bulwark.

Diplomats seem to be of the common opinion that this treaty will do much toward establishing a permanent friendship between Japan and the United States, and the peace dove is reported to have recovered from its recent indisposition.



"HI HAY—HAY—HAINT 'AD HA BO'LE HALE HIN TWO YEARS"

—See "The Guest of Honor," page 787

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge

"The Man From Home"

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SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, a young author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes the best rooms at Wartle's boarding house in East Twenty-ninth Street. But as finances dwindle he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid the persistent dunning and threatening of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by the encouragement offered by Warner, an old blind newspaper man whom Weatherbee has assisted in better days. Warner assures the young man that his writings will some day make him famous, and asks regarding a poem of Weatherbee's which has won a prize at the "Ten Club" in New York City. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing the young lady who recited his verse, but quickly reproaches himself as he is reminded of his extreme poverty. It is decided, if Wartle demands his room at the end of the week, that the three, little Jack, Weatherbee and Warner, shall go "camping," but Weatherbee hopes that an appointment with a book publisher, to take place that afternoon, will be productive of material results.

CHAPTER V

"DO YOU wish to stop here?" inquired the chauffeur in a doubtful tone, as he brought the large touring car to a stop and looked with much disgust at the dirty windows which Wartle had not washed for months.

"Have you driven to the address I gave you?" Miss Kent asked gently.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then we would like to get out, please." And the chauffeur opened the door of the car quickly.

Wartle's face became a study of wonderment as he peeked from the basement window and saw the two beautifully gowned young ladies assisted from the automobile by a smartly dressed young man, whose hands were covered with bright chamois gloves, a necktie of the same color and a walking stick almost as large as himself.

"What can they want 'ere?" Wartle muttered to himself, as he ran up the stairs and opened the door.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?"

And the music of Miss Kent's voice startled Wartle, bowing profusely as he went down the hall exclaiming: "Yes ma'am, right this way, Hi'll show you," until his heels struck the lower step of the stairs and he sat down with a thud.

Neither Thisby nor Helen Kent made any effort to subdue their laughter, as they watched Rosamond assist Wartle to his feet, as he mumbled: "Hexcuse me, Hi thank you. Right this way," and started up the stairs.

Rosamond found it difficult to conceal her smile as she shook her finger at Thisby and Helen, who were giggling at Wartle as he puffed and grunted at each step.

"An automobile doesn't make so much noise, after all," Thisby remarked.

"Hi think they're hawful things," retorted Wartle. "Hi'm hafraid hof my life hof 'em!"

"Have you ever ridden in one?" inquired Helen, whose voice showed that she was not accustomed to climbing stairs.

"No, ma'am. Hi likes 'orses, but Hi 'ates hautomobiles."

Helen giggled as she replied: "But 'orses run away."

"Ho, Hi don't like them kind. Hi likes the kind they 'ave hon the cabs."

"Do you like donkeys?" inquired Thisby.

"Hi likes to look hat them, but they're hawful kickers."

And Rosamond shook her hands at Thisby, who was trying to smother his laughter with his chamois gloves.

"Right hat the top hof these stairs his Mr. Weatherbee's room," and he bowed low as Miss Rosamond thanked him politely and proceeded up the stairs.

"In all my life I have never been so high up."

"You may never be again, Thisby," returned Rosamond gently.

Weatherbee had been cheerfully doing the work about the room that Mrs. Murray so bluntly refused to do. He had swept and put everything in order as best he could and was sitting at the wooden table he used for a writing desk, with his head resting on his hand and wondering if Warner was right in his opinion about his books. He repeated to himself the words Warner had so often spoken: "Your books will be published some day and you'll be a rich man." He tried to make himself believe that Warner was right, but he was afraid his opinion was controlled by friendship and as he sat there wondering and dreaming, the sound of Miss Kent's voice fell upon his ears, as gently and softly as some wonderful strain of music he had once dreamed of, and he thought he was still dreaming, and he was not surprised, for he had thought of her constantly since the first time he saw her and heard her voice and he closed his eyes and he smiled and raised his head slowly and imagined he saw her standing on the stage reciting his poem: "As the Sun Said Good-bye to the Moon."

As she reached the top step she rested her hand on the quaint little banister and took in the room with a glance; the atmosphere of artistic poverty it possessed fascinated her. She fell in love with the room as quickly as she did with the author after she had read his poem. She felt as if the room belonged to the poem and the poem belonged to the room and both were a part of the author.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?" she asked softly.

Weatherbee raised his head quickly, paused a second and then jumped to his feet, turned, and as he beheld Miss Kent, gasped, "I beg your pardon!"

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?" she repeated.

"No," he mumbled in a quivering voice, as he pulled his cuff down below the edge of his coat sleeve. "This is Mr. Weatherbee's studio, but—but he doesn't live here," and he gave the other cuff a sudden jerk and pushed the ends of his streaming tie under his waistcoat.

"Oh, I see," and Miss Kent took a few steps toward the center of the room. "Is he in?"

"No—he—he hasn't been here this morning, yet."

"Do you represent Mr. Weatherbee in any way?"

"Yes, oh, yes," he replied, "I—I am Mr. Weatherbee's secretary," and he bowed politely.

"I am Miss Kent of the 'Young Women's Ten Club' and have called to thank Mr. Weatherbee for the beautiful poem he sent us and tell him what a great success it was."

"That is indeed kind of you—I"—and he corrected himself quickly, "Mr. Weatherbee heard you recite it."

"Oh, was he there?" Miss Kent inquired eagerly, as she advanced toward Weatherbee quickly.

"Yes, he and I went together," Weatherbee replied with much pride. "He was kind enough to take me; in fact he takes me most every place he goes."

"And you say he really liked it?" Helen exclaimed as if she thought such a thing were really impossible.

Weatherbee bowed his head slightly, as he placed his hand behind his back.

"I never knew Mr. Weatherbee to enthuse over anything as he has over your delivery of his poem. He talks to me every morning about it."

And Miss Kent clasped her hands together as she looked from Helen to Thisby and exclaimed with much enthusiasm, "How charming!"

Weatherbee smiled and bowed gracefully. "Yes, indeed, he doesn't talk of anything else. He breaks out every once in a while in a most enthusiastic manner and says: 'Jack,' Tom—Tom—his name is Jack and my name is Tom—he always calls me Tom, yes, he'll say, 'Tom, what a beautiful voice Miss Kent has,' and I agree with him; we always agree."

"You should have heard some of the compliments the ladies paid him as an author," interrupted Helen.

"I'm sure it would please him," and Weatherbee bowed again.

"Especially Miss Kent," she continued as she looked at Rosamond and laughed.

"That's jolly well true," put in Thisby, who was bored with the conversation.

"I don't think it possible for Miss Kent to admire the poem as much as the author admired the way she delivered it."

"We admire the author who can write such beautiful things."

And Helen laughed as she threw a quizzical glance at Rosamond and exclaimed, "We!"

Thisby fanned himself with his hat as he gazed from one to the other. "A mutual admiration society. As for myself, I don't care a rap for poetry!"

"Why, Thisby!" and there was a note of reproach in Rosamond's voice.

"I jolly well don't."

"Well, I wouldn't boast about it," she replied as she turned to Weatherbee. "When do you expect Mr. Weatherbee in?"

"I really couldn't say. He might come in any minute and he might not be here today at all."

"This is just our luck! We are very anxious to see him. The Club is having a luncheon at my home tomorrow. We wrote and asked Mr. Weatherbee to come, but he declined, so we thought we would just drop in and see if we couldn't persuade him to come. We always present the prize to the authors at the luncheon which we give in their honor."

"Is he out of town?" Thisby asked in a snappy tone.

"No—no," returned Weatherbee quietly. "I think he is in the city; in fact I am sure he is. He told me last evening he was going to remain in town all day today."

Helen suggested that he might be home and Weatherbee nodded his head and replied in a tone of forced surprise: "Perhaps he is!"

Thisby thought he had solved the problem and he raised his voice with admiration at his own thought. "Why not 'phone him?"

Weatherbee leaned forward quickly, as if the words had escaped his ears, "I beg your pardon?"

"I say, why not 'phone him?" he yelled, and Weatherbee smiled as he glanced about the room and raised his voice as if he were addressing a person as deaf as Thisby might have thought he was addressing:

"Oh, yes, but we have no 'phone. He did have one, but he had it taken out because it proved an annoyance when he was writing. I'm sorry we haven't a 'phone, very sorry indeed."

"That is simple enough," remarked Helen, as she turned to Thisby. "You go out to a drug store and call him up."

"Yes, if you give me his number, I'll go out to a drug store and call him up."

Weatherbee's hesitation made it very apparent that he was in an embarrassing position.

"I'm extremely sorry—but—I am not at liberty to give his 'phone number."

"Is he such a crank?" snapped Thisby.

"No, really, Mr. Weatherbee is the most charming man I have ever met."

And Rosamond interrupted as if she were defending an old friend: "I suppose he has to protect himself from newspaper reporters and publishers?"

Weatherbee smiled grimly, as he whispered: "Especially the publishers," and he forced a faint cough as he continued: "All the publishers chase after him. It's really laughable sometimes to see them fight among themselves to get his stories and books and things." He watched Rosamond as she glanced about the room.

"Are any of his books here?"

"No, there isn't a single book; in fact there is hardly anything left here at all now. He usually sends his valuable things home, before he goes away for the summer."

"Oh, is he preparing to go away?"

"I think he is."

"When does he leave?"

Weatherbee smiled, as he replied with a great deal of assurance: "From what I heard him and the proprietor of the house say this morning, I think he'll leave about Saturday."

"It is rather early."

"It is a little earlier than he expected to go, I think."

"Where does he go?" asked Thisby bluntly.

"I think he'll go camping this summer."

Helen glanced at Rosamond and then turned and winked at Thisby.

"Is Mr. Weatherbee a young man?"

"Mr. Weatherbee and I are about the same age."

"Now, Rosamond, you ask if he is tall," and she obeyed with a fascinating smile that became still more fascinating as Weatherbee informed her that he was about six feet.

"Light or dark," she asked eagerly.

"Rather light—quite light," and Helen laughed heartily as she seated herself in the rocker.

"That settles it. Now we will wait until he comes," and she laughed still harder as Rosamond replied: "Oh, hush," and turned to Weatherbee quickly. "Does he do all his writing here?"

"Most of it."

"What a quaint spot! What a queer old library," and Weatherbee followed her to the old bookcase and spoke in a voice that trembled with admiration: "He is very fond of antiques."

"May I open it?" and she stepped back with surprise as he threw the doors open.

"Oh, he has taken all his books away!"

"All but this set of Dickens, and he left those until the last. I think he'll have me take these away this afternoon or in the morning."

"Well, I am not going to wait any longer. I'll have the chauffeur drive me home and come back and get you and Thisby."

"No—no, I'm going with you. If I write Mr. Weatherbee a note, will you see that he gets it today?"

And as he arranged the pen, ink and paper on the table for her, he assured her in promising tones that he would deliver the note to Mr. Weatherbee without fail.

"That is a very good portrait of you," Helen remarked as she gazed at a small painting of Weatherbee hanging on the wall.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"One of Mr. Weatherbee's friends painted that and gave it to me."

Thisby didn't hesitate to say that the nose was too long, but Helen disagreed with him and inquired if there was a picture of Mr. Weatherbee in the room and Weatherbee tried to save another lie by looking in the opposite direction as he remarked, quietly: "I don't see any now."

"Do you write at all?"

"A little, I've been studying for some time with Mr. Weatherbee."

"Are you going to be a poet?"

"I would like to."

Thisby looked at Helen with a little reproach, as he remarked in a firm tone that he would jolly well like to write a poem that would drive all the ladies daft, and he laughed good-naturedly when she replied quickly that she hadn't any doubt that a poem written by him would drive anyone who read it daft.

"What on earth are you doing, Rosamond, writing a book?"

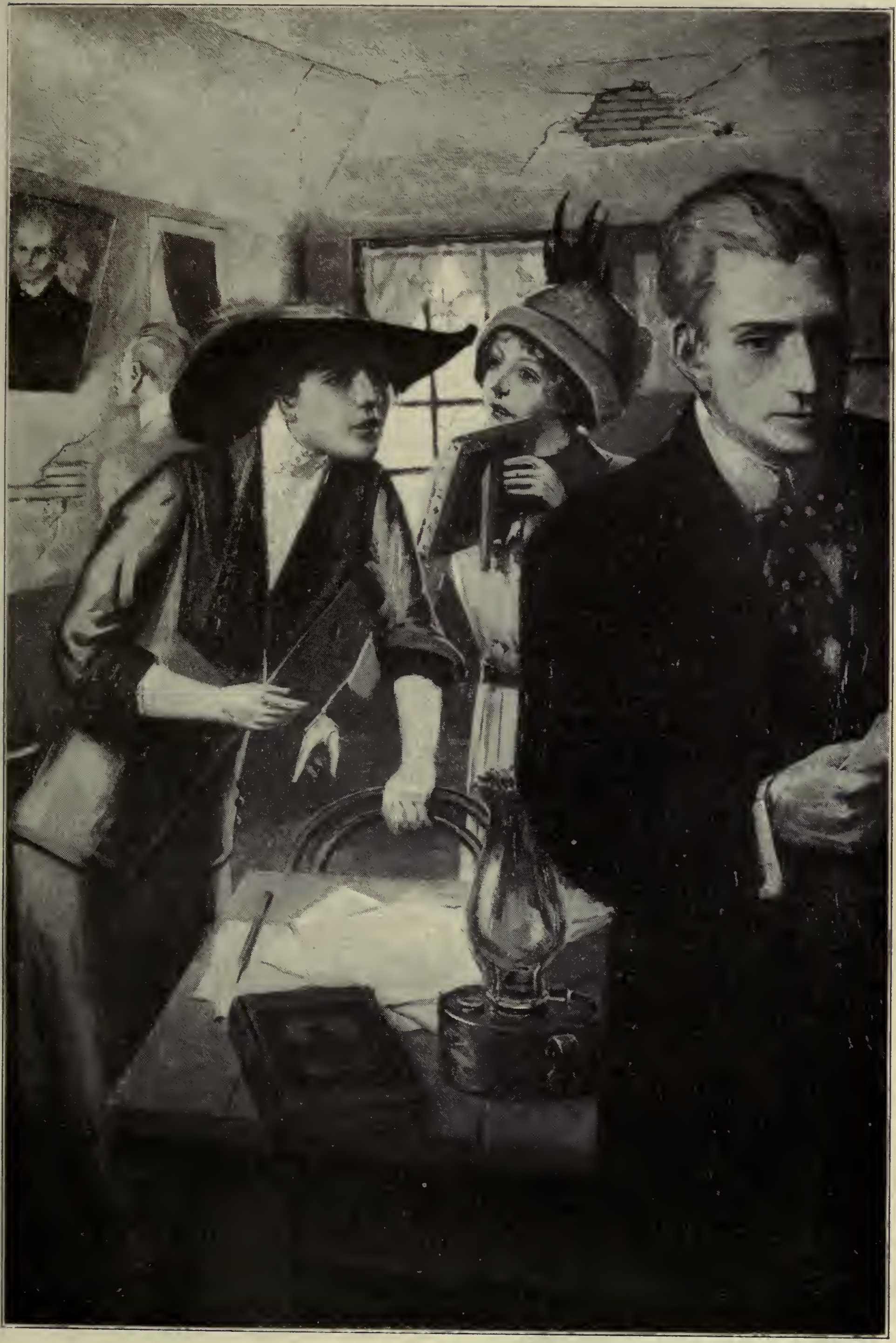
And as Rosamond reached for an envelope, her elbow hit the picture of Jack's mother and it fell to the floor.

"You'll be sure and give Mr. Weatherbee this note today, won't you?"

"Positively," he replied as he took the note and turned to conceal his smile.

"I'm ready," exclaimed Rosamond as she turned to Helen, who was holding the picture in both hands. Her face was pale and she staggered forward and gave the picture to Rosamond, who looked at it quickly and gasped: "Marguerette!" She tried to control her frightened condition, as she turned to see if either of the men were watching them.

Thisby was resting on his cane gazing at Weatherbee's painting and Weatherbee stood studying the strong, characteristic handwriting on the envelope addressed to himself.

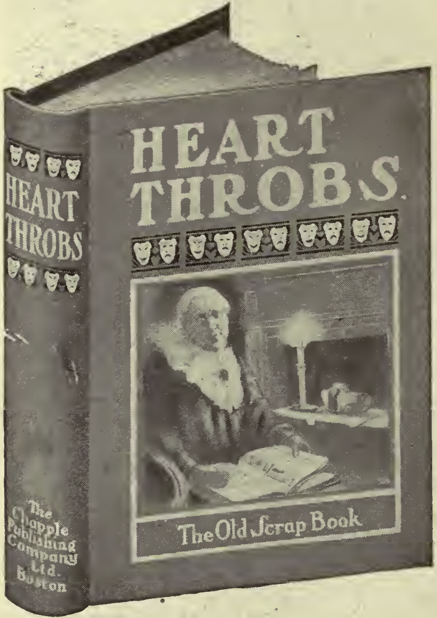


"ROSAMOND LOOKED AT IT QUICKLY AND GASPED, 'MARGUERETTE'"

See "The Guest of Honor," page 780

"I LOVE THE BOOK"

HEART THROBS



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"Pardon me, but may I ask who this is?" Rosamond asked in a voice that did not conceal her excitement.

Weatherbee gazed at the picture a second and replied tenderly: "A friend of Mr. Weatherbee's."

Rosamond gazed at the picture again, as she whispered: "I wish he were here." She wanted to make further inquiries, but decided she would wait and ask Weatherbee himself. She placed the picture on the table and turned toward the stairs to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Don't forget the letter, will you? Come, Helen. Thank you very much. I hope we haven't taken too much of your time."

"No, indeed," he replied, as he followed her to the banister and tried hard to catch a glimpse of her face, for he thought it would be the last, but she kept her head turned.

"It has been a *great pleasure* to me. Can you find your way out?"

"Yes, thank you," but he stole after them and opened the front door just wide enough to peek out and see her drive away.

Chapter VI

As Miss Kent's automobile rolled up Twenty-ninth Street, Weatherbee stood on the steps and watched the picture fade into memory. He unfolded her letter that he had nervously squeezed into a small ball and sat on the stone steps and read it through many times.

The stone steps, which the scorching sun had made hot enough to fry an egg on, seemed like cushioned chairs to him. He forgot he was sitting—he forgot everything but the dream he had dreamed so many times—and as he finished the letter again, he raised his head and wondered if he were still dreaming.

He thought a few seconds and started to read the letter again and would have read it many, many times had not the tapping of Warner's cane on the stone walk interrupted him. His good judgment told him he was not quite in his right mind and he tried hard to pull himself together and greet Warner in a natural tone of voice.

"Hello, Warner, where is Jack?" he remarked carelessly.

"Mrs. Turner wouldn't let me bring him away. She insisted on him staying until three o'clock anyway, and I left the little rascal there, eating his head off."

"Warner, who do you suppose called on me while you were away?"

"Who?"

"You couldn't guess in twenty years."

"The publisher!" exclaimed Warner, and his voice trembled with excitement.

"Guess again."

"Who?"

"No, you're still wrong."

"Who was it, John?" And as Weatherbe informed him that it was Miss Kent, he stood as if he expected Warner to fall, but he only grunted, "Who the devil is Miss Kent?"

"Why the beautiful girl I told you of who recited my poem."

"Ah-ha!" responded Warner in a low tone. "In love with the author."

"No, no, just called to—"

"Oh, rot," interrupted Warner, as he struck the walk with his cane. "What did she want?"

"Insisted that I attend this luncheon given by the 'Ten Club' at her home tomorrow—actually insists."

"Bully for you, John, bully for you."

"Sit down, Warner, and I'll tell you all about it."

They were hardly seated before Warner jumped up and inquired if that was the hottest spot in New York they could find to sit on, and on Weatherbee's suggestion, they started arm in arm for Madison Square, and Warner shook with laughter as Weatherbee told him how he had succeeded in passing himself off as his own secretary.

"John, that is a good joke on her, and I'll bet the society will enjoy it when you tell them."

"When I tell them?" and he gave Warner a searching glance, for he really thought he was jesting.

"You don't think I am going, do you, Warner?"

"Certainly you're going," he growled.

"Warner, would you really have me go to that girl's house looking as I do?"

"By all means. Do you suppose she thinks your poems were written by a fine suit of clothes? No, for a girl who would look for a swell suit of clothes wouldn't have a mind broad enough to appreciate such a poem."

Weatherbee listened attentively to Warner's remark and sauntered along in silence, buried in deep thought.

"Our bench is vacant, Warner," he said in a low tone, as he led him to the seat they always sat on unless it was occupied by others who sought Madison Square Park for outdoor recreation.

Both sat for several minutes in silence and Warner knew there was something out of the ordinary on Weatherbee's mind. He was sure it was one of two things. Either room rent or Miss Kent, but owing to the fact that Weatherbee had never given any thought to ladies, he was somewhat puzzled as to which it was, but he was silently betting on Miss Kent.

"There's a little breeze here today, Warner."

Warner smiled faintly, for he knew from Weatherbee's tone that he was not thinking of the breeze.

"There's always a breeze here, John, you get it from the east, west, north and south, with a double cross. This should be called the X of New York."

"That would be a good name for it," Weatherbee replied slowly, as he noticed the suggestion of the X made by Broadway crossing Fifth Avenue.

"You've helped me thresh out a good many ideas for my novels in this Square, Warner."

"I hope I'll be able to help you thresh out a good many more," Warner replied kindly.

"What are you worried about, John?"

"I'm not worried about anything."

"You're doing an awful lot of thinking."

"I guess it's up to me to do a little thinking, isn't it, Warner?"

"Well, John," and Warner dragged his words out in a soft, low tone as he put his hand on Weatherbee's knee. "Think, but don't worry—worry is what keeps the undertakers busy. You have done all the thinking and all the figuring amd all the guessing there is to be done about your books, and I have guessed and thought and figured with you. I have advised you because I feel that I am capable of advising and I know you are going to win out. I feel it. I'm sure of it. It's only a matter of time. I can't see, but I can hear and I'll bet both of my ears that I am right. I won't bet on the exact date of the publication of your novels, but someone will recognize their worth and publish them, but you can't hasten the publication by worrying, so why not give time a chance for a few days and see what it will do? Time has done a great deal in the last six hours," and he patted Weatherbee's knee affectionately, as he leaned closer to him and whispered: "It has opened up an avenue in your character that I had never heard of before!"

"What do you mean?" Weatherbee asked gently.

Warner paused a few seconds, then leaned toward Weatherbee and whispered: "You're in love!"

A long drawn out "What" forced Warner to repeat the words, and he reached for Weatherbee's hand and squeezed it tightly as he continued in a voice that trembled with emotion. "It's beautiful, John—it's beautiful. I never loved but once, and I have never been unhappy since."

"Warner, I wouldn't allow myself to think of love."

"We don't have to think of it, John, it thinks for us. You say in one of your stories that 'Love knows no law, it favors no place, it has no home, until it dreams, and wanders, until it meets a soul that it clings to and either sings or sobs its life away.'

"John, I never heard you give a love-chirp until today and I would have given the world to have seen your eyes when you were telling me about this lady. There was a note in your voice that I never heard before."

Weatherbee knitted the fingers of both hands together and gazed steadily at the walk, and Warner only became more amused as Weatherbee earnestly insisted that he had not even thought of love.

"Warner," he went on in a low, sincere tone, "if I started to fall in love in my present position, I'd lose all respect for myself. When Miss Kent walked out on the stage to deliver my poem I was somewhat frightened because she was the living image of the girl I had described in the poem, the girl I dreamed of when I was writing the poem stood before me. I admired the natural, sincere way she read it and I would have liked to have gone to her and thanked her."

"But instead of that," interrupted Warner, "she came to you."

He drew the end of his cane back and forth on the cement walk a few times and then continued in a kind but somewhat amused tone.

"John, did she state in her invitation how she wished you to dress?"

"Certainly not," Weatherbee replied quickly.

"Then how do you know she wouldn't like to have you come dressed as you are?"

"I don't know."

"Then why don't you go and find out?"

"Because she might feel offended."

"At your appearance?"

"Yes."

"But you are not positive."

"Not absolutely."

"John, in my eyes you are doing this girl an injustice."

"How?"

"Perhaps I can explain it more fully by reversing the situation," and Weatherbee placed his hat on the bench and listened attentively.

"Imagine you have read a poem written by a lady whom you have never met—your club or your society invite her to a luncheon. She accepts the invitation—she appears in a dress that isn't in style; it is a little worn—we'll say it is quite shabby. You or any club or society that you would be a member of wouldn't be offended, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"You would be a lot of cads if you took offence at the girl's dress, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, if this girl, or her club or society invites you to their luncheon and takes offence at your clothes, they're what we would call snobs, aren't they?"

"I think in a general conversation they might be referred to as such," Weatherbee remarked in an unsatisfied tone as he reached for his hat, placed it on his head and pulled it well down over his eyes.

"But it is hardly fair," Warner continued slowly and deliberately, "to accuse them of being snobs without giving them a chance to prove it, is it?"

Weatherbee gave Warner a smiling glance from the corner of his eyes and acknowledged he was right.

"So far so good," Warner went on. "Did Miss Kent impress you as being a girl who would take offence at a man she admired (we'll say from a literary standpoint) that circumstances had dressed in an old suit of clothes?"

"No, she did not," was Weatherbee's reply.

Warner sat in silence waiting for Weatherbee to continue, but he was gazing at a pale blue cloud that was journeying on its way across the sun, and there were two large brown eyes looking down through the pale blue cloud which caused the sun and the cloud to fade into nothing but a mere background.

After Warner had waited some time, he came to the conclusion that Weatherbee was in one of his listening moods and it was up to him to do the talking.

"John, there is an acquaintance, doubtless a friendship, and perhaps something deeper and sweeter, knocking at your door—and because you haven't a nice suit of clothes, you refuse to open the door and let it in. The same knock may never come again, John."

The pale blue cloud had crossed over the sun and Weatherbee focussed his vacant stare on the earth's green grassy carpet and the two large brown eyes had also shifted and were gazing up at him through the soft green threads.

"In reversing this situation, John, do I make it clear to you that you are wrong?"

"You haven't yet, Warner," and he smiled faintly at the gentle, fatherly way in which Warner was chastising him.

"If the situation were reversed, Warner, do you think Miss Kent would accept the invitation?"

"I'm sure she would."

"Why are you sure?"

"From what she has already done. You declined their invitation, then she called on you and urged you to accept. Is there anything else she can do? Do you think a girl with a poetic mind who is courageous enough to go to a man and tell him that she admires his work, is going to take offence or even notice a shabby suit of clothes?"

"I'm sorry I didn't have the pluck to tell her who I was," Weatherbee grunted in a disgusted tone as he removed his hat that he had unconsciously been pulling at until it almost covered his eyebrows.

"You go around and get Jack and I'll go home and start the dinner."

"It isn't dinner time, is it, John?"

"It will be by the time you get there," he said as he peeped up at the sun, which was crawling down over the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and seemed to be tucking itself away in the Jersey foliage.

As Jack and Warner entered the little garret room, they found dinner waiting and after Jack had surveyed the table carefully, he placed both hands on his little round stomach and exclaimed with a great deal of discomfort that he couldn't eat any dinner because he was too full of cocoanut cake and lemonade.

"I had three glasses of lemonade and four pieces of cocoanut cake," he groaned as he seated himself in the little rocker.

"Did you only eat four pieces?" Weatherbee inquired with a forced sincerity that made Jack think he had committed a great wrong and he jumped to his feet and replied in a most apologetic way that he just couldn't eat any more.

"But I brought all I couldn't eat home for you and Mr. Warner."

"And didn't you bring home any lemonade?"

"No, I drank it all," he said in an injured tone as he took his father's hand in both of his.

"We don't like lemonade anyway, do we, Warner?" and he gave one of the child's curls an affectionate pull.

"You cut the cake for Mr. Warner and me."

Jack served the cocoanut cake, and nothing in the Weatherbee household tasted so good that night.

As Warner bade Weatherbee good-night at the head of the stairs, he held his hand firmly and whispered: "John, I'll bet I'm right about that girl, a new suit of clothes might grate on her."

As Jack lay in the old couch bed and watched his father climb in, he reminded him that he had forgotten to blow out the candle.

"You are forgetting everything tonight, Dad—you haven't pulled down the window curtain."

CHAPTER VII

While Weatherbee and Warner were sitting in the Square, figuring out their financial situation, Wartle was trying to plan the easiest and less painful way to remove his little round face from between the two side-whiskers that had been hanging on his cheeks for so many years. He knew it was going to be a painful operation for he was not very handy with his razor and he was quite nervous at the thought of shaving himself anyway and his hand was very unsteady—but to pay fifteen cents to a barber was entirely out of the question; that would be a form of extravagance for which he would never forgive himself, so he placed a small mirror on the window, sat before it and twirled the beloved whiskers around his fingers for many minutes.

"Hit's hall foolishness," he mumbled to himself as he ran his fingers through them and pushed them back until they almost covered his ears. But Mrs. Murray's word was law. She had ordered them off and off they had to come, and off they came in sections.

He attacked them first with a pair of dull scissors, and then with a razor that hadn't been near a hair for so long that it laughed when it saw one.

After he had succeeded in stopping the many nicks and cuts in his face from bleeding, he covered each cut and small scratch with a liberal amount of white sticking plaster and after a long disgusted look at himself in the glass, shook his head and gasped: "Hi looks like 'ell."

His feeble, frightened knock on Mrs. Murray's door wasn't heard until he had repeated it several times.

"Merciful Hivins," she exclaimed as she threw up both hands and stepped back from the door. "Have ye bin into a dog foight?"

Wartle removed the old-fashioned moth-eaten silk hat that had sheltered the missing whiskers for so many years and placed it on the table.

"Ere Hi ham just has you hordered me."

"Faith an' Oi didn't oder ye with yer face all covered with white labels, did Oi?"

"Hit's stickin' plaster," he returned meekly.

"Ye look es if ye had been run over by somethin'—did ye try to commit suwecoid?"

"No, Hi was just hexcited, that's hall. Don't you want to go to the hopera with me?"

"Sure, Oi'll go anny place with ye—no wan'll see me, iverybody'll be lookin' at ye."

"Hi looks hawful, don't Hi?"

"Ye do, ye look as if ye had been through the battle of Bull Run. Go ter the glass there and fix yerself—some of yer labels are comin' off."

"Hi guess the sticking plaster his no good; hit's some ha peddler give me for some breakfast one morning," and he tried hard to make the curling corners stick to his face, but found it impossible.

"Shtop pushin' on yer face, ye'll have it all pushed out of shape. Faith and ye look as if ye had yer face done up in curlin' papers. Have ye the tickets?"

"Yes, Hi got them hin the front row."

"Oi'm glad of that, fer I loiks to watch the drummer. Come on or we'll be late."

"'Ave you hever seen the hopera of 'Why Women Sin'?" inquired Wartle as he gazed at the program.

"No, but I know it's good, fer they always have foine operas here at the Third Avenue Theatre. The usher'll be after ye if ye don't take yer lid off."

Wartle removed the silk hat that had furnished amusement for those near enough to see the moth-eaten spots, and placed it under the seat.

"Now don't talk to me," Mrs. Murray ordered as the curtain arose.

"She's lame, hisn't she?" he whispered after the heroine had been on the stage a few seconds.

"Shut up," Mrs. Murray replied in a voice that was heard by everyone in the theatre.

"She's supposed to be lame—didn't ye hear her say that she was pushed out of the villain's airship?"

"But she's dressed in ha hevening dress."

"She didn't 'ave this dress on when he pushed 'er out. Shut up now."

"Hi can't hunderstand hit," Wartle grunted after the curtain had fallen on the first act.

"It's as plain as the stickin' plaster on yer face. The limpy woman is the villain's wife and he is tryin' to kill her off so he can marry his young toipwriter—that's what he pushed her out of the airship fer.

"Stop pickin' yer face—it's bleedin'," and she pulled Wartle's hand away from his chin and warned him to keep quiet as the curtain arose on the second act.

"Hif 'e poisons 'is wife," Wartle whispered, "'e can't marry 'is typewriter 'cause 'e'll be 'anged."

"Don't ye see that he's goin' to poison her and blame it on the hero?"

"But 'e didn't put hanything in the glass."

"But he made believe put somethin' in it—there—there—she's goin' to drink it. No—she says she isn't thirsty—thank God! thank God!" and Mrs. Murray heaved a sigh of relief and sat back in her seat as the curtain fell.

"The Divil will kill yer yit.

"Hain't she got the foine 'ead of 'air? It's just exactly the color hof gold. She's hawfully fat, though, hisn't she?"

"Oi think she's beautiful," Mrs. Murray exclaimed as she clasped her hands together in admiration.

"She has two lovely gold teeth right in the front of her mouth, and diamonds in her ears and on every finger."

"She's got some hon 'er thumbs too, hand haround 'er neck."

"Yis, and diamond buckles on her slippers."

"She 'as hawfully big feet."

"Well, she's a strappin' big woman—I'll bet she weighs over two hundred pounds. Oi wish Oi had some of the fat that she don't need."

"Hi wouldn't 'ave you has fat has 'er fer hanything hin the world. Hi don't see 'ow 'er 'usband hever pushed 'er hout of the hairship—she his two times has big has 'e his, hand when 'e went to choke 'er 'e had to stand hon 'is tip toes to reach 'er neck. 'E doesn't look ha bit well, 'is voice his so weak. When she said to 'im

'Ho, for God's sake pity me, Dalmore,' Hi couldn't 'ear what 'e said hat hall."

"Sure, an' he is supposed to be nothin' but a wee shrimp—keep quiet now, here she is."

"She his much holder than 'e his, hain't she?"

"He is her second husband—ain't ye listenin' to what they're sayin'?"

"Hit's mean hof 'er to want 'im to discharge the typewriter, hisn't it?"

"No, she knows he is stuck on her."

"But she hain't stuck on 'im; she's hin love with the Doctor—Dick Darow."

"Shut up, he's goin' to give her the poisoned box of bonbons; see! see! she's takin' them, the fool, and she's thankin' him for 'em. The brute, he's goin' away and l'ave her there to ate 'em—she's undoin' the box—hush, here's the toipwriter—the little fool is asking her fer some and she's atin' 'em. Look! look at her eyes! See! see! there she goes, she's fallin' on the Buffalo robe. Bless her heart, the big fat one is telephonin' fer the doctor."

"How many more hacts hare there?"

"One—it's dridful excitin', ain't it? I thought I'd scream roight out when the toipwriter et the poisoned bonbon."

"She didn't heat hit, there wasn't hanything hin the box."

"Ye dough-head, this is only a opera. She made believe ate it, didn't she? Wake up!"

"H'im so sleepy Hi can't keep my heyes hopen."

"Faith and Oi'll not sleep fer a week after watchin' this."

"The Doctor his hawfully young to be ha doctor, hisn't 'e?"

"Sure and the hero has to be young—Oi think he's foine, he has such nice long, curly hair."

"Hi likes 'im better than Hi do the typewriter—she talks through 'er nose so."

"L'ave that stickin' plaster alone—sure yer face'll niver git well if ye kape pickin' at it."

"'Ow many more hacts did you say there was?"

"One, they're gittin' ready fer it now—the loights are goin' out. I'll bet if Oi had that young brat by the neck, he wouldn't whistle up in that gallery ag'in fer awhoile.

"There's the poor little toipwriter in bed—moy, but she's as pale as a sheet—and see the young doctor's over there in the corner examinin' the bon-bons wid a spy-glass—and God love, the big fat blond is bringin' in the little sick toipwriter clam soup."

"What his that glass rod the Doctor his puttin' hin the typewriter's mouth?"

"It's a thermomitor that tells if her fever is gittin' hot or cold. He sez she has one chance out of a million. He's pale, too, the poor divil.

"Here's the pup that poisoned the bonbons."

"His false mustache his comin' hoff, hisn't hit?"

"I hope it does. Bully fer the fat one—she told him to go, and niver look her in the face ag'in."

"Yes, but 'e says 'e won't go."

"Wait a minute, there's goin' to be a scrap—the doctor is goin' to fire him out—there they go—good! good! hurray! fer the Doctor. Do ye hear that noise? That's the villain fallin' down the stairs."

"Hit sounds like broken glass, doesn't hit?"

"Sure, it's somethin' they use to make a noise loike a man fallin' down stairs—

"The Doctor says the toipwriter is goin' to be her own swate self in a few days—see, he's kissin' her."

"His hit hall hover?"

"Yis and Oi'd loike to come ag'in tomorry noight."

"Hi'll take you 'ome hin ha street car hif you're too tired to walk," Wartle chirruped as if he thought the generosity of his offer would surprise Mrs. Murray.

"Ye'll take me home in nothin' 'till after I go to Sweeny's 'All Night Lunch' and have somethin' to ate."

Wartle tagged along in silence until he recovered from the shock and then inquired meekly where Sweeny's was.

"Oi'll show ye," Mrs. Murray replied in a firm tone. "It's a foine place—some people say that it's almost as good as any of Childs' places."

"Hi've never been hin one hof Childs' places, har they hexpensive?"

"Not very, Sweeny's a foine man—I know him well—I used to wash fer 'em before the Chinaman moved next door"

"What do you think you'll heat?"

"I don't know 'till I see the bill-o-fare."

"Hi'd like a bottle hof good hold Hinglish hale, but hit's so hexpensive."

After Mrs. Murray had listened to the waiter read over everything there was on the menu several times, she decided she would try an oyster stew. "An ye can fetch me a shupper of dark beer.—

"What are ye goin' to ate?"

"Hi don't want hanything—Hi never heat hin the middle hof the night."

"Ye want a bottle of ale, don't ye?"

"No, Hi don't think Hi'll drink hit, hit might hupset me."

"Drink it, sure ye can't be any worse than ye are now. Bring a bottle of Dogs Head —it's good for what ales him."

After Wartle drank his bottle of ale, things on the menu began to look cheaper and Mrs. Murray smiled as he ordered the second bottle—and was somewhat astonished when he ordered the third and she cancelled the order when he asked for the fourth.

"Ye'll drink no more, sure ye're blink-eyed now. Give 'im his hat, waiter."

"Hi hay—hay—hain't 'ad ha bo'le hale hin two years."

"Faith, an ye have enough now to do fer two years more—come out of there, that's the kitchen."

"Do you want a cab, Mrs. Murray?" the waiter asked.

"No, sure he needs the walk—he'll be all roight whin he gits outsoide."

"This 'as been ha lovely hevening," he mumbled as they stopped at Mrs. Murray's steps—and as he bent over to kiss her hand, the moth-eaten hat fell off and rolled out onto the pavement, and to make sure that it would not fall off again until he reached home, Mrs. Murray pulled it well down on the back of his head until it rested on both ears.

"Ye're all roight now, ain't ye? Ye know where ye are, don't ye?"

"Sure, Hi'm hin 'Eaven." He chuckled as he waddled up the street, waving his chubby hand back over his shoulder.

Chapter VIII

The silk shades in the large drawing-room windows of the Kent mansion, which looked out on Fifth Avenue, were drawn, and the elegantly furnished room was delicately lighted with a large chandelier whose small electric bulbs were hidden under the soft sun-colored globes, which matched the golden colored damask which covered the walls and gave the large room a glow of peaceful summer sunset.

The big sliding doors of the adjoining dining room that looked out into the conservatory were open, and the servants were busy spreading the table for the many guests expected, and as a surprise Rosamond had ordered a dozen different brands of expensive cigars placed opposite the "Guest of Honor's" plate, to make sure that he would find a brand that pleased him, for she had read that all authors smoke, and as she sat in the large, silk plush chair, reading a book whose hero reminded her so much of the man whom she had selected the cigars for, she little dreamed he was walking along on the opposite side of the street locating the house and wondering if he would have the courage to enter when the time came.

"I think the table is as you wish it, Ma'am," the servant remarked politely, and after he had repeated the words the second time and waited for a reply, he stepped in front of Miss Kent and forced a low cough that gained her attention.

"I say, I think the table is as you wish it, Ma'am."

After she had glanced over the table carefully, she inquired how many brands of cigars were at the "Guest of Honor's" plate, and the servant smiled as he informed her that he had bought two of every good brand he could think of.

"You may close the doors, if you will, Henry," and she resumed her seat in the large plush chair and wandered off among the pages of her book.

After Helen had entered the room and remained silent for almost a minute, which was an exceedingly long time for her, she inquired of her father's whereabouts in a voice that was somewhat suppressed with fear and didn't display any great desire to be informed that he was within a hearing distance and when she learned, through Rosamond's half-unconscious reply, that he was up in his room, she spoke in a natural tone, which usually brought a reply.

"He is always home when the club meets here and it makes him wild."

After she had given Rosamond sufficient time to reply and decided that her presence was not as important as the book, she seated herself on the arm of her sister's chair and peeked over her shoulder long enough to become interested in the title.

"What are you reading?"

"'An Author's Life,' and the character of the author reminds me so much of Mr. Weatherbee's secretary."

"Is it good for anything?"

"Yes, it is a beautiful story and the character of the author is so quaint and witty. I love those droll, witty types."

"You are always admiring some freak. I wonder if Mr. Weatherbee will come?"

Rosamond's eyes wandered from the book as she unconsciously lowered it to the arm of the chair.

"He said he would in his note. What time is mother coming?"

"She 'phoned that she was on her way over. I can't wait until she comes."

"Why, you big baby, she has only been away one night."

"Oh, it isn't that, but I want to tell her about us finding Marguerite's picture in Mr. Weatherbee's studio. Isn't that the strangest thing you ever heard of?" and even Helen's fluttering mind rested on the strange coincidence long enough to remain silent for some few seconds.

The sound of their mother's voice greeting the servant in the reception hall brought the two girls to their feet.

"Here is mamma now," and Helen was the first to be folded in her mother's arms, though Rosamond's slight figure was held tightly in the same two arms for many seconds after and one might have thought from the affectionate greeting, that the mother had been absent for many weeks instead of but one night and only a few squares away in the same city.

"What is the trouble with father?"

"Nothing much, I guess he just wanted a day off. How is Grandma?"

"In perfect health," and Mrs. Kent's voice simply bubbled with affectionate enthusiasm. "Why, she is just the healthiest old dear you ever saw. How is your luncheon coming on, Rosamond?"

"All right so far."

"Going to invite me?" Mrs. Kent asked with an inquiring smile.

"I wish I could."

"Who is the guest of honor today?"

"Mr. Weatherbee, the gentleman who wrote the beautiful poem I recited at the entertainment."

"Oh! is he coming?"

"He promised to."

"Rosamond hasn't seen him yet and she's in love with him."

"Helen, please don't be so smart."

"What does he look like?" asked Mrs. Kent in a tone of girlish curiosity.

"We haven't seen him," Helen whispered mysteriously, "but his secretary described him. He is tall and has light hair, so that settles it."

Mrs. Kent bent forward in her chair and imitated Helen's mysterious whispering tone. "Where did you see his secretary?"

"At Mr. Weatherbee's studio," Helen returned as she opened her eyes wide and lowered her voice as if she were telling a child a ghost story and a gentle note of surprise crept into her mother's voice as she spoke after a short pause.

"Did you go to his studio?"

"Yes," Rosamond answered in an unsteady, puzzled tone, which changed the atmosphere of humor that Helen had created to one of mild excitement. "I could hardly wait until you came home to tell you of what we found there," and her lips twitched with nervousness as she paused and looked into her mother's wondering eyes, for she knew she was not prepared for the mysterious news she held in store for her.

"What is it?" Mrs. Kent asked in a gentle, firm tone as she took Rosamond's hand and looked at her with a smile of love that would make a bitter confession seem like child verse, and when Rosamond informed her that it was a photograph of Marguerite they had found she stepped back and her eyes journeyed from one girl to the other several times before she spoke.

"Are you sure it was Marguerite?"

"Positive."

"I saw it first!" Helen exclaimed, and her unconscious pride displayed the absence of any deep interest on the subject, and she was somewhat grieved when her remark was passed unnoticed.

"Did you find out where she is?"

"No, Mr. Weatherbee was not in—we saw his secretary—but I didn't want to converse with him on the subject. I thought it better to wait until I saw Mr. Weatherbee himself."

"Was it an old photograph?"

"One of those she had taken just before she was married."

"I was at boarding school when Marguerite was married, wasn't I?" Helen inquired in a more thoughtful, reminiscent tone than she had ever been known to speak in before.

"Yes, you were only eleven years old then, my dear," and Mrs. Kent sighed, her mind back through the eight years which had turned her hair from a soft brown to a silvery white.

Helen sat in one of the large chairs and wrinkled her little white forehead in deep thought for several minutes. She knew her mother and sister were not aware of the information she had gained regarding Marguerite's husband and while she wasn't proud of the method she used to enlighten herself on the subject, she was not at all ashamed.

"Is Marguerite's husband still in prison?" she asked quietly and deliberately as she gazed somewhat reproachfully at her mother and Rosamond, who were so shocked by the question that they sat speechless for many seconds.

"Why, Helen!" Mrs. Kent gasped in a low whisper, "who said he was in prison?"

"Rosamond," she replied in a low, positive tone that brought Rosamond to her feet suddenly.

"Why, Helen!"

"I heard you and mother talking about it."

"When?"

"Oh, a long time ago."

"You listened?"

"Certainly I listened," she remarked calmly. "You or mamma never tell me anything, so I have to listen."

The forced note of gentle reproach in Mrs. Kent's voice failed to conceal her great love which she unconsciously showed in spite of her attempt to be severe.

"Helen, I am ashamed of you!"

"Well, I don't care if you are, I'm tired of being the baby in this house. You and Rosamond have more secrets and when I come into the room, you both cough and start talking about the weather. You never tell me anything."

"Because you can't keep anything to yourself, my dear, that is why we never tell you anything, and you're old enough to know better. I have often felt it my duty to tell you about Marguerite, but didn't because I was afraid of you, unconsciously, repeating it."

"Well, I should know. She is my sister and it is your duty to tell me. I know that she ran away and married against father's wish and by listening I learned that her husband is in prison. I would rather have you tell me the particulars than hear it from some stranger."

"Helen, do you wish to speak in that tone of voice to me," her mother asked quietly, "or are you forgetting?"

"I'm forgetting," she replied regretfully, after a brief silence, as she knelt at her mother's side and squeezed her hand affectionately. "What is he in prison for?"

"Before they were married he forged your father's name on a check, but father spared him to save a scandal. We both begged Marguerite not to marry him. Then father forbade her and she ran away and married in spite of anything we could say or do. Shortly after they were married he committed another forgery and was sent to prison and died there."

"Haven't you ever heard from her since?"

And her lips trembled as she tried to utter a "No" that was smothered with heavy sobs. "Oh, if she only knew what I have suffered she would surely write to me," she said as her head fell to her hands and shook with bitter grief.

Rosamond smoothed her white hair tenderly and drew her head affectionately to her breast, though her own eyes were moistened with tears and her voice broke with emotion as she spoke.

"It is not because Marguerite is cruel, mother, that she doesn't write. If she were starving her pride would not permit her to ask for food or tell of her sufferings. And I'm afraid she is suffering—I feel sure of it."

"Something tells me she isn't. She looked so happy in her photograph—so peaceful. She looked as she did the last time I saw her—she seemed to speak to me, and something tells me that we are going to find her—and she is coming home."

Mrs. Kent raised her head slowly and with a feeble, hopeful smile whispered the words half to herself: "Coming home!"

"I feel sure of it," Rosamond continued. "I don't know why, but I do. It all seems so strange that we should call on this man whom we have never met and find her photograph there. It seems like a good omen, and I am positive we are going to find her." And a sign of hope crept into the three sad faces as Mrs. Kent took each of the girls' hands and crowded a smile through her tears and forced a cheerful note into her voice. "We'll hope and trust and pray."

The click of the heavy oak library door sent a warning glance from each to the other as they hurriedly dried their eyes and sat in different chairs.

"Are you going to tell father?" Helen whispered.

"No," Mrs. Kent replied in a still lower whisper as she mechanically cleared her throat and tried to manufacture a conversation regarding the luncheon as she fussed nervously with her small lace handkerchief.

"Dick" Kent, as he was commonly called by members of the stock exchange, strolled leisurely from his library, where he had been in close touch with his Wall Street office, although absent. His hands were pushed deep into the pockets of his dark trousers and the end of a long black cigar, which protruded from the lengthy gold-trimmed amber cigar holder that he held between his two heavy, clean shaven lips, scarcely extended as far forward as his stomach. What white hair there was left, on the sides and back of his head, stood straight on its end, which was caused by the many visits from his nervous fingers. His deep, harsh voice, which would bluff any New York cab horse into stepping lively, was understood, though not always admired by his family.

"Hello, you've been crying!" was his greeting to Mrs. Kent as he entered the drawing room and removed the cigar from his lips long enough to kiss her on the cheek. "What's the trouble?" and Mrs. Kent murmured a faint "Nothing" as he stood before her waiting for an explanation.

"Yes, there is!" and he raised his voice to a key that would have frightened a stranger.

"She cried when we told her you were too ill to go to your office," Helen exclaimed in a tone of mock sympathy, as she hurried to her mother's side and held her hand and patted it tenderly.

Kent threw his head back and grunted a conceited laugh, which told his pride had been lightly touched. "Oh, there's nothing the matter with me—a little cold, that's all," and he started for the library and addressed Rosamond without turning.

"What time are the celebrities coming?"

"At two."

"Is Miss Butterwing coming?" he asked with a touch of sarcastic humor.

"I think so."

"Let me know when she arrives, will you?"

"Why?"

"I want to go up to my room."

His wit was responded to by the "family laugh" that was always pitched in the same key—delivered in the same tempo and never consisted of more than three ha ha's.

Though Helen had often doubled her weekly allowance by tucking on a few extra ha ha's at one of his pet jokes, "She won't bother you today," she said with a great deal of assurance. "She'll be after Mr. Weatherbee."

Kent paused and spoke without turning, after he had delivered a few heavy clouds of smoke from his cigar. "Who is Mr. Weatherbee?"

"Mr. Weatherbee is the Guest of Honor today," Rosamond answered, and her unconscious enthusiasm only made Mr. Kent more curious.

"Who is he?" he asked sharply without removing the cigar from his lips.

"An author," was Rosamond's timid reply after a slight hesitation, which was caused by the gruffness of his voice.

"Of what?"

"I have only read two of his poems that he gave to the Society—I have never met him."

Kent jerked the cigar from his lips as he turned and walked toward Rosamond, eyeing her severely. "Never met him and inviting him to your home?"

"It is customary to invite a strange author as a guest of honor to our luncheon."

"Do any of the ladies of your Club know him?" and as Rosamond shook her head and whispered a positive "No" he stepped back in utter surprise and was silent many seconds before he found words to express his astonishment.

"Rosamond, I do not approve of this. You shouldn't invite a person to your home until you know something of him. I wish your society wouldn't use your home to entertain men whom they have never met. You know, Rosamond," and he stepped forward and placed his heavy hand on her shoulder, as he bent over her and lowered his harsh voice until it mellowed into a key of rough sympathy, "we were taught one sad lesson by allowing a man to call here whom we didn't know."

"We think this man is a gentleman," and the note of sincerity in her voice only augmented her father's savage gruffness as he gripped her shoulder in his hand and shook it until she winced, though his brutal clutch was meant for affection.

"You should be sure, my dear, you should be positive," and as he entered the library, he slammed the heavy door after him and sank in the massive leather chair and tried to smoke away the misery that his many millions hadn't kept from entering his palace door.

CHAPTER IX

Kent's advice, which was based on real facts that had caused so many heart aches in his family, left the three ladies sitting with bowed heads and their minds pondering over the past and each one silently asking themselves if he were right. Mrs. Kent favored his opinion to a degree, but was undecided as to what step her husband would take toward the strange man if he knew he possessed a photograph of their daughter and the knowledge of her whereabouts. One deep sigh followed the other until Helen's sympathy on the subject had become exhausted and she became somewhat impatient with herself and everyone concerned.

"Oh, don't mind him," she grunted. "He has a bad case of indigestion."

The unexpected remark and the pouty, jerky tone in which it was delivered, brought her mother and Rosamond half way back to earth, and though neither spoke, the humorous expression of their eyes as they glanced at the child explained their opinion of her incapability to be serious for more than a minute at a time, no matter how fatal the subject might be.

The butler appeared at the door and announced Mr. Thisby, and the words had scarcely left his lips before Helen exclaimed "Show him in quick!" and the butler failed to conceal his broad smile as he hurried away, and though Helen's boisterous manner surprised her sister and shocked her mother, they didn't succeed in hiding the fact that they were also amused.

"What on earth is he calling at this hour for?" Rosamond asked in a voice that was equally blended with astonishment and annoyance.

"Because I told him to."

"Now remember, Helen, don't ask him to stay to lunch," and Rosamond marked each word with an emphatic nod of her head.

"Oh, he doesn't want to stay," Helen answered in a voice of exaggerated pride.

"He'd stay if you gave him half an invitation."

"You shouldn't mind him," Mrs. Kent remarked casually. "I should think you would be so used to him that you wouldn't notice him, and Mrs. Thisby likes to have him come over here because then she knows where he is. I don't mind him; he seems just like a girl to me."

As Rosamond and her mother left the room, Helen seated herself and pretended to read the book Rosamond had forgotten, though she was gazing several inches above the top of the book and listening attentively for Thisby's voice, and as he "ahemmed" politely, she mechanically dropped the book and exclaimed in a forced dramatic tone: "Oh, how you frightened me!"

"I'm jolly well sorry, I thought you knew I was here, don't you know."

"Well, I didn't, and I'm not aware of the fact yet," and she picked up her book and held it within a few inches of her eyes and smiled behind its pages.

"Really now, stop capering, don't you know. Aren't you going for a spin?"

"Certainly not, you know the Club is giving a luncheon here today in honor of Mr. Weatherbee," and she turned several pages of the book over hurriedly.

"But you don't care anything about the blooming Club!"

She rose to her feet slowly and drew her shoulders up until they almost covered her ears, then spoke in a whispering gasp that would have frightened herself if she hadn't had such a struggle to keep from laughing, "How dare you call it a blooming Club?" and she sank into the chair with disgust and pretended to read, but was not aware that she was holding the book upside down.

"Bless my soul, I'm only jesting. You said yesterday you didn't care about remaining to the luncheon and if I'd call you would go for a spin, don't you know."

"Well, if I did I have changed my mind. I wish to remain and meet Mr. Weatherbee," and she emphasized Mr. Weatherbee with a vengeance as she noticed she was holding the book upside down.

"Oh, tommyrot, and are you going to remain in the house all the blooming afternoon just to meet that blithering idiot?"

After she had gazed at him for several seconds with a tragic expression of contempt, she remarked quietly as she used her shoulders to help accentuate her disgust, "You are positively vulgar."

Though Thisby was aware that she was playing another one of her dignified roles, he was somewhat puzzled at the quiet method she had chosen, and a pleading note crept into his small, whiny voice as he advanced a few steps toward her chair.

"Well, he is; he's a blithering ass, upon my soul he is," and his worried, apologetic tone pleased her childish vanity and she held the book close to her face to hide her smile as she continued in her low tone, which was humorously sarcastic: "I'm going to tell Rosamond, and she will tell Mr. Weatherbee and I hope he'll thrash you good!"

"And I suppose you'd be jolly well glad to help him, I'm thinking really."

"Yes, I would, speaking in such a rude way of a man with brains," and she threw a glance of contempt over the top of her book that silenced Thisby for several seconds, but after he had recovered and adjusted his tie, he seemed to take on new courage.

"Brains!" he exclaimed in a braggadocious tone. "Just because he wrote a few blithering poems that have put all the ladies daft."

"His poems are simply beautiful," Helen replied in a high, taunting key as she raised her eyes to the ceiling and shook her head in admiration.

"Anyone can write poems if they care to waste time that way, don't you know. Just to show you how easy it is, I scribbled one off last night, before I retired, and I'll wager my head it's more to the point than Weatherbee's, upon my word it is really."

Helen quickly forgot the part she was playing and jumped to her feet with great enthusiasm. "Did you really write a poem?"

"Upon my word," Thisby replied as he removed a small piece of paper from the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Read it," and she clapped the covers of her book together and sank in the chair and listened earnestly, and after he had read a few lines, he was interrupted by her long drawn out "Oh," that seemed to last a minute, as she gazed reproachfully into his guilty eyes. "You hypocrite, that is in this month's *Smart Set.*"

"Upon my word I wrote it," and he held the poem, which was written in his own handwriting, close to her eyes.

"Yes, you wrote it, but you copied it out of the *Smart Set.*"

"Well, I wrote it, anyway," he returned with a smile. "Oh, Helen, don't rig me; on your word, aren't you going for a spin?"

"No, I'm going to stay for the luncheon."

"Then by Jove, I stay, too!"

"You can't."

"I will, upon my word, if you don't go for a spin—I stick," and he sat in the chair, crossed his legs, folded his arms and formed a picture of defiance, which succeeded to make her forget the dignified role she had been playing and be quite her excited self.

"You can't, I tell you, Mr. Weatherbee is the guest of honor and there are no other men allowed."

"I'll sit in the library," he answered firmly.

"You can't, papa is in there."

"I'll smoke him out with one cigarette."

"I dare you to smoke a cigarette in there!"

"I know what I'll do," and he clapped his hands together as if a great thought had arrived: "I'll go in and let the governor guy me 'til luncheon time and—"

"You can't," interrupted Helen, who was becoming extremely worried at the persistent attitude he had taken. "There are no other men permitted to the luncheon but Mr. Weatherbee."

"But if he doesn't come you'd be jolly well glad to have me here to fill up the gap, don't you know."

"But he is coming."

"Well I can sit in there while you are at luncheon and let the Governor guy me and we'll take a spin after—a jolly happy thought, don't you know—really it is, I must explode it to the Governor," and he entered the library prepared for his usual guying, which always terminated with some sound business advice.

After his feeble tap on the door had been answered by Kent's gruff "Come in," and he broke the several seconds of chilled silence that greeted him with a bold, "Howdy, Governor," that was answered by an unwelcome grunt followed by another cold wave of silence which amused Thisby more than it frightened him, for he had been a sort of a plaything around the Kent home too many years to be frozen out by Mr. Kent refusing to enter into a conversation, and sitting with his feet up on the desk, leaving nothing for Thisby to see but the back of his head.

(*To be continued*)

GOD'S MARINER

(For the New England Convalescent Rest Home)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

LEAGUES from the light by the harbor side
  Is the good ship, fast on a sandy shoal,
Waiting the wind and the morning tide
  To spurn the bar for her distant goal;
Ah! when the strong waves lift her keel,
The sails will be wings, the timbers steel.

So voyagers over life's rough sea,
  In darkness cast on shoal or shore,
Wait for some tide of sympathy
  To bear them out to the deep once more—
Some blessed wind of cheer to blow;
Some guiding light of love to glow.

Let us be light and wind and tide
  For those awreck on its chartless main!—
Giving anew the hope that died;
  Speeding them still their port to gain;
For oh! God's mariner is he
Who helps the storm-tossed brave the sea!

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The Conqueror

By EMIL CARL AURIN

IT'S easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when Hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows, he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

A CENTURY'S GROWTH IN FEDERAL EXPENDITURES

A COMPARISON OF THE ESTIMATES FOR 1802 WITH EXPENDITURES FOR 1911

by

Fred P. Fellows

Assistant Clerk, Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives

NOT long ago there were found, among some forgotten files in the Capitol building at Washington, a number of old documents dating back to the early days of the Republic. Perhaps the most interesting of these, especially to one who has given any attention whatever to the federal expenditures during recent years, is one entitled: "An Estimate of an Appropriation of Monies for the Services of the Year 1802." It is written in a bold hand upon heavy parchment paper, covering some thirty pages, eleven by seventeen inches. The ink has only slightly faded during the more than a century since the document was transmitted to Congress, "accompanying a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, received the fourteenth of December, 1801," at the beginning of the first session of the seventh Congress. Thomas Jefferson was then President and Albert Gallatin Secretary of the Treasury.

The total appropriations estimated, for all departments and activities of the Government, were $3,448,147.18. Surely, a mighty oak has grown from this little acorn, for one hundred and nine years later, on the fifth of December, 1910, the Secretary of the Treasury transmitted to Congress the book of estimates for appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, a quarto volume containing 688 closely printed pages, calling for appropriations of $748,414,860.81, two hundred and fourteen times the amount required for 1802! The estimates for "increase of the navy," that is, additional ships of war alone, for 1912 is $23,294,047.67, seven times the total cost of Government one hundred and ten years earlier! The total appropriations for the present fiscal year 1911 are $805,294,512.59, exclusive of $243,907,020. for the postal service, all but about ten millions of which will be paid out of the postal revenues.

There were, at that early day, but four of our present executive departments in existence—the State, War and Treasury departments, all established in 1789, and the Navy department established in 1798. A general post office, with the Postmaster General at its head, was established in 1789; but while its growth was continuous and it gradually assumed many of the functions now performed by the Post Office Department, it was not established under that name until 1872. While the Department of Justice was not made a separate department until 1870, the office of attorney-general was created in 1789. Besides these departments, which had their genesis during the early years of the Republic, we now have the Interior Department, established in 1849; the Agricultural Department, in 1889; and the Department of Commerce and Labor, in 1903. There are now nine executive departments, the heads of which each receive $12,000 a year.

The purposes for which appropriations were asked in 1802 were classified as follows: (1) Civil Department, under which are grouped the legislative, that is, the expenses of Congress, the executive, including the expenses of the President and the several departments; and the judiciary. (2) Miscellaneous, under which are grouped annuities and grants, military pensions, mint establishments, lighthouse establishment, surveying department, miscellaneous claims, contingent fund, second census, and quarantine laws. (3) Intercourse with foreign nations, including "diplomatic, treaties, captures, and seamen." And finally (4) the military and (5) the naval establishments of every kind.

As the Union then comprised only sixteen states, there were thirty-two Senators and one hundred and five Representatives, who were compensated at the rate of six dollars per day for 150 days. The total expenses of Congress were $179,526.66. This year, with ninety-two Senators and 391 Representatives, each receiving $7,500 a year, the expenses of the legislative department are $6,483,275.25.

The President of the United States then received $25,000 a year. This appears to have been the total expense of the executive at that time, no estimate having been submitted for clerical service or for maintenance of an official residence. Today the President receives $75,000, with $25,000 for traveling expenses, while clerical services and contingent expenses at the executive office cost $95,560 and maintenance of the White House $53,510, a total of $249,070. The Vice-President then received $5,000; now $12,000.

The total expense of the State Department in 1802 was $22,710, of which the Secretary, who was then James Madison, received $3,500. This year this department is costing $387,700. Our diplomatic service then consisted of three ministers, one at London, one at Paris and one at Madrid at $9,000 each; and our consular service consisted of a consul at Algiers at $4,000, and three consuls, at Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli, each receiving $2,000. This was during the height of the power and insolence of the Barbary states, when tribute was levied by them on the ships of all nations. For some years Congress appropriated money to meet their demands, but the bombardment of Tripoli and the destruction of many of their ships by an American fleet under command of Edward Preble in 1804, humbled their arrogance and made it unnecessary thereafter for us to pay them such marked attention. The total expenditures incident to our foreign intercourse were then $132,116.67; while today the cost of exercising this function, including the diplomatic and consular service, is $3,969,866.41.

The Treasury Department, the head of which received $3,500, then cost $79,444.34. This year the appropriation is $4,440,310. The War Department, including the salary of the Secretary at $3,000, then cost $27,250, while today it costs $2,227,168. The Navy Department, including $3,000 for the Secretary, then cost $19,910; today, $821,340. These amounts are merely for the maintenance of the executive offices in Washington and do not include either the military or the naval establishment, the expenses of which have always been estimated for separately. That the mode of living was then as primitive as were the needs of the departments is indicated by an estimate for the purchase of candles for purposes of illumination.

The general post office then cost $10,260, of which the Postmaster General received $2,400. It is evident that this service, which has seen such phenomenal growth, was then expanding, for two additional clerks are asked for on account of "the great number of new post-roads established in 1800 and 1801." A deficiency of $45 is also estimated for because of this increase. Inasmuch as the entire clerical force then received but $4,250, it may be presumed that this extra amount was not extravagant. An estimate for saddle-bags recalls the "pony express" and the stage coach, which were the only means for transporting the mails during the early days. This year the postal service, including $1,697,490 for the department at Washington, will cost $245,604,510, all of which, with the exception of a deficiency of $10,634,122.63, will be met out of the revenues received from the postal service.

For the judiciary, including the salary of the Attorney-General at $2,400, we were expending in 1802, $137,200. Today we are spending for the expenses of our judicial system about $10,000,000.

The territories then consisted of the "territory northwest of the Ohio," the Mississippi territory and the Indiana territory, the government of which cost $16,500. It was not until the following year that, through the foresight of President Jefferson, we purchased from France the great expanse west of the Mississippi.

The expenses of the Indian service in 1802 were estimated at only $60,750, of which sum $17,000 was for the payment of annuities to the Six Nations of Indians, and to the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks and Choctaws. Practically every Indian of these tribes has succumbed to the processes of "civilization" and passed to the happy hunting ground, while the remaining tribes "are slowly but sadly climbing the distant mountains and reading their doom in the setting sun." The expense of paying the annuities was $10,000; from which it would appear that the cost of administering the service in proportion to the good derived by the Indians was as great then as it is today. This year we are spending for the support, education and civilization of the Indians $8,837,380.

Our pension roll was then $93,000. Today we pay in pensions $155,000,000; while the maintenance of the Pension Bureau and agencies costs us $2,610,120 a year. An appropriation of $16,000 was asked for in the estimates for 1802 for completing the taking of the second census. The taking of the census for 1910 will cost more than $10,000,000.

But by far the most interesting of all the estimates made in this document, in view of our present large expenditures in preparation for war, are those for the expenses of the military and naval establishments. Our army was then composed of a general staff, two troops of cavalry, two regiments of artilleryists and engineers, and four regiments of infantry, numbering, all told, 5,441 officers and men. The pay of these men amounted to $488,496; their subsistence, $306,497.80; clothing, $141,530; medical and hospital service, $16,000, and quartermasters' department, $120,000, making a total of $1,072,523.80. This year the pay of our army of over 81,000 officers and enlisted men is costing us $45,118,446.95; their subsistence, $8,700,000; medical and hospital service, $718,000; and quartermasters' department, including $6,000,000 for clothing, $35,083,620.60, making a total of $89,620,067.55.

Armories, arsenals and magazines then cost $66,766.88. An armory was then maintained at Harper's Ferry, then on the frontier. This year we are spending for armories and arsenals $499,100. The fortifications estimated for in 1802 were to cost $120,000; while the appropriations for fortifications this year are $5,417,200.

An estimate for four thousand flints and forty thousand musket cartridges, together with $60 for flour for hair powder, brings to one's mind the picture of the soldier of the Revolution and the early days of the Nation, with his picturesque uniform, powdered wig and flint-lock musket.

The total expenditures for the military establishment estimated for in 1802 were $1,366,840.68. For 1911 the total expenditures for all military purposes are $109,376,738.24.

The popular demand of today for large appropriations for the navy makes exceedingly interesting a comparison between the estimates for the naval establishment in 1802 and the appropriations for 1911. The navy of the United States in 1802, "retained agreeably to the act providing for a naval peace establishment," consisted of five frigates of forty-four guns, the "United States," "Constitution," "President," "Chesapeake" and "Philadelphia"; three frigates of thirty-six guns, the "Constellation," "Congress" and "New York"; two frigates of thirty-two guns, the "Boston" and "Essex"; three smaller frigates of thirty-two guns, the "Adams," "John Adams" and "General Greene"; and one schooner, the "Enterprise," of twelve guns. The names of these ships, almost every one of which participated in the memorable naval engagements of the War of 1812, when our navy proved more than a match for the ships of England, are familiar to every schoolboy. The "Constitution," which rendered such signal service during that war, has been immortalized in the stirring poem "Old Ironsides," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes as a protest against the sale of the ship when it had become useless as a war vessel.

On March 3, 1801, Congress passed an act providing for a "naval peace establishment." Under this act the President was authorized, if in his judgment the situation of public affairs rendered it expedient, to cause to be sold, after they had first been divested of their guns and military stores, all or any of the ships of the navy, except the frigates above named. Six of those retained were to be kept in constant service in time of peace, with not to exceed two-thirds of their complement of officers and men, who were to receive only half pay during the time not in actual service. The rest of the ships were to be "laid up at convenient ports," each with only a very small complement of men. Pursuant to this act, six frigates—four of forty-four and two of thirty-two guns—and two schooners of twelve guns each, in actual service, and seven frigates "laid up in ordinary," were estimated for.

The cost of maintenance of a forty-four-gun ship, the largest then afloat, including the pay of the 312 officers and men, provisions and subsistence, medical and hospital supplies, and contingencies, was $92,429; that of a frigate of thirty-six guns and 270 men, $79,065.40; a frigate of thirty-two guns and 215 men $62,495.41, and a schooner of twelve guns with fifty-eight men $20,653.26. The total cost of maintenance of the fleet of six ships in actual service was $536,013.34, and of the seven laid up in ordinary, $47,716; while the total cost of maintaining the navy with about twenty-five hundred men, including the marine corps, was estimated at $696,390.57. This amount would not be sufficient to maintain a single battleship today, as this cost, in round figures, is about $1,000,000 for each first-class ship. Today the pay alone of the 50,396 officers and men of the navy amounts to $34,534,086. The contingent expenses of the navy in 1802, including "wear and tare and repairs of the vessels," cost only $103,400; while today we are spending $8,979,144 for repairs.

The act above referred to also specified what should be the rations of the crews for each day of the week. The food supply consisted of beef, pork, flour, suet, cheese, butter, peas, rice, molasses, and vinegar, one or two articles of which were included in a day's ration, besides bread and spirits which were served every day. It is curious to note that of the $24,550.36 which it cost to supply provisions for a ship of forty-four guns with 312 men, $8,007.75, or practically one-third, was expended for "spirits," of which 7,118 gallons were estimated for.

Regardless of the fact that it was then the intention of Congress to reduce the expenses of the naval establishment, as is evidenced by the act referred to, it seems that there was no disposition to limit the size of warships; for the estimates state that "there will be required for procuring materials for the six seventy-four-gun ships, and completing the procuring of frames for two extra ships, $305,000." The construction of these ships had been authorized and an appropriation of $500,000 made at the previous session, during which the act to establish a naval peace establishment had been enacted, and this sum was in furtherance of their building. The present year we are spending on account of increase of the navy alone, $32,125,846. The cost of a single "dreadnought," including hull, machinery, armor and armament, is about $14,000,000. The improvement of the navy yards, dock yards and wharves then called for an appropriation of $100,000. Today maintenance of yards and docks costs us $1,290,000—more than the total requirements of the navy for 1802, which were $1,101,390.57. The total appropriations on account of the navy for 1911 are $130,876,062.44.

The total cost of the military and naval establishments in 1802 was estimated at $2,468,231.25 out of a total expenditure of $3,448,147.18. For this year the total cost of the military and naval establishments is $240,252,800.68 out of a total expenditure of $805,294,512.59, exclusive of the cost of the postal service.

This enormous increase in the expenditures of our federal government, during the century and more which has elapsed since 1802, does not of itself convict the Nation of extravagance, for we have in that time grown from an infant republic of 5,308,483 people, with territory extending only to the Mississippi to a world power of 91,972,266 souls, a country comprising states and possessions then undreamed of, and a wealth amounting to more than $115,000,000,000. The comparison of our expenditures then and now serves, however, to cause us to pause and give some attention to the cost of our federal government which has increased by leaps and bounds, until the billion-dollar Congress, which startled the country twenty years ago, has given way to the billion-dollar session, and that, too, not only without effective protest upon the part of the people but rather with their tacit approval; and the public money is being expended for a multiplicity of governmental functions of which the founders of the Republic could never have dreamed.

THE MORNING STAR

(John Greenleaf Whittier died at dawn, September 7, 1892)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

HOW long and weary are the nights," he said,
"When thought and memory wake, and sleep has fled;
When phantoms from the past the chamber fill,
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill;
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers,
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the hours.
And wandering wind and waning moon have lent
Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament.
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait
The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate,
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star."

O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart!
When the last evening darkened round thy room,
Thou didst not with the setting moon depart;
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom;
Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,
Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea—
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,
And they who cross the strand return no more;
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky,
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,
Companioned by the bright and morning star!

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BOOKS IN AN EDITORIAL WORKSHOP

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE are times when we want to talk about books; not new books, or rare books, but just our own books. When the new home was secured, I discovered, on the second floor back, a small room with two windows which seemed to flood it with rays of golden sunshine every hour of the day. For its use I made suitable petition, and the little room was soon transformed into an editorial workshop. I never can tell you how much pleasure I took in just putting away those books, for each volume, as I picked it up and found just the nook for it, seemed to awaken some precious memory.

The old school books, the grammar and algebra that had caused me so many hours of boyish worry and work, the "First Latin Book" and Fenimore Cooper's tales—but hold, I must not go too far or I shall scoff at the five-foot shelf library recommended by Doctor Eliot. Though somehow I think that no one set of books can be of like benefit to every man. Certainly when I looked over my own books I didn't begin to find all the volumes so highly proclaimed to be the representative books of the world. Every volume purchased for my little library I secured because I wanted it—I may have only "dipped into it," but it's mine, and it stands on my library shelf for "browsing" reference at any time. This is why I feel sometimes that library privileges can never take the place of reading one's own books. You need to own the book, dog-ear it, mark it on the margin—you need to feel that you paid for it because you admired the author and desired his works, and can spend an evening or a few moments with him when you wish, seeing with his eyes and feeling his emotions—not that you must read the volume under pressure and within the two weeks' limit lest you be taxed two cents a day for overtime.

So I put them in place, and now they are all here—even to the bound volumes that came out of the old peach-box nailed on the wall of the garret of the old home. It was a revelation of why the boys drifted into magazine work—the impulse that led to binding copies of the *North American Review*, *Harper's* and the *Century*, unconsciously indicated a trend of youthful ambition.

It's an odd lot of books—there are many old volumes long out of print—not all the "best sellers," forsooth, though a few of these are there! Here is a dainty bit of blue—Eugene Field's verse in the little "poet's corner" where a moment may be spent with Keats or Coleridge, Wordsworth or Longfellow—a niche to me even more sacred than the famed Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Close by are ranged in solid phalanx an historical series, to say nothing of the fascinating leather-bound Plutarch's Lives, just below the lurid covers of Balzac's and Dumas' works, the military row of cyclopedias, and the corner where Carlyle stands so imperiously. Here are the "complete" sets—you always want to emphasize the "complete," even though you may never have read more than one volume. (Collier's of revered memory got the money).

Here's a set of George Eliot—but there are some olive-tinted volumes that look as if they had been read twice—Thomas Hardy's charming tales! Near the little red "Spectator" of Addison and the "American Statesmen" series, stands a book picked up in Paris on the banks of the Seine, another from "Auld Edinburgh," and those trim, deep-garnet robed volumes of Ruskin, perhaps too sparsely read, but inspiring withal. Must not we all make a show of the book collector's fervor?

How much inspiration I have had from little books such as Hammerton's "Intellectual Life," Marcus Aurelius and Montaigne, not to speak of yonder two dainty volumes of Emerson. Lafcadio Hearn's "Two Years in the West Indies" is well-worn and has many thumbed pages. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is dotted with notations made during a Mexican trip, and then, master of English prose, Macaulay—whose deathless Essays both inspire and nourish a thirst for sterling literature! The sturdy volumes of Thackeray and Dickens, read and re-read long ago, have still their charm and are kept on the top shelf in memory of bygone days.

Yes, here are HEART THROBS, HEART SONGS, HAPPY HABIT and HISTORY MAKING awakening the many associations connected with their preparation. "The Affair Next Door," by Anna Katherine Green, shows that there are times when the mood calls for a real detective story—and "Jane Eyre" with the mark of childish thumbs is blotted with youthful tears in several of the "weepy" places.

Here are little, old-fashioned books—"Fireside Greetings," published no one knows how long ago, but valued because of the old associations, and one of mother's dainty books appropriated and stamped with the embryo book-mark printed on the toy press in the old home—"J. M. C.'s Library No. 7." The little Bible she gave on a never-to-be-forgotten birthday, and "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake"—all revive sacred memories of long ago. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"—how many a quiet winter evening's reading that little volume has furnished! A Sunday evening's dip into Nixon Waterman's or Ben King's charming verse pleases, now and then, or study of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" when one feels good and strong.

Then there are the new books which have accumulated on the desk rack. After a glance at Professor Babbitt's "The New Laocoon"—what a stirring of one's deeper sensibilities arises from perusing books with ideas which we are not often privileged to meet. His "Literature and the American College" is a most fascinating discussion of literature as studied in the university of today, more or less foreshadowing the literary taste of American homes of the future.

Hold a minute—I spy a dainty, white-covered book which recalls the days of the "Heavenly Twins" and of "Trilby"—how long ago it seems since they were the rage of literary folk! And then those gift-books from friends, and the old ribbon book-mark in the volume presented on high school graduation day!

It seems sometimes, as I sit among these few thousand books, in the long evenings, that I am in the midst of men and women who have lived centuries ago and today and yesterday—that I am almost in personal communion with those who wrote them—nay, with the shadowy characters whose counterfeit presentiment their genius summoned from the shades. I can see in each one, between the lines, some personal equation and realize that they after all lived as we have lived. For we are the same that our fathers have been, I am reminded as I look into that wonderful "Gray's Elegy" dear to the soul of the martyred Lincoln. Yes, give me the good old books—they may repose undisturbed upon the shelves for weeks, months or even years, but each one has attached to it a memory.

There is no catalog—no classification—no card index. Sometimes I think books, as well as folks, are over-systematized these days, and it's just a delightful harum-scarum library, that we have in our home. Every hour of the day will bring its own pleasure or profit, as the eye runs over the backs of the books, and chooses its own, rather than going through the passionless survey of a sterilized set of exact card indexes.

Nor are the books "arranged"—it's refreshing to find Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" beside "Innocents Abroad," and twentieth century Robert W. Chambers' "The Fighting Chance" leaning heavily upon Smollet and Fielding. The several lives of Lincoln are scattered far and wide—one, I note, is next Forrest Crissy's "Tattlings of a Retired Politician." Wagner's "Simple Life," read because of Colonel Roosevelt's say-so, stands beside Lew Wallace's "Prince of India." At the door, as if to veritably guard the entrance, stand the bound volumes of the NATIONAL, and hard by the International Encyclopedia, and "Notable Americans—a collection that of itself reaches the five-foot limit, and the five-year limit on perusal—though I've never attempted it.

Parkman's "Struggle for a Continent" is beside Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"—and here are Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's individual volumes standing side by side, even as they worked in life. Stirring Browning—when you feel that you want to get at the very essence of things, consult him and compare his charming written thoughts with your own emotions. The rest of the shelf is occupied by the complete Kipling—I almost forgot to mention it—with everything yet unread, alas, save the irresistible "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed" and the delightful "Barrack Room Ballads."

It may be in the heat of a summer's afternoon, or in the glow of a winter's evening—or perhaps on a cloudy day or in crisp autumn—but there is always a companion book for the weather and the mood. I would not have you think I am "bookish," no, nor even "well read"—I have only had time to "dip" occasionally and try to get out of the books the spirit that lies subtly hidden in the paper and ink. I look over the volumes as I would glance through the diary of an old friend—for men who write that which lives must be *friends* to all humanity in the broad and universal sense. The glories of Alexandria's great library of tradition in ashes and of all the other notable collections in the world, can be nothing to one's own humble library with its rambling array and varied bindings. It may not be beautiful or ornate in rare bindings; its capacity may not be impressive or awe-inspiring, but in that little library on the Second Floor Back, you will usually find an editor, who when at home delights in meeting the old friends in books, and in talking to readers when surrounded by the work of those whose pens have left messages indelibly inscribed in favorite books. In such an environment it is not difficult to anticipate the responsive sympathy of those readers at least who love best the books at home.

AT HOME

THE rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold:
And stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth.
And none to love me on the earth.

—Bayard Taylor, in the book "Heart Throbs."

LOST AND HIDDEN TREASURE

by

Charles Winslow Hall

POSSESSORS of great treasures have rarely been able to exhibit them freely to an admiring and envious world. At the best, they are compelled to surround them with guards and defences, and in most cases to conceal them and even the fact of their possession. Organized robbery, torture and murder, would prevail all over the civilized world, were it not that the banks and safe deposit companies are veritable fortresses of amassed monies and the cunning and priceless workmanship of the goldsmith and jeweller. It is because the burglar and robber can no longer find much more than blank checkbooks and plated tableware in the private store or mansion, that the picturesque and luxurious bandit or highway robber is almost as extinct as the dodo.

For many centuries the palaces of kings and the temples of their gods received the greater part of the precious metals and gems exacted from the public in the way of taxes, dues and offerings, taken from devastated lands as plunder, or received from conquered kings as tribute. As men were more frankly and honestly appropriators of other people's property in those days than now, it was considered "good form" to refrain from a vain display of accumulated wealth, in the presence of visiting princes and foreign ambassadors, it being reasonably certain that some "great and good friend" would demand tribute, and if denied, would take over the whole business.

As a result, concealment of the more precious forms of portable property became practically universal and, in many lands, remaineth unto this day. There are massive, underground vaults, secret closets, and simpler hiding-places in hollow trees, concealed caverns, and the earth itself, in which many millions of treasure are being accumulated. Of these hoards, many are known to but one person, and death often prevents his knowledge from being transmitted to his natural heirs.

Among conquered peoples, an undying hatred of the "dominant race" often ensures the successful concealment of great treasures from generation to generation. The preservation of gifts made to the gods from alien desecration, and the hereditary conservation of family heirlooms and property, still keeps concealed immense treasures.

Fifteen centuries before Christ Job speaks of "princes that had gold, that filled their houses with silver," and further refers to the concealed hoards of former generations, speaking of the "bitter in soul, who long for death and it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hidden treasure." For in Egypt, many centuries before his day, Menka-Ra, builder of the third or "Upper Pyramid" had, if tradition lied not, been entombed with enormous treasures, whose secret was to be known only to the "initiated." They were to hold them sacredly in trust, until the needs of Egypt demanded their recovery and expenditure. This belief outlived dynasty and priesthood. The Persian swept across Egypt under Cambyses; Alexander the world-conqueror, living, won, and dying, left her to the Ptolemies; the Roman eagles swooped upon her, and the Latian empire held her, until the Moslem hordes, six centuries after Christ, wrested her from the Western Empire.

During all these centuries, the belief that all the Gizeh pyramids were the receptacles of vast treasure, as well as of buried kings, became universal. Probably the Persians attempted to enter them and failed, but it is certain that Grecian and Roman explorers entered the Great

Pyramid in the remote past. It was, however, reserved for Al Mamoun, the son and successor of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, to penetrate to the most important secrets of the Great Pyramid as yet discovered.

With levers, sledges, and the feeble action of acids and fire, the Arabs penetrated nearly one hundred feet into that mass of granite masonry, before the accidental fall of a stone slab told them that they were close to a great gallery. Breaking into this, they found a simple but almost impregnable barrier—a doorway, formed by a great groove between granite frames, in which slabs of immense thickness were piled, one above another to a great height. When the first, with immense labor, was reduced to fragments, another fell into its place, and this in turn was succeeded by another and another. When, after months of labor, the "King's Chamber" was reached, a single sarcophagus was found, of which Ibn Abd, Al Hakim, testified, A.D. 1133, as follows:

"Near the apex was a chamber containing a hollowed stone (coffer) in which there lay a statue like a man, and within it a man wearing a great breast-plate of gold set with jewels. Upon this breast-plate lay a sword of incalculable value, and in his tiara was a carbuncle, of the bigness of an egg, which blazed as with the light of day. Also upon him were written, as with a pen, characters which no man understood."

"Also, they found a square well; and at the bottom thereof were several doors. Each door opened into a tomb, in which were dead bodies wrapped in linen."

Another account relates that they found a coffer full of emeralds, which Egypt formerly possessed in great plenty and excellence; and about a thousand gold pieces, weighing an ounce each, their joint value being almost exactly the cost of excavation.

These pyramids were erected somewhere between 2,782 and 5,000 years B. C. They were undoubtedly referred to by Job, and were plundered of whatever treasures were formerly placed therein, but even in modern times small portions of "mummy-gold" and gilding have been found. It is by no means improbable that the removal of rubbish, and methodical investigation would discover other chambers and passages and perhaps treasures whose value in dollars and cents would be of little moment, as compared with their testimony to the history of the nations, seventy centuries ago.

The fall of Troy, after a ten-year siege by the Grecian princes about B. C. 1184, although seriously recorded by Thucydides, and accepted by Alexander the Great, as a great triumph of Grecian enterprise and military genius, has long been considered as a rather mythical foundation for Homer's immortal epic, the "Iliad." In 1876 the excavations of Schliemann on the reputed site of Troy brought to light under the ashes of two superincumbent fortress-cities the remains answering to the descriptions of Homer, and a hidden vault, containing goblets, bowls, vases, gems, jewels, *armes de luxe*, and like articles in gold, silver and bronze. These treasures are now generally acknowledged to be the veritable remnants of the once vast riches of Priam, which, although depleted by ten years of costly warfare in the purchase of supplies and mercenaries and the final sack of the ruined city, were thus preserved to enrich the museums of Europe, and greatly increase our realization of the wealth and art of that ancient Ilium, which we have hitherto been disposed to consider a poet's dream.

Two years later Schliemann laid bare the ancient walls and tombs of Tiryns, in Argos, and amid those Cyclopean ruins found many curious and valuable discoveries, but little treasure.

He was more fortunate at Mycenae, which was, if we may believe tradition, founded by Perseus, son of Zeus and Danae, "the fair-haired," and the slayer of the Gorgon Medusa, "the Beautiful Horror," whose face, once seen, turned the beholder to stone. From Perseus and Andromeda, his wife, was descended that Agamemnon, king of Argos, who led the Grecian princes to the siege of Troy, and after the conquest returned to Argos with great booty and many captives. But Clytemnestra, his wife, and Aegistheus, her murderous paramour, slew him "like an ox in his stall," at a great banquet, or, as some say, in his bath, and by the hands of Clytemnestra herself. With him were slain Eurymedon, his charioteer, Cassandra, a Trojan princess, and many others. There is reason to believe, however, that these noble victims and their faithful associates were placed upon the funeral pile with their arms and ornaments, and later entombed.

For deep in the ruins of Mycenae, Schliemann found the remains of twelve men, three women, and several children, and with them a wealth of gold and silver articles, arms, armor, etc., such as has never, in modern times, fallen to the lot of any explorer. Diadems and crowns of gold, hundreds of plates, buttons, pins, ornaments, brooches, crosses, leaves, butterflies, etc., etc., of the same precious metal, large and small belts and bracelets, broad cuirasses and life-sized masks covering the whole face; cups, vases, bowls and pitchers, nearly all of virgin gold, lay beside arrow-heads of obsidian, mighty swords of bronze, spear-heads and rotting shafts, engraved gems and brazen coffers and caldrons. Repousse and intaglio ornamentation of a high degree of design and finish made these precious memorials of a great tragedy another significant reminder that the world is very old, and that art flourishes in ages which history has told of only by the aid of song and tradition.

Some fear of popular indignation probably impelled the assassins of Agamemnon to bury these costly treasures with their victims, but their superstition would generally prevent robbery. To plunder the dead was considered an almost unpardonable crime against the gods, and it was long considered a blot on the kingly fame of Pyrrhus of Epirus, that, having taken and pillaged Aegaea, he left his Galatians behind him to take a vast treasure from the tombs of the dead.

Odin taught that the dead must be burned, and that everything that has been theirs must be carried to the pyre. Thus Beowulf, the slayer of Grendel, was dismissed to Valhalla, and Sigurd, the Dragon-slayer, with Brynhilda, the Valkyr, whose love and hatred brought him to an untimely death, were both consumed with their arms and treasures. A vast amount of gold and silver, arms and armor, which have thus "passed through the fire," has been discovered in the Norselands during the last two centuries, and articles containing several pounds of pure gold each have been recovered.

About 1850 some workmen in a garden at Sidon found several copper pots filled with gold-coins of Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander, unmixed with any of a later date. After two thousand years this hoard, whose owner never lived to reclaim what he had hidden, enriched the finders with many thousands of dollars. In 1877 a tomb at Palastrina, Italy, was found to contain a vast treasure of golden jewelry plate, and precious gems.

Somewhere, in the present or ancient channel of the River Busento, near Cosenza in the Calabrian peninsula, lies all that is left of Alaric (the All-Rich), the great Gothic despoiler of imperial Rome. He died about 453 A. D., and, encoffined in three caskets of gold, silver and iron, was laid to rest with a large part of the spoils of pillaged Greece and Italy, in the bed of the river, which the labor of a host of captives had diverted from its usual course. Then the river was loosed into its old channel, the workmen put to death, that no foeman might profane the sepulchre of the great Goth, and the lamenting conquerors, raising the siege of Cosenza, left Italy for their new homes in Gaul and Spain. A recent report announces that a fortunate peasant has lately found a part of this, or some equally ancient treasure.

What was the value of the spoils of Alaric? Alexander's plunder of Persia and India was estimated at $250,000,000. When Nadir Shah sacked Delhi in 1738, he secured plunder valued at $30,000,000, and levied a tribute of $40,000,000 more. Hezekiah's tribute to Sennacherib, after he had incautiously revealed his riches and the glories of the temple, amounted to $3,000,000 yearly. The Queen of Sheba presented to King Solomon pure gold to the value of $3,360,000. The mariners of King Hiram and Solomon brought every three years from Tarshish gold to the value of twelve millions of dollars, and the amount of gold received by Solomon yearly, from all sources, is stated at over eighteen millions of dollars.

When Shishak or Shishenk, King of Egypt, plundered Jerusalem, in the vile days of Rehoboam, scarcely a generation after the completion of the temple, he carried away the remnants of a national religious offering for the uses of the temple, estimated at forty-six thousand tons of gold and silver, and valued at four billion dollars.

Judging from these and other data, the plunder of so many of the principal cities of Greece and Italy, and the succeeding sack of Rome, must have loaded the war-cars of the Goths with billions of gold, silver and precious stones. Will this lost treasure ever be recovered by those of later ages?

Traditions of great treasures hidden amid the ruins and catacombs of Rome have always existed, and in a moderate way have from time to time been revived by valuable discoveries. A wild tale of the tenth century records that Gerbert, Pope Sylvester II, discovered under the Campus Martius a subterranean room, wherein among wondrous treasures, once offered to the heathen gods, stood golden statues of a king and queen and all their court glowing in the ruby light of a great carbuncle, at which a golden archer aimed a gem-tipped arrow. That while Gerbert, knowing that these treasures had been devoted to the devils who had been the gods of Rome, was considering by what spell or exorcism he could secure this great treasure, his servant, filled with greed, stole a golden knife, whereupon the archer loosed his arrow at the carbuncle, and in an instant they were in utter darkness, from which issued the shrieks and fiendish laughter of demons.

This legend may explain some of the traditions even now implicitly believed in Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and possibly other countries of the New World.

Although the conquest of Mexico afforded an enormous booty to Cortez and his followers, it has always been declared that the larger part of the wealth of the Aztec emperors and temples was concealed, and never discovered. Most of the gold secured in the first occupation of the City of Mexico was undoubtedly lost in that terrible night retreat across the broken causeways, in which Cortez lost half of his followers and nearly all his booty.

In the Lake of Mexico, the merciless swords and ill-gotten gold of those lost Conquistadores lie side by side, and millions more, hidden in ancient ruins or deep excavations, were held back from the greed of the cruel Spaniard, until none of the Aztec blood and faith who held the great secret were left among the living.

In Peru, Atahualpa made by a too-indulgent father, ruler of Quito, and by his own rebellion and the murder of his brother Huascar, Inca of the whole people, met swift retribution at the hands of Pizarro and his fellow-adventurers. Treacherously attacked by these and made prisoner, he collected for his ransom gold enough to fill a room twenty-two feet long by seventeen feet wide to a depth of at least four feet. He sent for more to pile it up to a line drawn at the greatest height which he could reach with his finger-tips, but was cruelly put to death before the rest of the gold arrived.

It is declared that ten thousand llamas, each laden with from eighty to one hundred pounds of gold, were on the way to Caxamarca, where Atahualpa was confined, when the nobles in charge learned of the torture and death of the Inca. They could not go on to Caxamarca, nor return to Cuzco, where Spanish messengers had been sent to hasten the collection of this immense ransom. They promptly drove the caravans into the trackless wilderness, and slaying the llamas, buried the gold, or threw it into the ravines and torrents of the mountains.

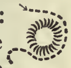
At Cuzco there remained a great chain of gold, made by the Inca, Huayna Capac, to celebrate the birth of his son, Huascar. It had three hundred and fifty links, each of which was two feet long and as thick as a man's arm. When the last army sent against the Spaniards was defeated, this great chain was carried to Lake Urcos, which lies in a vast hollow, like the crater of an extinct volcano, on a mountain-ridge between the valley of Urcos, and the fertile *bolson* or basin of Andahuaylillas. Its waters are darkly yellow and very deep, and in their safe keeping the great gold chain of Huayna Capac is believed to lie unto this day. Once a great canal was begun to drain the lake through the ridge, but the projectors struck the living rock, and gave up the attempt. An immense amount of other treasure is said to have been thrown into the same lake.

Lake Guatavita, near Bogota, New Granada, lies three thousand feet above the sea, and is much like Lake Urcos in situation, and also in its reputation as a receptacle of hidden treasure, thrown away to defeat the greed of the hated Spaniard. An attempt to drain this lake secured some idols and ornaments of gold, but the cost of completely draining it proved so great that the project was abandoned.

Other traditions assert that under the stupendous masonry of the fortress of Sachsahuaman, and temples and tombs in other sections of Inca-land, lie the immense treasures which escaped the cupidity of the Spaniards.

Over half a century after the coming of Pizarro, Don Garcia Gutierrez de Toledo, Viceroy of Peru, made returns in 1577–1578 of massive gold bars, ornaments, etc., to the value of $4,450,786, of which the King of Spain received $985,583. In the last century, many *huacas* (tombs) were discovered and plundered, the aggregate finds amounting to many millions of dollars. About 1840, a hunter's hounds followed a fox into his den near Cachantiva. In enlarging the entrance he came upon an arch whereby a mummy, even in death, seemed to guard a cavern within, with his bow and levelled arrow. The cave or tomb held many other mummies, among which were gold ornaments, fine emeralds, great rolls of cotton cloth, still fit for use, and terra cotta busts, cups, dishes, etc.

In 1834 Don Mateo Garcia, a descendant of the Incas, incited a revolt against the Spaniards, assuming the Indian name of Puma-Cagna, "the Tiger of the Mountains." The elders, to whom had descended the care of the Hidden Treasures, believed that at last the time had come when the dead Incas were to be avenged and their people liberated from Spanish thraldom. One night, when Puma-Cagna was holding a council, three old Indians summoned him to accompany them. He was blindfolded and taken out of Cuzco, over rugged ways and through a mountain torrent into a cavern where the bandages were removed. Around him stood the golden statues of the Incas, up to the downfall of the dynasty, and among them he saw an immense quantity of virgin gold in dust and bars. He was allowed to take all the gold he wanted, promised more whenever the insurrection should require it, and rejoined his council the same night, dripping with river water, but provided with ample funds. He was defeated by General Ramirez in his first battle, and hung, forthwith, upon the field.

Tacunga, or La Tacunga, fifty-five miles south of Quito, a little town built of pumice and thatch and often scathed by earthquakes, lies in a valley of the Cordilleras, and not far away the triple peak of Llanganati towers six thousand feet into the summer sky. Here, some two hundred years ago, one Don Valverde wedded the daughter of an Indian, and for some years was privileged to take from a secret hoard in Mount Llanganati, all the gold he required. After the death of his wife, he returned to Spain, and at his death made a will, bequeathing to the King of Spain the Inca-treasure, and a *derotero*, plan or map, by which a party, setting out from La Tacunga, could be sure of finding the same. The gift was accepted, the corregidors of the neighboring districts commanded to lose no time in securing this great treasure, and a number of expeditions were sent out. Up to a certain point, the maps and directions are strangely accurate and easy to follow, but near the foot of Llanganati, the seeker is thus directed: "and thou shalt see a mountain which is all full of *Margasites* (pyrites) the which leave on the left hand; and I warn thee that thou must go round it in this manner: 

This direction seems impossible of fulfilment, as the only route open to the traveler leads to the right The Padre Longo, a priest, who accompanied the first expedition, disappeared mysteriously one night, when near the point indicated by Valverde, and was never seen again. The expedition, after seeking him in vain, returned, probably because he carried the only copy of the *Derotero*, and nothing was left to guide it. In 1836, the original, or official copy was stolen from the archives of Tacunga, and the treasures of Llanganati, if such there be, are still awaiting discovery. Perhaps a reader will yet solve this great mystery.

A multitude of ancient mines and treasures are known only to those Indians of New Spain who have held as a sacred trust their concealment from the Spaniard, and their preservation until the day of freedom and vengeance. The great emerald mines, lost for four centuries; silver veins, once worked by the friends of the Indian, but taken from oppressed and even murdered owners; gold hidden in caves, mountain lakes, colossal ruins, and myriads of graves, still hold back from the heirs of the Conquistadores the sacred things of tomb and temple and the kingly relics of the great Incas.

Wrecks in many seas conceal and in many instances have given up to enterprising adventurers great treasures. Among other instances, Sir William Phips, a Boston boy, recovered from a sunken galleon off the coast of Hispaniola, silver ingots to the value of one million dollars. In 1863 the ship "Royal Charter" went down off Anglesea, England, with from five hundred to six hundred passengers from Australia and great shipments of gold-dust and bullion. Of this the divers recovered $1,500,000, and private parties, who paid five thousand dollars for the privilege, secured many thousand more. The steamship "Golden Gate" lost by fire, off Manzanillo, Mexico, in 1862, has been located by the wrecking schooner "Louisa D." of San Francisco, and a little of the gold, estimated at six hundred thousand dollars, brought up, still showing the effects of the fire. The adventurers will prosecute their search only in the fall calms, as the wreck lies in the sands where there is a very heavy surf most of the year.

A SPRING POEM

AN apple blossom—just awake to life;
The sun, the wind, two enemies at strife;
The apple-blossom's heart, the prize to be,
For him who gained the early victory.

Then wind, with eager accents, loud and strong,
Approached the blossom with his lover's song.
He tried to break the petals from their hold
So closely on the blossom's heart of gold.
But all in vain—the more he puffed and blew,
The blossom her pink petals closer drew.

Then sun came out so gently and so warm,
The blossom knew that he could bring no harm.
His brightest rays he sent, his warmest kiss,
Which thrilled each petal pink with rosy bliss,
And, blushingly, her petals fell apart,
And to the sun revealed her golden heart.

But wind was not content to loser be,
And he began to laugh in mockery,
Ruthlessly he tore the petals from their stem—
Flung them upon a breeze, and captured them!
But there remained what wind had never won—
The blossom's heart, still golden in the sun?

—*Dora M. Hepner.*

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
President of the United States

THE PRESIDENTS OF AMERICA

by Mitchell Mannering

THE new world, chiefly discovered and first largely settled and conquered by Spain, Portugal and Great Britain, and for centuries the source of immense revenues to the kings of the Iberian Peninsula, has become today, with the exception of Canada, British Honduras and British, Dutch and French Guiana, a land of republics.

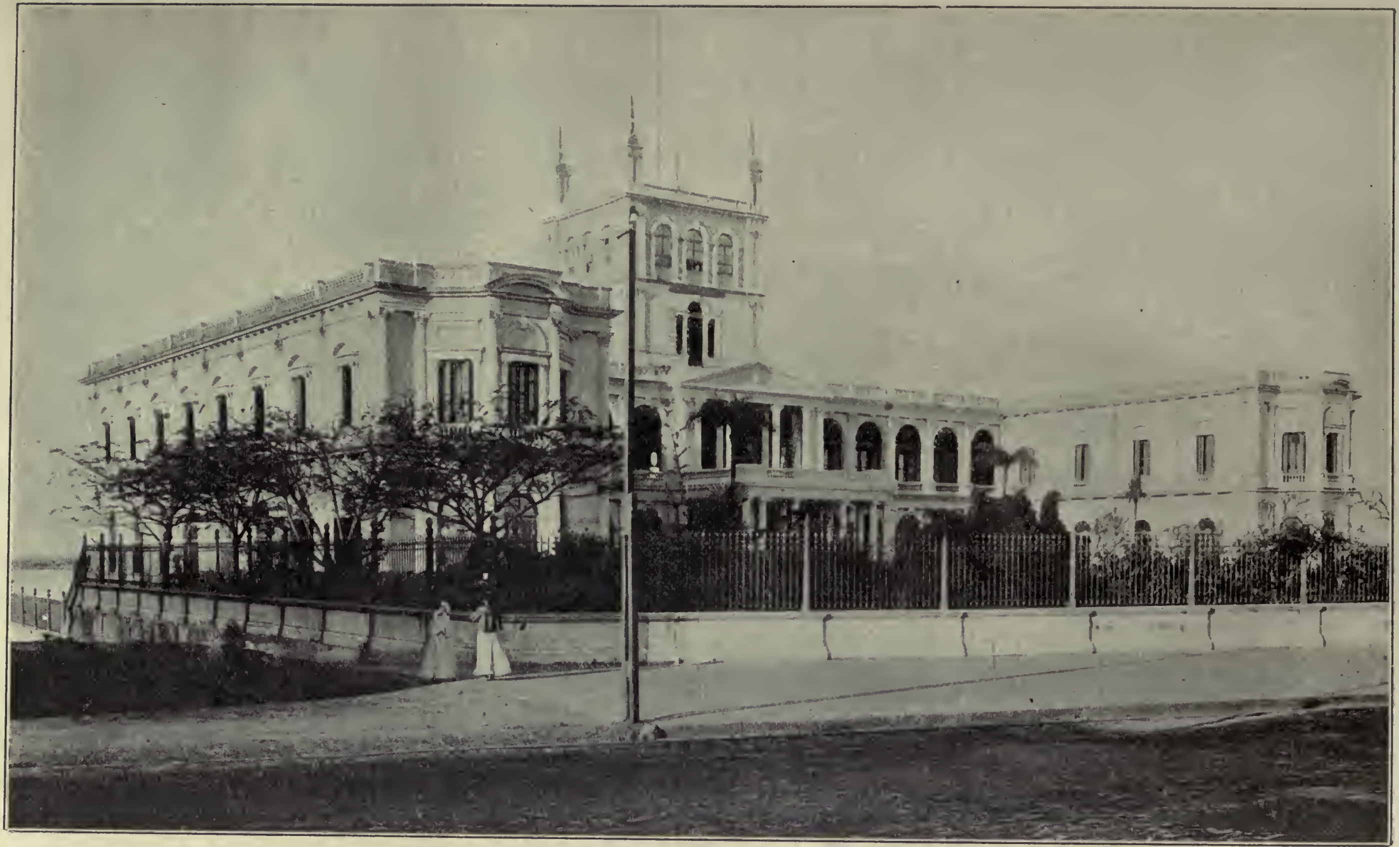
Including the United States and the island republics of the West Indies, there are twenty-one of these, with the largest of which and its ruler our readers are or should be sufficiently acquainted, for all the purposes of this article, which is intended to remind American readers that to the southward lies the field of investment and commercial activity which at this time should most interest American corporate and individual enterprise from every consideration of national pride and personal profit.

Those of us who found our knowledge of these republics in the geographies and encyclopedias of a generation ago, or even in the travels of men who wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, can have only a very imperfect idea of the growth and development of the last ten or fifteen years, or can realize how the completion of the great Panama Canal, and of railroad systems, public works and foreign steamship lines will change existing conditions, and possibly find us unable to profit as we should by the immense expenditure devoted to uniting the Atlantic and Pacific at Panama. Our competitors in commerce are today immeasurably better prepared to profit by the completion of the canal in 1915, than are we who have dared to attempt and to carry out the work.

Not only is this future disappointment probable, but even under existing conditions, we are failing to gain what we should in financial, transportation and commercial profit and prestige; and in some cases are finding dangerous competitors in the markets of the Old World in exports which for a generation have been our pride and chief reliance.

The agricultural and stock-raising development of what even now is an inconsiderable part of the unused and fertile lands of Central and South America, must within a few decades completely revolutionize the existing conditions of living and commerce in both Europe and America. So, too, the immense effect of modernizing the many populous cities of states long content to live under antiquated and unsanitary conditions, of stupendous water-power and irrigation systems, and the economical mining of thousands of new and old placers and deposits, with a growth of manufacturing and milling industries which recalls the "boom" period of western and northwestern expansion in our own land, should be thoroughly studied by every American who wishes to find a new field of individual or corporate enterprise.

It is a curious reflection, not new to historians, but largely strange to the average reader, that the empire-building ambition of Napoleon was the chief immediate cause of the downfall of Spanish rule in the Americas. When in 1807–10 Joseph Bonaparte was placed by French bayonets on the Spanish throne the Spanish viceroys and governors-general representing the dethroned dynasty had no longer the legal authority or the power to govern their respective territories. There were many harsh and exacting laws, and acts of corruption and oppression which had alienated the people from the



THE CAPITOL AT ASUNCION, PARAGUAY

The National Congress of the Republic of Paraguay is composed of the two bodies, Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The modern Italian Renaissance style is the principal feature of the architecture of the building rule of church and state, and an immense number, of Indian and mixed blood, had only bitter memories and traditions of Spanish conquest and government, and the day of revolution and often of vengeance had come at last.

It is not the purpose of this article to detail by what struggles and losses, victories and reverses, revolutions and factional controversies, courage and weakness, fidelities and treacheries, patriotism and venality each state of today struggled toward the light of civil and religious freedom, prosperity and peace. There is only space for a brief review of each of the republics whose leaders today are seeking, and for the most part with gratifying success, the development of a higher civilization, and broader prosperity. Generally, however, it may be said that the development of the Latin republics during the last two decades has exceeded in its proportions and above all in its promise of future results that of any other section of the world; and this in spite of the international panics and financial crises which have so greatly paralyzed their neighbors, but seem to have had little effect on the progress or peace of mind of the business men and statesmen of Mexico and Central and South America.

The exports and imports of twenty republics (not counting the United States) increased from $910,422,400 in 1897, to $2,144,303,000 in 1909, a gain of 135 per cent in twelve years, and of these the exports gained faster than the imports in the ratio of 132 to 113 per cent. The nine North Latin-American states (not counting Panama), increased their business from $197,550,313 to $479,582,927, a gain of $282,032,614, the imports and exports being nearly equal.

The eleven South American states (including Panama, until recently a part of Colombia), increased their exports and imports from $712,867,186 in 1897, to $1,665,102,374 in 1909, a gain of $932,239,186, or 133 per cent in twelve years, the exports gaining 153 and the imports 109 per cent.

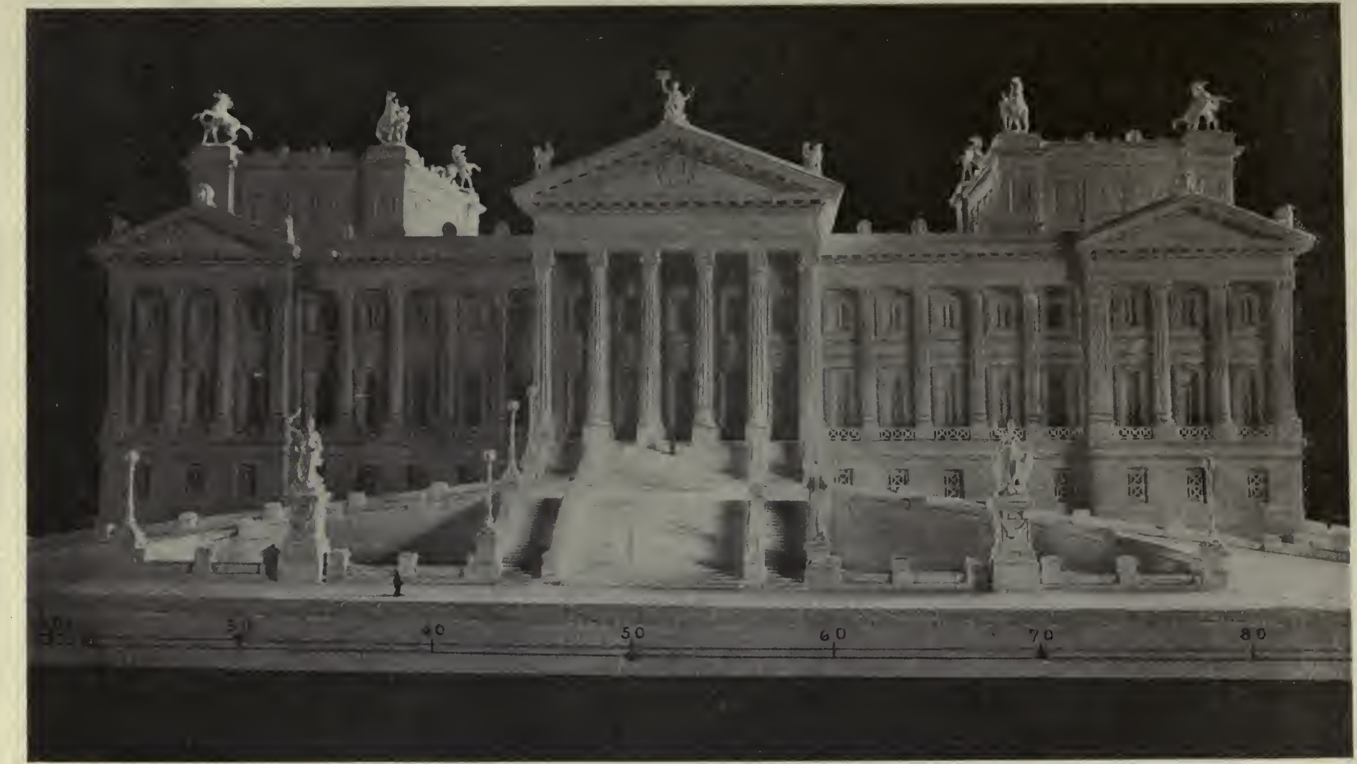
The total trade of the twenty republics for an average of three years (1896-1898), was $923,784,304, but for the year 1909 had grown to $1,220,900,999, and while the imports grew on the same basis of comparison from $416,657,607 to $895,679,943, a gain of $479,657,607, the balance of trade was very heavily in favor of the republics, showing an increase in exports from $507,126,697 to $1,249,005,360, of say $741,878,663.

The net increase of foreign trade of all the Latin republics (1909 as against 1908) was over $149,000,000. Their combined area is in round numbers 9,000,000 square miles, about thrice that of the United States. Their aggregate estimated population is seventy millions, and a large proportion of these are still uneducated, and some even uncivilized races. Yet during 1909 the exports of the United States fell off some twenty-five millions of dollars, in spite of increased exports of manufactured goods.

These figures may be uninteresting reading to many, but they show more eloquently than any "valiant words" how to the southward of our lowest latitudes immense areas of fertile soil and resources hitherto latent or inefficiently developed, are coming into competition with the depleted natural wealth of older, or rather more highly developed countries. The history of these countries also shows us that peoples hitherto brave and warlike, but cramped and confined by misgovernment and antiquated customs and ideas, are coming into the arena of industrial and commercial conflict, with a reserve of physical and mental energy which must make its mark on the commercial history of each decade to come.

The Argentine Republic (area, 1,135,000 square miles), comprising most of the territory formerly governed by the viceroy of Buenos Aires, was discovered by Don Juan de Solis in 1615, but after two failures was permanently colonized in the last half of the Sixteenth Century. For many years all foreign trade was shut out, and even commodities from Peru, via the River Platte, paid a fifty per cent duty. It was not until 1776 that free trade with other Spanish countries and provinces was permitted.

When French bayonets established Joseph Bonaparte on the Spanish throne, the people of Buenos Aires deposed the viceroy Liniers, who favored the Bonapartist



THE CAPITOL AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

The building is also named the Palacio Legislativo. It is reserved for the particular use of the national legislative bodies, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Other apartments are set aside, however, for the business of administration, for Cabinet Ministers, and a Library. There is also a grand reception room (Salon de Fiestas), in which public receptions will be held. The corner stone was laid by President Batlle in 1906, and will soon be ready for occupancy dynasty, and chose Cisneros, who remained faithful to Ferdinand VII. Cisneros established commerce with all foreign nations, and on May 25, 1810, consented to the formation of a council termed "The Provisional Government of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata," which event is still justly considered the first assumption of the independence of the Argentine people.

Followed some years of warfare and factional dissensions, but on July 9, 1816, separation from Spain was formally decreed; Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay became independent states, and the war of independence was transferred to Chile and thence to Peru, where on July 9, 1821, the allied republics of Buenos Aires and Chile captured Lima, the vice-regal capital, and on December 9, 1824, ended the struggle for independence on the field of Ayacucho, where the Spanish lion banner went down in utter defeat.

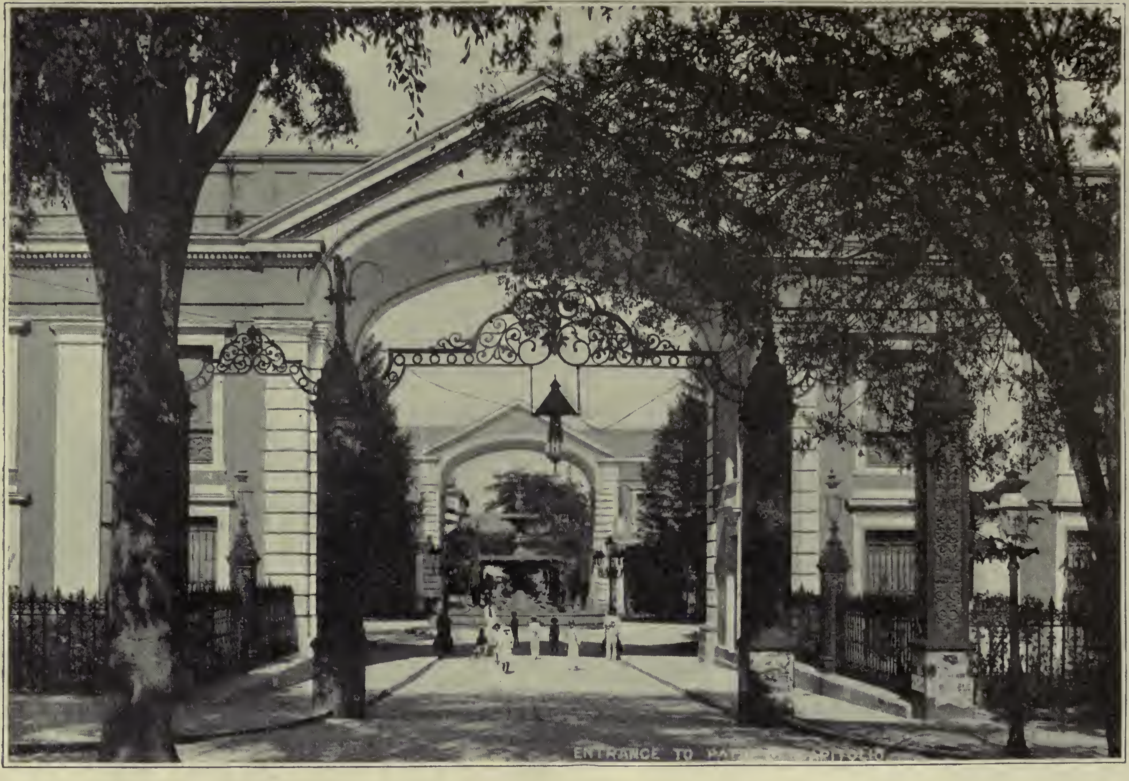
The Spanish crown, however, refused to recognize the new republics until 1842, and up to 1874 a succession of revolutionary plots, Indian wars and a five years' war with Paraguay greatly delayed development. But a constant stream of immigration from Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England and Switzerland, in the order named, has poured into Argentina and settled and cultivated vast areas of the wild *pampas*, which only a few years ago were the grazing grounds of half-wild cattle and the homes of their Guacho herders. Negro slavery died out with Spanish domination, and with both went religious intolerance and the combined rule of Church and State.

Up to 1880, the chief exports of Argentina had been wool, tallow, sheepskins, dry and salted hides, "jerked" beef and live cattle, with small quantities of metals, ostrich feathers, etc. The harbors were poor, the agriculturalists content to supply the home and the local markets, and the great stock-raisers paid little attention to the development of better beef and mutton, for which no adequate market existed. After that date, however, a great change took place. Shipments of chilled and frozen beef and mutton, wheat and other cereals, found a ready market in England, and by 1893 these seriously handicapped American exporters in that market. A great drought and the ravages of locusts, or grasshoppers, greatly paralyzed these interests, and it is only within two or three years that Argentina has regained her former prosperity in cereal production. In 1909 out of an estimated world production of 3,336,788,800 bushels of wheat, the United States was credited with 692,823,600 bushels or one-fifth of the whole, and Argentina with 159,166,000 bushels. Large amounts of flax (about 900,000 tons in 1909), and oats in the central and southern districts and of cotton and sugar in northern Argentina have been harvested in later years. Her foreign trade has increased from an average of $225,227,324 (1896-98), to a total in 1906 of $700,106,623, an increase of $476,879,289.

During the month of November last Argentina shipped to England 219,000 carcasses of mutton, 66,500 of lamb, 112,000 of frozen beef and 168,000 of "chilled" beef, cattle: 637,000 carcasses in all. The Swift concern of Chicago has established at La Plata, the capital of the province of Buenos Aires, one hour's ride from the city of Buenos Aires, great stock yards and packing establishments, and has contracted for immense shipments to England, which is practically lost to the main house at Chicago. La Plata, founded in 1892, had in 1909 a population of 92,126, seventy per cent of whom can read and write, only ten per cent of the children of school age being illiterate.

In 1909 Argentina had a population of 6,000,000. The foreign-born inhabitants of Argentina numbered 1,039,000 Italians, 664,000 Spaniards, 103,000 French, 84,000 Russians, 52,000 Syrians, 40,000 Austrians, 30,000 English, 25,000 Brazilians, 25,000 Germans, 20,000 Swiss, 9,000 Portuguese, 7,000 Hungarians, 6,000 Belgians, and 3,000 North Americans, 2,220,509 in all.

It is almost needless to say that on the east coast of South America the sentiment is decidedly European, and not especially favorable, although not unfriendly, to the United States. What the future may bring when this virile and resourceful side of the continent becomes our chief competitor and comparatively poorest customer, it is hard to say. Certainly our own failure to reach out for



THE CAPITOL AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA

The edifice covers an area of one and one-half acres in the center of Caracas, and its lovely patio is visited during the day by many of the inhabitants of the city. The architecture of the building is a combination of the Moorish and Spanish styles, and seems particularly well fitted to the semi-tropical climate of the valley in which Caracas lies.

business, transportation and financial connection in the earlier period of growth will be hard to overcome in the day of prosperity and manufacturing development.

Out of 18,368,000 tons of shipping arriving at Argentine ports in 1909, only 91,000 flew the Stars and Stripes.

Buenos Aires, the capital (population 1,300,000), is the fourth largest city in America, Philadelphia being third with 1,455,500 souls, but the growth of the southern metropolis from 535,000 in 1893 is something phenomenal. With an area of seventy square miles, possessing magnificent squares, parks and avenues, palatial residences and impressive public buildings, a competent street car service, splendid schools, and well-maintained street, water, fire and sewage systems, the story of its growth and improvement partakes of the interest of fiction and adventure. The style, dress and equipages of its fashionables, its magnificent and effective street and store illumination, its great stores and luxurious cafes, restaurants, hotels and theatres make Buenos Aires, an obscure South American seaport a generation ago, only second to Paris as a center of Latin prestige, taste and enterprise.

In 1880 ships had to anchor twelve miles from the city, but at a cost of over fifty millions a harbor has been built capable of accommodating some ten million tons of shipping annually. Three Italian, two French, two English, two German, one Danish and one Spanish steamship lines connect her with Genoa, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen and Barcelona. Her docks, said to be the finest in the world, connect with 20,000 miles of railway. A canal to connect the Las Palmas and Parana Rivers at a cost of $47,000,000 will open up inland transportation.

There are 7,619 manufacturing establishments in the city, including big tanneries and currying shops, flour mills and machine shops and factories. Twenty-five years ago Argentina imported all her wheat flour, now she exports some five million dollars worth yearly, beside supplying the home market. The meat freezing industry has immense establishments, employing a capital of $31,000,000.

Rosario and Bahia Blanca are cities of considerable population, and make large shipments of wool, amounting in 1909 to over 340,000 bales.

Dr. Roque Saenz Pena, born March 19, 1857, now president of the Argentine Republic, is descended from an old *Portena* (of port of) family of Buenos Aires.

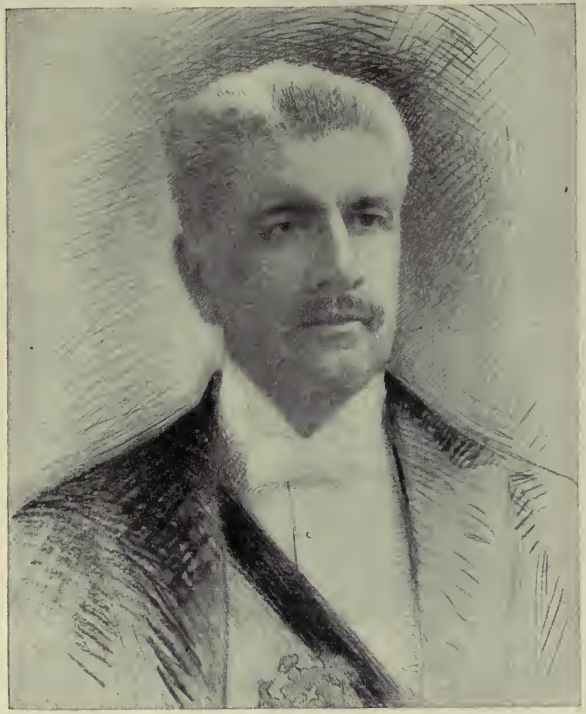
He completed his university course in 1870 and continued his law studies until 1874, when the Mistre Revolution called him into the field as a captain of the Second Regiment of the National Guards, in which he rose to be lieutenant-colonel. Made a Doctor of Public Law in 1875, three years were spent in practice and politics. He was elected to the Provincial Assembly, and although only twenty-six years old became president of the Assembly in1877, but resigned in April, 1878, because, having punished a member for breach of the rules, a majority revoked his decision.

In 1881 he was made First Assistant Secretary of Foreign Relations, in 1886 Minister to Uruguay, in 1889-90 attended the first Pan-American Conference at Washington, and on his return became Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In December, 1891, he was a candidate for the presidency with every prospect of success, when suddenly his father, Sr. Don Luis Saenz Pena, appeared as the opposition candidate. The son at once withdrew from a contest in which his filial affection and reverence must be sacrificed, and he also resigned his senatorship for like reasons and retired to his Entre-Rios estates. In 1906 he was sent as Special Ambassador to represent Argentina at the wedding ceremonies of Alfonso XIII of Spain, was later made ambassador at Madrid and afterward at Rome.

With Messrs. Draga and Larreta, Dr. Pena attended the second Peace Conference at the Hague, at which he declared that the measure of national influence was really based on the volume of its foreign commerce, in which point of view he strongly supported Argentina's claim to the fifth place in mercantile development.

A still more significant statement, first made at the Washington Conference and repeated at the Hague, is suggestive of



PEDRO MONTT
Late President of Chile, succeeded by Ramon Barros Luco

MANUEL E. CABRERA
President of Guatemala

the attitude of Argentina toward the champions of the Monroe Doctrine and her foreign customers. "We are not lacking," he said, "in affection for America, but we are lacking in mistrust and ingratitude for Europe. This has been and will continue to be our policy; we say it with the consciousness of our national individuality, and with all the feeling of our sovereignty."

Later Dr. Pena was chosen by the Venezuelan government arbitrator of its recent international differences.

President Pena is still dear to his early friends and associates, whose love and confidence are not chilled by the respect he inspires, a willing tribute to integrity unfailing, frankness and loyalty unchallenged, and innate nobility of soul. Gentle and yet strong, tranquil alike in reverses and success, unyielding yet amenable to reason, and debonair and joyous amid society and friends, it is still considered something notable in Argentina, and convincing proof of his combined ability and amiability that with all his nice sense of honor and personal responsibility he has never found an occasion that would warrant his fighting a duel.

Over six feet tall, admirably proportioned, strong and handsome, elegant and irreproachable in dress and bearing, the personality of the President of the Argentine Republic is in rare harmony with his ability and character.

* * *

Bolivia, subdued by Pizzaro in 1538, became some forty years later famous for its immense silver-mining districts of Sucre, Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba, which paid the viceroy of Lima "the king's fifth" or the greater part of $3,500,000,000 in silver in 320 years (1545-1864), besides producing a not inconsiderable amount never reported by the miners.

Several descendants of the ancient Incas sought to overthrow their Spanish conquerors, the last, Tupac-Amaru in 1780, being the most formidable of all. Thirty years later at Sucre in May, 1809, and again later at La Paz, men rose against the Spanish viceroy, and although unsuccessful were followed by ominous disorders until August 11, 1825, the provinces of Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba declared themselves the Republic of Potosi.

Under Bolivar the Bolivian constitution was adopted, and Bolivia became an independent republic. Between 1866 and 1874 war between Bolivia and Chile over the great nitrate deposits went on with varying fortunes, but in the end Chile secured the coveted prize. A political revolution in 1898 overthrew President Alonzo, since which time Bolivia has been at peace.

Bolivia has an area of 700,000 square miles and a population of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, including the Indians of the eastern slope. There are, it is said, 600,000,000 acres of splendid soil, most of which is still awaiting settlement and cultivation.

Bolivia still produces some silver, $3,350,000 worth in 1909, and stands only below the Straits Settlements in the production of tin, exporting about one-fifth of the world's supply of 117,000 tons in 1909, valued at $14,000,000. The Bolivian-American Andes Tin Company are mining 16,000 feet above sea level and utilize water power generated in the Andean Glaciers 2,000 feet above. Bolivia also produced bismuth ores valued at $188,578 in 1909, and a quantity of wolframite, a still rarer mineral.

Some $4,000,000 worth of rubber, a large quantity of cinchona bark and certain valuable furs and skins figure among the yearly exports, but Bolivia is sadly handicapped by the lack of capital, railroad transportation and a harbor of her own on the Pacific coast. The government is taking steps to develop the territory on the upper waters of the Paraguay River with its capital and railroad terminal at Porto Suarez.

President Eliodoro Villazon is a native of Cochabamba, long noted for her silver mines, is a lawyer by profession and has a high reputation as a learned, honest and efficient statesman. Previous to his election to the presidency he served as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and diplomatic representative to England, France and the Argentine Republic.

* * *

Brazil, having an area of 3,218,139 square miles, is a republic made up of

DR. ROQUE SAENZ PENA
President of Argentina

twenty states, under a constitution adopted February 24, 1891. The present population numbers about 20,000,000.

First discovered by the Spanish pilot, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, in 1500, the first settlement was made by the Portuguese at Sao Vicente the following year. Bahia, founded in 1559, remained the capital until 1763. The Huguenots occupied the Bay of Rio Janeiro in 1559, but were expelled and Rio Janeiro founded in 1567. Spain held the country as a dependency of Portugal from 1580 to 1640, and the Dutch while at war with Spain took and held Pernambuco, Olinda and considerable territory until 1654.

Gold was discovered in 1691 and $600,000,000 in bullion are said to have been exported from 1691 to 1820. The diamond mines, opened in 1710, added in something under two centuries $100,000,000 to the jewels of the world.

When in 1807 Napoleon invaded Portugal the reigning family took refuge in Brazil. In 1821 King John VI returned to his throne, leaving his eldest son Dom Pedro as regent. He declared Brazil independent September 7, 1822, and was crowned emperor of Brazil October 12. The new empire was promptly recognized by Portugal, but Dom Pedro abdicated the throne in 1831.

Followed regencies and political intrigues until Dom Pedro II, crowned emperor when only fifteen years of age, succeeded his father. An amiable, patriotic and humane monarch, he met but few insurrections and only two wars, one with Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Aires, in 1852, and the other with the Paraguayans 1865-1870. In 1871 he provided for the gradual abolition of slavery, but a general discontent arose with the form of government, which could no longer be maintained in the New World. Under Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, a bloodless revolution ended in the proclamation of the Republic of Brazil, Dom Pedro and his family were ordered to leave the country, and the emperor returned to Europe, refusing to receive the imperial dowry and a subsidy of $2,500,000 offered him by the republic.

The two principal productions of Brazil are rubber, of which she supplies about 84,000,000 pounds of the 130,000,000 produced annually, valued in 1909 at $92,000,000, and her "Rio" and "Santos" coffees, which were estimated at $162,000,000. The district of Santos alone is said to have shipped to the United States $50,888,410 worth of coffee, receiving in return a little less than $4,000,000 worth of American commodities. About $2,500,000 worth of gold, diamonds invoiced at $700,000, manganese, cacao, tobacco and minor articles make up the list.

A considerable influx of Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, Turks and Russians (something over 38,000 at Santos in 1910), is beginning to settle the agricultural lands not devoted to coffee, and the province of the Rio Grande do Sul is making progress as a stock-raising country, and marketed some 33,000,000 pounds of lard last year.

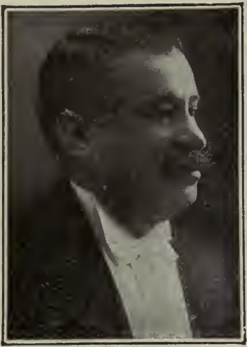
Brazil trades most largely with Great Britain, forty-eight millions in 1909; twenty-eight millions with Germany; twenty-two millions with the United States and about eighteen millions each with France and the Argentine Republic. Probably United States dealers could sell much more largely by personal visits and adopting the same ways of doing business as the European houses.

Brazil has always taken a great interest in her navy, and has contracted for an ironclad, the "Rio Janeiro," of 32,000 tons, 6,000 tons larger than the British dreadnaught "Lion," to cost $14,500,000, draw twenty-eight feet and mount twelve fourteen-inch guns in her main battery.

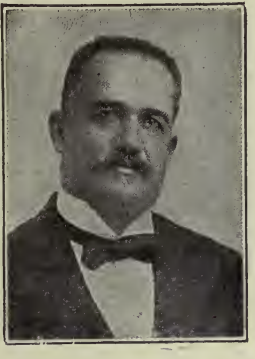
Dr. Hermes da Fonseca, president of Brazil, inaugurated November 15, 1910, a nephew of the first president of the republic, Marshal Manuelo Deodoro da Fonseca, is about sixty years old, of medium height and military bearing. A military engineer by profession, he has been chiefly active in the field of politics, having served as representative and later as secretary of war in the cabinet of President Alfonso Ponna from November 15, 1906, to May 27, 1909, when he resigned to become a candidate for the presidency.

* * *

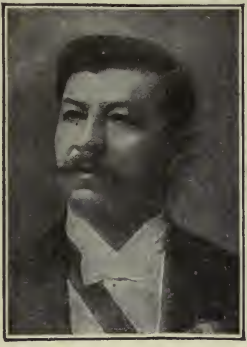
Chile or Chili, supposed to be derived from the Quichua adjective *Chiri*, "Cold," has a coast line of 2,700 miles, but averages only about 140 miles, ranging from 240



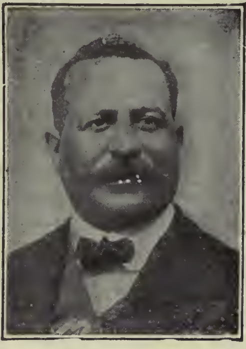
ELIODORO VILLAZON
President of Bolivia



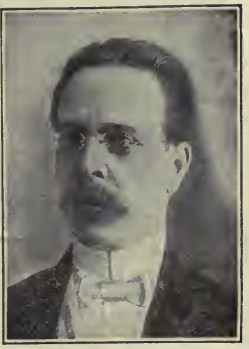
MIGUEL R. DAVILA
President of Honduras



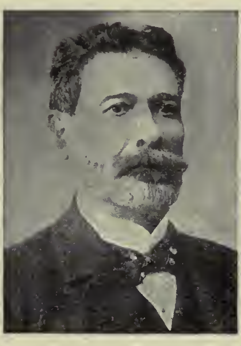
J. VICENTE GOMEZ
President of Venezuela



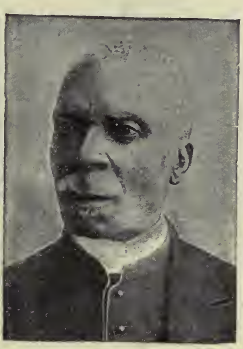
RAMON CACERES
President of the
Dominican Republic



D. CLAUDIO WILLIMAN
President of Uruguay



FERNANDO FIGUEROA
Ex-President of Salvador



ANTOINE F. C. SIMON
President of Haiti

to only sixty-eight miles in width. Her area, including certain territory acquired from Argentina, and the greater part of Terra del Fuego, now known as the Territory of Magellan, aggregates 290,895 square miles and includes twenty-three states.

It was the home of the tameless Araucanians, who drove back the conquistador Almagro in 1535, and prevented Valdivia, who founded Santiago in 1541, Concepcion in 1550 and Valdivia in 1553, from controlling any considerable territory beyond the range of his artillery.

For two centuries and a half they kept the outlying settlements constantly at war, until in 1793 a final treaty of peace was ratified.

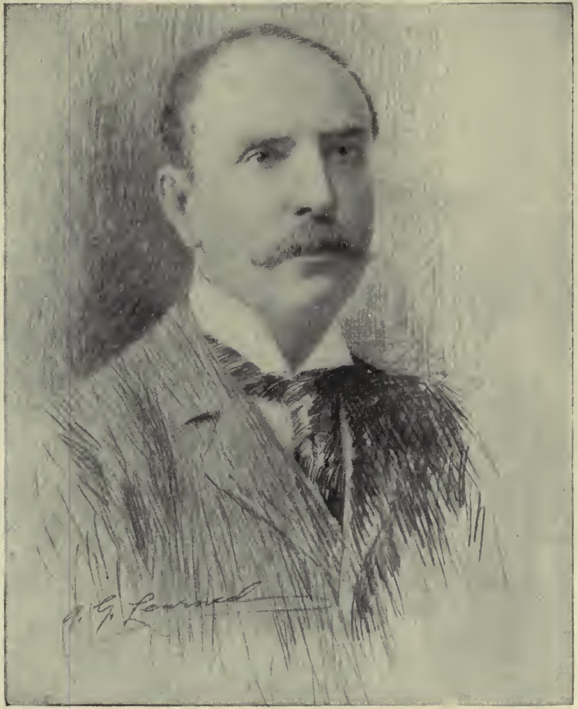
Accounted one of the principal "governments" under the Lima vice-royalty, its governor-general was forced to resign when the throne of Spain was usurped by Joseph Bonaparte, and the formation of the provisional government September 18, 1810, is still celebrated as the anniversary of Chilian independence. Followed a series of contests with the Spanish forces, and between contending partisans, during which the Viceroy Don Osara held southern Chile for some two years and a half, but San Martin and his Guachos defeated him at Chacabuco and drove the Spaniards into Peru and Bolivia. In 1818 O'Higgins proclaimed the independence of Chile, but Spain did not recognize her until 1844. O'Higgins was dictator until the constitution was adopted in 1823, which, as revised and amended, is still in force, gradually growing more democratic, although a high property qualification has always been maintained. From1843 to 1855, the Argentine boundary threatened serious complications, but was amicably settled. Spain in 1864-65 managed to embroil Peru and Chile in a war, mainly naval, which dragged along until 1869, when the American minister succeeded in inducing them to refrain from further active operations. Spain finally consented to a definite treaty of peace in 1879; but the conflicting claims to the invaluable nitrate deposits in the north of Chile brought on hostilities with Peru, who finally in 1893 conceded the greater part to Chile forever.

In 1891 President Balmaceda found himself at war with the opposition in Congress who took possession of the nitrate deposits, secured arms and munitions and captured Valparaiso and Santiago. After the death of Balmaceda Don Jorge Montt became president, and the republic has been at peace, and has made great progress in every line of development. The government has now in force contracts with English constructors amounting to $50,000,000. The custom receipts steadily increase, aggregating $41,559,076 for the eleven months ending November 30, 1910, against $36,483,688 for the like period in 1909.

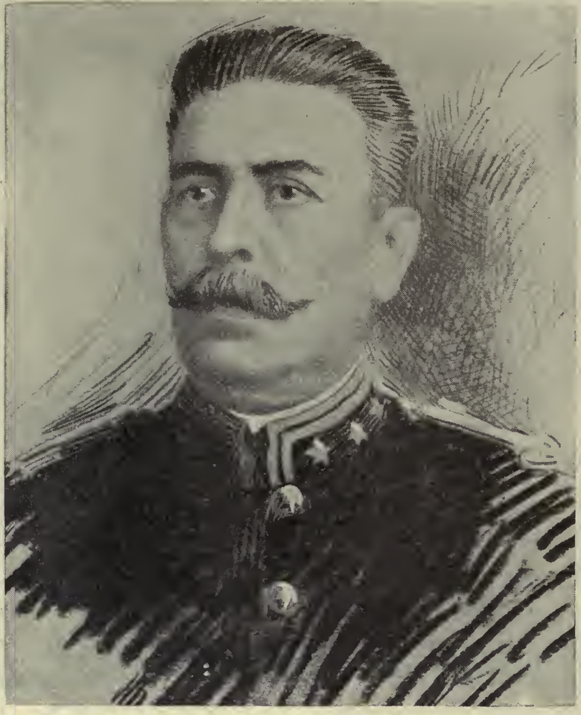
Chile is not an agricultural country, and has twenty-four cities of over 10,000 inhabitants and an aggregate of 924,041 out of a population of 3,240,279. Punta Arenas, the most southern city in the world, in the formerly desolate Straits of Magellan has 12,000 inhabitants, with good wharves, stores, paved streets, and an extensive trade. It is a free port, a coaling station, a Chilian naval depot, and a port of call for every vessel passing through the Straits. The Territory of Magellan, once only occupied by the "Patagonian Giants" and the "Terra del Fuegian dwarfs," and later a Chilian penal colony, has now over 20,000 inhabitants, and in 1909 shipped from Punta Arenas 21,100,244 pounds of wool of the Chilian export of 27,745,080 pounds. Terra del Fuego had then clipped 7,221,634 pounds from 1,146,503 sheep.

But Chile is chiefly a mining country at present, $87,000,000 of $110,000,000 exported in 1909 being the product of the mines, including nitrates, which, beginning with a shipment of 100 tons in 1831, increased to 1,836,000 tons in 1910, most of which was shipped from Tarapaca and Antofagasta. Besides nitrates, copper, iodine, borax, salt, silver, gold, sulphur and sulphuric acid figure to a great extent in the exports.

There were in 1907 4,758 industrial establishments, employing over 75,000 operatives, and a gold capital of $287,209,523. Education is not neglected, the appropriations for 1911 amounting to $6,606,953. There are 250 publications in the republic, the oldest being the *El*



RICARDO J. OREAMUNDO
President of Costa Rica



JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ
President of Cuba

Mercurio of Valparaiso, now in its eighty-fourth year.

The greatest drawbacks to Chilian prosperity are a lack of good harbors, for with few exceptions goods and passengers must be landed in open roadsteads from boats and lighters. The other is the want of coal which at present does not seem likely to be met by a home supply, although discoveries are reported both in Chile proper and the Straits of Magellan.

With most of the peoples of the West Coast, there is a strong tendency to seek the friendship of the United States, but so far the business methods and our own lack of sea-going steamship lines have given the great bulk of Chilian imports to Europe. Thus the imports of Chile for 1909 show British goods $31,842,776; Germany $22,436,641; United States $9,601,084; Argentina $6,617,054, and France $5,663,495.

* * *

Colombia, named in honor of Columbus, has an area variously estimated at from 463,000 to 513,000 square miles. It has been a republic ever since 1820, under a constitution revised and amended seven times since 1821. Its president is elected for a term of six years, its capital is Bogota, and its population is estimated at 4,000,000 souls.

Known as the Province of New Granada until 1719, when it was made a Viceroyalty, it revolted in 1810 and became independent in 1819, joining with Venezuela and Ecuador in 1822 to form the Republic of Colombia, which dissolved into its component provinces in 1830.

Its history from the beginning has been rich in exciting episodes, and many millions of treasure have been shipped to Spain in the galleons, which found shelter under the guns of the fortress city of Cartagena, but the lack of permanent settlement and development, and the frequent wars and partisanships of the past throw upon the patriotic statesmen of today a heavy burden of judicious enterprise and consideration. Its mineral resources are undoubtedly great, including gold and silver, which is exported to the value of some $4,000,000 annually. Iron, copper, platinum, lead, salt and the emeralds of the noted Santander mine, are all to be reckoned with as valuable, but as yet undeveloped sources of wealth. Coffee to the amount of 440,000 bags was exported to the United States in 1909, and a considerable quantity to Europe. Bananas, cocoanuts and pines are now exported in large numbers, with cocoa, tobacco and sugar, rubber, hides, skins and tanning and medicinal simples.

Its president, Senor Don Carlos E. Restrepo, was born in 1868 at ancient Medellin, in the Province of Antioquia, and inherited from his father, Senor Pedro D. Restrepo, the oratorical gifts and love of literature, philosophy and legal research that have brought him into honorable prominence. At the time of his election to the presidency, he had just returned home from serving as president of the National House of Representatives, intending to take up his legal practice and literary pursuits. But on July 10, 1810, he was elected president for the term of four years. His strong, handsome and intelligent face is smoothly shaven, except for a well-kept and slightly curved moustache, his hair is wavy rather than curly, and his large dark eyes, long-lashed and deeply set under well-curved eyebrows, befit the poet and orator as well as the discerning and purposeful statesman.

* * *

Costa Rica, "the rich coast," most southern of Central American states, excepting Panama, has an area of 21,500 square miles, and is exclusively an agricultural state. Its capital is San Jose, and it has two harbors, Punta Arenas on the Pacific, and Port Limon on the Gulf of Mexico. Its population is about 500,000 and increases but slowly by immigration. The state imposes a tax of $2.50 in gold on each first cabin passenger and $1.50 in gold on all others arriving in the republic.

The chief product of Costa Rica is bananas, of which 4,300,000 bunches were exported in 1909. A large quantity of fine grade coffee is also exported.

Costa Rica was a part of the Mexican Empire under Iturbide in 1823, but was declared independent in 1848.

The government is seeking to open up the "Plains of Santa Clara," which, as

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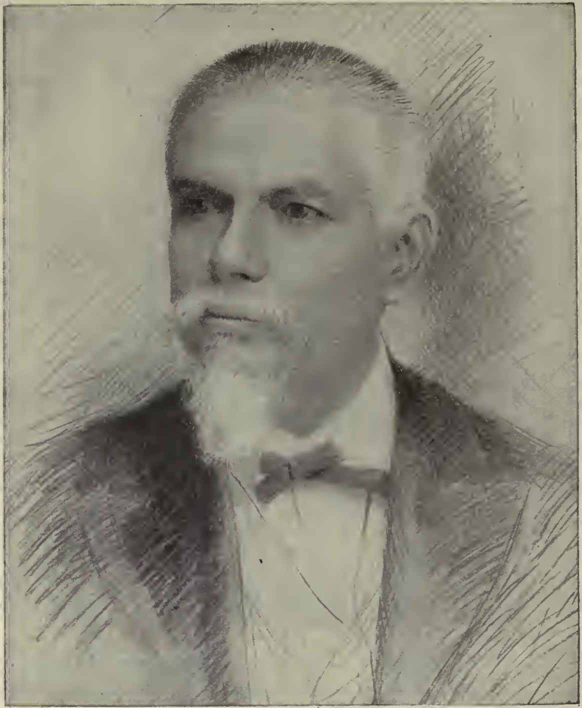
DON JOSE FIGUEROA ALCORTA
Until very recently President of the Argentine Republic



GENERAL ELOY ALFARO
President of Ecuador

grazing and agricultural lands, offer many inducements to an enterprising settler.

President D. Ricardo Jimenez Oreamundo is not only very popular in Costa Rica, but one of her most intelligent, advanced and personally notable citizens. While his integrity has always been honored, he has in all other respects been held in high esteem both in Costa Rica and in every other country which he has visited.

Born in the city of Cartago in 1858, he is a representative of one of the most distinguished families of Spanish-America, being a lineal descendant of the famous Spanish conquistador and explorer, Juan Vasquez de Coronado.

His father was for two terms president; a bronze statue was erected by popular subscription in recognition of his civic virtues as the first chief magistrate of Costa Rica. Dr. Jimenez distinguished himself at college, had a high reputation as a writer and jurist, and is considered one of the most effective parliamentary orators in the republic.

He was one of five lawyers chosen to codify the laws of Costa Rica, was Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington and Mexico and at home filled acceptably the positions of president of the Legal College, president of the Supreme Court of Justice, deputy and president in Congress, Secretary of State and the department of public and rural education, and has finally been elected president of the republic by a majority unprecedented in its history. When inaugurated on the eighth of May last, he found Costa Rica sorely depressed by the earthquake, which destroyed the city of Cartago, but it was felt and not without reason that the new chief executive, animated by his enduring spirit of progress, honor and love of country, and his inspiring force, initiative and foresight will give both peace and progress to the republic.

* * *

Cuba, the largest island republic in the world, is 780 miles long, having an area of 35,964 square miles, and a great variety of soil, climate and natural resources. Its northeastern coast is quite temperate compared with other sections, but frost is unknown and a great development of citrus fruit culture is assured. Bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts and all tropical fruits are grown in their appropriate districts. Its exports may be roughly averaged at sugar, $71,000,000; tobacco, $20,000; fruit, $2,300,000; hides, $1,000,000 and manufactures, $13,000,000.

Some 500,000 tons of iron are now being mined annually, and manganese, copper, gold, silver and coal deposits have been worked to some extent.

Known as "The Ever Faithful Isle," because it continued loyal to Spain during the Bonapartist regime, 1807-1811, it was governed nevertheless by a governor-general, who in and since 1825 was empowered to rule "as if Cuba was in a state of siege." As a result, between Spanish legislation and official greed and tyranny, Cuba was for many years deprived of the growth, prosperity and happiness which her resources should have secured for her people.

In 1898 the Spanish-American War began, which brought to an end a civil contest which had raged for some years, and made Cuba a republic. Since that event the development of agriculture, manufactures, railroad and water transportation, popular education and municipal improvement and sanitation has been rapid and gratifying.

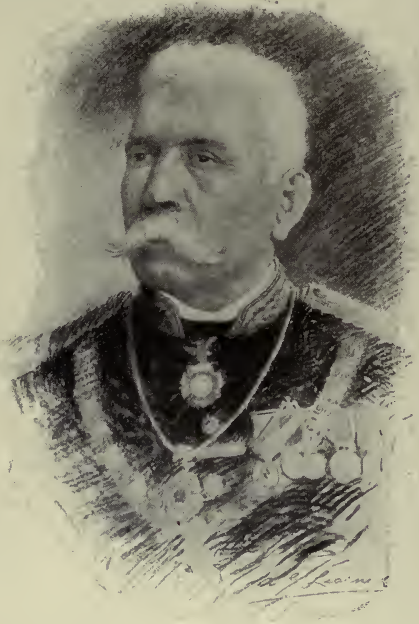
The resources for 1911-1912 are estimated at $34,024,582.32, and the estimate of expenditure was $2,255,097.68 less. An appropriation of $1,000,000 for the construction of a palace for the president, and contracts for an eighteen-knot cruiser, sixteen-knot schoolship and two small gunboats are the novel features of the year's expenditure.

The first president, elected to serve four years, was Estrada Palma, chosen in December, 1901. The present incumbent, Senor General Jose Miguel Gomez, served with distinction in the revolution which only ended with the independence of Cuba.

* * *

The Dominican Republic, formerly part of Hispaniola, an island colony of Spain, holds the eastern moiety of the island formerly known as St. Dominique by the French, and Santa Domingo by the Spaniards, until it became independent in 1844. Its chief exports are sugar, coffee, cocoa,

DR. PABLO AROSEMENA
President of Panama



PORFIRIO DIAZ
President of Mexico

cigars, tobacco, wool, precious woods and dyestuffs, with some cattle, hides, etc., of the aggregate value of about $8,000,000 per annum.

Essentially an agricultural country, and a small one, it is handicapped in the race for rapid growth, but is making constant progress.

Dominica has given many enthusiastic and brave soldiers to the Cuban cause, notably General Maximo Gomez and General Jose Maceo and his devoted brothers. The president, elected for four years, is Senor General Ramon Caceres.

* * *

Ecuador ("Equator") lying immediately under the line south of Colombia, has an area of 110,000 square miles, including the desert Galapagos Islands. Its exports in 1909 consisted principally of cacao, $7,261,000; ivory nuts, $1,991,000; Panama hats, $1,158,173; with rubber, coffee, hides and fruits to smaller amounts. The production of cacao exceeds that of any other state, reaching 75,000,000 pounds in the Guayaquil district alone.

The Spanish government was ousted in 1822, and a constitution adopted in 1830. The state religion remained Roman Catholic, but other religions were tolerated. A city loan of $3,000,000 has been authorized by the government to improve the city of Guayaquil, and a government loan of $2,600,000 to intersect the city with canals. A government bureau has also been established to give information regarding the city and its resources.

The president holds office for four years. The present incumbent is Senor General Eloy Alfaro.

* * *

Guatemala, the largest of the six Central American republics, has an area of 48,300 square miles.

It was governed by a captain-general appointed by the viceroy of New Spain, until it became independent in 1825.

Its exports in 1909 included coffee to the value of $5,697,183, and bananas, sugar, hides, rubber, precious woods and chicle, making an aggregate of $6,638,819. Its coffee output is second only to that of Brazil.

Guatemala, the capital, has 73,000 inhabitants and is said to be the most brilliantly lighted city in America.

Senor Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, president of Guatemala, was born November 21, 1857, at Quezaltenango, Guatemala, and was re-elected president for the term of six years from March 15, 1911. He was admitted to the bar in 1883, appointed to the Court of First Instance in 1886, was transferred to his native town as Judge of the Appellate Court, and subsequently made Minister of Public Affairs. Elected president of Guatemala in 1898, he has continued to hold the office until the present time.

During his regime a transcontinental railroad has been built from Puerto Barrios to San Jose, and the construction of the Guatemalan section of the Pan-American Railway inaugurated. Public education in English has been made obligatory in all the schools. Rubber cultivation is encouraged by the government grants of 112 acres for every 20,000 rubber trees planted.

* * *

Haiti ("High Land") occupying the western half of ancient Hispaniola, or San Domingo, has with some small islets an area of 10,000 to 11,000 square miles and a population of about 1,700,000 souls. Emancipated by Toussaint L'Ouverture in 1783, but re-enslaved by the French in 1802, General Jean Jacques Dessalines destroyed or captured their armies, and was emperor of Haiti from 1803 to 1806. In 1825 England acknowledged her independence, and in 1843 President Boyer became president of the entire island, under the name of the Republic of Haiti.

The exports of 1909 consisted chiefly of coffee, sugar, indigo, cocoa and other agricultural products, $8,500,000; logwood, cedar, mahogany and other forest products, $1,000,000, and live stock, hides, etc., $150,000.

Railroads are being built to open up the country, and several mines of copper, iron and coal are awaiting their completion to begin operations.

The presidential term is seven years. The present chief executive is Senor General Antoine F. C. Simon.

* * *

The largest of the North American Latin republics, Mexico, has an area of 767,000 square miles, and a population estimated at 14,000,000.

MARSHAL HERMES DA FONSECA
President of Brazil

A Spanish viceroyalty from the time of Cortez until the Nineteenth Century the Spanish interest was still strong when Hidalgo y Costilla of Dolores, the priest of Guanajuato, raised the standard of revolt September 16, 1810. Successful for a time, he was captured and shot at Chihuahua, July 30, 1814. Morelos, who took up the cause, was defeated and executed in 1815, by Iturbide, who in his turn deserted the viceroy and established himself as emperor in 1822, but the republic asserted itself on October 14, 1824.

Senor General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico 1877-1880 and since 1884 to the present time, is too well known to the American people to require any biographical notice here.

He succeeded to the control of a country rich in varied resources, but whose interests had been largely sacrificed to the production of silver and gold, which, from the Veta Madre lode of Guanajuato alone, had taken out $250,000,000 in silver between 1556 and 1883. Between 1493 and 1895 the Mexican mints had turned out $3,398,664,206 in silver coin, one-third of the coinage of the whole world, and between 1874 and 1896 Mexico exported silver money and bullion to the amount of $683,476,979.

Besides the precious metals, deposits of copper, iron, lead, tin, sulphur, onyx, opals and other valuable minerals are found in many parts of the country. In 1909 the Mexican exports ascribed $71,136,143 to products of the mine, including gold, $20,000,000; silver, $37,000,000, and copper, $10,000,000. Besides these, rubber (castilloa) and "guayule" to the value of $8,346,000 mark the beginning of returns for the immense capital that has been invested in rubber plantations and the extraction of rubber from the guayule shrub of the elevated plains. Over 10,000,000 trees on the great La Zacualpa plantations in Chiapas, and vast numbers more in other states, are beginning to show satisfactory profits.

The vanilla output of Mexico (about 140 tons), is the largest in the world except that of Tahiti, and coffee, heniquen, sugar, fruit, cattle, wool, etc., swell the immense returns of Mexican industry, which in 1909-1910 resulted in exports of $260,000,000, and imports of $145,000,000, a total trade showing of $456,000,000.

But every city in the republic, every harbor of any note, every modern improvement that is necessary to increased efficiency has had due consideration, and neither time nor money is spared to make

Photo by American Photo Company, from the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright, copyright 1910 by The Macmillan Company

LA FUERZA ON THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, REPUBLIC OF CUBA

The oldest habitable building in the western hemisphere which stood guard over the city before Cabanas or Morro or Panto were ever thought of

AUGUSTO B. LEGUIA
President of Peru

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NILO PECANHA
Ex-President of Brazil, succeeded by Marshal Hermes Da Fonseca

Mexico a land of honored and efficient labor. The splendid artificial harbors of Vera Cruz, Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz, the great transcontinental railroad of Tehuantepec with its fleets of tributary freighters, and the stupendous irrigation and drainage projects to reclaim millions of desolate acres at a cost of $300,000,000, with scores of minor but not less beneficent enterprises in the interests of sanitation, water and sewage, construction, public education, etc., have made a new Mexico within the public service of one man.

* * *

Nicaragua, lying between Costa Rica and Honduras, has an area of 49,000 square miles, and a population of a little over half a million. It revolted against Spain in 1821, and except for the brief period of the Iturbide "empire" has been an independent republic ever since.

Its gold output aggregates 20,000 to 70,000 ounces annually, and tin, nickel, antimony and arsenic are also mined. Some 30,000,000 pounds of mild coffees, and an increasing trade in bananas, with cacao, cattle, hides and minor articles, make up the export list. Managua on the Pacific coast is its capital and chief seaport. The Menier cocoa plantation of 187,500 acres is the largest in the world.

Its president, elected for four years, is General Juan J. Estrada.

* * *

Panama, famous in story and song, declared itself an independent republic November 4, 1903, and was recognized by the United States on November 13. By a treaty between the two countries, ratified November 18, 1903, the canal zone, within which it was necessary that the Panama Canal should be carried, was transferred to the United States for $10,000,000 in gold and a yearly subsidy of $250,000.

The Panama Government is taking measures to encourage the cultivation of sugar to conserve its taqua (ivory nuts), forests and to encourage the importation of stock for breeding purposes.

The president, chosen for four years and inaugurated October 1, 1910, is Dr. Pablo Arosemena. Born at Panama in 1836, of middle height, with dark eyes and an olive complexion, he retains his vitality and good looks, and is considered a gentleman of pleasing and commanding presence, and an eloquent and graceful orator. Educated at Bogota in Colombia, he took up the profession of the law, practicing in Panama.

* * *

Salvador, the smallest of the Central American republics, has an area of 7,225 square miles, and a population estimated at 1,200,000. Its capital is San Salvador. Its exports are chiefly coffee, of which the exports last returned aggregated $4,500,000, wine to the value of $1,100,000, indigo, sugar, hides, balsam of tolu and some minor articles. Gold, silver, copper and lead are mined. The state religion is Roman Catholic, but all faiths are tolerated.

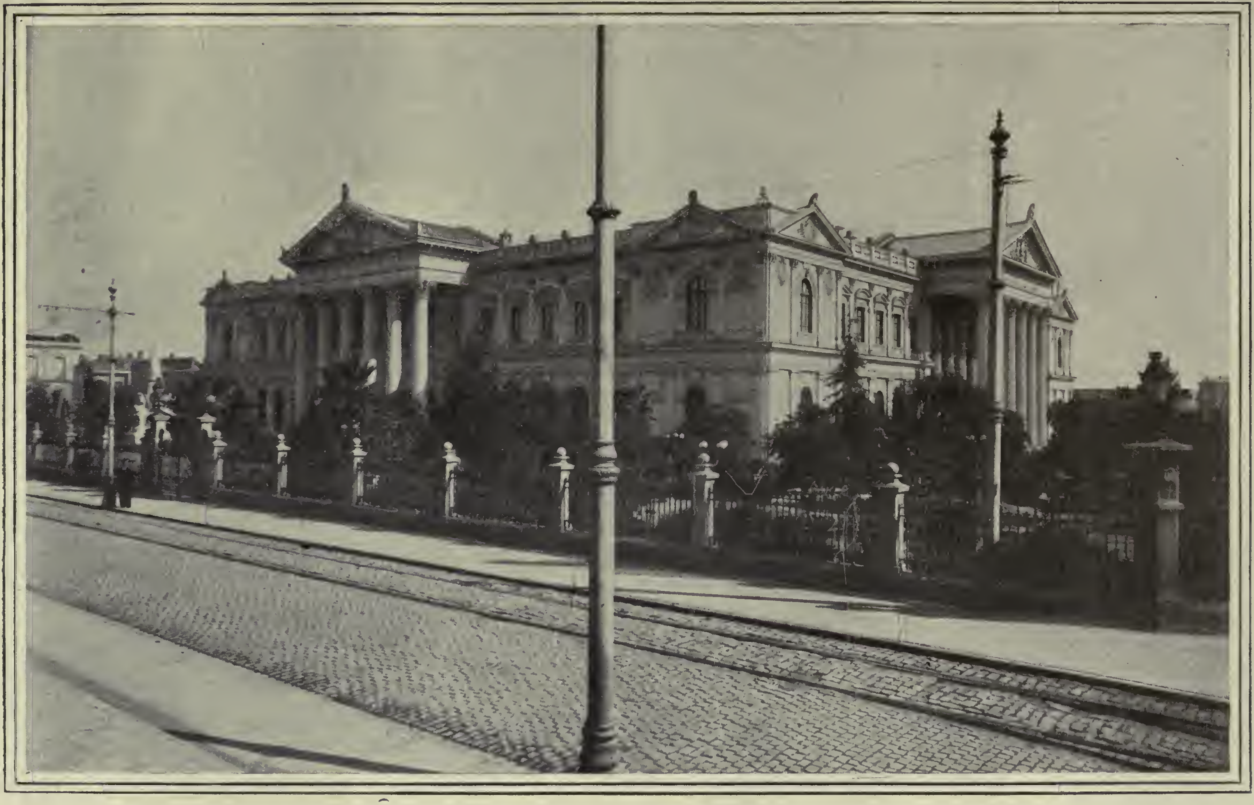
The imports from the United States for three months in 1910 amounted to $326,078.74, the chief items being fancy articles, flour, shoes, drugs and medicines and hardware; these five amounted to $227,731.74.

The president is Dr. Manuel Enrique Araujo. He serves for four years from the date of his inauguration.

* * *

Paraguay, long as exclusive as ancient Japan, has an area of 98,000 square miles, lying between Brazil on the southeast and north, and Argentina on the west. Nominally governed by the viceroy of Peru, the Jesuit fathers practically ruled the country from 1607 to 1768, controlling, it is said, 400,000 natives in connection with their missions. In 1811 the Spanish governor resigned office, and was succeeded by Jose Gaspar Francia, who made himself dictator, and attempted a policy of strict isolation, as did his successors, ending with Francisco Solano Lopez, who, after a terrible struggle with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, in which a very large proportion of the fighting men were extirpated, fell at Aquidaban in 1870, to be succeeded by a more liberal government and policy.

The exports of Paraguay are small and principally confined to live stock and the produce of the forests. When the rail and water transportation plans now being carried out are completed, a large increase may be expected.



THE CAPITOL AT SANTIAGO, CHILE

This is one of the most substantial buildings in the Republic. In it both Houses of Congress have their meetings. Construction was begun in 1858 and was finished in 1875, when inauguration ceremonies were held. In a city noted for its architecture, the Capitol is still considered as one of the most beautiful buildings

President Senor Manuel Gondra, inaugurated November 25, 1910, is comparatively a young man, born January 1, 1872. Educated at the National College, and for some time one of its faculty, he is naturally scholarly, but has been deeply devoted to the study of the various systems of political administration and has written extensively on this subject. Handsome, neatly dressed, with large, black eyes and a wealth of hair flung back from his full, high forehead, he wears both beard and moustache, and makes a good impression in society or on the platform.

As Minister to Brazil, representative to the Third Pan-American Conference and Minister on Foreign Relations, his services and the esteem in which he was held abroad secured for him his early elevation to the presidency. The capital is Asuncion.

Senor Gondra resigned from the presidency soon after his inauguration and Colonel Albino Jara assumed that office on January 16.

* * *

Uruguay, the smallest of the South American republics, has an area of 72,157 square miles and a population of something over a million. Joining Argentina in the revolt of 1810, she drove out the Spanish sympathizers in 1814, but the Brazilians captured and held Montevideo until peace was finally declared in 1828, and the "Republica Oriental de Uruguay" duly established. In 1864 ended a long series of wars and partisan hostilities, but committed Uruguay to an alliance with Brazil and Argentina against Paraguay.

The exports of Uruguay were represented in 1909-1910 chiefly by the products of her cattle and other live stock, which contributed $44,763,000 against $2,000,000 from farm and field, and $8,000,000 from the forests. New contracts are being made almost monthly for additional transportation for the "chilled" and "frozen" beef trade with England and other European countries. The Liebig Extract Company, whose concentrated meat juices and preparations are known all over the world, owns 3,750,000 acres—one-tenth of the whole country—and have killed 375,000 head in a single year's operations. The Germans are making arrangements for a great production of beet-sugar, and the Uruguayan cities are a revelation to the tourists. La Victoria's electric lighting is said to excel any other city in the world.

The term of the president, Senor Don Claudio Williman, expired March 1, 1911.

* * *

Venezuela, signifying "Little Venice," with an area of $593,943 square miles, was formerly a part of the government of Colombia under the Spanish regime and so remained until on April 19, 1810, the local council of Caracas deposed the Spanish governor and selected a junta to rule during the Bonapartist regime in Spain. In 1829 Venezuela seceded from Colombia and became a separate republic. The population is estimated at 1,345,000.

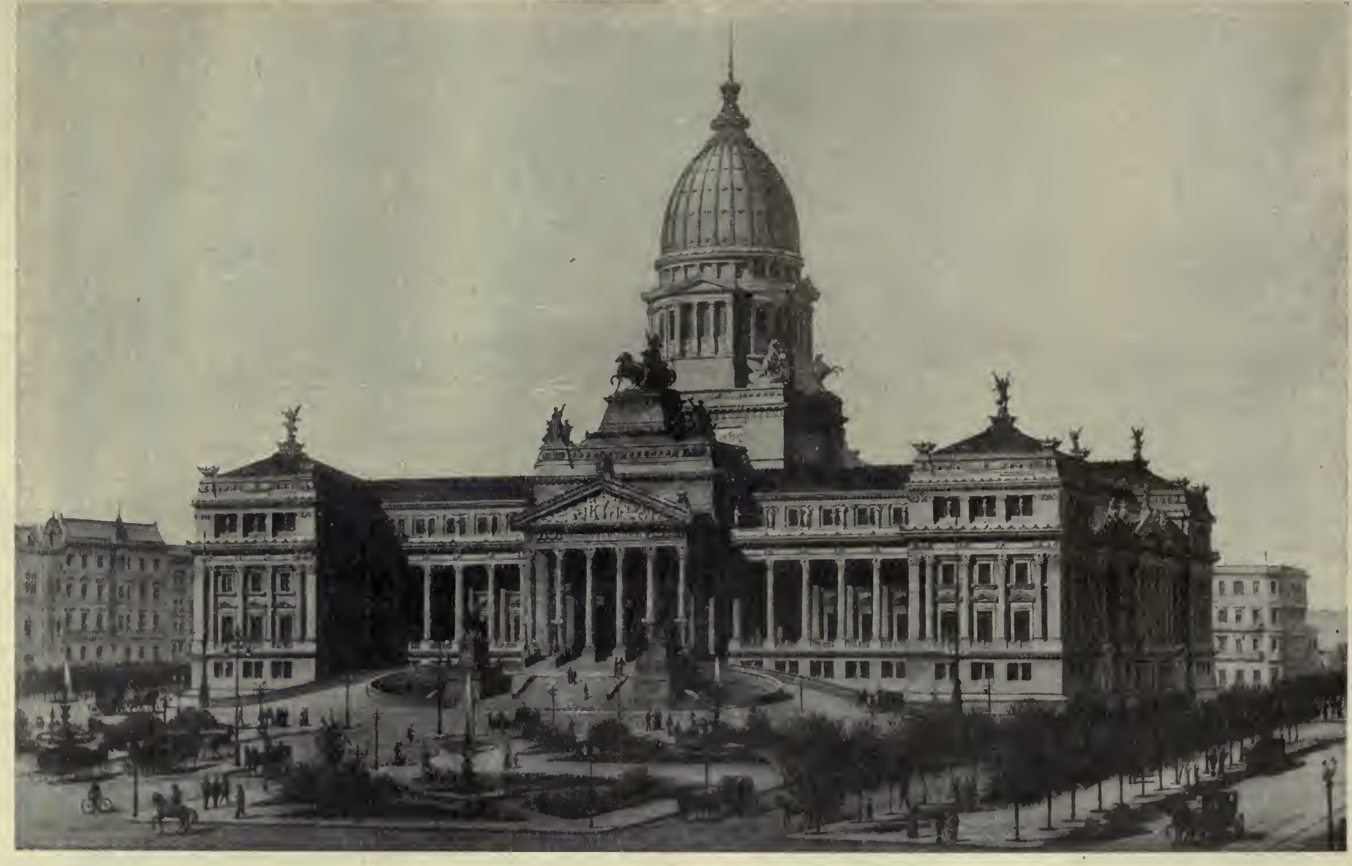
The gold mines of Venezuela between 1871 and 1890 attracted a good deal of attention, a single group, the El Callao in the Yaruari District, having produced $25,000,000 during that period. It is estimated that of 6,000 square miles of gold territory, only about 1,000 have been prospected, and these in an imperfect way, from the village of El Callao, which is from 150 to 180 miles from rail or water transportation.

Lack of transportation, the high cost of labor and unsettled political conditions in the past interrupted development, and prevented capitalists from introducing the effective machinery and methods of up-to-date mining.

Copper was exported to the value of $6,054,000 in 1909-1910, and new deposits, some carrying gold and silver, promise great returns. Asphalt and petroleum abound, iron and salt are also mined locally. The celebrated Las Margaritas, pearl islands, which produced immense revenues in the early days, still contribute about $100,000 worth yearly to the known production.

Maracaibo is the principal center of trade, but La Guayra, Puerte Cabello and Ciudad Bolivar are all ports of importance. Coffee, cacao, hides and cattle, copper, rubber, balata, asphalt, salt and other products are exported to a large amount.

The state recognizes the Catholic religion, but all others are tolerated. A great banana trade is projected and European capitalists seem about to enter the mining field.



THE CAPITOL AT BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

This stately building is placed at the western end of the magnificent Avenida de Mayo. The entire edifice is devoted to the National Congress which has the two legislative factors, Senate and Chamber of Deputies. In addition to the Capitol itself, the nation has set apart, to some extent as commemorative of the centenary of independence, 1810–1910, a park in front of it, to be called Plaza del Congreso. This will be one of the handsomest public squares in the world

The president is elected for four years. Senor General J. Vicente Gomez, inaugurated June 3, 1910, was born at San Antonio del Tachira, in the Venezuelan Andes, some fifty years ago. Tall and strong, a wealthy agriculturist and stock-raiser, he has since 1902 been very active in the political and military operations which were necessitated by the despotic regime of his predecessor, President Cipriano Castro. He has never married, and for a number of years has devoted himself to military service and political life. He has re-established peaceful relations with foreign nations, and normal conditions of liberty and business at home, and will doubtless do much more in developing prosperity and enterprise in Venezuela.

* * *

Peru, a Spanish mispronunciation of Biru, the name of an Indian chief, has a coast line averaging 1,100 miles, affording six good harbors and many open roadsteads. Its area, owing to unsettled claims by Ecuador, Bolivia and Chili, is variously estimated at from 440,000 to 700,000 square miles. Its coastal territory, from twenty to 120 miles wide, is a desert except where rivers and artificial irrigation fertilize farmsteads and large plantations. A belt of Andean ranges some 250 miles wide presents amid its formidable ranges elevated plains and fertile ravines and valleys. The eastern hinterland slopes gradually into the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries, and is heavily forested and rich in rubber, cinchona and valuable woods.

The great aqueducts and highways, which once supported a much larger population, have been almost utterly neglected, although some of the aqueducts have apparently been broken or deprived of water by natural causes. The chief object of Spanish rule in Peru was to draw from the mines that royal one-fifth of their product which for from 250 to 300 years poured a flood of gold and silver into the Spanish treasury. The records show that between 1630 and 1849 the Cerro de Pasco district alone produced $475,000,000, chiefly in silver, and this in spite of miserable transportation, mining and reduction methods, which at every stage resulted in an enormous sacrifice of human and animal life.

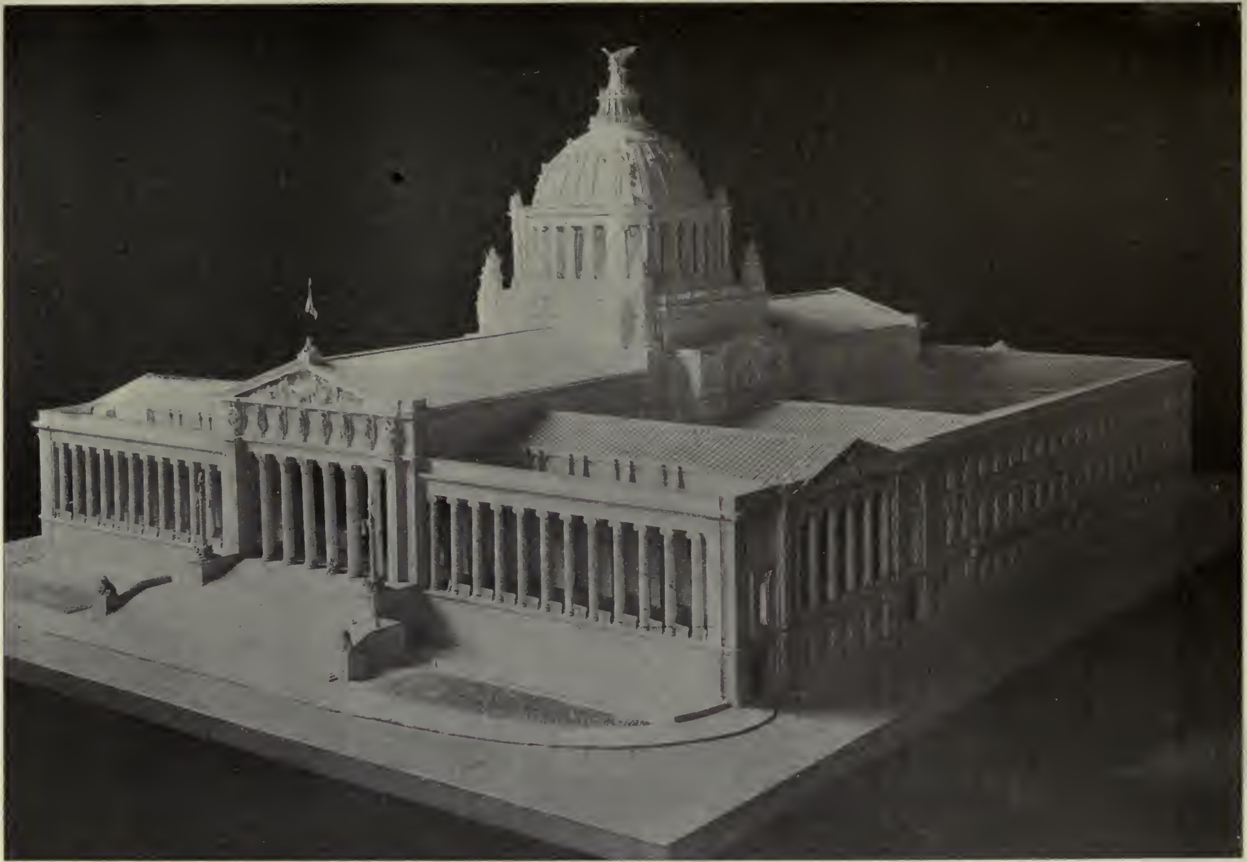
Today the population is estimated at between 4,500,000 to 5,000,000, a people well disposed toward the United States, and purchasing a larger proportion of American goods than any other South American nation. A large number of American investors are engaged in business and mining, and most of the managers and skilled employes are Americans.

Lima, the capital, has always been remarkable as the capital of Spanish vice-regal power and splendor, for the beauty of its women and its terrible losses from earthquakes. It has still the beautiful *Limenitas*, and the liability to suffer from seismic convulsions, but is now the capital of the republic.

Conquered, massacred and plundered by Pizarro 1531-1541, and the Spanish vice-royalty and hierarchy for nearly three centuries more, the natives of Peru, like most of its European inhabitants, had little courage or ability to initiate a revolt when in 1810 the Buenos Airean provinces were aflame with revolution, and the successes of the Spaniards in Chili and Bolivia left a well-appointed force of 23,000 men in the field when De la Pezuela surrendered his vice-regal authority to Abascal, his successor.

In August, 1820, General San Martin and his Chilians captured Lima and proclaimed independence July 28, 1821, and General Bolivar, succeeding San Martin, was made dictator February 10, 1824, and on December 9 utterly defeated the Viceroy de Lerma at Cuzco.

Peru produces gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, salt and iron, and contains deposits of nitrates and large areas of petroleum and asphalt territory. A single copper mine produced 5,000,000 pounds of high-grade ore in November, 1910, and the company expects to double this output from an inexhaustible lode, which also yields gold and silver. There are six steamships burning Peruvian petroleum, and the oil districts are steadily increasing their output and profits. The Southern Railway will extend its line from Callao to Cerro de Pasco on the Ucayali River, about 200 miles, traversing mountain ranges rich in minerals and will tap the immense rubber and cinchona forests of Eastern Peru, most of whose rubber goes



THE CAPITOL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

As part of the celebration, in the Republic of Mexico, of the centennial anniversary of their declaration of independence, the corner stone of the new federal capitol was laid, with elaborate ceremonies, September 23, 1910. Provision is made in the building for the accommodation of both Houses of Congress. When finished, the structure will add greatly to the artistic attractions of the city

THE CAPITOL IN SAN SALVADOR, REPUBLIC OF SALVADOR

The capitol is called also the National Palace, and is one of the most attractive of public buildings in America. Salvador has but one chamber in the legislative body, which has spacious accommodations here. Besides this arrangement, there has been reserved abundant space for other government departments and officials. Construction was begun in 1905, and the offices were to a great extent occupied in 1910

down the Amazon, and pays an export duty to Brazil. About 2,000,000 pounds were exported in 1909-1910, and it is said that the yield has greatly increased.

Sugar, cotton, cereals, etc., sufficient for the people and some for export, with stock and sheep-raising, are the agricultural features of Peruvian industry.

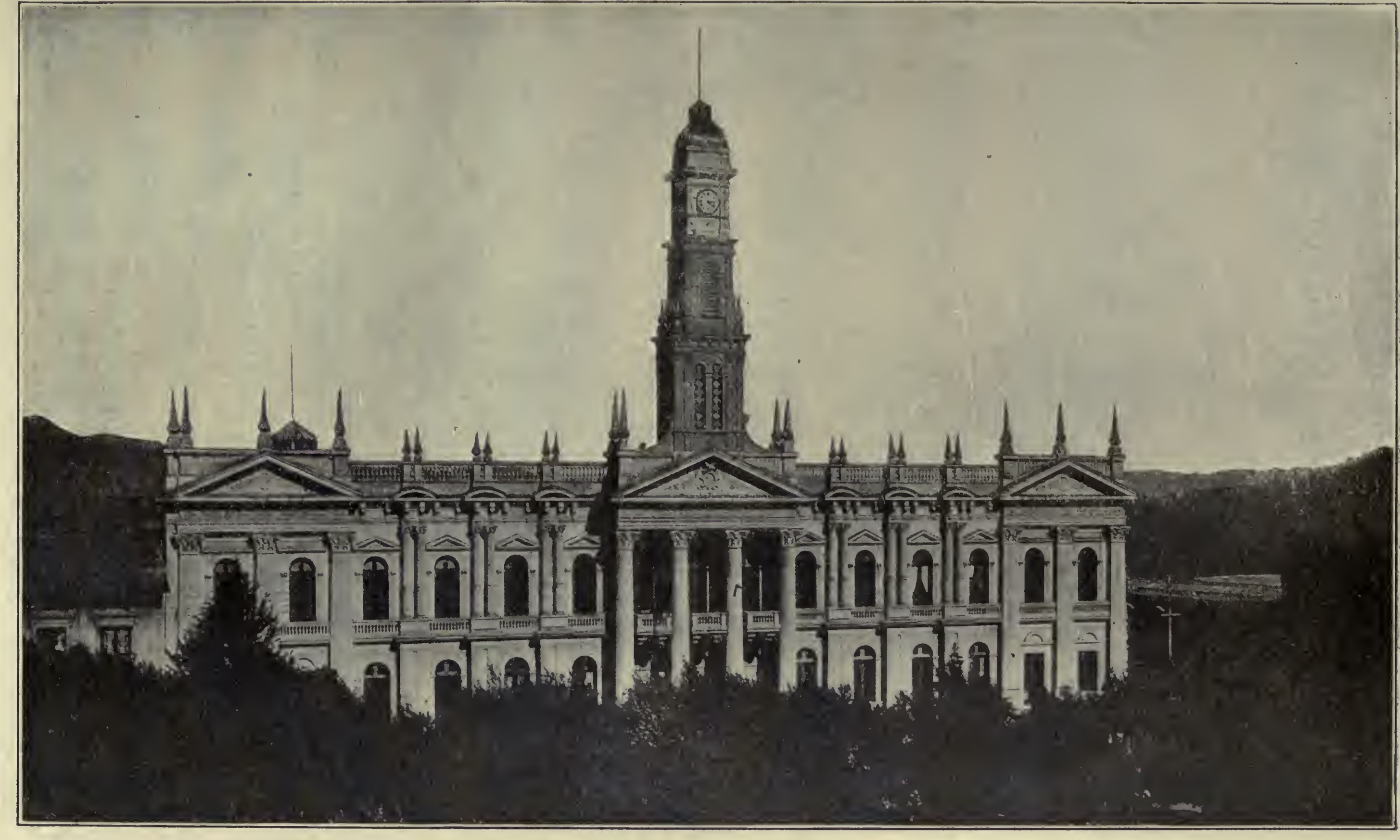
Senor Augusto B. Legufa, president of Peru, is a manly gentleman of wiry and medium proportions, Spanish descent, liberal education and affable, generous character. A leading business man, he was called to the cabinet of his predecessor as Minister of Finance. He is a family man and a great lover of horses.

* * *

Honduras, with an area of 46,000 square miles, embraces much fertile territory as well as mineral districts. A republic ever since 1821, its people have been relatively free from partisan warfare.

Its minerals include gold, silver, copper, zinc and lead, and recent explorations locate a gold-bearing placer thirty-five miles long by twenty-five miles wide in the Taro and Espiritu Santo Ranges, dividing Honduras from Guatemala. A few natives are the only diggers, but the gravel panned out sixty cents to $1.10 per cubic yard, and quartz samples indicated $40 to $60 to the ton. The iron mountain of Agalteca is said to show 100,000,000 tons of magnetic iron ore in sight, and if verified an American company will expend $15,000,000 in a railway and mining operations.

The population in 1905 was 600,000. The president, elected for four years, is Senor General Miguel R. Davila.



THE CAPITOL AT LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

This new legislative palace is situated in front of the principal square of the city. The two bodies, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, are commodiously housed here, but various suites are set aside for the President and for other purposes intimately connected with the routine work of Congress. The lofty tower is fast becoming one of the landmarks of the city

My Sweetheart—"Pahoe Hou"

By WILLIAM McGRATH

To my Friends; G. R. Hoggan and J. S. Jones
In memory of a pleasant voyage

The shore lights gleam resistance
To every twinkling star;
The breakers in the distance
Are booming, faint and far;
Through running gear and rigging
The gentle trade winds blow;
I on her course am guiding
My yacht—"Pahoe Hou."

The night clouds wrap Nuuhiva,
The young moon drifting slow
Takes back her silvery glory
From rippling waves below;
To dalliance I give over—
Though in fancy, as you know—
And clasp my one true sweetheart,
My love—"Pahoe Hou."

You curse her wild caprices.
How can you understand
Who know not what her face is
And never held her hand?
You may have heard the rustling
Of sails the wind has stirred,
Yet missed the whispered greeting
My listening heart has heard.

For some have traveled over
The wild sea at her side,
Yet claimed her not as lover,
Nor thought of her as bride;
And some have followed after
Through sun and rain for years,
Yet guessed not sunshine laughter
Nor thought the raindrops tears.

And if her motion's bitter
To some poor, seasick swain—
Are all things gold that glitter?
What pleasure but hath pain?
And since among love's blisses,
Love's penalties must live,
Shall we not take her kisses,
And taking them, forgive.

The winds of dawn are roving
My sweetheart is astir;
What heart were lorn of loving,
That had no love but her?
Till last red stars are lighted
And last winds wander west,
Her troth and mine are plighted,
The sea craft I love best.

* * *

The Nobility of the Trades

DOCTORS AND SURGEONS

By Charles Winslow Hall

OVER fifteen centuries before the coming of the Christ, an Egyptian king wrote or at least assumed the authorship of a papyrus "book" whose subject was the healing art as understood by those fortunate enough to be versed in such matters in his reign in the ancient land of Khem.

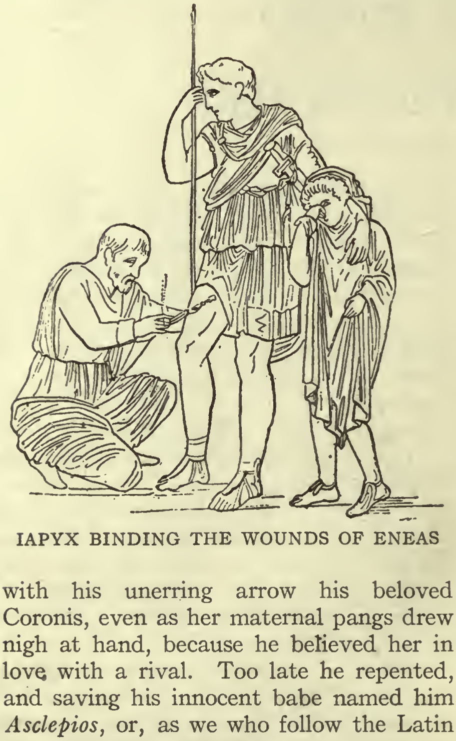
Three great cities, Heliopolis, Memphis and Thebes, each erected on the western bank of the Nile, in the "City of the Dead," immense temples whose priests were not only the servants of the gods, but the teachers and healers of men. At Thebes in that magnificent temple, "The House of Seti," founded by Rameses I and later enlarged and enriched by Amasis, were sheltered eight hundred priests graded into five classes, and commanded by five "prophets," the chief of whom was high priest, and ruler of the thousands of inferior priests, embalmers, tradesmen and attendants who lived by the service of the temple and the insistent care and reverence which the dead Egyptian exacted from the living. A host of pupils whose parents paid nothing more for years of tuition than a nominal sum for lodging and the cost or means of subsistence, learned to be first priests, and secondly astronomers, mathematicians, surgeons, doctors, oculists, etc., etc. None were allowed to practice all branches of the healing art, and all were under strict discipline and rigid system. The patient or his friends applied at the temple for a physician, describing the patient's condition and chief symptoms to the chief of the medical staff, who detailed some available specialist to treat the patient. So strictly was this specialization followed that one Nebenchari, an oculist, sent to the Persian court to restore perfect sight to one of the royal family, utterly refused to attempt to cure the queen-mother, when suffering from some not uncommon disease. While the patient was thus favored with the most skillful service, the physician could receive no fee or reward, except in the form of some gift to the temple.

While relying much upon vows and invocations, the Egyptian practitioners had a considerable knowledge of vegetable medicines and poisons, the latter including strychnine, prussic acid derived from peach kernels, elaterium, white and black hellebore, spices, balsams, ointments, perfumes, etc., etc. The god Toth is said to be the same as the Grecian Asclepios, and the Roman Aesculapius, and Isis and Osiris were also healing deities.

The utter abhorrence with which anything like dissection was viewed in Egypt prevented the acquisition of extensive anatomical knowledge, and generally the examination of mummies has shown a very imperfect method of setting dislocated and broken bones, etc.

But however skillful the Egyptian hierarchy may have become in the compounding and exhibition of medicines, etc., the religious nature of their practice was never lost sight of, and as the ages passed it deteriorated from faith into bigotry, bigotry into superstition and superstition into demonology and witchcraft.

Rather later in the world's history, according to Grecian mythology, Apollo, the beautiful but relentless Sun-god, slew with his unerring arrow his beloved Coronis, even as her maternal pangs drew nigh at hand, because he believed her in love with a rival. Too late he repented, and saving his innocent babe named him *Asclepios*, or, as we who follow the Latin usage call him, Aesculapius.

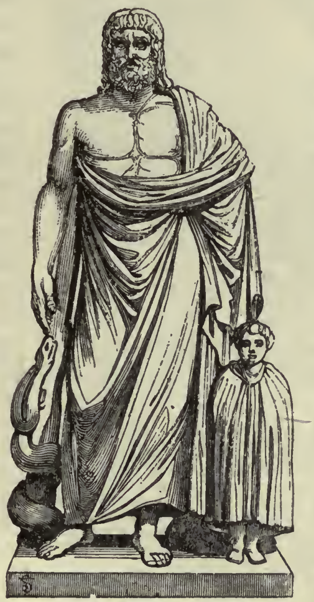


IAPYX BINDING THE WOUNDS OF ENEAS

Some say that the god instructed his son in the healing art, but according to others he committed him to the fostering care of Cheiron, the grand old Centaur, who had his home amid the gorges and foothills of Mount Pelion. Here, sheltered by huge caverns, and living for the most part a free and untrammelled out-of-door life and training, the heroes of Hellenic mythology were brought together and made strong, wise and daring beyond ordinary mortals. Hercules, the powerful; Achilles, the irresistible in battle; Jason, the captain of the Argo and successful seeker of the Golden Fleece; Castor and Pollux, the deathless "Twin Brethren to whom the Romans pray"—these and many other youths beautiful, manly and famous throughout the ages, learned all the simple arts and accomplishments of that Age of Gold, and among other things the powers for good and evil that lay disguised in the trees, shrubs, plants and vines of surrounding territory. Among these Asclepios ranked first in his knowledge of healing, and men said that his skill in manhood brought the very dead to life, and so diminished the endless caravan of reluctant shades that unceasingly enters the dread realms of Dis, that the sombre king of Hades complained to Zeus that a mortal had set aside the laws of life and death, and ignored the final decrees of the Fatal Three. So Zeus, seeking out the offender, killed Asclepios with his thunderbolts, and Apollo, unable to attack his all-powerful sire, slew with his arrows the Cyclops, who under Hephaistos had forged the bolts that ended his son's life.

But Machaon and Podalirius, the sons of Asclepios, and his daughters, Hygeia, Panaceia and Iaso, had been taught his arts, and for twenty generations or more the Asclepiades were honored throughout Greece as the last hope of sick and wounded men. To their great ancestor were erected in many parts of Hellas, but notably at Epidaurus, Athens and Cos the Isle of Healing, temples of the Ritual of Asclepios, which in their day were wonders of architecture, beauty and luxury, as well as hospitals which even today would attract the admiration and patronage of thousands of health-seekers. That at Epidaurus was an immense and beautiful marble temple, rich in splendid statues and votive tablets and works of art, abounding in fountains, altars, pictures and costly hangings, and adapted in every way to cheer and encourage the sick and heavy-hearted, who might find healing but could not die within its sanctuary. For here, curiously enough, no babe might be born nor dying patient close fading eyes upon the cheery cloisters, sacred to healing only; and the only cruel feature of the cult of Asclepios was the removal of doomed patients beyond the beautiful precincts of his temples.

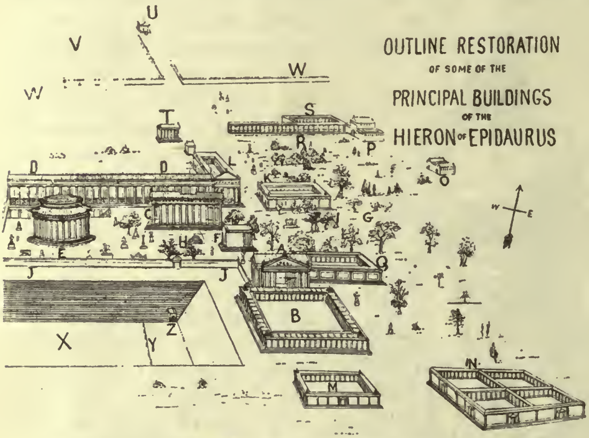
First among his later disciples stood Hippocrates, styled through the ages the "Father of Medicine." Born on the Isle of Cos about 470 B. C., and living over ninety years, he was the contemporary of Pericles, Socrates, Zenophon, Plato, Herodotus, Thucydides, Phidias, and many other illustrious men. Himself a descendant of Asclepios, he studied medicine under Gorgias and Democritus and also under that Herodicus who first taught that systematic exercise was a cure for many ailments. He was long established at the Asclepion of Cos, where, as at most other temples of Aesculapius, there were medicinal springs, and a system of bathing, purgation, diet and exercise made impressive and solemn by music and religious ceremonies. At some, perhaps at all of these temples, a species of large, non-venomous yellow serpent was kept in honor of the god, and became so tame that it would caress and even lick the wounds and sores of some of the patients—a manifestation of the favor of the god which was deemed a sure prognosis of recovery. When cured a patient was expected to put up a votive tablet describing the disease and cure, and these tablets became medical annals and text-books for succeeding generations.


AESCULAPIUS
From the Louvre collection

Hippocrates seems to have been a rather clear-headed and practical observer and theorist. He declared that there were no "sacred diseases"; i. e., sent by the gods, although at that time all insane persons were considered as the victims of divine wrath. Also that there were two great classes of ailments: one due to seasonal, climatic and water conditions; the other to indigestion or errors of diet, lack or excess of exercise, etc. It is thought that he may have dissected bodies, notwithstanding the universal horror and execration which this would excite if known. He taught that as there are four elements, earth, air, fire and water, so there were four fluids or humors in the human system; viz., blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. That disease was due to the quantity and distribution of these humors; as that inflammation was due to the passing of blood into parts not previously containing it. His chief reliance was on regimen and diet, although he sometimes gave very powerful medicines. "Life" he said, "is short and art long, opportunity fleeting, experience fallacious and judgment difficult. The physician must not only do his own duty, but must make the patient, his attendants and all externals co-operate." He is said to have candidly confessed his mistakes, to have been utterly free from superstition, and noted for his purity and nobility of character. The oath of Hippocrates, long the pattern of a physician's obligation, ran as follows:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Asclepios, and I call Hygeia and Panaceia and all the gods to witness, that to the best of my power and judgment the solemn vow which I now make I will honor as my father the master who taught me the art of medicine; his children I will consider as my brothers, and teach them my profession without fee or reward. I will admit to my lectures and discourses my own sons, my master's sons, and those pupils who have taken the medical oath; but no one else. I will prescribe such medicines as may be the best suited to the cases of my patients, according to the best of my knowledge; and no temptation shall ever induce me to administer poison. I will religiously maintain the purity of my character and the honor of my art. Into whatever house I enter, I will enter it with the sole view of relieving the sick and conduct myself with propriety toward all the members of the family. If during my attendance I hear anything that should not be revealed, I will keep it a profound secret. If I observe this oath, may I have success in this life, and may I obtain general esteem after it; if I break it may the contrary be my lot."

This oath exacted by the great medical sage of Cos twenty-five centuries ago, has been down to the present time practically the code of every honorable professor of the healing art; and of many who in other matters are by no means so scrupulous as they are to maintain unimpaired the traditions and honor of the profession.



AN AESCULAPIAN SANITARUM AT EPIDAURUS

A, Propylea (great ceremonial entrance). *B*, gymnasium and music hall, 250 feet square. *C*, Doric temple of Asklepios, 400 B.C. *D*, the abaton or great sleeping colonnade. *E*, Tholos, possibly shrine of sacred serpents. *F*, temple of Artemis or Diana. *G*, sacred grove. *H*, altar. *I*, great altar for unused sacrifices. *J*, southern boundary of sacred precincts. *K*, square building, use unknown, contained altar, votive tablets, etc. *L*, supposed to have contained baths, library, etc. *M*, large building, possibly one of two gymnasiums. *N*, building of four quadrangles, each 180 feet square and surrounded by rooms opening on the centre of the quadrangle. Supposed to have been a large hotel or dormitory outside the precincts. *O*, small building. *P*, hot and cold baths. *Q*, colonnade of Cotys. *R*, colonnade. *S*, quadrangular structure with columns. *T*, supposed temple of Aphrodite or Venus. *U*, Ionic temple, possibly northern Propylea or portal. *W*, northern boundary wall. *X*, stadium six hundred feet long, seating capacity twelve thousand to sixteen thousand.

Claudius Galenus, celebrated throughout the ages as Galen, was born early in the Second Century, at Pergamos on the western coast of Asia Minor, and studied at Alexandria, making a special study of anatomy, in praise of which he said: "In my view there is nothing in the body useless or inactive, but all parts are arranged so as to perform their offices together and have been endowed by the Creator with specific powers."

A most enterprising investigator, and the first great experimental physiologist, he first dissected animals, and later men, accumulating a mass of practical knowledge which in the dark ages was not even retained, although described in his writings and since his era re-discovered. Prior to his discoveries, the lungs were believed to collect a vital gas or air which passed through the pulmonary veins into the left ventricle and was thence distributed by the arteries through the system. Galen did not believe in occult remedies, but was artificial in his system of practice, which was to determine by inspection and imagination whether the disease proceeded from too much cold or heat, moisture or dryness. He directed his followers, having thus diagnosed the disease, to select a remedy which had been catalogued as producing the opposite effect—a policy which has certainly been largely followed down to the present day.

It should be said here that there is much reason to believe that India ages ago produced in what is called the Yagur-Veda an immense treatise, consisting, it is said, of one hundred sections of one thousand stanzas each, later cut down by order of the pitying and considerate deities to a neat little library set of six volumes, treatises on anatomy, antidotes, diagnosis, local diseases, surgery and therapeutics. Even in this happily condensed form, the original work survives principally in the fragments quoted in later commentators, but enough remains to show that the ancient sages of Indian medicine had the same lofty standard of professional honor and responsibility, a fair knowledge of anatomy, and considerable skill in the use of drugs, which latter were derived not only from the vegetable and animal but quite largely from the mineral kingdoms. Indeed it is strongly intimated that the Arabian sages drew their knowledge of the preparation of mineral and metallic salts and alkalies, from the Hindus; and especially their skill in the chemical analysis of iron, mercury, arsenic and antimony.

The great Indian teachers were Charaka and Susruta; and they held the same humoral theory of disease as Hippocrates, except that there were but three humors: air, bile and phlegm. At times they prescribed not only gold and silver, but even pearls and diamonds; and in surgery they attained skill through practice on dead animals and inanimate models.

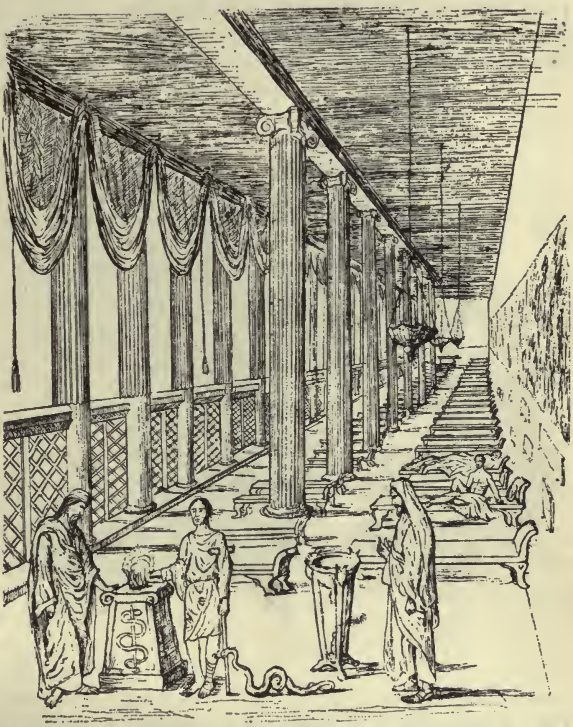
They had practised tapping for the dropsy, lithotomy, or the operation for the stone, and plastic surgery for the replacement of severed portions of the human anatomy, long before the Christian era.

A primitive form of operative and mechanical dentistry seems to have been practised, and many of these arts were probably acquired of the Hindus by the Arabians through their ancient and long-continued commerce and caravan trade with the East.

Appealing to the selfish instincts of humanity, the universal longing for the Elixir of Life, and the Philosopher's Stone which should transmute base metal into gold, the Arabian alchemy grew and burgeoned, while the benevolent Hindu originator of chemical lore was forgotten.

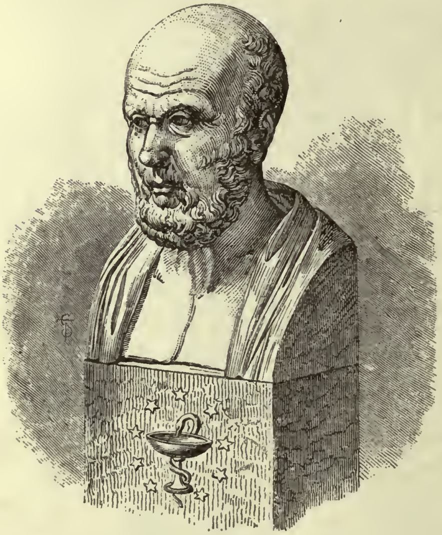
It would seem that, under the Christian dispensation, the "gift of healing" became as generally relied upon as by the followers of Mary Baker Eddy today; rest, regimen, diet, the laying on of hands and vows, prayers and invocations were the chief reliance of the church dignitaries who healed the sick, cast out devils, and doubtless did the best they knew how for suffering humanity.

Such was the practice at the great and famous Benedictine convents at Salernum and Monte Casino in the Sixth Century, where the care of the sick was enjoined as a work of piety. In the Ninth Century Abbe Berthier of Monte Casino and others wrote books on healing, for these convents had then attained a continental reputation as schools to which students and patients flocked from all parts of Europe. The lover of Longfellow will be reminded of his reference to Salernum in his beautiful "Golden Legend." By the Eleventh Century they had secured portions of the works of Galen and of the Greek and Arabian medical and scientific works, and the use of natural remedies began to supplant purely sacerdotal "Christian Science." By the Twelfth Century the physicians of Salernum had become so famous that Prince Robert, son of William the Conqueror, disembarked there on his return voyage from the Holy Land to be cured of a grievous wound received in battle against the Saracen.



ABATON OR OPEN-AIR SLEEPING ROOM OF THE SHRINE OF AESCULAPIUS AT EPIDAURUS. PATIENT SARIFICING. SACRED SERPENT LICKS HIS WOUNDS, A GOOD OMEN

The Jews of that day probably led the world in medical science founded on their possession of copies of the works of ancient sages which they had studiously preserved. Patronized by kings and princes, they were nevertheless persecuted by popes and prelates, and excommunication was threatened to any who should employ them in spite of the interdict of the church. Finally Benedict IX and Urban II, in the Eleventh Century, forbade all clerical healers from practicing outside their monasteries, and these regulations being generally disregarded, it was decreed that prelates, archbishops and the superior clergy generally should refrain altogether from the practice of medicine. On the contrary, the lower clergy, at that time very largely both ignorant and vicious, were allowed to practise all branches of the healing art excepting only surgical operations and especially the use of the actual cautery and the knife; these dangerous offices were sapiently left to the lay brethren, the servants of the community; and hence it came to pass that the barbers and farriers of England were for some centuries the chief practising surgeons, dentists, etc. Thus from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Centuries all external wounds and ailments were forbidden ground to the educated physician, who had exclusive jurisdiction as priest and healer of all internal ailments. Henry VIII, who, despite his too strenuous policies and practice in the matters of marriage and divorce, did at times seek to legislate for the good of his people, enacted in 1511 "that no person in the city of London or within seven miles thereof should practice as a physician or surgeon unless he be first approved and admitted by the Bishop of London, or . . . Dean of St. Paul's for the time being, calling to him. . . four doctors of Physic and for surgery; other expert persons in that faculty."



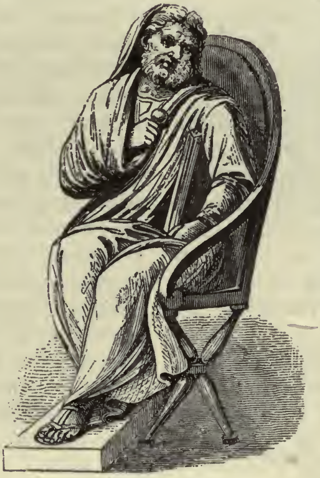
HIPPOCRATES, B. C. 460

But this law, while prosecuting the quacks and pretenders, against whom it was aimed, shut out many skilled and charitable people who, when they attempted to aid the poor and dependent, abandoned by the regular practitioners to suffering and death, were punished under this law. As a consequence in 1542, another statute of Henry VIII provided that every person "having a knowledge . . . of the nature of herbs, roots and waters, or of the operation of the same . . . may use and administer to any outward sore, uncome (ulcerous swelling) wound, apostemations (imposthumes) outward swelling or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, pultess and complaisters . . . or drinks for the stone, strangury or agues" without being liable to prosecution under the former statute.

The character and influence of Dr. Linacre, the favorite of Cardinal Wolsey, had already in 1518 secured the incorporation of a College of Physicians to whom was committed the sole privilege of admitting persons to practice within the London Circuit. He was its first president, and held its meetings at his own house, which at his death, seven years later, he bequeathed to the College.

Dr. William Bulleyn of the same family as the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, was a contemporary of Sydney, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Spencer, and the rest of that famous galaxy that illuminated the Elizabethan era. The leading physician of his day, he took great interest in vegetable remedies and his "Book of Simples" was an honored authority for generations. He recommends the free use of sage tea; and of figs, saying: "Figges be good against melancholy and the falling evil (epilepsy) to be eaten. Figges, nuts and herbe grasse do make a sufficient medicine against poison or the pestilence. Figges make a good gargarism to cleanse the throat."

Sir Theodore Mayerne, as the favorite physician of Henry IV and Louis XIII of France, and James I, Charles I and Charles II of England, was the most eminent doctor of the Seventeenth Century. He certainly was strenuous in his prescriptions, advocating an excess in eating and wine-drinking once a month as a grateful stimulant; violent drugs in the gout, calomel in scruple doses and a free use of sugar of lead in his conserves. He leaned strongly to the alchemical and cabalistical doctrines of his era; advised the use of amulets and charms; prescribed "the raspings of a human scull unburied" in his "Gout Powder," and sought to cure hypochondriacal patients by a cheer-inspiring unguent compounded of adders, bats, earth-worms, sucking whelps, hog's lard, the marrow of a stag and the thighbone of an ox. His "Receipts and Experiments in Cookery" had a great vogue among English housewives. In March, 1654, his last indulgence in wine made him sick, which he attributed to the badness of the wine. He predicted the time of his own death and verified his prognosis with creditable exactitude.



GALEN, A.D. 131–201

Sir Kenelm Digby, a contemporary with James I, Charles I, Lord Bacon and other illustrious Englishmen, was cast into prison by order of the Parliament in 1643 at the beginning of the English Civil War, but was released at the solicitation of the Queen Dowager of France. His beautiful wife, the Lady Venetia, was fed on capons fattened with the flesh of vipers, then supposed to be most invigorating food.

His "Sympathetic Powder," which was merely a carefully refined and calcined sulphate of iron, was used by him dissolved in water to bathe the weapon or a bandage that had drawn blood from the wound itself, keeping the wound wet with clean cool water, which treatment was the very reverse of the surgical practice of his day. Undoubtedly most of the wounds which were thus cured got well because they were not tortured by the usual methods of treatment. A curious correspondence on this wonderful discovery took place between the Doctor and Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut Colony.

Dr. Radcliffe, physician to William III and Queen Anne, lost his place at the court of King William in 1699, when the king, having failed to follow the prudent regimen prescribed for him, had become very emaciated and run down. Showing his swollen ankles, he exclaimed: "Doctor, what think you of these?" "Why, truly," said he, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

Dr. William Harvey, who in 1628 declared and finally established the true theory of the circulation of the blood, was one of the physicians who attended Charles II in his last illness, and suffered much from professional jealousy and detraction before (after twenty-five years of effort) he saw it generally accepted as the basis of modern physiology. Among other notable events of his practice, he dissected "Old Parr" by the command of Charles I. Thomas Parr, born in Shropshire in 1582, was first married at the age of eighty-eight; did penance for incontinency when 102; married a second time when 120; threshed corn and did other laborious farm work when 130; and lived during most of his life on coarse brown bread, cheese and whey. Brought to London by the Earl of Arundel, he fed on a more generous diet, drank wine and took life easily, but soon died, November 14, 1635, aged 153 years. The cause of death was apparently pneumonia.

English medicine was strongly tinctured with the varying beliefs of the several nations which had by turns conquered a territory, settled down as peaceful residents, and been gradually swallowed up in what we now call "the English people." The Norsemen inherited from their Odinic ancestors a great faith in the Runic spells, carven for the most part on wood or bark and placed on or near the person of the sick or wounded man. It was very important that no mistake should be made, for the wrong runes could weaken or slay, as well as the proper characters could strengthen and save alive.

Thus sang the Scald to the ambitious healer:

"Twig-runes shalt thou ken
If thou a leech wilt be,
And ken a sore to see.
On bark shalt thou them write
And on branch of wood indite
Whose limbs to east shall lout."

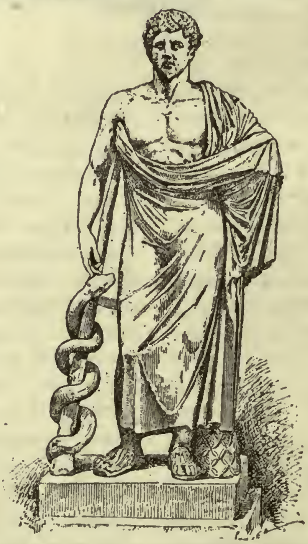
At an early date their descendants, like the rest of their neighbors, the Scots, Picts, Anglo-Saxons and Celts of Wales and Ireland, betook themselves to that study and use of vegetable simples which until the Sixteenth Century were almost wholly unmingled with any mineral ingredients. Hippocrates is said to have had knowledge of 265 remedies. Galen had greatly increased the number by adopting animal ingredients, and new drugs were added as commerce extended the radius of trade and the scope of travel and adventure. The natural magic of the Finns, the leechcraft gathered by viking and Varangian from all the shores of Europe and the Mediterranean, Africa and Asia, the bartered lore of learned pilgrims meeting at Rome from every known corner of the globe, the unholy but fascinating teachings of accursed Jew and infidel Arabian, dark *galdra* of heathen Saxon, and remnants of Druidic wort-cunning, blended in a pharmacopeia, which is still very respectably represented in the dispensatories and family practice of today.

It was not until near the close of the Fifteenth Century that the bars were let down to receive a herd of mineral specifics, among them antimony, which one Basil Valentine had seen exhibited with good effect to certain hogs which had then put on flesh and activity in a surprising way. Hogs had long been dissected at Salernum as "likest the human form divine," and Basil had certain monks among his patients, whose condition of health was apparently the same as those which antimony had cured in the case of the hogs. He accordingly prescribed a smart dose of antimony, which, to his horror, killed his patients, despite all efforts to retrieve his fatal error; wherefore, he gave the deadly mineral the name of *Anti-moine* or "Anti-monk" as a warning to the profession that what may fatten and benefit a pig may be dangerous to a priest, or any other man.

Surgery made slow progress during the first fifteen centuries of our era, largely owing to the fact that dissection was still under the ban of public opinion and statute law; and practitioners were often obliged to adopt peculiar measures to refresh and increase their exact knowledge of anatomy. Thus, when Henri II of France was wounded in tournament by the lance of Montgomerie, which pierced his eye through the bars of his helmet, four criminals were decapitated and their eyes pierced as nearly as might be in the same way to ascertain if the wound was surely mortal or might be healed.

When Felix, the chief surgeon of Louis XIV, was about to operate upon him for the stone, he operated upon several less distinguished patients, at the house of Fagon, the king's physician; most of whom died. He was more fortunate with the king, who of course knew nothing of the unfortunates, who were buried at night and secretly, but the nerve of the surgeon was gone, and in bleeding a friend the next day he crippled him for life, and never recovered his former ability.

Felipe de Urtre, a Spanish Conquestador, wounded by a lance-thrust in Venezuela, had no surgeon with his party, but an ingenious comrade, procuring "an old


STATUE OF ANTONIUS MUSA
Physician to the Roman Emperor Augustus

Indian" presumably of small value, endued him with de Urtre's coat of mail, seated him in the war-saddle of his destrier, and thrust the lance into the Indian's side at the same aperture, and as nearly as possible at the same angle as it had entered the body of the Spanish cavalier. Then slaying the Indian, he opened the body and traced the path of the lance-head, and finding that no important organ was wounded, treated the injury simply and saved de Urtre's life.

The surgery of a not remote past was radically different from the practice of today, and fell little short of actual torture of the patient. Burning the severed veins with hot irons to stop bleeding, opening gaping wounds wider to promote long-continued suppuration, inserting tents and compresses between the gaping lips of wounds to prevent healing by first intention, filling gunshot wounds with boiling oil, etc., to counteract the supposed poisonous character of missiles propelled by gunpowder; with a host of salves, ointments, and similar medicaments, it was not until late in the Nineteenth Century that military surgery became the soothing, beneficent, almost painless charity of today.

Ambrose Paré, the chief surgeon of Henri IV of France, by the happy accident of exhausting his stock of boiling oil, stumbled on the discovery that those not thus treated got well quicker, and suffered much less, than those duly cauterized "according to the highest style of the art," and he greatly simplified and lessened the cumbrous cruelties of his day in other respects. But the changes were slowly accepted, as may appear from the following bill of worthy Humphrey Bradstreet, who attended Captain Stephen Greenleaf of Newbury, who was shot while rescuing certain persons captured by Indians and carried across the Merrimac.

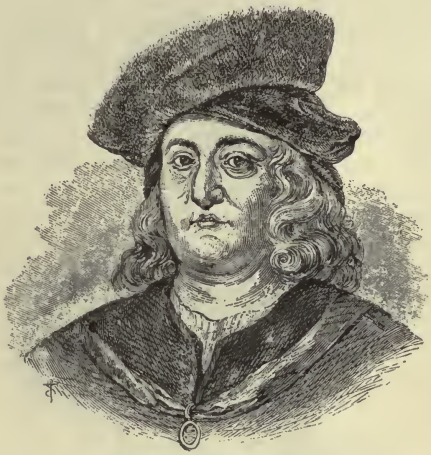
In the yeare 1695.

To Captain Greenleaf.

Visits, Balsams, Emplaistors, Tinctures, Unguents, Sear-cloth, Dressings. From the 8th of October to last of January unto the parfecting of the cure of a large gunshot wound in the side and wrist. Major and minor fractures, nerves and tendons lacerated; also a large wound under his side with a laceration of the muscle. For the cure to me; 12; 06; 00.

HUMPHREY BRADSTREET, *Chirurgeon.*

The naval and military surgical establishments of the last six centuries in Europe were for the greater part of the time not only insufficient in quantity, but poorly supplied, and miserably paid and supported. Henry V, when he led thirty thousand men into France, had but one field surgeon, Nicolas Colnet, who was paid forty marks a year, with a share of the plunder to the amount of twenty pounds more. Any excess over this was to pay a royalty of one-third to the king, and Colnet had to hire a guard of three archers. His successor, Sir Thomas Morstede, who was present at the great battle of Agincourt, was paid thirty-six pounds, had twelve assistants and a guard of three archers, paid by the king.

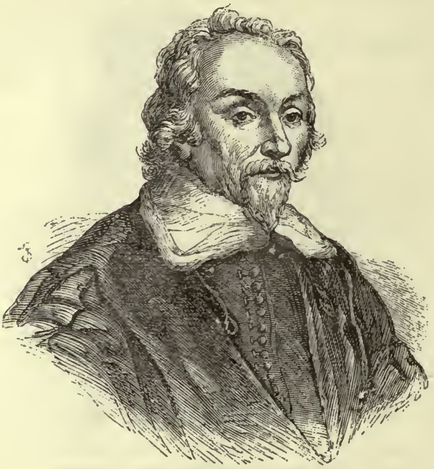


PARACELSUS, 1493–1541
Philosopher, physician and alchemist

Under Queen Elizabeth, a host of ignorant persons were admitted to practice in the army and navy, receiving the same pay and allowances as the sergeant-drummer and fifer; viz., "five shillings weekly with an allowance of two shillings a week for clothing."

It was not until 1752 or later, that Dr. John Lloyd, surgeon at Castle William, Boston Harbor, introduced into America the newly discovered plan of tying severed arteries instead of cauterizing them. Silver and iron wire, white silk, and later silk-worm gut or other sterilized animal ligatures were used, and today the buried animal ligature which gradually dissolves and is absorbed is considered the best ligature.

Smallpox, which appeared ages ago in Hindostan, and has ever since committed fearful ravages in all parts of the world, was first accurately described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician in the Tenth Century, and in the Sixteenth had not only swept over the Old World but had been carried by the Spaniards to America, and destroyed millions of the aborigines.



WILLIAM HARVEY, A.D. 1578–1657
Discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 1615

In England it averaged three thousand victims out of every million inhabitants yearly in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, and in France thirty thousand per annum. Russia lost two million victims in a single year, and in Berlin one-tenth of all deaths was due to this loathsome pestilence. In some countries one-third of all the babies died of smallpox during their first year, and one-half before the fifth. The only preventive was inoculation with the virus, and this claimed a certain percentage of victims, and often conveyed the disease to unprotected friends. Dr. Edward Jenner in 1775 began the investigations and experiments which in 1798 gave to the world the priceless protection of vaccination, which about 1800 was introduced into America by a Doctor Waterhouse of Boston, and in Europe by De Carro of Vienna. It rapidly spread over Europe, and Spain in 1803 sent an expedition to introduce this great safeguard into all her colonies. Protestant pastors in Geneva and Holland praised God in their pulpits and exhorted their hearers to lose no time in securing this new blessing; and in Sicily and Naples Catholic dignitaries marshalled their flocks in solemn processions to receive the life-saving scarification. The British Parliament granted Jenner ten thousand pounds sterling in 1802, which was followed by a further grant of twenty thousand pounds in 1806, although every endeavor was made by certain persons to excite public prejudice against the practice. Physicians, who had lost a valuable practice in the line of inoculation, condemned it as dangerous, and some preachers denounced it as opposed to the designs of Providence, but Napoleon I decreed him a splendid gold medal, and the Emperor of Russia and king of Prussia especially invited him to call upon them when visiting London; the Chiefs of the Five Nations of Canadian Indians sent him the greatest possible token of gratitude and honor with the following address:

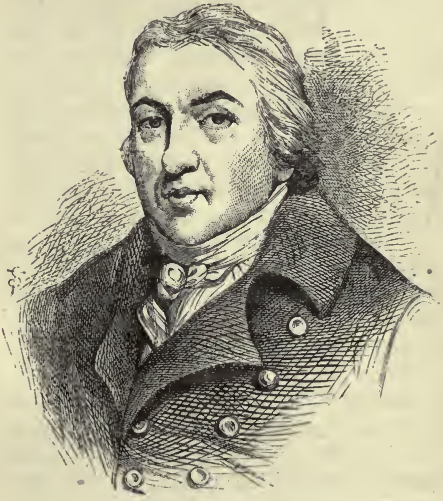
"Brother: Our Father has delivered to us the book you sent to instruct us how to use the discovery which the Great Spirit made to you, whereby the smallpox, that fatal enemy of our tribe, may be driven from the earth. We have deposited the book in the hands of the man of skill whom our Great Father employs to attend us when sick or wounded. We shall not fail to teach our children to speak the name of Jenner, and to thank the Great Spirit for bestowing upon him so much wisdom and so much benevolence. We send with this a belt and string of wampum, in token of our acceptance of your precious gift; and we beseech the Great Spirit to take care of you in this world, and in the Land of Spirits."

A great discovery was outlined by Leopold Auenbrugger of Vienna, in 1761, when he published the results of seven years of careful research and experimenting diagnosing the internal diseases of the thorax and chest by means of percussion and auscultation. Nearly fifty years later, Corvisart of Paris rescued this vital discovery and the name of Auenbrugger from obscurity, by translating his work into French. It was left for a Frenchman, Rene Laennec, born in Bretagne in 1781, to discover the first stethoscope, now so indispensable to the diagnosis of the lungs and heart.

Among the great improvements in surgery may be mentioned the invention of many useful instruments and appliances by Percival Potts of St. Batholomew's Hospital, London, succeeded at his death in 1788 by John Hunter, the enthusiastic anatomist, who discovered that a vein or artery might be extirpated, and that Nature would establish a "collateral circulation," through the enlargement of the minor blood vessels. This discovery enabled him in 1785 to tie the femoral artery and save his patient's life, and Sir Astley Cooper, who succeeded Hunter in office (1793) to tie the aorta, the principal artery of the body, in 1815. An American, Dr. J. F. D. Jones, in 1805, had previously, for the first time, shown the exact effect of ligatures on severed blood-vessels, and how Nature assisted in closing the orifice.

In France, Dominique Larrey, born among the Pyrenees in 1776, became a valued servant and friend of the great Napoleon, and first established that system of "flying ambulances," which carried the wounded to the rear almost as soon as disabled. The staff numbered about 340 men with four heavy and twelve light two and four wheeled ambulances to each division. Napoleon reviewed this arm of the service with the greatest interest, and once exclaimed to Larrey: "Your work is one of the most important conceptions of our age. It will suffice for your reputation." For the Egyptian campaign, Larrey secured the services of eight hundred qualified surgeons, in addition to the regular force. At Alexandria General Figuieres was severely wounded, and on his recovery wished to present Napoleon with a splendid Damascus sabre. "Yes," said the emperor, "I accept in order to give it to the Surgeon-in-Chief, by whose exertions your life has been spared." This sabre, engraved with the words "*Aboukir*" and "*Larrey*" was taken from the great surgeon by the Prussians at Waterloo.

Larrey could fight as well as heal. Certain Mussulman fanatics attempted to murder the sick and wounded in the Cairo hospitals, but were cut down by the surgeons, two of whom, Roussel and Moujin, were killed, and Larrey barely escaped. When his patients were dying for lack of nutritious food, Larrey was known to kill the horses and camels of the wagon train, and on one occasion even the officer's chargers, using the cuirasses of the guard to cook his rich soups and stews. Aiding the French wounded at nightfall, after Waterloo, he was sabred and left for dead by some Prussian lancers. Recovering his senses he attempted to reach France, but was taken prisoner, and ordered to be shot, but was saved by a surgeon-major, who had heard him lecture in Berlin, some six years before. Blucher, whose own son owed his life to Larrey's skill, finally gave him a more generous and hospitable reception. He died in 1842, having outlived his imperial master, who had thus remembered him in his will at St. Helena. "I bequeath to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French army, Larrey, one hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have ever known."



JENNER, A.D. 1749–1823
English physician, discoverer of vaccination

In 1882 Jean Civiale introduced the operation of crushing calculus without recourse to the surgeon's knife. Guillaume Dupuytrien, called "the Napoleon of Surgery," greatly improved the methods of treating fractures and dislocations, introduced resection of diseased facial bones, and greatly lessened the fatalities from abdominal surgery. In 1835, finding himself at the point of death from the formation of pus in the chest cavity, he refused to be operated upon by the celebrated Sanson, saying: "I would rather die at the hands of God than man." To Armand Trouseau of Tours we owe the operation of tracheotomy—the introduction of a silver tube below the swollen larynx through the windpipe, thus preventing strangulation; to Von Graefe of Warsaw (1811) the surgical reparation of the features, growing new ones, or replacing severed parts, or as it is termed, "plastic surgery"; to Stromeyer of Hanover many a cripple is indebted for the discovery of tenotomy, which, by severing a shortened tendon and allowing it to reunite at the right length, has remedied many deformities.

Richard Bright, of England, in 1827 first described and differentiated from other forms of dropsical infirmities the kidney trouble known as "Bright's disease," and William Stokes (1835), in conjunction with a Dr. Graves, revolutionized the treatment which before their time had almost utterly failed to cure peritonitis. Professor John Hughes Bennett, of Edinburg, in 1841, first recommended the use of cod liver oil in consumption, and Pierre Bretonneau in 1818 showed that diphtheria was something more than an unusually severe sore throat.

Cholera, first described by Garcia del Huerto of Goa in 1560, destroyed nearly a million victims in Russia and Western Asia in 1830, twenty thousand in Palermo in four months of pestilence in 1837, thirty thousand in Constantinople in 1865, and nearly one hundred thousand in Spain in 1885.

The growth of sanitation during the last generation; the more humane and effective treatment of insanity; the discoveries of Pasteur and others, of the microbes which produce hydrophobia, lockjaw, consumption and other once "incurable" diseases; the discoveries of the uses and methods of administering ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, cocaine and other anaesthetics; the invention of the instruments by which the inmost secrets of the eye and nasal and throat passages can be inspected or treated; the wonderful improvement made in the realm of operative and mechanical dentistry, and the merciful and effective treatment of the diseases of women are among the great and beneficent changes of the last half of the Nineteenth Century.

Even the "fads," which have been so strongly condemned by the "regular" practitioner, have had their share in the work of improvement. Hahnemann's homeopathy was doubtless largely accepted, because of the drastic purges and bleedings, the reckless exhibition of calomel, the nauseous, digestion-destroying draughts, pills and boluses of the "allopaths" of his day; and the magnetic, eclectic and faith-healing "quackeries" are not wholly without their counterparts in the scientific use of static electricity, the larger use of drugs not unlike the Thompsonian medicines, and the quiet administration of a "placebo" or inert prescription, relying on the faith of the patient and the *vix medicatrix naturae.*

The powerful "rays" to which Professor Conrad Röntgen has given his name, the use of other forms of intense and colored light in skin diseases, the powers of radium for the destruction of abnormal growths, and a host of minor but hardly less important means of healing, will occur to the mind of the reader as evidences of the immense changes which within the memory of living men have replaced crude, and often almost brutal sciences of healing.

A great army of martyrs, the trusting and helpless victims of conventional and traditional, and sometimes of recklessly inflicted tortures, have gone down to death, with little benefit to the race except perhaps a hint to some practitioner that his diagnosis was wrong, and his treatment a fatal error. It is to be hoped that in another life they are privileged to realize that, collectively, "they died not in vain," but added their mite to the tremendous current of human labor and suffering, which impels the human race "from hardships to the stars."

THE CASE OF THE CROWN JEWELS

by Maitland Leroy Osborne

MOVING his pencil slowly, the editor of the *Express*, with a thoughtful frown wrinkling his brow, rounded out the final sentence of the leading article that was to make a group of grafters gasp on the morrow, then, biting the end from a fresh cigar, leaned back in his chair and peered owl-like through a cloud of smoke at Brannigan.

"Ever hear of Tunis?" he queried with seeming irrelevance.

Brannigan nodded slowly and groped in the archives of his memory. "A dinky little seaport on the Mediterranean," he answered, "where the slave traders come in from Algeria and Feyyan, and the women wear veils and don't wear waists. I waited there three days for the boat to Alexandria once. A good place to get murdered in."

The editor smiled. "You'll be interested then, perhaps, in knowing that His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha is here in Washington—strictly incog., of course, with a portion of his harem, a half dozen eunuchs and a score of attendants. Also," the great man watched the smoke curl up from his cigar with meditative eyes, "that he brought with him the crown jewels, supposedly worth a few hundred thousand dollars, and that since reaching Washington a handful of unset pearls and diamonds has been stolen."

"Stolen?" said Brannigan alertly, scenting a prospective story.

"Yes, the whole detective force of Washington has been engaged on the case since early yesterday. His Royal Highness had called in a jeweler to discuss mounting them. The gems were left lying loosely upon a desk for a half hour or so near an open window and it is supposed some sneak thief improved the opportunity to make way with them. Only for the importance of that New York matter I should have wired you at once. Not a whisper has reached the other papers—yet I've risked their scoring a beat on us by saving the thing for you. If—" the editor smiled grimly and flicked the ash from his cigar—"if you should happen to find them it ought to make a pretty good story."

"Consider them found," said Brannigan, diving for the elevator and forgetting the sleepless night ride from New York in which he had written out the story of the Wall Street slump that had shaken the markets of the world. Five minutes later he had hailed a taxicab and was being whirled off to the Turkish embassy.

Brannigan was the star man of the *Express*, with more official secrets neatly labelled and stored away in his brain than appear on the Nation's records. Brannigan it was of all the force of the *Express* to whom was entrusted the most delicate missions, and the curly-haired, blue-eyed little Irishman, who could wheedle state secrets from the closest-mouthed Senators, had never been known to fall down upon an assignment.

Arriving at the Embassy, he sent in his card and was at once admitted to the presence, from whence he emerged a half hour later with a contented smile, armed with credentials that ensured his being admitted to the confidence of his Royal Highness, and equipped with information that would be of invaluable assistance.

Entering his taxicab again, he gave a new address to the chauffeur and soon was ascending the brown stone steps of an aristocratic old mansion on a quiet street. At the portal he found himself confronted by a gigantic Ethiopian in gorgeous uniform who evinced an apparent longing too throw him bodily into the street, into whose hands he thrust a large, official-looking envelope bearing a number of imposing seals, at sight of which the Caliban of the portal viewed him with a new respect and by a sweeping gesture of the arms invited him to enter.

Once across the threshold, Brannigan felt that he had stepped from the commonplace, conventional Western world into the midst of Eastern barbarism. The subtle essence of an unknown perfume engulfed his senses, and behind myriad silken draperies he heard faint rustlings, as of flowing garments, hushed whisperings of curious tongues, and felt instinctively the glances of unseen eyes peering at him as he passed. The very atmosphere was redolent of women's presence; intangible, illusive, alluring shapes seemed crowding around him, tempting him to put forth his hand and touch—and yet he felt instinctively that grim Death stalked on either side did he but dare to draw those rustling draperies aside.

Along the whole length of the great hall he was conducted to a room at the further end, before whose closed door another gigantic negro stood on guard. Here he waited while his credentials were scrutinized by a secretary in a gaudy uniform and wearing a red fez.

Presently, after consultation with some unseen person in the room, the secretary bade him enter, and a moment later Brannigan found himself confronting a tall, imposing looking Turk, whose flashing eyes inspected him with sharp scrutiny.

Brannigan, bowing, gazed at the exalted potentate before him with equal interest. His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha would have been a notable figure in any costume and amid any surroundings, but clad as he was in severely correct black clothes of European cut, with a single resplendent jewel upon his breast to denote his rank, and surrounded by the barbaric splendor of rare silken draperies on the walls and priceless objects of art scattered around the room in reckless profusion, he presented a personality that awed Brannigan somewhat, in spite of his usual impenetrable *sang froid.*

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" His Highness asked in carefully precise English, betraying the true Easterner's marvellous linguistic adaptability.

"Your Excellency," Brannigan answered, bowing deeply, "the management of the *Express*, which I have the honor to represent, having learned of the loss you have recently sustained, hasten to offer their condolences and assistance. We understand that the clumsy efforts of the police, as usual, have been without result; and we beg to offer you, if you will honor us with your confidence, the almost positive assurance that we can recover for you quickly the valuables that are missing. For your Excellency's enlightenment I wish to explain that in this country it is the great newspapers, with their limitless resources, their tireless persistency, and their trained initiative, rather than the slow process of the law, that brings crime to light and assures its punishment. No criminal, however cunning, can escape their relentless pursuit, and no crime can be so hidden that they cannot ferret it out. We know that the crown jewels have been stolen—we know that the police have been striving unavailingly to apprehend the thief, and we wish to offer you our assistance. Valuable time has already been lost. I would respectfully urge your Excellency to accept our aid."

His Royal Highness, as Brannigan ceased speaking, paced the floor for a few moments in deep thought, then turned impulsively and flung out his hand, palm upward, in a gesture of assent.

"The secret is out, I see," he said. "I am sufficiently well acquainted with Western customs to understand what your offer means. You will make of the affair what you call 'news,' and I shall gain a great amount of notoriety which I would infinitely prefer to avoid, but—doubtless you will recover for me the jewels, which outweighs every other consideration."

Brannigan, inwardly elated, bowed ceremoniously. "Believe me, your Excellency," he answered, "your decision is most wise—and now," he drew out his note book, "will you kindly favor me with the most minutely exact description of the missing jewels possible?"

His Royal Highness seated himself upon a couch and lighted a cigarette, then signed to the secretary, who had been waiting unobtrusively in the background, to advance. "You have the list," he said, "proceed."

A half hour later Brannigan left the mansion, entered the waiting taxicab, and was whirled back to the office of the *Express* at breakneck speed. Hurrying from the elevator into the reporter's room, he seated himself before his desk, drew his typewriter toward him with nervous haste, inserted a sheet of copy paper on the platen and flung back the carriage. Then for a long moment he gazed introspectively at the ceiling, chewing nervously upon his unlighted cigar, seeking the opening phrase upon which to build the fabric of his "story," and suddenly began to pound the keys with seeming frenzy.

It chanced to be an "off" day for news, and featured as it was on the first page of the *Express*, with cunningly concocted "scare" heads, Brannigan's story of the robbery of the crown jewels created a sensation. Moreover it was a "scoop," in which every newspaper man takes pride, and Brannigan's sensations as he scanned a sheet still damp from the press and heard the newsboys' shrill heralding of "Extra *Express*—all about the great crown jewel robbery!" were pleasurable in the extreme.

But in the first flush of his satisfaction he reflected that the most serious part of the affair still demanded his attention. In consideration of the exclusive information he had gleaned from His Royal Highness, Brannigan had virtually promised to restore the jewels. And it was not an idle promise. Long experience in tracking down criminals in the course of newspaper assignments had made him familiar with the dark by-ways frequented by the guild that preys, and brought him to close acquaintance with sources of information hidden ofttimes from the representatives of the law themselves. For it is a curious commentary on the vanity of human kind that criminals as a class look with as much complacency upon the exploitation of their crimes by the press as do the devotees of fashion upon the newspaper comment upon their frailties and follies. Indeed, despite the fact that newspapers are the greatest modern agency in the detection of crime, the average "crook" grows boastingly loquacious in the presence of a reporter, while he emulates the dumbness of an oyster where a policeman is concerned.

It was upon this curious circumstance that Brannigan relied to fulfill his promise. Also he knew that not Washington itself, but New York, would be the most likely field for his investigation. The vulture of the under-world is a gregarious fowl that flocks to the largest roosting place. The glitter and glare of the Great White Way attracts it as the candle attracts the moth.

Straight to New York he went therefore, and began a patient quest that led him by devious ways into the maelstrom of the under-world that seethes and eddies ceaselessly beneath the surface of respectability. From gambling hells to saloons he wandered, from saloons to opium joints, from opium joints to cheap theatres, from theatres to dance halls; and in each place he visited he mingled unobtrusively with the crowd, touching elbows with crooks and outcasts of all degrees—thieves, "con" men, gamblers, "touts," the humble "dip" and the aristocratic "second-story worker," all morosely intent on snatching a few brief hours of pleasure or oblivion. And everywhere he went, he watched patiently for a face—a rat-like, furtive face with red-lidded, shifting eyes that feared the light, and lean, snarling lips bared ever in a wolf-like grin. And always while he watched, one hand thrust with seeming carelessness in his pocket clutched the butt of an automatic Colt, and no man stood ever between him and the wall.

After many weary hours he saw the face for which he was watching, and waiting to catch the glance of the furtive eyes, made an almost imperceptible sign of recognition and command and straightway left the gambling hell where his search had been rewarded.

A half hour later, in a private room in a Bowery "joint" he sat facing "The Rat" at a small round table. "Smoke?" queried

Brannigan, holding out a fat black perfecto which his *vis-a-vis* clutched eagerly. Then he pressed a button on the table and presently a bull-necked, scowling waiter thrust his head within the door. "Two absinthe cocktails," he demanded curtly, and when they had been served, rose and locked the door.

Brannigan sipped his cocktail slowly and gazed inquiringly at "The Rat," who drank his at a gulp and licked his lean lips furtively with his tongue.

"Well?" asked Brannigan presently.

"The Rat's" evasive glance wandered restlessly from floor to ceiling. "I don't know a thing," he croaked plaintively—"honest, I don't."

Brannigan smiled serenely, and with his cigar in one corner of his mouth, thrust his hand into the inner pocket of his vest and drew forth a long, flat bundle that looked to "The Rat's" keenly appraisng glance like ready money.

Slipping the rubber bands that bound the package from their place, Brannigan began slowly piling crisp new ten dollar bills one upon another, while "The Rat," torn between cowardice and cupidity, watched the growing pile with glittering eyes.

When twenty crisp green bills lay on the pile, Brannigan shoved them toward "The Rat" invitingly. "They're yours," he said pleasantly, "if you've got what I'm looking for."

"The Rat"—stool-pigeon, "tout," informer, "fence," a jackal who preyed on those who preyed on society at large—thrust out a claw-like hand convulsively toward the bills. "What do you want to know?" he croaked.

"I want to know what gang pinched the crown jewels from the Turkish prince in Washington, and where they're planted," answered Brannigan succinctly.

"That's what I thought," "The Rat" chuckled evilly. "There ain't much doing in that line I'm not hep to. Give me the money." He drew the bills toward him, and folding them into a compact roll, thrust them into his pocket. "It was Paddy Ryan that lifted the sparklers," he said, "and he was so proud over doing the job alone that when he got back on the Avenue, and had put away a few drinks, he couldn't help bragging about it to a skirt he had a shine for, and showing her the stones. That's Paddy's weakness—women, and bragging about his cleverness. It happens that the skirt is a friend of mine, and she put me wise. He's hiding now in his old quarters on the East Side, waiting for a cattle steamer to leave for Liverpool. It's over a saloon." "The Rat" named a street and number. "Go in the side door and up two flights—it's the first door on the left as you go down the hall. That's about all, I guess?"

Brannigan nodded. "Much obliged," he said genially. "If I can do you a favor any time, let me know."

"The Rat" rose and unlocked the door, peered about him for a moment suspiciously, and vanished down the dim-lit hallway.

* * *

Mr. Paddy Ryan, *chevalier d'industrie*, expert "second-story worker," "con" man and general all-round "crook," having in his own parlance "made a killing," was temporarily secluded in the privacy of his apartments pending the departure of his customary means of conveyance to European ports—a cattle steamer. He was no stranger to Europe and the Continent, and just now he was pleasantly contemplating a brief sojourn in Amsterdam, where certain business matters might be quickly attended to, followed by participation in the pleasures of Monte Carlo, Nice and Paris. Mr. Ryan, collarless, coatless, vestless, with his gaudy striped shirt open at his bull-like neck, was reclining luxuriously in a softly padded Morris chair, with his slippered feet comfortably elevated at a pleasing angle, a tall, slender-stemmed glass of cheerful hue within easy reach, and a fat gold-banded black cigar between his lips, perusing the columns of his favorite sporting journal. In a word, Mr. Ryan was for the moment deeply at peace with all the world.

There came a rap at Mr. Ryan's door—a gentle, discreet, confidential, apologetic rap, denoting confidence and friendly intent. Mr. Ryan sighed luxuriously, lowered his feet to the floor, flicked the ash from his cigar, and rising, strolled negligently to the door and threw it invitingly open.

Tableau! Brannigan, reporter for the *Express*, stood quietly smiling upon the threshold, with a very big and businesslike looking automatic Colt pointing directly at Mr. Ryan's shocked and surprised countenance. With seemingly one movement Mr. Ryan's visitor had entered the room, closed and locked the door, deposited the key in his pocket and thrust his obnoxious weapon in unpleasing proximity to his host's right eye.

For a long moment Mr. Ryan squinted with fascinated gaze down the interior of a blue steel tube that seemed to his apprehensive vision to be a mile in length and as large in its interior dimensions as one of those massive implements of war that grace the revolving turrets of a battleship.

"Well—I'll—be—d——d!" stated Mr. Ryan feelingly, after a surprised moment of silence, allowing the pink sporting sheet to drop from his relaxed fingers to the floor.

"Sit down, Paddy," invited Brannigan pleasantly. "I want to talk with you."

Sulkily, Mr. Ryan complied with the invitation, relieving his overcharged feelings with a lengthy flow of picturesquely vigorous profanity.

"Now, Paddy," observed Brannigan pleasantly, when his host had ceased swearing from lack of breath, "I've got you dead to rights, and I'm going to make you a proposition. You've got the goods, and you'll have to give them up, either to me or the police. I've got a private agency man watching every entrance to the building. If you'll look out the window you'll see one across the street. And I have an assistant waiting at the public telephone booth around the corner. If I don't report to him in ten minutes he'll call police headquarters, and then, Paddy, it will be you for the barred window and the bread and water diet. And I don't think you like bread and water, Paddy—you tried it for a couple years, didn't you?"

Ryan squirmed and glared at his tormentor malevolently. "D——n you—yes!" he growled.

"Now then," continued Brannigan, "I'm going to offer to compound a felony. I don't care two cents whether you go to prison for the rest of your existence or not, but I do want the *Express* to have the prestige of turning over the Prince's jewels to him without police assistance. The game is up for you anyway, and I'll give you a hundred dollars to recompense you for your time and trouble, and fake a story about the recovery of the jewels that will not involve you in any way, if you will hand them over quietly. Think quick, Paddy, time is fleeting."

For a long moment Ryan gazed contemplatively at the ceiling, watching his dreams of Nice and Paris and Monte Carlo dissolve and disappear—then he sighed deeply, and rising, lifted the cushion from the seat of the Morris chair, ran his hand into an opening in the under side, drew forth a chamois bag and handed it to Brannigan.

"They're all there," he said huskily, and Brannigan, assuring himself by a hasty inspection that this item of information was correct, handed the chastened Ryan a hundred dollar bill, backed alertly to the door, unlocked and opened it, stepped through it with a parting smile and hastened down the stairs.

An hour later he was on his way to Washington, and after the jewels, imposingly arranged, had been photographed for the Sunday edition he returned them in person to His Royal Highness.

"Your newspaper enterprise—it is marvellous," said that exalted personage. "I feel myself to be under the deepest obligations, both to you personally and to your paper."

"It is a pleasure, I assure you, to have been of service to your Excellency," answered Brannigan, bowing himself from the presence.

A week later while in the midst of his labor on the story of a scandal in the Land Department, a secretary of the Turkish Embassy presented himself at Brannigan's desk in the reporter's room of the *Express* and gravely placed in his hands an elaborately gold-mounted shagreen jewel casket. Surprised, Brannigan pressed the spring that released the cover, and when it flew back, there on a bed of crimson satin lay revealed the gorgeous jeweled star of the Order of the Moon.

"With the most gracious compliments of His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha," stated the secretary with punctilious exactitude, and saluting gravely, he departed.

A WEDDING TRIP FOR ONE

By ZOE HARTMAN

THE big lake liner was on its way at last. Shirley Neeves clung to the rail and gazed back over its lengthening wake at the distant docks which were fast merging their identity into that of the sky-line. She was still a little numb and dazed from the shock of the morning—her wedding morning when she had wakened to find that her bridegroom had departed for regions unknown with another bride. At first she had sat stunned, while her sister-in-law wept and her brother swore; then suddenly her brain had cleared, restored to activity by an inspiration to take her wedding journey alone. Why not? The traveling suit, a triumph of un-bride-like inconspicuousness, was in readiness; the trunk and the suit-case she had been packing for weeks were even then awaiting the transfer man; and every inch of the route she knew by heart, for she had planned it herself months ahead. Why should she return to the covert gibes and intolerable condolences of the girls at the office, or lay herself open to the pitying patronage of her brother's family?

As her eyes wandered out over the blue, sunlit waters of Michigan, she laughed a hard, defiant little laugh at the thought of the storm of disapproval, not to say horror, awakened by her announcement of her determination to take the projected trip. They had looked at her as if they doubted her sanity, and had given her to understand that she was about to outrage the most sacred tradition of rejected love—namely, that a broken heart should stay broken for a decent interval, say, at least twenty-four hours! But the dashing of her matrimonial hopes had left her, for the first time in her life, indifferent to authoritative opinion and inaccessible to the proprieties—a suddenly reared tower of reckless self-confidence. She knew she was doing an unconventional thing and she gloried in it, feeling vaguely that, somehow, she was thereby getting square with fate.

"Am I to stay here with my nose to the grindstone for the rest of my days," she had demanded of her tearful sister-in-law, "just because Joe Sellars chooses to throw me over? I've never been anywhere in all my life, nor had anything nice to wear till now. And I've always wanted to see the Lakes and the Thousand Islands. *Let* people talk! They'd talk worse if I stayed. And if I can help it, they're not going to get the idea that I'm pining for Joe Sellars. I'm going!"

Again she laughed aloud with a grim triumphal joy in the reminiscence, and aroused herself with a start to the reality of the gleaming white deck, the oily undulations of the waters about the stern and the deep, not unpleasant accents of a human voice addressing itself, apparently, to her.

"Well, who'd dream of meeting you here, Miss Neeves?—I suppose it's Mrs. Sellars now!"

Amazed, Shirley turned quickly to see before her, hat in hand, a brawny stranger, square of chin and deep of chest, whose brisk movements and fresh, unlined face belied his heaviness of build and the sprinkling of white in his hair. There was something vaguely familiar about the way his eyes had of smiling deep down in their sockets beneath bushy brows, while the rest of his face remained grave; and she felt overwhelmed with confusion under their whimsical gleam of recognition. As if divining her difficulty in identifying him, he came to her rescue.

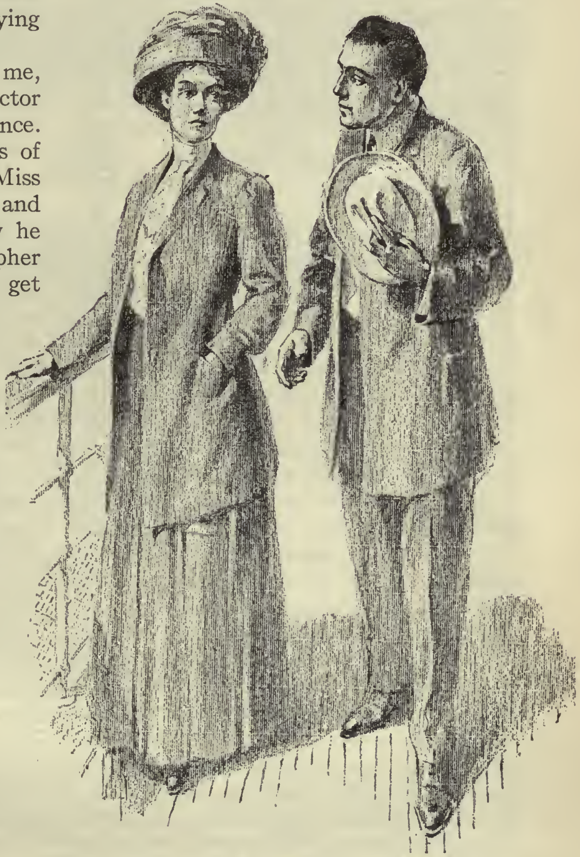
"I'm afraid you don't remember me, Mrs. Sellars. My name's Bryson—Proctor Bryson, of Atlantic Central Insurance. I used to see you often in the offices of Smith and Belknap when you were Miss Neeves. I was in there not long ago and my friend Smith was telling me how he was about to lose his best stenographer in a few days, for she was going to get married. I'm glad to see you again. D'ye remember how Smith got you to do a long abstract for me once when my stenographer left me stranded?"

Shirley caught her breath sharply, and then bit her lip to cover up all traces of bewilderment.

"Yes, I remember you now, Mr. Bryson. Did—did Mr. Smith mention my new name to you?"

"I don't think he did. I saw the name on your suit-case while you were at the purser's desk downstairs, and I said to myself, 'Bless me if it isn't the bride starting on her honeymoon!' By the way, I once did a little business with a Joseph Sellars, but I suppose it can't be the same chap. Dandy sailing weather, isn't it? Looks as if we'd have smooth water the entire trip."

Again that deep-set smile, bewildering in its possibilities of frank good-fellowship; but Shirley was too badly shaken for any more friendly overtures. How she got rid of him she never knew, so intent was her mind on a certain incriminatory suit-case which, she hazily remembered, had been carried to her stateroom by a cabin-boy. Thither she hurried—all but ran—to fling herself down beside the suit-case and stare helplessly at the name inscribed on one end in small, black capitals, "Mrs. Joseph H. Sellars." Her first sensation was one of acute consternation over the fact that the label, put on by her own hands with many a proud flourish, had been overlooked in the excitement of the morning—after all the pains she had taken to eliminate all traces of the bride from her appearance! Her first impulse was to repudiate the title at any cost, then followed a hopelessly impotent feeling that the mistake could be cleared up by nothing short of a full confession of her jilted state to Proctor Bryson—an ordeal not to be considered for a moment as being within the range of the humanly possible. Besides, there was the remote chance of attracting the suspicions of others, who, like Proctor Bryson, might have seen the label.



"Well, who'd dream of meeting you here, Miss Neeves?—I suppose it's Mrs. Sellars now!"

Stupefied, she made her way slowly back to the upper deck, trying to recall the mental processes by which she had decided on her present course, but the nightmare of the morning had left nothing but anguished blankness of mind. Passing through the ladies' parlor, she paused, struck by a reflection of herself in one of the full-length mirrors. Passing over the discovery that it is possible to lose any of one's two and thirty years with the aid of a glove-fitting tailored gown, even of the most conservative color, she told herself that while the face was too white and the eyes were too feverishly brilliant, there was happily no hint of the lovelorn old maid in the mirrored figure.

As she gazed, a reckless daring grew within her; why not play the role thus thrust upon her, for all the glory and distinction there was in it? She felt reasonably sure that the tale of her poor little matrimonial fiasco could not filter far beyond the limits of her small circle, since her brother and sister-in-law, feeling a kind of family disgrace attaching thereby, would be loth to spread it. Without any consideration for qualms or doubts, her decision was taken.

After her first sensation of distaste had worn off, she spent the rest of the afternoon on deck behind the covers of a magazine, evolving an appropriate fiction to account for her lack of a bridegroom. Also she dug up an old wedding-ring for the emergency—a family heirloom which she carried with the rest of her valuables in her suit-case. So she was ready for Proctor Bryson when, the next morning, he drew his chair up close to hers and began apologetically, "I must beg your pardon, Mrs. Sellars, for the foolish blunder I made yesterday in assuming that you were out on your wedding trip. I sort of wondered at first why you didn't present your husband, and when I saw he wasn't with you on deck or at dinner, I realized that you were traveling alone. I tell you, I almost put my foot in it once or twice!"

"It was a very natural mistake," said Shirley, feeling herself flush up under his frank look, but meeting his eyes with a steady smile. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Bryson, I am taking a belated wedding journey. You see, immediately after our marriage, my husband was called away unexpectedly on very pressing business, and of course, just at that critical moment, what must I do but come down with a terrible nervous headache; and he had to go on and leave me. I'm on my way to join him in Montreal and then comes our real wedding trip together."

It was only a warmed-over tale of a friend's interrupted honeymoon, but, charged with romance by her imagination, it acquired a sweep of enthusiasm that carried conviction to herself as well as her auditor. She told herself she was surprised that the hard, prosaic drudgery of her life had left so much romance in her.

"It must be hard luck to have your honeymoon postponed!" he sympathized with a heartiness that made her wince. "But it's not so bad, I suppose, as no honeymoon at all. Now that's my fix. Confirmed bachelor—no hope. At least, so my friends say." He chuckled whimsically, then veered to a more business-like tone. "That reminds me—I'm going to Montreal, too. I had intended to stop a few days with an old chum in the Thousand Islands, but this morning got a message by wireless that'll make it impossible for me to stop. So you see, I'm yours to command till you find your husband. Any little odd jobs you may have that you don't want to turn over to the middies, just set 'em aside for me."

Seized with a pang of uneasiness, Shirley started to demur, but was overruled by his protest that it would be a great feather in his cap to serve a bride. Under the soothing influence of his big, cheery, wholesome personality, her doubts subsided, and she yielded herself, at first reluctantly, and then with the avidity of a pleasure-starved soul, to the seductions of the great horizonless world of waters. Here sunset was a miracle, and the cry of the herring gulls mingled with the hissing of the water about the bow, and made a wierd lullaby that was like a sedative to her weary mind and jaded nerves.

The outlook from her deck-chair revealed a more kindly, softer-cushioned world than any she had ever known—one that seemed furtively interested in herself. For the story of her delayed honeymoon gradually found its way to them through the garrulous old captain, whose genial interest in her she saw fit to repay with the confidence. She loved to lie in her chair and let her eyes rove the length of the deck, where the sleek and well-groomed passengers lounged or promenaded, and in many a fleeting glance paid respectful tribute to her new dignities. As the hard-driven stenographer —humble cog in the wheel of business—she had never known that deference. Then, too, the chivalric devotion of Proctor Bryson, none the less gratifying because offered to a presumably married woman, went far to help her forget the man who had discovered that his engagement to her was "all a mistake" in time to take his wedding journey with another woman.

Sometimes she almost forgot about the other man completely, and laughed and jested happily with Proctor Bryson or matched her fancy with his in weaving wonderful half-spoken romances of the lake and the sky, as they leaned on the rail and looked out over the water. The transition from the Lakes to the St. Lawrence was a source of almost childish delight to her, and the Thousand Islands with their shore line of gleaming lights, looming up in the summer twilight, like so many half circlets of jewels, awoke every sybarite instinct in her.

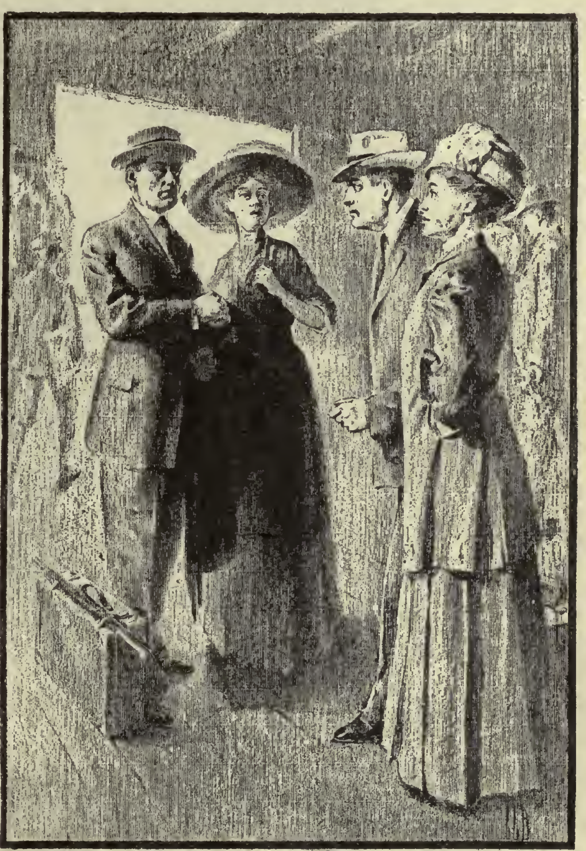
"Arabian Nights land!" she breathed wistfully, as he pointed them out and described their beauty. "I want an enchanted palace there!"

He surveyed her thoughtfully with a look she did not understand. "You're right in line for one," he said whimsically. "Happy people always get one."

The unconscious irony of the remark chilled her, and she was glad to bury it deep in plans to prolong the trip from Montreal to New York. Meanwhile, as they approached Montreal, Proctor Bryson laid possessive hands on her suitcase, tranquilly reasserting his intention to "stick by her till she found her husband."

"Oh, I don't expect Mr. Sellars at the pier to meet me," she assured him hardily. "He'll be much too busy for that. I shall take a carriage and go straight to his hotel."

"Do you know, I've a kind of an idea he'll be there," he observed. "I should if I were in his shoes. We'll look for him, anyway."



"Just then Proctor Bryson intervened with a storm in his eyes that drew from her a low word of entreaty"

Shirley flinched at the shaft, thankful that the confusion of landing relieved her of the necessity of a reply. As they made their way down the gangplank and wedged through the crowd on the pier, her mind was too busy with the problem of how to get rid of her cavalier to grasp immediately the significance of a certain familiar-looking back looming up ahead of her. It was not until the owner of the back drifted slightly apart from the crowd at the further end of the pier and presented a clean-shaven and almost delicately regular profile, that she awoke, with a half-stifled cry, to the possibilities of the situation. Proctor Bryson turned quickly and looked at her with concern.

"What is it? Did they jostle you? Or," fatal instinct sent his glance flying after hers, "did you see Sellars?"

Just then the crowd broke and he of the profile swung front and advanced to within a few paces of them, talking proprietor-wise to a pretty woman, a silk-lined, sleepy-eyed creature with an expression of sweetness that just escaped insipidity.

"Well, I'll be —! It *is* the Sellars I once knew. Come along, Mrs. Sellars, we're in luck!" cried Bryson in his big, hearty tone, darting forward, too absorbed in his discovery to heed the voice at his elbow, pleading in an agonized undertone, "Don't, oh, please don't, Mr. Bryson, it's all a mistake!"

It was too late. Sellars had already seen them and stopped short. Of the conventionally handsome type of man—straight-browed, thin-lipped and square-jawed—he was, however, lacking in a certain rugged openness of feature that stamps mere good looks with the seal of the thoroughbred.

"Hello, Sellars, don't you remember me?—Proctor Bryson, who insured your life once back in the days when I was with the Metropolitan Life? Glad to see you again. I had the honor of coming up from Chicago on the same boat with your wife, and we've just been looking for you!"

Sellars recoiled before the outstretched hand.

"My dear Mr. Bryson? I don't remember having met you, but I'm willing to take your good intentions for granted and explain that this lady is not my wife. I really haven't the honor of her acquaintance. *This* is Mrs. Sellars!"

Drawing his companion's arm magisterially through his own, he flung Shirley the impassive glance of the stranger, but she noticed the trembling of his hand and the sudden damp pallor in his face—a sight which gave her the iron steadiness for which she was groping.

"Mr. Sellars is quite right." She faced him without a quiver, inaccessible alike to the helpless amazement of Bryson and the arctic temperature of the bride. "There has been a mistake. Neither of us has the honor of the other's acquaintance. Come, Mr. Bryson, shall we go?"

Sellars blinked and mumbled something she did not catch, for just then Proctor Bryson intervened, with a storm in his eyes that drew from her a low word of entreaty. By the time the current of the crowd caught them and swept them away to the landward extremity of the pier, he was raging.

"Why didn't you let me hit him? He'd have made such an elegant corpse—the d—— hound! It would be a much neater, more sportsman-like job to jam his head into the pier than to swear out a warrant against him for desertion and bigamy!"

"But it was a mistake! You think—" Shirley's voice failed her.

"No, no, you can't feed me that little fiction! Your face told me all I wanted to know, and his, too. What's to be gained by trying to shield the cursed reptile? Now he'll get away!"

"Shield him!" She laughed hysterically, her control fast slipping from her. "Why should I shield him? In the eyes of society, he has committed no crime. It's I who've been a terrible fool. I lied to you. I'm still Shirley Neeves. He simply jilted me, that's all."

Bryson stared at her blankly, while she rushed on, panting in her effort to hold herself, "And I thought I was going through a stage of romantic suffering for this wretched little shrimp! And I laid myself open to the impossible humiliation of being repudiated by him even as an acquaintance, after stealing his name and masquerading as his wife for three days! To drag one's pride in the dirt for a creature like that!"

"Why did you pass yourself off as his wife?" He was watching her, puzzled, in a patient effort to gather up the broken threads.

"Because I was mad as a hatter! I went blundering off and forgot to change the label on my suit-case and after you had seen it, I didn't have sense enough to tell the truth, or lie out of the fix cleverly. Why, the lie even pleased me—I enjoyed being a bride—ugh!" The dogged hardness in her tone broke. "Please call a carriage, Mr. Bryson, and get me some place where I can scratch off this horrible label!"

Promptly he hailed a passing taxicab and helped her in, calling to the chauffeur: "The Windsor," then to Shirley quietly: "Now tell me all about it. How did you happen to take the same trip as Sellars and his wife?"

"How was I to know they'd take the very trip he and I had planned. Early the morning of my wedding day—the day I left Chicago—when I got his message saying he was to be married to a former sweetheart, I was desperate. I'd been looking forward to this trip six months. Never'd been anywhere to amount to anything in my life before, and the grind at the office was driving me crazy. Besides, I just couldn't bring myself to go back to the disgrace!"

"It isn't a square deal, sure, but disgrace—" he protested, with a boyishly obvious effort to spare her further humiliation.

"Yes, disgrace!" she burst out in long-pent rebellion against the nameless law that penalized her failure to hold her lover. "A big-minded, generous man like you, Mr. Bryson, simply can't realize what it is to be a jilted girl! It's the man that does the wrong—she's perfectly innocent; yet by the time her best friends and all the respectable people and all the bums in town get through with her, she's lucky if she has any self-respect left, much less a rag of reputation! There was a jilted girl in the office across from ours, and if what she went through—oh, well, what's the use?" She paused, oppressed by a dread of impending tears. "I was a coward and a f-fool not to know—there are—worse things to f-face! D-don't think I'm going to cry! I n-never cry!" And she choked back the sobs in fierce disgust.

Proctor Bryson squirmed a little and looked fixedly out the window.

"And I had the chance of my life to hammer his worthless carcass to pulp!" he muttered. "That's always the way—those whelps usually get away with nothing worse than a good hiding or a fifty thousand dollar breach of promise suit on their hands. He thought he saw breach of promise in your eye, all right, a minute ago!"

"Breach of promise suits are for people who have money to pay l-lawyers," she quavered, dabbing industriously at her eyes. "My skimpy savings would never reach around one, especially after this trip.—Oh, it *is* funny, after all, isn't it?" She suddenly burst into a tremulous little laugh. "Just to think of my blubbering here like a baby, instead of thanking my lucky stars for my escape! Suppose I'd married him! That would have been the real tragedy!"

"Well, you're about the gamest little woman I ever saw!" remarked Bryson, fixing her with a steady, thoughtful look under which she felt herself flushing uncomfortably.

"Game? No, if I'd been really game, I'd have stayed in Chicago and faced it out. I—I'm ashamed to think how badly I've behaved on this trip. And you've been so good to me, Mr. Bryson! It sort of took the bad taste out of my mouth to find one man too big and fine ever to play the sneak or the cad. I—I shan't forget it, I can tell you, when I get back to Chicago."

"You aren't going at once?" he asked quickly.

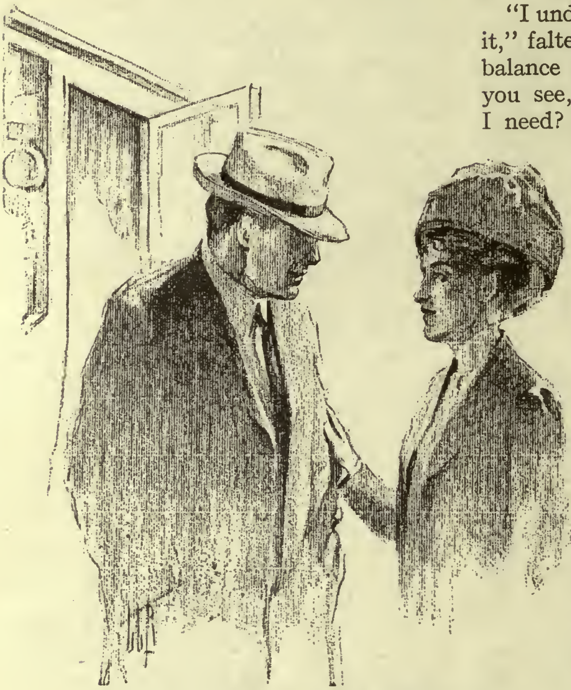
"By the very first boat. Oh, it won't be so bad." She fetched an heroic smile. "People will finally forget."

"Why go back at once?" he objected, after a pause, clearing his throat impatiently to gain better control of his voice. "It's hideous to think of your facing the torture alone. Why not travel around awhile and get your bearings, and then go back with me—as my wife? I—I wish you'd consider it, Miss Shirley, I really do!"

Shirley shrank into her corner of the cab, the hot blood mounting her face and neck, her pulses in a tumult.

"I know you speak out of the goodness and generosity of your heart," she said, when she could speak, "so I'm not going to be offended. But go home, Mr. Bryson, and think no more about me until you can forget your pity for me. Then you'll be grateful to me for not taking advantage of your kindness."

"I haven't made you understand!" he exclaimed in a tone of self-disgust, leaning toward her, his face tense with earnestness. "D'ye think I could be such a cad as to offer you pity at this time? Besides, it doesn't cut any figure in my offer. I'm thinking chiefly of myself. On the boat, while I still supposed you to be a married woman, I began to discover how much I cared—and it hurt. I know I'm a great club-footed blunderer to let it pop out like that, but isn't it human for a fellow to want to do something when he sees the woman he loves up against it?"



"I would let him live—if I were you"

"I understand now; and—and appreciate it," faltered Shirley, adjusting her mental balance with a strong hand. "But don't you see, that's not the kind of comfort I need? I must go back there at once, and take the pitying gossip and the jeers and thrive on them. It's the only way to get back my self-respect. What I need now is not a husband, but a friend."

"And you have him right here. If that's how you feel about it, Miss Shirley, I'll never mention the other thing to you as long as—you want to keep an embargo on it. Will you shake on the friendship business?"

Slowly she put out her hand. As he wrung it, the taxi drew up at the Windsor and the door flew open. After helping her out, he bent down to look up into her face and ask anxiously: "By the way, if I should meet Sellars, I don't know whether to hasten his exit from this vale of tears, or merely to kick him off the street. Suppose the day'll ever come when I'll want to thank him—for anything?"

For the life of her she could not suppress a tremulous note of laughter, as she whispered: "I'd let him live—if I were you."

THE ISLAND OF PEACE

by

Stuart B. Stone

"PEACE," murmured the Finnish military attache, shifting his toy of a sword.

"Peace . . . world-peace," buzzed the South African vice-admiral, with a tug at his gilded war-frazzling.

"Peace . . . peace . . . peace," droned ambassador, charge d'affaires, humanitarian, under-secretary, minister plenipotentiary. The pauses, the breaks in the hum were punctuated oddly by clank and clatter of cold steel.

Old General von Bernstorff bowed his purplish, apoplectic face until his crisp, white mustache almost profaned the delicate cheek of the Directress of the Department of Civic Beautification.

"Peace is a rainbow," cackled the old gallant. "Look—ere it fade.".

Anna Sartoris followed his airy gesture. In the luxurious leather armchairs in the council hall of the Brockenvelt Foundation in Washington lolled the scarlet and gold of Iberia, the blue of France, the bright green of Carpathia, sheen of gilt, shimmer of tassel and scabbard. The girl did not smile. Her ripe lips were compressed painfully.

"Don't laugh," she pleaded. "How can you at such a moment? I'm all a-tremble—almost afraid."

The veteran of Folkestone eyed her whimsically. "Listen. A few bars of such metallic music will frighten the dove of peace from our midst forever—"

He was interrupted by the sharp tattoo of the gavel. The chairman arose. He was unwontedly pale, this little, iron man of affairs.

"I request your undivided attention," he began. "I need not dwell upon the vitalness of the matter in hand. Mr. Gates, president of the Universal Peace Propaganda, will give us in detail his final proposal."

From the richly-carved, massive table in the center of the circular chamber, a young man arose. A single calm, imperious glance checked the swish of whispering. His face was grave, lined, kindly. His tones were rarely incisive, yet oddly magnetic.

"There is no change in the tenor of the Propaganda's proposal. It is—in a word—lasting world-peace to be accomplished through the Foundation's purchase and destruction of the navies of the earth. The power is yours. The report of your treasurer just read shows that the original Brockenvelt bequest of three hundred million dollars, augmented by the splendid gifts of later philanthropists and magnified by the judicious investments of the directorate, has resulted in a fund computed in billions. The Foundation influences—nay, I speak plainly—controls practically the commerce, industry, diplomacy and statecraft of the world. The ruling idea of your founder was that the directors should be left absolutely unfettered to administer unto the future as the future would be ministered unto. There remains then but the one question of advisability. What is the greatest benefaction the foundation may render unto the world? What single achievement, though accomplished decades after his death, would inscribe the name of Brockenvelt on Fame's golden scroll as the greatest human benefactor? It is world-peace."

General von Bernstorff, fidgeting restlessly, grew rigid at a turn of Dyke Gates' prematurely-gray head.

"General von Bernstorff, you have a suggestion?"

The old war-dog, sullen for a moment, rose with a military click. "God of battles—yes!" he blurted. "The uniform

I've worn these forty years—the unnumbered thousands of good and brave men to be thrown out of employment and all aim in life by this fantastic dream——"

The peace-president broke in. "A million good and brave men released from the steel bonds of a profession of death and destruction, diverted into channels of useful productiveness, made into breadwinners and croft-builders. What else?"

Old Bernstorff sank stubbornly into his chair. A swarthy, fezzed figure in the rear of the chamber arose.

"The plan—it is good. Always I have so favored the disarmaments. But why is it—to destroy—sink down—blow up—such ships, great moneys, into ocean. I understand not——"

Again Gates interrupted. "The modern battleship, designed solely to destroy and defend, is incapable of conversion for any useful peaceful purpose. When removed from the fighting line it is valuable only as scrap steel. The cost of demolishing, transporting, re-forging would hardly justify the expense. My plan is simpler, surer, more profoundly impressive. The pressure of a button, the thrum of the wireless, and the armadas of the earth settle beneath the waters of Amity Bay."

A Prussian naval lieutenant, one of a knot of a dozen grouped immediately behind Gates, sprang up. "I suggest," he said, "that, despite the prodigious sum to be expended by the Foundation, there is no money really lost, save the mere cost of the iron and steel. The hoarded moneys of the Foundation thus released will be sufficient almost to discharge the national debts of the powers. The money will re-circulate immediately, furnishing the impetus for tremendous industrial development. The cost of all government will be reduced enormously; taxes will cease to be a burden. The matter of cost, I think, may be eliminated from the discussion."

The Australian military attache was on his feet. "One thing you forget," he reminded. "The barbarous races, the wild peoples, they that torture and eat their fellow-men."

Anna Sartoris half-rose, placing her hand lightly upon the gilded sleeve of the diplomat. "We shall win the wild peoples by deeds of love and charity," she said.

Dyke Gates nodded, the first flush of the evening in his cheeks. "Fortunately the old world numbers few barbarians in this enlightened day. But we have allowed for that. It is proposed to destroy only the battleships, the larger cruisers, and the bulk of the aerial craft and submarines. A sufficient number of small gunboats will be left to police the wild places. The slight aerial and submarine force preserved will be insufficient unaided by the main line of battle to cause apprehension of international trouble."

Gates took his seat amid a silence tense and painful until the chairman rapped for attention.

"You have heard," he said. "Most of you are already aware that the directorate of the Foundation has practically unanimously approved the plan of the Propaganda. The ministries of the principal powers also have consented. Under the terms of the treaty, about to be submitted, the nations agree to build no more fighting ships, to disband their naval establishments with the exception of the mosquito fleets, to decrease their armies to the dimensions of mere constabulary forces, and to arbitrate all international matters of dispute. Has everyone been heard?"

A low growl from old Bernstorff was the only response. "There remains but the outline of the plan of action," continued the chairman.

Dyke Gates arose again. This time there was a click to his heels suggestive of the growling Bernstorff. "This is the plan," he announced. "On a date to be announced within the next few weeks the navies of the world will rendezvous at Amity Island in the South Pacific. Crews barely adequate to navigate the vessels thither will be carried. A great fleet of liners will go empty for the purpose of transporting the assemblage back to the mainland. A marble memorial, artistically befitting its great purpose, will be erected on the island. There amid appropriate exercises the current will be released to destroy the world's battle-line. Every detail will be announced as soon as possible."

As Gates took his seat, the secretary of the Foundation began to call the roll of the nations. One by one the accredited representatives of the powers approached the table and affixed their signatures. At the call of the Austro-Germanic Confederation, old Bernstorff, scowling prodigiously, stalked to the table and sprawled his long name. A perfunctory motion to adjourn carried and the assemblage filed out silently.

Dyke Gates lingered. Anna Sartoris, the Directress, was placing the pen used by the treaty-signers in a recess of her flowing, wide-sleeved purple robe.

"An ode, Madam Directress," he said lightly. "Surely the occasion will justify one of your rhythmic measures. 'The Song of the Brockenvelt Rocks,' say."

For the second time that evening she asked a man not to laugh. Her own rich notes trembled slightly. "Brockenvelt is the world's creditor. His magnificent bequest made this thing possible. But yours is the idea. I've been thinking—I don't know. If I can find the words, I—I'll sing mainly the greatness of Dyke Gates."

He went disconcertingly pale. "Ah," he cried, "an ode—write me a latter-day ode of the man and the idea, of lasting fame, of power——"

"Of power?" she echoed, vaguely puzzled.

"Aye, power, my captain!" responded a deep voice. They both turned to observe Kolb, the Prussian lieutenant, in the shadow. Gates frowned.

"Lieutenant, you have orders to execute."

The big German saluted half-airily and withdrew. The Directress, clutching the precious penstaff, drew her classic robes about her. The high-keyed tension, the tremendous enthusiasms of the evening had gone from her. She felt oppressed, uneasy, over-strained. "Why does he salute you?" she asked, almost petulantly. "Why do you give orders? Why do you have such incongruous members in a peace propaganda?"

He laughed with his old kindly magnetism. "Don't mind Kolb. He couldn't bid his grandmother farewell without saluting. When the day comes, we'll put old Kolb to plowing, or preaching. Remember—the ode."

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "Good-bye."

Anna Sartoris, entrusted with the preparation of the program for the exercises attendant upon the engulfing of the fleets, temporarily relinquished her work of civic adornment to a subordinate. Accustomed to handling enterprises of vast scope, she felt an almost utter incapability for her task. To President Navarrez of the Iberian States she assigned the opening address on "Millennial Dawn." The proceedings were to begin with a prayer by Pope Leo XVII and to close with an invocation by Ito Ko Shan, the Buddhist scholar. Madame Gormelli of the National Theatre was to sing "O, Bird of Peace!" with a thousand-voiced chorus of all nations for the refrain.

"It's writing history—world-history. It's hardly a woman's work," she complained to Gates when he came to exhibit Jean Paul Laudanne's design for the stately onyx and marble peace memorial to be erected on Amity Island.

He laughed down her doubts. Since the signing of the treaty he was given more to laughing, she had noticed. When she insisted that his own bas-relief adorn a panel of the temple, he declined the honor absolutely.

"You are too modest," she urged. "It isn't a matter of personal preference. This is your work, your masterly achievement. You have no right to refuse."

"I have no rightful place thereon. If I have consummated a world-achievement, let me not perform a world-jest." He spoke roughly, bitterly. He left her hurt and wondering.

The preparation for the coming event threw them together constantly. Her own private suite in the splendid domed palace of the Foundation was quite near the quarters assigned the Peace Propaganda. He consulted her daily on matters of strange portent to a woman—of the time for the sailing of the Chinese squadron from Pichili, of the reluctance of the Italian republic to class the Victor Garibaldi as a fighting ship, of sinister details of lyddite, kilowatts, armor belts, fighting tops and magazine hoists. She surprised him with her technical knowledge of such matters. He could not know that since the signing of the treaty she had spent hours nightly in the study of arms and armaments.

Her eager enthusiasm merged gradually into a set, implicit belief in the absolute sanctity of the enterprise, a viewpoint he seemed rather to combat. At times he appeared to waver, to doubt his own handiwork. The ode he had insisted upon had now no charm for him. Lines here and there hinting his praise and glory he hurt her infinitely by commanding her to omit. His conduct puzzled her, rendered her increasingly uneasy. Before the signing of the treaty he had been a model of unflagging, never varying determination. Now he would tumble from a wildly exultant mood, oddly tinged with near-egotism and tendernesses which brought flushes into her cheek, to fits and spells of silence wherein he would seem almost to regret the great mission.

The headquarters of the Propaganda gleamed with an incongruous display of the war-colors of the nations. Stolid Prussian lieutenants, sprightly French captains of chausseurs, melancholy Chilean commandantes thronged his rooms. On one occasion, standing unobserved in the shadow of the hallway, she witnessed the leave-taking of Lieutenant Kolb, about to sail for Kiel.

"I understand, my captain," the lieutenant was saying, "the signal of last resort is—". The lieutenant leaned forward, whispering.

Gates nodded.

"Here's hoping we may never use it," said Kolb, and strode off.

Later, poring over a chart of the little-known Amity Island while awaiting Dyke Gates in his office, she read mechanically the open pages of a note-book:

"Admire .....H. M. S. Magnificent.
Adore.......U. S. S. Oklahoma.
Aim ....Command Beach.
Alter ....Prinzessen Carlotta Maria."

"Why should a peace society have a code-book of warships and military details?" she asked upon his return.

"Why not?" he parried gravely. "The cable companies give us no reduced rate. With what has a peace society to deal if not with military detail?"

Next day the press dispatches announced the first sailings of the remoter fleets—the British, Scandinavian, French and Iberian squadrons. Within a few days every armored vessel of fighting pretensions had cleared for the island rendezvous. The leviathanic cruisers of the Venezia type, incomplete in the Spezzia yards, were towed. Scores of other vessels in more or less advanced stages of completion or repair were towed similarly from Clyde, Fore River, Yokohama, Kiel and the LaPlatte. The seven seas swarmed with the gray and drab steel monsters running up to fifty thousand tons' displacement. Huge smokeless, electric-propelled passenger liners accompanied the war-dogs for the purpose of bringing home the meager crews. Marines, blue-jackets and gun crews mainly were left behind, turned adrift into the unfamiliar ways of civilian life. The aircraft were carried on the decks of the larger ships.

A luxurious aerial special carried the members of the official party from Washington. The President of Federated North America, the Vice-President, the fourteen members of the cabinet, the chairman and directorate of the Foundation, the accredited representatives of twenty-nine powers, poets and singers assisting in the program, and Anna Sartoris. Dyke Gates and the executive board of the Peace Propaganda had gone before.

Whirring over the boundless southern seas in the vicinity of the island, the party beheld far below long lines of majestic ships plowing steadily southward, splendidly oblivious to their impending doom. Swift scout cruisers, speeding at more than forty-five knots, appeared to float idly upon the face of the gray-blue waters. The passengers gazed awesomely down from the glazed observation-windows of the aerial liner. Most of them had strutted in gold harness all their lives.

"It's like attending a royal funeral," muttered the Russian ambassador.

"It's like waiting on the combined funeral of all the kings of the earth," growled old Bernstorff. He turned quickly at a light touch upon his arm.

"It is indeed a royal burial," whispered Anna Sartoris, "a burial of international hate and envy and discord, General. If—if only——"

"If what, my dear?" prompted the veteran, wonderfully mollified.

She turned away with a sigh. The unrealness of it all bore upon her. The inconceivable sublimity and audacity of the idea, the strange spectacle of the doomed armadas underneath. She seemed to dream. Where was Dyke Gates? Where in that vast expanse of sunlit, spice-laden sea was his uniformed, spurred and booted company of peace propagandists?

Another hour of swift, silent flight brought them to the island. Jutting out of the warm, tranquil waters to a height of fourteen hundred feet, flanked with a tropical extravagnace of spike and frond, the speck of land elicited an involuntary gasp of admiration from those on board the aircraft. In the landlocked harbor worthy of Rio Janeiro, at this distance appearing like beetles drowsing in a pan, the armada of the nations lay. Half a thousand monsters of war floated idly at anchor—grim, gray thunderers from the Clyde, squat, broad-nosed German craft, trim, white Australian cruisers. From their mastheads fluttered the war-spectrum of the nations—the seventy-starred American emblem, the blue cross of Muscovy, Argentine's mystic sun-face, the tri-color of France, the spitting dragons and crimson sun-balls of the unchanging East. Crowning a slight eminence above the harbor was the marble and onyx peace memorial, its domes and minarets in odd, white relief against the background of Edenic verdure. Upon the sloping beach hundreds of seamen strolled—turbaned, fezzed, jacketed, tunic-clad. As the airship passed over the harbor a jarring medley of martial music floated up to them—*Die Wacht am Rhein*, God Save the King, *La Marseillaise*, thumpings of tom-toms, the shrill skirl of bagpipes, the clamor of brass. Far beyond, in the wooded heart of the island, Anna Sartoris discerned a break in the thick tangle of vegetation, a long irregular line of something vaguely white.

The liner slowed down, landing easily upon the beach. The diplomats alighted, glad of the opportunity to stretch their cramped limbs. The Directress gazed about the unreal scene. Nowhere showed a familiar face or sight. It was as though she had been set down in a Seventeenth Century pirate rendezvous or a modern, exhibition-made Streets-of-Cairo. Her head almost reeled. She must think. She must get to herself. Behind the splendid peace memorial a forest of palms and mangrove promised cool and fragrant seclusion. She hurried in that direction.

Within the forest's shadow the jarring impression of the motley congregation gave way to a feeling of delicious intoxication. Gnarled and twisting vines, thick as a man's leg, crossed the narrow path. Sweet, faint aromas of the world's hot girdle wafted to her delicate nostrils. Petals bright as the coat of Joseph brushed her cheek. Gaudy parroquets and cockatoos, nature-painted birds she had seen only in zoological gardens, chattered and scolded. She walked on and on, giving no thought to lurking danger overhead or underfoot. The exercises were scheduled for the late afternoon. It must be now about eleven o'clock. The forest was restful, sense-stealing, alluring. Here was peace, good-will toward men. It was relief, thrice-blessed.

She had walked she knew not how long when the path took a sudden dip, a sharp turn and ended. She found herself looking out upon an unexpected clearing in the jungle. For an instant, she thought she must dream again. She rubbed her dazed eyes, pinching herself. She did not dream. Spread out for her wondering inspection was a long line of low, frame, barrack-like buildings. To the extreme right she beheld a mountain of stacked coal and beyond that a row of shaft-houses with their inclined planes and somber smoke-stacks. Here and there trim khaki-clad pickets walked.

A sudden clatter of conversation caused her to shrink back in the shadow. Two of the guards almost brushed her as they passed. They were jesting roughly of some dereliction of duty. She waited until they passed, then proceeded to skirt the clearing. A painful hundred yards ahead and she came upon a shed of mammoth dimensions. Numbers of square, wooden boxes were stacked before it. By their markings she knew them to contain ammunition. She proceeded toilsomely and guardedly, to discover a vast frame shop-building containing machinery and a cluster of buildings evidently intended for officers' quarters. The clearing extended into the distance in a series of what she realized must be plantations.

The mangrove forest held quarters and maintenance for an army. Why? How was it that he, who had acquainted her with every minute detail of preparation, had not spoken of these things? Did he know of them hinself? She leaned against a thick trunk and thought. Today the island held a great crowd to be fed, it was true; but the ships in the harbor had brought abundant food. They were to embark upon the passenger liners before night. The assemblage upon the beach would not require such extensive provision. Then the ammunition—brought from the doomed vessels probably. But no, the compact was that guns and projectiles were to go down with the ships. And the coal, and the repair shops? She put her hand to her fevered forehead and groaned aloud, for the moment oblivious to all danger of discovery. The spice-scented breeze caught her rich, red-brown hair, loosened from contact with the sharp fronds, and sent it streaming. Vague premonitions, chance words, the strange code of the Propaganda, Kolb's remark about the signal of last resort—these things flashed across her heated brain.

The stir of an approaching sentinel aroused her. She glanced overhead. The sun was far to the westward. She must get back to the peace memorial on the beach. Somehow it seemed that some unfathomable, unearthly danger awaited the motley throng.

She turned and began to retrace her way through the stubborn foliage. The return of the pickets forced her farther into the forest. Stung into frenzy by the feeling that she alone among those who had come on the airship knew of the existence of a permanent military depot on the island, she struggled through the dense growth, at first hardly noting her direction in the intensity of her purpose to get forward, to be in time—in time. After a few minutes of this aimless progress, she desisted, endeavoring to get her bearings. The path should have been about here. No, it was at the foot of the slope. She retraced her steps hurriedly, took another observation, then realized that she was lost.

"God of nations!" she moaned. "Give me strength—wit—time!" Springing up, she located the receding sun and proceeded to beat her way steadily northward. Here and there she was forced to detour to avoid some impenetrable thicket or impassable gully. Once a bright, gaudy something squirmed and hissed in the grass at her feet. Another time she touched a bough that moved clammily away. An hour passed—two—three—an age—an eon. Through it all the prayer thrummed in her mind—"Strength—wit—time, time, time!" Time for what? She did not know. Her head began to swim. She heard faint music—dim, sweet, heavenly harmonies. Now she knew she must dream. "Jehovah, Lord God, who holdeth the nations in his hand—" The fourth number of the program! No, no, she did not dream. It was the 179th Regiment Band. The exercises had commenced. She had stumbled upon the edge of the forest. Breathlessly she ran down the slope and out upon the crowded plain. Before the peace memorial the solemn mob surged. Madame Jomelli's golden tones were filling the tropic air with the first notes of "O Bird of Peace." On the sun-kissed waters of the great harbor, the international armada, augmented since the morning, lay deserted, awaiting the thundering doom. Then she must be in time. In time—in time for what?

Desperately she sought the man, the one man whose great will and force had made the strange scene possible, the one man who could prevail at such a moment. In the sea of strange-garbed heads she could not find him. She bumped into old Bernstorff, redder than ever in the fierce heat of nine degrees south.

"Dyke—Mr. Gates—where is he?" she demanded.

"Sh-h-h-h!" cautioned the old veteran. "Don't miss this song. It's the only good thing about this dam—er—this abominable business. Why—what's up?"

Someone plucked at her sleeve. It was Lieutenant Kolb, still harnessed in the bright tints of war.

"Mr. Gates desires to see you immediately—come."

He conducted her along the outskirts of the crowd to a low, rough shed at the water's edge. Kolb opened the door, almost shoving her inside. He did not enter. Inside, Dyke Gates was peering through a slit to observe the exercises. The shed was filled with strange mechanical appliances, a jumble of wires, levers and armatures. Gates turned upon her. There was that upon his face which she had not seen before—a fierce triumph, mastery, exaltation, something that checked her hot words. He was first to speak.

"I've been searching vainly for you. Your absence has caused the only hitch in—in what's happening."

Suddenly she found words. "In the forest—back there, Dyke—I saw coal mines, powder, machinery, quarters for an army—why——"

He nodded gravely. "They are mine—though my pickets must have been careless. All this is mine, too." He made a sweeping gesture toward the armada in the bay. "I have outwitted the diplomacy of the earth. I've trapped her mailed fist. I rule the old globe. She's mine, every sea and continent."

She shrank back, doubting his mind's balance. He sensed her fears and smiled reassuringly.

"I'm not mad, either," he explained. "The big-wigs and minor poets yonder have a precious button and a tangle of machinery they'll unloosen after a bit. It's been inspected and O.K.'d. They imagine they are going to destroy those war-dogs frowning out there. Unfortunately there's one false line in the chain. The real connection is here." He indicated his machinery.

"There isn't a living soul in all that great fleet, save on one ship. You see the 'Manitoba,' the double-turreted battleship next the landing? She commands the beach. No one can embark without the consent of her big guns. On board the 'Manitoba' are the leading spirits of the Propaganda. You've remarked their military qualities heretofore. With them are enough picked tried men, themselves mainly ignorant of just what's up, to man the guns of the line nearest the shore. From the mob up there we can force enough recruits to serve our temporary purposes."

"But why—why have you not told me all this?" she demanded. "It is monstrous—impossible—insane!"

He leaned forward impulsively. "I could not tell even you; I haven't time now. But it's to rule the wide world—with you as queen, empress or whatever pretty title you fancy. With that invincible armada at my beck and call, from this paradise isle I can destroy the shipyards of the earth, levy tribute upon its ports. There'll be no bloodshed. I simply compel, overawe. It's a dream greater than Alexander's—beyond the imagination of Genghis Khan—too vast for the brain of Napoleon. They dreamed of world-conquest. I have conquered."

"God in Heaven!" she cried. "You would take upon yourself the powers of the Almighty!"

The thousand voices of the international chorus singing came through the rough slits. He examined his watch. "Listen," he commanded. "There's no time for explanations, for pleadings. I'm no colossal criminal, no monster. I'm fit—with your aid—fitter far than those out there for world-government. My dream, too, is of peace. It's already mainly accomplished. But I go further. With your help I dominate the world—force its beautification and uplift—dictate the policies of the nations for their own good, for the good of the seething masses out beyond that great blue rim. Don't you see—see? You must see!"

His clutch upon her arm tightened until she gasped in pain. The mighty chorus died out. The President of the North American Federation began to quote from the Apocalypse. The throng turned toward the sea.

"When the President finishes—" she muttered.

"When the President finishes the world begins a new era—the age of Gates," he completed. "No time now for explanations. Afterward you will understand."

He stepped toward a nickeled lever. The movement turned his back to her for an instant. The prayer of the forest rang in her ears. "To be in time—in time—in time!" She threw her strong, lithe frame upon him. The folds of her long, purple robe she had ready to choke, to strangle. It was not necessary. The weight of the unexpected attack bore him down. His forehead struck against a coil of the dynamo. He lay quite still.

For a second, she felt that she was fainting, then she rallied and hurriedly examined the maze of wires and levers. A push-button in the wall almost grazed her shoulder. It must be the explosion-release. She started to press the button, then drew back. Those men on the "Manitoba"—to encompass hundreds of deaths! No, she could not. She put her hand to her forehead and thought. In another minute the man on the floor would awaken. He would conquer her, she knew. Better, then, the swift, minor tragedy of the "Manitoba" than this impending enslavement of the whole world. She put forward her trim finger, wavered an instant, then pressed the button. She slapped her fingers to her ears, expecting, dreading the roar of the heavens rended. But nothing happened. The ships in the sunlit bay still floated easily. Yet something was happening aboard the "Manitoba." Ah, the airships. They were deserting the "Manitoba." The button she had pressed had been the signal of last resort, the sign that the scheme had failed. Thank God! There would be no blood upon her hands. Now if she could but find the appliance to accomplish the explosion. Ah, God of nations! A slight noise at her elbow diverted her attention. Dyke Gates was upon his feet again.

"What is it?" he muttered, blinking dazedly through the window at the mounting aircraft. "What's happened?" Mechanically he reached forward to reverse the nickelled lever.

She arrested the extended arm. "No—no—no," she pleaded sobbingly. "Don't do that! For me—for me—for my sake—that your name may be blessed forever by those up there!"

Gates hesitated, one hand upon his throbbing head. The ascending line of aeroplanes came steadily on. Kolb had opened the door and stood upon the threshold anathematizing all women. She scanned the walls hurriedly.

"Where—where is the explosion-release?"

He had both hands to his bleeding brow. "Behind you," he groaned.

She sprang at the indicated button. Next instant she was flat upon the floor across the sprawling forms of Gates and the Prussian lieutenant. Her head ached thumpingly. She would never, never hear again. Through the seaward window she saw that the sun had gone from the leaden sky. The world flamed. The harbor had risen. The firmament rained smoke, spars, foam, hulks, guns, solid steel. She looked up the hill at the throng before the peace memorial. They were upon their knees. Ito Ko Shan, the Buddhist, was offering his invocation just as called for by the program. They had never known.

"Thank God," she murmured, "for peace that passeth all understanding!" She turned at a slight touch upon her sleeve. A man, limp, sprawling, bleeding, yet smiling, extended his hand.

"Not my name on the fair roll—but yours," he said.

She turned and ministered gently unto him.

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THE MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur Wilson

THE temper of the audience at the premiere at Philadelphia of Victor Herbert's opera in English, "Natoma," was a feature of the performance. I mean the unconscious and therefore truthful frankness with which it sensed and reflected the vitality of what it saw and heard on the stage. The intangible yet deeply pregnant atmosphere or spirit which is created by and pervades a large audience at a crucial moment in the performance of a drama is a striking illustration of brutal and unembellished honesty. The mask of sophistication is down. Social amenities are forgotten. Impulse rules, and for that one instant the hearer reverts to the elemental state of an honest animal. He is bored, puzzled or pleased. If he feels boredom, but is constrained because of obligation, deference or friendship to show signs of pleasure, consciousness and memory will quickly conspire with habit to replace the social harness, but it is too late. His mood has been fused with that of others, here, there, yonder, and it is instantly the prevailing mood of the audience, as clear and appreciable an appeal to the senses as is the record of a voice upon a phonographic plate.

The psychology of the emotional expression of a large body of people is a curious, baffling, yet inexorably logical and withal a highly instructive thing. The effect of stimuli from the external world upon the nervous centers is a larger determining factor in the daily walk and conversation of men than the prompting of precept, duty or any other volitional allegiance. It is the subconscious impulse which is indicative of true feeling, because it springs from the inmost sources of life; therefore it is something elemental, physical, not denoting commonness in the sense of vulgarity, but a fundamental attribute of humanity, just as the roar that bursts from thirty thousand throats at a critical moment in a baseball game, when, by a skillful play, the favored side scores the winning run, is something more than a loud noise. It is the spontaneous expression of tremendously vital feeling. By their interest in one of the teams, and in proportion to the intensity of that interest, the spectators are charged with a nervous vitality as a dynamo is charged with electricity. If the climax turns on a winning play, and that interest is glorified rather than crucified, the vitality is released, hence the roar. It is simply the demonstration of a law of nervous energy, which is in force as truly in the lyric theatre as in the sporting arena.

An athletic contest generates nervous excitement because it involves suspense, a problem and a sharply defined conflict. It has wide popular appeal because dramatic instinct is universal, and it is the very essence of drama, for drama is either forceful or feeble in proportion as it consists of a bitter struggle, leading through clear, cumulative development to a powerful climax and at least a plausible solution. It may be argued that the arena breeds excitement which is physical and primitive rather than emotion which is spiritual and exalted, such as it is the function of drama to do. The one is but the refinement and the higher development of the other. Both must trace their origin to the same source. When the drama loses the fundamental principle of the games—namely, that of stern and relentless conflict, then the dramatist should make the arena his laboratory. He is losing sight of the primal nature of man, to which he must, at least in some degree, appeal, for no matter how deep the veneer inlaid by habit and social environment, that elemental nature will endure, and from it powerful emotions will continue to spring as long as blood is blood and nerve is nerve.

If then, the world over, the spectacle of a struggle strikes deeply through the attention, into the interest, even to the emotions of normal men and women, whether it be that of a gladiator and a wild beast, a wrestler and his mate, two league champions on the diamond, or Macbeth and his fate upon the stage, let us examine the inherent qualities of the libretto which Mr. Redding wrote for Mr. Herbert's opera, and notice its effect upon the audience, not after Mr. Herbert's friends were minded to think of him and his music, but during the first seconds which followed the curtain upon particularly the first and second acts.

First, what of the story? The first act takes place on the island of Santa Cruz, two hours' sail from the mainland. The second and third acts are laid in the town of Santa Barbara on the mainland. The time is fixed at 1820, under the Spanish regime. Natoma is an Indian maiden, the daughter of a chieftain and the last of her race—they always are on the stage. She is the slave and childhood's companion of Barbara, the beautiful daughter of a Spanish gentleman, Francisco. Natoma loves Barbara as do certain others. The first of these is her cousin, one Don Juan Bauptistta Alvarado, who, according to the *Century Magazine* (volume 41, 1890–91, page 470) was His Excellency, the Constitutional Governor of the Californias and Monterey, but according to the libretto is merely a dashing, adventurous and amorous Spaniard. Barbara rejects him once in the first act, and again for all time in the second.

One shrewdly suspects that it will be the business of the be-titled Alvarado to hatch and perpetrate plots for the discomfort and annoyance of some more favored suitor, who is soon found in the person of Paul Merrill, a handsome young lieutenant in the United States Navy whose vessel is anchored nearby. Being the accepted lover, he is necessarily the principal tenor of the opera. There is also a half-breed, Castro, who aspired, with Natoma once his, to restore the glory of their decadent race, but she scorns him. Since he is a minion of Alvarado, one again shrewdly suspects that together the two will concoct the necessary mischief to keep the play running smoothly.

These are the chief personages. In the first act Natoma is seen showing Paul about the island. He rather fancies her. She, in her naive simplicity, is seized by a passion for him, a devotion as absolute as the fidelity of a dog. She tells him that Barbara is coming home from school and that he will love her. Barbara does return from the convent. She and Paul look into each other's eyes, and the orchestra begins straightway to play the love theme. Alvarado sings a serenade, makes his proposal and is rejected. He and Castro exhibit the dauntless courage of their several races, also their love of vengeance by plotting to abduct Barbara on the following day from the festivities on the mainland in celebration of her return home, and her coming of age. At this occasion the townspeople of Santa Barbara and of the surrounding countryside and the troops from Lieutenant Merrill's ship would all be present, that the daring of the conspirators in whisking the girl away bodily from the midst of such a sprinkling of friends might be the more illustrious.

Natoma, who was secreted near, within an arbor at a well, overhears this gentle scheme, and putting her vase upon her left shoulder, walks slowly, very slowly, diagonally across the stage and off at the rear. This walk up stage as it was done by Mary Garden, who created the part, was one of the memorable moments of the opera. The gliding, panther-like movements of her hips, and the gliding, panther-like movements of her feet as she drew them along, close to the earth, were sinister with a meaning which boded no good for Alvarado. Then the stage is cleared and the shades deepen for Barbara, who sings "good-night" to her father—a most amenable parent, who objects neither

THE "BIG QUARTET" THAT PRODUCED "NATOMA"
The American grand opera that had its first production on any stage in Philadelphia on February 25. *From left to right:* Joseph D. Redding, who wrote the libretto; Andreas Dippel, general manager of the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company; Cleofonte Campanini, general musical director of the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Victor Herbert, composer of "Natoma"

to her remaining out to contract a cold in the starlight, any more than to her choice of a lover. But the love duet must be sung, so she begins it, alone, like Juliet, and like Romeo, Paul arrives, overhears, and the compact is sealed. When they are enarmed, a light is seen moving in Barbara's house. It presently stops, and in its pale reflection is seen the face of Natoma looking upon them as though suffering, but with stoical endurance. Thus the curtain falls.

The second act is the scene of the festival. There is pageantry and there is dancing and singing. When all have gathered and Barbara and her father have entered triumphantly upon horses, Alvarado proposes that she dance with him the minuet which her mother had taught her. She complies, and rejects him for the second time when he throws his hat upon the ground, and she refuses to pick it up and place it on her head, which would have been a sign of acceptance had she done so.

Castro now sticks his dagger in the ground with much bravado, and challenges all comers to a dagger dance, a form of amusement which Mr. Redding is said to have found existing among the inhabitants of the mountains of California. Natoma, with an ominous air, walks forward and plants her dagger beside that of Castro, and the two begin to circle about the blades with lithe, crouching and menacing movements. As Alvarado and Castro appear about to begin to snatch their prey from her father's side, Natoma seizes her dagger and plunges it into Alvarado. Castro is about to exterminate her, when Lieutenant Merrill intervenes. The populace is now supposed to prosecute vengeance upon her which the sailors from the vessel endeavor to prevent, a situation not made altogether graphic at the first performance. At that movement the doors of the mission at the rear of the stage swing open. A priest appears, raises his hands and calls: "Hold! hold! *Nomine Christi!*" The crowd is awed into silence, and waits motionless. Natoma slowly walks toward the mission and disappears within. Its doors close. The curtain falls.

The third act reveals Natoma within the mission. She has a song of disordered fancy in which the thought of motherhood seems to prey upon her mind, as the sleep-chasings of a fevered and deranged brain. In its apparent intent to create a foreboding, this number is not unlike Desdemona's "willow" song in Verdi's "Otello." Then follows a long soliloquy, which dramatically is the strongest portion of the work.

In her desolation and semi-delirium she sings broken rhapsodic utterances of Paul; she harshly upbraids herself for having done wrong, for having been false to herself, to her father's teaching, her people's faith, in loving this man; she calls to the Manitou for mercy; she will arise and go to her people, and they will drive the invaders before their wrath like thunder, and again possess the land.

She is startled by the priest calling "Peace" to her. She derides his God. He holds out Divine help to her. She, embittered, will admit no need of help. The priest leads her thought to Barbara, the one tender chord of her heart, and urges her acceptance of the ministrations of the church, Barbara's church, with the argument that it will make Barbara happy. She gives her word to accept.

The mission begins to fill with people, who enter the several pews and are seated, facing the altar which is to the right of the audience. Natoma meanwhile stands immovable by the railing. Paul and Barbara enter and sit in the foremost pew. The choir of monks chants a Gregorian hymn. The priest proclaims a text from the pulpit. Doors open at the side, a chorus of nuns enters singing. Natoma descends from the altar and approaches Barbara. As she does so, Barbara kneels before her. Natoma takes from her throat her amulet which had been the fetish of her religion, and places it over Barbara's head. Natoma then slowly walks out the door at which the nuns had entered. The curtain falls and the story ends.

Stripping these events of embellishment, this is about what remains: a slave girl, who loves her mistress, loves the man who loves and is beloved by her mistress. Another man who sued for her mistress' hand has been refused, and plots to run off with her. The slave stabs him. After crying out to her Manitou in the belief that she has done wrong in loving this white man, the lover of her mistress, and that in penance she will return to her people, she is persuaded by a priest to renounce her religion and receive the ministrations of the church, because the priest tells her it will please her mistress. This is dramatic structure which Mr. Herbert undertook to clothe with music. There is the mistress and her lover in whose avowal of passion and oneness of soul the librettist requests the interest of his audience. There also is the wicked intriguer, Alvarado, whom the librettist wishes to be held in displeasure. Aside from fancying a foolhardy undertaking, he is the finest fellow in the opera. Does the course of the story compel us to give it our attention and emotional interest, unconsciously and without volition, even though we be not intimate friends of the librettist, of the composer, or even of opera in English, or does it not?

Granting that the love interest is simultaneous on both sides—indeed, Paul hears Barbara telling the stars that she loves him before he gets his breath after running up the hill to say that he loves her—where are the dramatists' obstacles set in the way to impede this match, to emphasize, to place value and distinction upon it, to enlist the interest and sympathy of the audience in it, even to arouse the audience with a desire to fight the lovers' battles for them? Dramatic motives of that stamp when infused into a play defy lethargy or indifference. Where, too, are the cross relationships imposed by the dramatist upon his principal characters, which demand an attitude and course of conduct toward one which will be unfair, unjust, even perfidy toward another? Where, besides Alvarado's fatuous plot, is there some device to provoke a sense of apprehension in the audience?

Let us look for a moment at the plot of a familiar opera. When Verdi wrote his "Aida" for Ismail Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, he was fortunate in having for his librettist Mariette Bey, the eminent French Egyptologist, who, in his research in the history of ancient Egypt, had

MARY GARDEN AS "NATOMA" THE INDIAN GIRL

found an incident from which he evolved the scheme of the plot. Not all men who make the writing of librettos their avocation, fare as well. Here are four principal characters, Aida, Amneris, Rhadames and Amonasro. Examine for an instant the relations of each to the other imposed by the dramatist. The several relationships of Aida are: to Amneris, that of duty of slave to mistress; to Rhadames, that of fidelity to a betrothed husband; to Amonasro, that of obedience and honor to a father, and to her own people. Each of these three relationships is absolutely irreconcilable with either of the other two. As slave she is guilty of gross presumption and infidelity in loving the man who is beloved by her mistress. As the betrothed of Rhadames, she is guilty of treachery in beguiling him into betraying the location of his army's camp to a rival general, and thus bringing everlasting ignominy upon him. As the daughter of Amonasro, she is a traitor to him and to her people whose princess she is, in loving the leader of the army that has taken her father and others of her own people captive and has ravaged her country.

Amneris, as queen, must sanction the death of the traitor Rhadames, yet as woman, her love compels her to plead to the high priest for his exoneration. Amneris has held Aida in affectionate regard, yet she is humiliated to see the general of her armies pass her by and prefer the charms of her slave. Amonasro beholds his daughter in love with his captor and the despoiler of her own country and her own people.

Here is a plot in the very essence of the word, for here are strands of human passion which cross and recross with conflicting and radically opposing interests. Every moment of the dialogue between any two of these four characters is fraught with the deepest dramatic significance. Even during the imposing pageant of the triumphal return of Rhadames laden with the spoils of the war, Verdi does not halt the progress of his drama. It may be that to many "Aida" is a hackneyed opera. Its power to give pleasure will often depend upon those who sing it, and not upon the subtleties or the craftsmanship of its plot, but it has a strength of construction which would permit it to be acted as a spoken drama, because in it there are problems which defy a common solution, conflicts to be waged in which the emotional interest of an audience is unconsciously and spontaneously enlisted.

Where is there any excitement to be derived from a cross relationship in the characters in Natoma? The chief motive of the drama is inherently weak. It is a conflict between the slave's sex-love and her devotion to Barbara. The devotion of woman to woman is a noble and beautiful spectacle in life but it lacks theatrical plausibility. It is not a theme to be expounded on a stage. Furthermore, as the story of Natoma now stands, this conflict is kept entirely within the heroine's own soul. It may be raging there with all the fury of the contesting elements, but if so the audience can only vaguely guess at the fact. Natoma has disclosed the depth of her love for Barbara by the eulogistic account of her mistress which she gives to Paul, and with a commendable touch of dramatic irony tells him he will love her, which, as it presently appears, he hastens to do.

But what of the love which Natoma herself feels for Paul? Miss Garden made it clear that it existed, for when Natoma first came on with the young officer, she threw herself on the ground at his feet, and gazed up in his face in a transport of adoration as she begged for the mere joy of serving him. Natoma is not anemic, she has lived in the open. She is doubtless capable of passion. The biggest thing in her life thus far has been her love for Barbara, but it is the first law of human existence that the sex-love when it dawns is triumphant over every other, and yet from the time that Natoma sees the love of Paul and Barbara, she does not utter a word or perform an act that makes her love convincing to the audience. It may be argued that she is an Indian and therefore stoical, and yet, could there have been a wildly rebellious moment in which she had cried out with all the flaming passion of an elemental soul in bitterness against the lovers' happiness and against her own misery, she would have been more clearly defined, more plausible and more human as a character. There is within her, apparently, no trace of resentment or jealousy against Barbara. It will be argued that herein lie the beauty, the pure altruism, the true psychology of the story, but in the drama there is greater force in action, when love, hatred, blood, violence or some form of sheer compulsion is the motive, rather than altruism; and psychology should be used by the playwright more in the craftsmanship of his drama, and less in its theme and treatment.

The most pronounced and spectacular piece of business Natoma has, aside from the dagger-dance which is picturesque, but merely an interpolation, is her stabbing Alvarado, an act which springs wholly from without her sex nature. When she overheard Alvarado plotting with Castro, is it improbable that she might not have been tempted for an instant with the terrible joy of letting them carry out their scheme, for she had seen the glances between the lovers, and if Barbara were out of the way, perhaps he might be won again.

Natoma's strongest scene as a character and the strongest scene in the opera is that of the first part of the third act. Here one feels the piteous weakness, the humanness of the woman.

The lyrics here, both of her love lamentation and of her resolve to return to her tribal life, are the best of the book. Of course for operatic purposes Natoma speaks English which is intended to be as idiomatic and correct as that of Barbara, just as for operatic purposes Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West" will continue to speak Italian until Mr. Savage permits her next season to speak English. But in this soliloquy Natoma has lines to utter which have dignity, significance and euphony.

The other place in the drama where the librettist has sought to make Natoma express this love conflict was at the conclusion of the first act when from the house she sees the embracing lovers. The lighting at this juncture was unfortunate on the night of the premiere, for her face, illumined by the candle she held below, was as ghastly as that of the returned spirit of Pedro, which, in Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera," comes to walk the courtyard of his brother Ramon, and torment his soul a year after the day Ramon had murdered him. As skillful an actress as Miss Garden is in facial expression, it was beyond her art or that of anyone to make the situation plausible. When the curtain fell, people were groping, mystified, as to what it was all about, even as they were at the conclusion of the last act disappointed that there had not been something which took hold of them, thrilled them with a big, tangible, emotional idea. The applause and the general spirit were desultory, evasive, except as the appearance of Miss Garden and the other singers and particularly of the composer aroused enthusiasm.

The conflict of love and friendship within Natoma's own breast, which is brought to the very beautiful but very rare conclusion that friendship wins, is therefore not sufficiently vital, either in theme or in development, to grip the mind or to incite emotion, such, for instance, as does Mr. Belasco's melodramatic, but inherently stunning game of poker in "The Girl," in which a woman so perverts her moral sense that she "stacks" the cards to win her lover's life and her own happiness.

The element of next importance which one would expect to afford interest would be the real love affair. Mention has been made of the easy time the beatific two, and Paul in particular, appeared to have of it. The girl was his without asking. Father didn't offer a ghost of an objection, or did he even appear to look up the youngster's pedigree. Alvarado, Castro, Pico, Kagama and the rest of the mischief-hatching gang were a double brace of lazy and negligent laggards, for they never so much as challenged their rival to a duel. As a result of these and possibly other more pertinent omissions Lieutenant Paul Merrill's chief function appears to be to sing sentimental ditties, and to wear his sword gracefully—there, it must not be forgotten that he uses it once in defence of Natoma's life, which was indeed a kindness on the part of the librettist. As for Miss Barbara don Francisco, her chief business is to be feted upon attaining her majority, to wear pretty gowns and to reciprocate the affection of Lieutenant Paul Merrill. Both might have been borrowed from some harmless musical comedy; both are about of the same calibre, therefore it is to be hoped that both were duly married.

JOHN McCORMACK
As Lieutenant Paul Merrill in "Natoma"

It is no dramatic fault that Paul and Barbara love at first sight. Shakespeare wrote a tragedy in which Romeo was smitten the moment he looked upon Juliet at the ball in her father's house, but he found other ways to excite interest in the lovers by hemming them about with such difficulties that the audience would be aroused to sympathy and to a desire to themselves aid the pair in attaining happiness. Unless the feelings of an audience are so played upon, how shall the members thereof be moved to swoon with joy when the lovers do finally possess each other? Emotion is entirely a matter of relative and not absolute appreciation, but that is another matter. It was by no mere accident that in the first scene of his first act Shakespeare precipitated upon the public streets a violent encounter between the Montagues and the Capulets, beginning with the scullery boys, or possibly it was the hostlers of the two rival establishments, and ending by drawing the heads of their respective houses into the embroilment. To further show the deadliness of this feud, the prince of Venice arriving in person, complains that too long it has disgraced the streets of his noble city, and that the lives of the participants shall pay the forfeit of its recurrence. As though to further challenge the right of Romeo to love Juliet, the dramatist draws him into a quarrel with the fiery Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, in which Romeo is made to kill him. Here is but the beginning of bitter adversity, conflict and problems which spur the audience to sympathy.

Richard Wagner wrote a music drama on the subject of human passion which might serve as a helpful model, both for its theatrical plausibility and appeal, as well as for the superlative eloquence of its score. Tristan does not woo Isolda under the smiles of a beneficent fate, indeed he does not woo her at all, and it is because that fate, as made theatrically visible in Brangaena's potion, overrules the barriers set in his way by man, that love triumphs. It is Isolda's first duty in the first act of the drama to tell her maid, and hence the audience, of the chasm of outraged pride which divides her from this man who now bears her to become the queen of his uncle, King of Cornwall. If love is to rule between these two, then here at the outset are serious, seemingly unsurmountable obstacles to be overcome, nor is the problem ever entirely solved; thus the terrible suspense hanging over the guilty pair in the garden scene which leads to the tragic climax of discovery after avowals of love which had been doubly poignant in the exaltation and ecstasy of their passion because of that very suspense.

Where are the evidences of a stagecraft in "Natoma" that will set an audience to scheming out solutions for its love problems, or at least rousing itself with some apprehension as to the outcome? There are none. There is no cause for apprehension on the part of the audience, nothing to call for more concern than the most prosaic announcement of an engagement of two young creatures of society upon whom their respective fathers will settle a million, and whose first real dramatic problem will be the divorce.

While there is virtually no dramatic structure in the book, Mr. Redding should have credit for certain lines, chiefly those of Natoma, which have strength and beauty. Her narrative to Paul of her father's ancestry and of the significance of the amulet which she wore is in the trochaic verse of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It has character and is euphonious even as her text in the soliloquy of the last act.

Now let us hear the truth according to Paul. Before the advent of the beautiful Barbara, while the simple ways of the Indian girl yet found favor with him, he addresses her thus: "Gentle maiden, tell me, have I seen thee in my dreams, I wonder?" and we are pardonable if in turn we wonder whether or not, at the island where his ship touched just before this one, he had not accosted one of a sextet of native nymphs in moccasins and buckskin skirts with: "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

When sheer etiquette demands that Paul deliver himself of a congratulatory and felicitatious speech on the occasion of Barbara's coming-out fete, at which time she really makes her debut into the best society of the south shore, the plight of the composer to find something in Spanish politics that a young Yankee could at that time honestly praise is no trivial matter. Obviously the proper trick was to launch out under the colors of a national eulogy and then to shift his rudder with such tact and adroitness as to bring up in the harbor of his adored one's personal graces, where naturally he would have leagues of leeway in which to give free sail to his gallantry and imagination. The discovery of Columbus as the national hero to start with was a master stroke. After paying his respects to him, it was an easy tack around to Columbia, whom everybody would know was the fair Barbara herself, and the string upon which he could fly his kite of adulation through the whole sweep of the romantic heavens in an apotheosis of Columbus and Columbia, love, youth, springtime, nature, the setting sun, open arms, Goddess of liberty and Goddess of the free, and any other pertinent and relevant articles lying about not in use. Fortunately the score contains an argument which sheds some needed light on these not altogether luminous subtleties.

If it be unkind to put such sentiment and such literature into the mouth of the principal tenor of the opera, who usually has a hard enough time of it at best, what of these rhapsodizings emburdened to the night by the young woman he is obliged to love?

> "My confidant, O silver moon,
> How oft with thee I've held commune,
> And wondered if the tale be true,
> That lovers should confide in you.
> Ah, bid me now, when none can hear,
> To whisper in thy kindly ear
> The greatest secret ever told,
> A story new and never old,
> I love him."

and yet people have asked: "Did Mr. Herbert get away from the operetta style of writing? Has he expressed true passion?" Poor Mr. Herbert. He is an able, a well-schooled and imaginative musician, and a courageous man, but he cannot make a prattling babe converse with the moving eloquence of a queen of tragedy, and such ditties as the above are veritable prattle.

It is apparent that the book lacks evidence of the technic of the stage, that its characters are not characterized, and that much of its text is without distinction either as drama or literature. Last month it was the purpose of an article in these columns to show how haphazard and fatuous is our present method of approach to this question of opera in English, for what is a manifestly obvious reason. Before our theatrical producers will risk the expenditure of money on a new play, they are reasonably assured that it has sufficient inherent value as an acting drama to warrant success and the financial outlay. Usually the pieces which meet these expectations come from the brain and experience of a man who knows something about the craft of the stage. But when our composers, who are lured by the deadly fascination of grand opera, undertake to increase operatic literature by one more immortal work, they sublet the making of the skeleton, the bones and tissue of their creation, not to a man who makes skeletons, but who may make houses, or unmake laws, or even make the score which is to clothe the skeleton—men, in fact, who write for the stage as an avocation, a diversion or a pleasant accomplishment. Hence the libretti of our "Pipes of Desire," our "Natomas" and our "Sacrifices," which as far as logical, even plausible dramatic construction is concerned, are either deplorably vapid or deplorably ridiculous. When it becomes the custom to first secure a libretto which could, if need be, stand the test of being acted as a spoken drama, and which is the product of a man who knows by study and by practice, by what conflict, what development and what solution of what dramatic motives such a libretto is to be built, so that it will have vitality and appeal, then there will be reasonableness in a composer's hoping to achieve something enduring. Thus far the year has witnessed sumptuous productions of inherently mortal works, structures of marble reared upon foundations of pasteboard.

In spite of the book, Mr. Herbert has accomplished much in his music. The reviewers in Philadelphia and New York called attention to the fact that in the first act he seemed to be conscious of a restraint which probably indicated on the one hand his desire to keep above the level of operetta, and on the other a style of something less than his usual fluency. The attempt to write music of true passion in the love duet with such a text is reasonably unwarranted. There is however in this act, as through the opera, a vitality and clearness of expression in the orchestra, as when the composer would mirror the situation on the stage, or would follow a quick transition of thought in the story.

As a whole the score reveals a facility in orchestral speech. It is rare that one hears a passage at some sharply outlined or salient moment through which it is possible to see the composer's intention, but revealing an inapt technic which blurs and loses the desired effect. Repeatedly there are situations and sentiments to which the music has given a significance they do not inherently possess. The orchestra does not pall on the ears with heaviness, monotony or thickness in grouping. The heavy brass and the percussion are permitted to sit in blessed silence a portion of the time. There is skillful, ingenious and often exceedingly expressive and beautiful combination of orchestral tints and colors which have been mixed from a resourceful palette and by a keen imagination.

In the second act, where Mr. Herbert is unfettered by the book, he has given his fancy free play and has written music for the pageantry and the dances which carries the stamp of its own irrepressible individuality. There is a melody with a rhythmic lilt and a harmonic color under it which spells Herbert so that he who runs would both read and feel. It is a song for Pico which helps to amuse the populace until Barbara and her father arrive, and it brought the signs of joys to those on the other side of the footlights as well. Here was rhythm and a melody to which few senses will be impregnable, for the appeal of rhythm is the most elemental in music. It antedates melody. There are other interesting pages. The dagger-dance is marvelously sinister and ominous in color, and there is spirited and well-written music for the chorus.

Natoma's music is notably characterizing. The broken and undiatonic melodic line denotes with singular directness and force the rugged strength and sincerity of the girl's nature. Here is true atmosphere and illusion..

While the scheme of leading motives in a score is not a thing about which the general public is fastidious, yet it is due Mr. Herbert to observe the workmanship and display of creative power here that in a large measure reveal his musical qualifications. Mr. Herbert does not employ these themes, or derivatives of them, simultaneously, as Wagner in his maze of psychologic polyphony, but singly, much as in the fashion of Puccini.

There are two themes identified solely with Natoma, one seemingly indicative of her love for Paul, and the other, the more prevalent of the two, emblematic of her fate. The former is the first to appear. After Paul has told Natoma that she casts a spell over all his senses, this theme is heard in the orchestra, pianissimo, in G sharp minor, in the scale of the flatted seventh. It is unqualifiedly Indian in its melodic and rhythmic contour. It recurs at these situations later in the opera: when Natoma falls at Paul's feet begging the joy of only serving him; after Barbara's return and welcome; when Natoma is left alone to muse on Paul's words; when Natoma's face is seen as a spectre at the window during the lovers' embrace; in the orchestral prelude to act two which opens with Natoma alone; later in this soliloquy after she has wished happiness to Barbara and remembers that for an hour Paul's love was hers; again in her disordered fantasy in the church, and finally in the concluding measures of the opera when she leaves the mission and enters the convent garden.

The theme of her fate is a bold phrase first heard in F sharp minor, when Paul asks her what is the secret of her charm, referring to the amulet which she wears. It begins upon a syncopated accent and descends from the keynote through tones on the fifth, fourth and minor third of the scale to the lower keynote an octave below. Its repetitions outline and visualize to the ear the psychologic development of the dramatic motive as far as Mr. Herbert has been able to impart such to the story. They are as follows: in Natoma's narrative of her father's prayer to the great spirit for food for his famished people and how it was answered; with funeral softness and gloom, in the basses, as Natoma tells of her brothers lost in battle, mourned by her aged father; with fine dramatic irony and as a flame of fire in the orchestra when Natoma has recounted Barbara's charms and tells Paul he will love her; at Barbara's arrival and first word of greeting to Natoma; when Natoma introduces Paul to Barbara; when Castro tries to claim kinship of race with her; after Natoma has ōverheard Alvarado's plot with Castro and walks across the stage; at the end of the first act and preceding the second, and when Natoma rises and accepts Castro's challenge to the dagger-dance. Here Mr. Herbert has indicated the moral force of the act by an admirable bit of musical cunning. Heretofore Na-

LILLIAN GRENVILLE
In costume as Barbara in "Natoma"

toma has been passive; her musical motive has descended. Now, although it is not for herself, she nevertheless takes the aggressive, and her phrase, not absolute, but a derivative, is now heard inverted and ascending. Here is a subtle piece of psychology that a man who could write nothing better than even a good musical show would not have thought of. The same ascending phrase is heard in the prelude to the third act preceding her scene which is the strongest part of the opera. The theme is heard again descending when she cries out her resolve to go back to her people, which ethically would have been a weaker thing than that which she did. The theme is heard again in the very closing measures.

This motive contains what is known as the "Scotch snap" which has prompted some to affirm, to Mr. Herbert's legitimate wrath, that it is not Indian at all, nor is it Scotch, as Mary Garden and Andrew Carnegie might prefer, but plain, unvarnished Irish. Of course Mr. Herbert would have had no access to it had it been Irish. Whatever its nationality, in some of the citations I have made above, this figure of the "snap" is used alone, but the significance of the thought is obvious.

The composer makes the orchestra tell what is going on when Paul and Barbara first get a good look at each other by playing a motive of marked melodic beauty whose business it is thereafter to denote the love interest between the twain. Once, a few minutes later, Barbara again rests her eyes on Paul, according to the stage directions, and again the orchestra announces that the shot has landed. The theme begins the scene of Barbara's confession to the moon of her spasms of affection, and thus reassures the impatient who may have feared Paul was going to be prevented by duty on shipboard from arriving in time. It proclaims the tidings when in unison the two vow that they love each other on a high B flat with all the voice they can muster, and later it shows that Barbara is pleased with Paul's grandiloquent metamorphosis of her into Columbia, a near relative of Columbus, all of which is asking a good deal of one group of notes.

It may not be necessary to pursue the musical symbols which accompany and graphically characterize Paul, Alvarado and Castro. There is a noticeable family resemblance between the figures employed to mirror the slippery rascals Alvarado and company, and their sleek if not altogether professional knavery.

It is at once to be seen that this use of guiding motives is not haphazard or bungling. There is subtlety displayed and usually dramatic force and clearness, although I should be interested to know just what is the meaning, hidden or otherwise, in assigning to the Girl's Voice, heard off stage early in the second act, the first two phrases, elsewhere developed as a theme of Alvarado's protestation of passionate esteem, accompanying his words: "Fair one, listen to my vow of love," which he had made to Barbara late the preceding evening. It is now early morning of the second day. Perhaps this is only to imply that here is a fair one who actually believes that it was addressed to her alone.

There is a fastidiousness of taste in detail, but there is to be felt at times the large sweep of true emotional power in this music. The orchestral interlude between acts two and three is not the most convincing music. As a rule Mr. Herbert has found his most worthy as well as most spontaneous and delightful expression in those pages which portray and accompany Natoma.

It was both fortunate and unfortunate that Miss Garden should have undertaken the part. To the eye and by that means to the understanding her portraiture was engrossing and masterful. Her marvelous command of plastique, of pose, of bodily lines and of appropriate costuming and make-up, coupled with her sense of dramatic characterization achieved one continued picture as to the life, which will endure in the memory of all who saw her. The disappointment was in her delivery of the music. In Debussy's semi-declamation, even in the graceful outlines of Gounod's melody in the purely lyrical pages of "Faust," her illusion of voice and command of color is sufficient, but Mr. Herbert's melodic line is merciless. It simply must be sung, or the defective vocalism that would attempt it is unsparingly laid bare. Miss Garden's diction was a model of euphonious English.

Of the others Mr. Sammarco as Alvarado was entirely satisfying, as was Mr. Dufranne as Father Peralta. Of Mr. McCormack, as Paul, and Miss Grenville, as Barbara, the best that could be said is that like their lyrics and parts of their music they would have been counted acceptable in a light opera. Mr. Campanini conducted with sympathy, a fine appreciation and with an authority and command which did not degenerate into brutality. Of the English diction of the singers and some allied topics it will be possible to speak again.

For the sake of the record let it be added that the premiere occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 25, by the Chicago-Philadelphia company, Andreas Dippel, director. The first performance of the opera in New York took place at the Metropolitan the following Tuesday evening. It was sung by the same cast.

A word of commendation is due Mr. Dippel for his courage in undertaking the production of the opera and of accomplishing it with such evidence of zealous care in all regards, particularly the sumptuously beautiful settings and other appointments of the stage. "Natoma" clearly is not the harbinger of the new "American school." Perhaps it has pointed the way to reforms which will hasten the coming of that harbinger. If so, it will not have served in vain.

THERE IS!

By CLEMENT HOPKINS

THERE'S an eye to watch and know each hidden thing;
There's a willing hand to draw each hidden sting;
There's a heart to feel each human beat of ours;
A mind to comprehend our darkest hours.

We never stand to face the world alone;
Angels are near to touch and move each stone!
Our torch may smudge, but yet the light is there
To make the pit of doubt a valley fair!

We may not hear the music when it plays,
Nor see the shining sun beneath the grays;
The East is darkened by our own conceit;
We crush the flower that grows beneath our feet.

The wise Creator dwells not far away,
Nor robed in royal garments does He stray;
Truth lingers near to comfort and to bless,
Within the hut of Love and humbleness.

Soul-love is great enough to lift and bear
The pent-up sorrows of this world of care;
The law of contact will remember me,
And send a message to encircle thee!

BANCORAN

THE CORAL ISLAND IN THE SULU SEA

by

Isabel Anderson

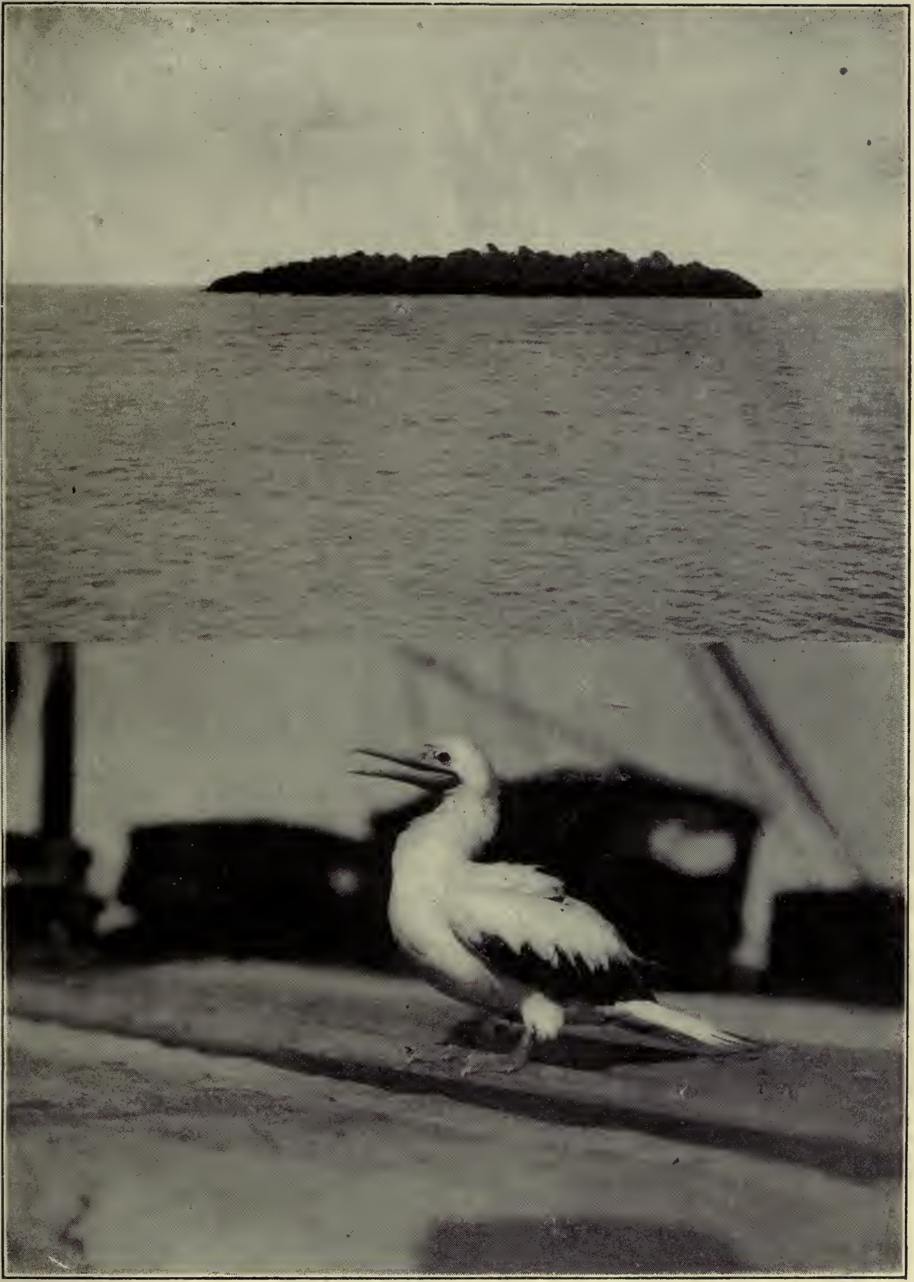
ON a trip through the Philippine Islands in August, 1910, we went out of the usual course of travelers to visit the small coral island of Bancoran in the Sulu Sea, one of the southern Philippines, uninhabited, and seldom, if ever, visited. It was our purpose to obtain, if possible, some new species of gulls or terns, as well as to enjoy the beautiful sea gardens found among coral reefs.

We made the trip on the cable steamer "Rizal," which was about to visit that part of the Sulu Sea in order to inspect the telegraph cables connecting the remoter army posts. When we approached the island, several of us got into the glass-bottomed boat that had been taken along on the "Rizal."

The afternoon was ideal—the sky pale blue, fleeced with white clouds, piled high in masses like glistening snow. The intense sun, shining on the ocean, flashed back a hundred shades of blue and green, violet and amethyst. Out to our right, like an emerald among sapphires, floated the single island, which broke the continuity of the sea. On one side the rocks, which studded the water, chafed the surf into foam. To the left, a long, narrow beach of coral sand lay shimmering, pale yellow under the sunlight. The little island was covered thickly with green trees, which were dotted white with thousands of resting gulls and terns, while others, on the wing, dark-colored or snow white, circled above the beautiful little island in the clear, pure air.

It was from this fairy landscape that we turned to look into the water through the square of glass in the bottom of the boat. If Alice could have had her choice in entering Wonderland, she surely would have selected a doorway leading through a glass-bottomed boat, instead of dropping down a rabbit's hole. Over the sandy surface, only a few feet below us, stretched fields of green sea-grass, on which the fairies must have used lawn-mowers, for it was neatly clipped and well kept. Interspersed among the fields were beds of feathery, lace-like vegetation, unnamed in the language of our party. Passing one expanse after another of submarine pasturage, we saw depressions in the coral where tiny fishes played, or where queer, unknown water creatures had established a little world for themselves and were living in its narrow confines, in the midst of vastness, unconscious of those who were passing over them.

Drifting on into deeper water, we came to a mysterious gray world of curls and feathers, trembling with life, a forest of pale ghost trees and swaying brown ones, of high hills and dark valleys under the sea in the coral reef. Pretty rock gardens came into view, where grew cabbages with blue edges, and purple fans and sea anemones. A huge toadstool was seen, and a giant fungus and a cactus plant—at least they looked like these to us. There were rainbow shells, half hidden, and great blue starfish clinging to the rocks; and in and out among the sponges and the brown coral branches that were like antler horns, swam curious fish—white fish the color of sand, and big green ones with needle noses, electric blue fish, and others black and yellow, silver fish and fish of many colors, and striped ones that looked like sly prisoners dodging their keepers. We caught a glimpse, too, of a huge turtle, nosing around in the



CORAL ISLAND AND ONE OF ITS BIRDS

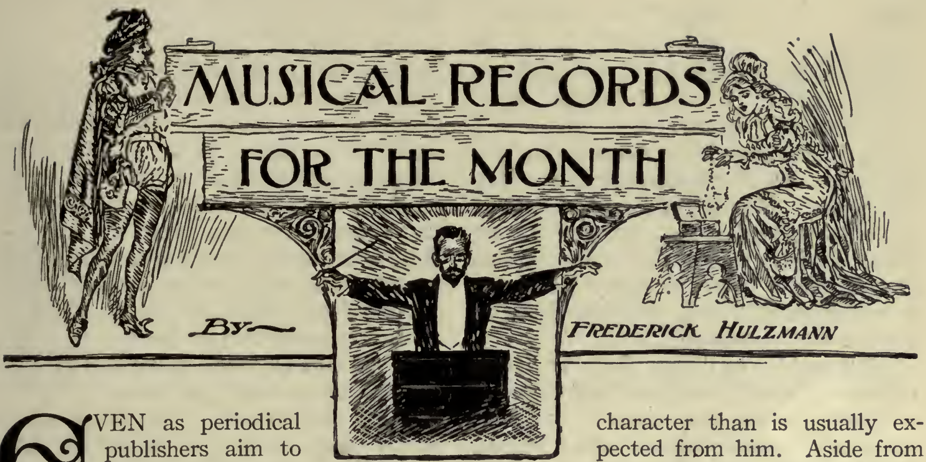
sand—a turtle so big we were sure he must have been a hundred or more years of age.

As we approached closer to the island, flock after flock of gulls flew wonderingly over our small craft, their breasts and wings green-tinted in the reflected light from the sea. We landed and found their nests of leaves built on the ground among the great roots of the trees, some of them containing eggs, which were white and about the size of hens' eggs. There were several varieties of gulls and terns, some brown with green-blue eyes, and others snowy-white. A few specimens were shot, and one or two were captured alive and taken on board the "Rizal" to be carried to Manila for the Bureau of Ornithology. One of these proved never to have been catalogued before, and as the scientists had long been searching for it, our visit to Bancoran was not in vain.

THE PIONEERS OF THE OREGON TRAIL

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THIS was the roadway of the commonwealth
That bridged the continent. This way they came;
The swart, bronzed pioneers from Engelish mead
Or Scottish correi or from Erin's glen.
How brave they were who followed empire's course
And hitched their covered wagons to no star
Save Hesperus! They wrestled with the wood
On rocky slopes where grew the towering pine,
And entered like a swift, resistless wedge
The wide domain where wilderness was king.
This new and spacious land was theirs by right—
As fresh as from the mills of glaciers cold
With water courses crying for the keel,
And fragrant meadows yearning for the strength
Of the plow horse it stretched afar. The rock,
Green-comforted with moss, they touched, and swift
There came the spent cloud's largess of the snows
Their very feet struck fire from out the clods
And wealth was theirs beyond the heart's desire.
But glory more than all the unearned gold
They gave their lives of worth unto the soil,
And the rich mould repaid them every throb.
Their bone and sinew and their zest of fire
Reclaimed the waste place and the desert sand
And made them blossom as the Sharon rose.
The mountain ranges and the canyons wild
Were nurtured in the bloodshed of their souls.
They flourished and they multiplied, and grew
In stature with the peaks that pricked the stars.
Their towns and cities and their capitals
Salute each other on the heights. Their herds
Go down upon the plain, or mantle dark
The hills that thundered to the buffalo.
They need no other monument than these
Their works that make the wonder of the West!



MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

EVEN as periodical publishers aim to give each issue its proper "feature" article, so the several phonograph companies offer on their lists, month by month, some new attraction. It may be a "find" in the vaudeville world; it may be an exclusive contract with a well-known Grand Opera artist, or perhaps some new acheivement in the technicalities of record-making. For instance, the Columbia list for March announces exclusive rights for recording the work of Miss Mary Desmond, the famous English contralto. The Victor people feature "Song of a Nightingale," perhaps the first exact reproduction of a nightingale's voice ever recorded. And the Edison Company has made the first of its double-faced records.

* * *

Pardonable pride is exhibited in the Columbia Company's announcement of Miss Desmond's records. She has lately been at the Manhattan Opera House, New York City, where her work aroused much favorable comment among musical critics. English and Irish opera-goers were quite in love with her rich contralto voice, and on the Columbia list for March, her solos "Nadeschda" and "Beloved, It Is Morn," double disc record No. A5256; and selections from "Samson and Delilah" and "Mignon" ensure for her an appreciative following among Columbia owners.

The Hitchcock selections on double-disc record No. A5257, are especially good this month. "In Days of Old" has been heard by many who saw "The Yankee Consul." "Recollections" gives Mr. Hitchcock in a song of somewhat different character than is usually expected from him. Aside from its value as a very pretty little ballad, "Recollections" proves that Raymond Hitchcock can use his versatile baritone voice to other purposes than of making the public smile.

Few sacred songs have been more finely interpreted than "Lord God of Abraham" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Oh, God Have Mercy" from his "St. Paul," sung by David Bispham on the March Columbia list. Mr. Bispham is admittedly the greatest artist in the field of oratorio, and he has, as the saying goes, "done himself proud," in these two magnificent numbers.

A very fine instrumental record is No. A5253, with the overture of "The Flying Dutchman," rendered by Prince's Military Band, and "A March of Homage," another of the favorite Wagner compositions.

A good negro dialect record is No. A5251, with Golden & Hughes in a skit, "Darkies' Schooldays." On the opposite face are Negro Minstrels, including themes of "Carrie fron Caroline," "Happy Days in Dixie" and "Balmoral."

Some very good dance music is offered by Prince's Orchestra in the "To Thee" waltz and "Emperor Frederick" march and two-step. Schools whose music is furnished by the Columbia will find the "Emperor Frederick" an admirable march in lively time.

* * *

Few Irish melodies are as tuneful as "Where the River Shannon Flows," which, after several seasons' use, was put aside for negro, Indian and again negro "popular" music, only to be revived of late to a more staying popularity. On the Edison list for March, Mr. Will Oakland sings the ballad delightfully.

An Indian novelette rendered by the American Standard Orchestra is "My Rampano." Shouts of Indian braves, war-cries and other features used to embellish Indian music make a very finished record. For "coon" songs, "Down on the Mississippi" and "I Feel Religion Coming On" are given.

Who could sing "Gee, But It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Home Town," to better advantage than Mr. Billy Murray? Versatile artist though he be, Mr. Murray's forte is the interpretation of American enthusiasm. He well voices this national spirit, and cannot fail to please on Standard Record No. 631.

The work of Miss Elizabeth Spencer, a lately initiated Edison artist, has created much favorable comment. This month she sings "Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing" and "Just A-wearyin' for You." "Teach Me to Pray" is sung as a duet by Anthony & Harrison.

An innovation for the Edison public is No. 621, with two selections on a single record. Doubtless Edison owners will welcome the double-face arrangement, and will lose no time in voicing their approval of records of this kind.

Never have I seen an Edison list which did not abound in the best of instrumental numbers. Some notable selections may be taken from the March offerings. "Napoleon's Last Charge," rendered by the New York Military Band, is a singularly stirring march galop. An excellent flute and clarinet duet is "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," by Stanzione & Finkelstein and the Edison Concert Band. Sousa's Band render the "Jolly Fellows Waltz" and "Hobomoko," an Indian composition, in their usual excellent manner.

There is a sizable Grand Opera list, also three new selections by Harry Lauder. The first of these, "Queen Among the Heather," is sentimental; the others, "Breakfast in Bed" and "The Picnic," are comic, and given in typical Lauder fashion.

* * *

Something new is offered on the February Victor list—an actual reproduction of a nightingale's voice. The bird belongs to one Herr Reich, of Bremen, and it need not be explained that much time and labor was necessary to produce this really remarkable piece of recording. Germans have received it with open arms, so to speak, and in musical circles have extensively announced its coming. All Victor owners in America should hear record No. 64161. The production of "Song of a Nightingale" is an event of no small significance in the record world.

"That Girl Quartet" is capable of producing some very fine work. The new Madame Sherry hit, "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," is played by them in excellent shape. The insistent demand for this selection has warranted a vocal rendition as well, and on double-face record No. 16708, Collins & Harlan lend their usual lightheartedness and amusing manner to the interpretation of the sentimental refrain.

Yale men will welcome double-disc record No. 16713, with "Eli Yale," and "Dear Old Yale," by Haydn Quartet; also the very popular "Men of Yale March." One can never resist a good ballad, and Andrew Mack's "Story of the Rose," represents one of these which will never die. John Barnes Wells, the well-known tenor, is singing the number. A novelty polka is the "Piccolinette"—a piccolo duet rendered by Senors Armenta & Rodriguez, supported by the *Banda Policia* of Mexico.

This month the Victor Light Opera Company revive gems from "The Serenade," and from "Babes in Toyland." These two records increase the Light Opera Company's list to twenty-eight, and those who have the complete portfolio possess representative numbers of those pleasing operas which have been most popular in theatrical America since the inception of "Opera Bouffe."

Caruso is singing the "Siciliana" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," a serenade in which the great tenor is at his best. A new Grand Opera artist introduced on the March Victor list is Miss Rita Fornia, the Pacific Coast soprano. Her voice is refreshingly youthful, and her work in the "Flower Song" from "Faust," and in the "Page Song" from "Romeo et Juliette," is laudable.

THE SCIENCE OF EXERCISE

by

J. Edmund Thompson, A.B.

THERE is no subject about which people think they know more but really know less, than "Exercise." But the harm done by wrong exercise is so great and the good that comes from right exercise so fundamental and far-reaching that there are few subjects which it is so vitally important for everyone to understand.

Exercise is a science and a little known one. Most men are as ignorant of its effects as they are about the effect of drugs, yet they plunge into it with blind assurance and often with disastrous results. Neglect of its principles means ill health; adherence to them brings bodily and mental vigor, a happier and more useful life.

For years I have studied exercise as a science. Convinced that I had discovered the fundamental principles of right exercising I have put these principles into effect in thousands of cases. The result of my study and experience the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has asked me to tell its readers. It may be well to preface what I have to say by mentioning how I came to make exercise a serious profession. In a nut-shell, it was self-preservation.

When I left college ten years ago I was a wreck. The doctors condemned my heart and lungs and I was unable to buy any life insurance. As physicians offered me no hope I turned to exercise as an experiment, going as a clerk with the most famous physical culture institute of the time. "Strong men" were turned out there by the score—men who could lift half a ton. But I found that every effort was directed to creating great muscular strength and none whatever to building up a useful, trustworthy and durable bodily machine. Surface muscles alone were developed—not the vital organs.

It was health that I was after—life—and any of the systems then in vogue would have come nearer meaning death to me in my weakened condition. I sought everywhere in book and gymnasium but found no method intelligently directed to benefit an unsteady heart, weak lungs, shaky nerves, sluggish bowels. No attention was paid to the supremely important matter of keeping a sane balance between external muscles and vital organs. I had to work out my own salvation and in doing so I evolved a method of exercise that was new in principle and practice and suited to benefit not only the few would-be Samsons, but every human being who was physically below par.

It has given me not only unusual muscular strength, but what is infinitely more important, superb health; vital organs so vigorous that insurance examiners now tell me that I am a "perfect risk."

The word "exercise" covers a multitude of sins. It is a very loose term used for any form of physical exertion, be it sweeping out a factory, walking home from the office or lifting dumb-bells. To say "Exercise is beneficial" is a very inaccurate remark and a very dangerous belief. It is necessary to distinguish between right and wrong exercise. As often as not big muscles in arms, chest or legs are a calamity, for they actually shorten life unless the vital organs are proportionately developed to take care of them. Constantly I find men who are wearing out their hearts and arteries with some form of violent work they call "exercise." If continued they would die of arteriosclerosis. I tell these men that a pretty good general rule to go by is to take no form of exercise after they are grown up that they cannot keep on with until they are old men.

In order to gain a proper idea of exercise it is necessary to view briefly the simple fundamental laws of physiology. The body is made up of little cells which are constantly changing. Every movement, voluntary or involuntary, breaks down some of these tiny cells. This continual loss Nature continually makes good. When a muscle contracts it squeezes the tissue and forces out blood laden with broken down cells, and when it relaxes fresh blood returns to build up new cells. This is the physiological action of exercise, and unless exercise is directed with this end in view it is useless or injurious.

Movements which keep the muscles at tension stop the blood flow while they last and hence retard instead of stimulate tissue repair. And excessive physical effort destroys an excess of tissue cells which clog the system and cause fatigue and ill health.

Now unless a muscle does fully contract it cannot force out the refuse matter for the blood to carry away, nor will the full amount of fresh blood come to that part to repair the destroyed tissue cells. Full but brief contraction is the secret. It was the recognition of this fact that caused me to put into practice a form of exercise that does more good in two minutes than will an hour of random exercising. In fact, the Thompson Course may be considered an emergency ration of exercise which, because scientifically directed, is made to take the place of that ceaseless physical activity which alone kept you in such good health and bounding spirits when a child. This is made possible because the exercises which I prescribe send the blood, richly laden with oxygen by full breathing, to those tracts of the body which need repair. This is done with scientific efficiency by wholly natural means, through adherence to the following principles:

(1) You have two sets of muscles: the outer ones, which you can feel, and the inner ones, which are your lungs, heart, stomach and other internal organs. The outer ones are conveniences for performing actions. *The inner ones are your life*—the "fate" which makes you happy or depressed, powerful or weak, useful or the contrary. These inner muscles require training, just like any other muscles, by intelligently directed exercise.

(2) Exercise to be wholly beneficial must consist of full and brief muscle contractions.

(3) Every action has three phases: (*a*) the idea in the brain; (*b*) the impulse carried by the nerves; (*c*) the muscular contraction. Exercise that is not based on co-ordinating these three phases is insufficient because mental and physical effectiveness depend largely on the closeness of this co-ordination.

I have stated briefly the principles underlying my work; now as to my method. Exercise must be prescribed to suit the needs of each individual case. Furthermore, the movements should be changed every little while to suit one's exact progress. My work is in the highest degree individual. Each series of exercise is just as much a personal prescription as any medicine given by a doctor. I am able to do this satisfactorily by mail, by studying the answers to questions on a diagnosis blank. In this way my field is practically unlimited and I have been able to help thousands of people in this country and over-seas, without leaving my office here in Worcester, Massachusetts. All of the movements given are natural and gentle. They are not on a continued tension and instead of being tiresome are positively restful. They require no complicated apparatus and take but a few minutes daily.

It remains only to speak of the results brought about by these exercises. Many of the cures accomplished it would be idle to print, for they would not be believed. In numerous instances conditions have been overcome that medicine had failed to reach. The particular cause of ill health is often obscured, though we know it exists. The only reliable method is a general overhauling, putting every organ in normal condition. This is just what my Course does. I work from the inside out, removing the underlying cause of the trouble. If a hundred of my clients were asked what I had done for them, probably fifty different answers would be received. One would tell of strengthened lungs, another of stubborn constipation overcome, another of reduced weight, of greater energy, or a victory over nervousness and insomnia.

I have stated my thesis in a little booklet, "Human Energy," which I shall be glad to mail without cost to NATIONAL readers.

GRANT
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

IN THE COSY CORNER

HOW RECRUIT SMITH WORKED HIS DISCHARGE

By CHARLES S. GERLACH

WANDERING about New York City some years ago Patrick Smith, a bright-eyed and red-headed son of the Emerald Isle, espied a brilliant poster, covered with the figures of handsomely uniformed soldiers, and below these an invitation to ambitious, able-bodied young men to join Uncle Sam's Army. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he concluded to investigate; so wending his way to the recruiting office he interviewed the sergeant on duty there. The latter painted to him in glowing colors the attractions of a soldier's life in the far west, chasing Indians, hunting buffalo and other big game of the prairies. This aroused Smith's fighting ardor, and before he left the office he had signed and made oath to an agreement to serve the United States faithfully against all enemies or opposers whomsoever for the period of five years. Next day he was sent over to Governors Island, where the depot for dismounted recruits was then located. Believing himself to be on the threshold of a new and bright career, he entered upon his duties with great zeal and soon learned the rudiments of drill, and became proficient in performance of the tasks required of him.

Nevertheless, he found it difficult to adapt himself to other service conditions. A fixed ration of slim hash, dry bread and black coffee for breakfast, soup, bread and a small ration of meat for dinner, with dry bread and coffee for supper, hardly proved sufficient to satisfy his keen appetite. Then, too, Sergeant Murphey, his immediate superior, exercised his authority in a most arrogant manner, regardless of the feelings of his subordinates.

All this led Smith to surmise that he had made a mistake by enlisting. However, there was his oath, and he was too good a Christian to violate it, although the failure of some of his comrades to answer "HERE" at reveille roll calls indicated plainly that there was a practicable underground route, whereby New York City could be reached, and that they had deserted the service without difficulty.

However, where there is a will there is a way, and Smith was determined not to suffer any longer than necessary. He put on his study cap and bided his time.

At last on a fine afternoon in July he was on guard, energetically walking his post on the bridge across the moat at the south sally-port of Fort Columbus. The officer of the day approached. It was Smith's duty to salute. Tactics prescribed that this be done by presenting arms standing still, facing the person to be honored. There was also a fixed rule that upon halting, the musket must invariably be brought back to the shoulder.

In this Smith saw his opportunity.

He first halted properly, when he perceived the officer of the day in the distance, and when he approached within saluting distance Smith "presented arms," but instead of standing still, proceeded to march along his post.

Rather brusque in manner, and military withal, the officer of the day commanded—"halt." Smith obeyed promptly, bringing his piece to a carry.

When the officer of the day followed this up with "Present arms," Smith resumed his walk.

Again the officer halted him, and proceeded to instruct him how to salute properly. Smith stared vacantly at the officer until the latter again commanded, "Present arms."

Jumping back suddenly, Smith now charged bayonet and shouted at the officer of the day: "Look here, you, the corporal of the guard told me not to allow anybody to fool with me; you better git."

Dumfounded at this audacity the officer of the day retreated and disappeared.

Soon after the corporal of the guard came up, took Smith off post, and ordered him to go to his quarters. He was not slow in noticing that the non-commissioned officer in barracks observed him closely; he was evidently excused from all duty.

Keeping quiet, he awaited events.

A few days later, he was brought before an examining board, and a short time after received an honorable discharge, *on account of disability not incurred in the line of duty*, with pay to date.

Inwardly rejoicing over this happy close of his military career, he returned to civil life.

* * *

AN INTERESTING ESCAPE

By MARY GETTELL COBB

STEPHEN CARMICK of Ossining, New York, a veteran of the Civil War, sometimes tells of his surprising escape from a freight car, as with hundreds of comrades he was being conveyed to Andersonville, Georgia.

He served in the capacity of Corporal in the Second Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery, attached to the Army of the Potomac, commanded at the time by General Ulysses S. Grant. During the engagement at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22 and 23, 1864, Mr. Carmick was taken a prisoner by Mahon's Division of the Rebel Army.

After many depressing experiences, beginning with an enforced fast of three days, owing to the dearth of food supplies, temporary imprisonment in Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, at Bell Island in the James River, Virginia, and other Confederate prisons, he finally found himself en route for that horrible jail in Andersonville. It was late in July. The weary summer day was drawing to a close. A fine rain began to moisten the torrid Southland, as a long freight train composed of dilapidated cars, crowded with Union prisoners, creaked onto the siding fourteen miles from Columbia, South Carolina, to wait the passing of a scheduled train that was shortly expected. The dismal swamps and croaking frogs accentuated the dreariness, for of the five hundred brave souls packed so uncomfortably in the dozen worn-out cars, many would not pass this way again; some would soon be sleeping, far from home, in the Land of Dixie.

The train waited on an embankment that sloped toward the marshes. On either side a low picket fence, a barrier for wandering cattle, stretched along the waste land. Seven guards were doing duty on the roof of each car, while within, four others zealously watched the sliding side doors that formed the two exits; these remained closed, owing to the rain.

The car confining Mr. Carmick was the last of the train, and through an aperture in the rear, formed by several missing boards, there filtered occasionally a prisoner, glad to stand and breathe the air on the narrow platform, or scale the simple ladder to the roof. While standing on the end of the car, a wandering thought suggested to Mr. Carmick that he could drop on the track behind the train, which, as it moved along, would leave him there; a moment's consideration warned him that the train might back on to the main track and crush him to death. With a sudden insweep of courage, protected by the friendly dusk, he dropped from the car, crawled quietly to the fence and, slipping over, lay perfectly inert on the other side.

There he waited, near to death, in an agitated frame of mind, the going of the train, for of the many outside guards, should one notice the dark object outlined against the strip of yellow sand, the report of a gun would instantly signal a tragedy. Several minutes dragged away, when two negro trainsmen, waving their lanterns, passed along the track; one vagrant flash made its way between the pickets of the fence and found the face of the man hiding there; but its instant gleam worked no harm, for only God saw and all proved well. Another minute, and the train backing from the switch onto the main track, passed on, leaving one, hungry, ragged, barefooted man behind, no longer a prisoner.

After a night in the woods, he cautiously ventured forth next morning; possessing only two Confederate dollars, equalling each ten cents of the currency of the North, he began his homeward journey through the enemy's country, hoping in time to reach some station where help was given to Union soldiers. Subsisting on green corn and apples gathered along the way, supplemented by an occasional meal of bacon and pones begged of poor whites who regarded him suspiciously, he reached the environs of Columbia, where he dropped in an exhausted condition before the cabin of a friendly negro who housed him for a week.

As his condition grew alarming, the negro reported the case to a benevolent white lady, whose sympathies were strong for the North. She begged for his admission to the hospital in Columbia; observing his ebbing strength, the authorities consented, thinking that for this patient the sun would rise but a few times more. He improved in health, and when convalescing, was made a prisoner of war and sent one hundred miles to the stockade at Florence, South Carolina, where after a month's detention, he was taken with several hundred Union captives to Charleston, South Carolina. Here a Union transport waited to effect an exchange of prisoners.

The North and South met on the heaving waters of the Atlantic, near the ruins of Fort Sumter, each boat flying its white flag of truce while Union and Confederate sentries stood rigidly to their duty on the Northern vessel, as each country received again some of its own brave ones. The Union transport made its way northward to the Camp at Annapolis, where Mr. Carmick was dismissed with two months' pay and a thirty days' furlough. Late in December, and as he touched at Baltimore on his journey home, the first news that he heard was from the lusty throats of the "newsies" as they shouted "extra! Sherman's Christmas present to Uncle Sam is the City of Savannah."

* * *

THE UNFIRED SHOT

By JULIA DESMOND

A THOROUGHBRED Kentucky filly, Glad, was straight from the Blue-Grass region, where father had found her, as she daintily selected the choicest grass for her feeding.

There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on her sensitive, quivering body. Every sinewy muscle was compact and firm. Her slender limbs and dainty hoofs spurned the earth, and she carried herself regally. She was dark brown in color, and her silky mane shaded to a deeper hue. Her eyes, too, were brown and intensely human in their expression.

He had brought her to our Northern home when I was a little girl, and had given her to me for my very own. We fell in love at first sight and spent many happy hours galloping over the gently sloping hills, or following the winding wagon-roads through leafy woodlands. The years flew by, and we grew up together, perfect comrades, loving and understanding one another.

One afternoon in early autumn father asked me to ride to a small town, ten miles distant, to get a sum of money due him there. The air was crisp and cool as Glad and I set out for our long canter over the hills.

About the middle of the way, for almost a mile in length dense woods overhung the road on either side. The first frost had changed the leaves to pictures of oriental coloring, and the ride through the woods was a source of delight and inspiration to me.

There was delay attendant upon the payment of the money, so that it was late when I started home. My love of outdoor life and my constant association with father had made me more fearless than girls usually are. I had no apprehension of danger. We entered the wood at a leisurely pace; the night-wind fanned my cheeks and sent a glow of life and spirits through my veins; the silvery radiance of the moon reflected on the leaves. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, a dark form shot out of the woods, and Glad's bits were seized by a strong hand.

"Hand over that money, quick," said a thick voice from behind a mask, and something in the robber's hand gleamed in the moonlight.

The thought in my mind seemed to flash along the tightened reins; for, almost before the robber had uttered the last word, Glad shook free her bridle from his grasp and I could see her white teeth close over the hand that held the weapon. With a groan, the man loosed his hold upon it, and it fell to the earth; then with one long, flying leap Glad sprang forward, and away we flew, her light hoofs scarcely touching the ground, nor did she slacken her pace until we came to our own door.

She has earned her meed of oats and hay for the rest of her life. Indeed, I think she will never grow old, for her spirit is undaunted still, and so long as she lives no Bell of Atri need ring its accusing tones to remind us of our duty toward Glad.

* * *

MILITARY LIFE IN EARLY DAYS

By CHARLES S. GERLACH

(A true story from the diary of an Army officer)

THE time when the event I am about to narrate took place, Fort Randall, Dakota Territory, was garrisoned by the Fourth United States Artillery. The large gains made in supplying the soldiers and Indians, at the nearby Yankton Sioux Indian Agency, with whiskey, induced unprincipled, bold men to engage in it.

One of the boldest spirits among them was one Jean Baptiste, a French half-breed who was camped in fancied security with an assistant, an old Indian, about ten miles south of the fort. He was discovered by two officers while out hunting.

Mistaking them for enlisted men he became familiar, they encouraged him, and finally were entrusted with a message to his chief agent in the post, arranging for a meeting and delivery of some of the goods the following night.

One of the officers returned to the garrison, the other staid out, guarding against the possibility of further communication with the post. It was shortly after taps when I was ordered to report to the Commanding Officer's quarters. Here I found Lieutenant B——— and six other men. We were handed pistols, and then quietly stole out of the garrison, going south. About eleven o'clock we halted, the Lieutenant and myself on the trail, the remainder close by. Soon the moon came up, and about fifteen minutes after, we heard footsteps approaching. This turned out to be the officer who had remained out. He reported all working well in front, and Baptiste approaching unconscious of danger.

We were not long kept in suspense, the wagon came up. Baptiste recognized his visitors of the morning, and was about to lift a keg out of the wagon, when he noticed the absence of his confederate. He had mistaken me for him, as we were about the same size and build. Instantly smelling treason he broke to the right and was off on a dead run into the wrought country alongside the trail.

A whistle from Lieutenant B——— and our whole party was in pursuit. Some shots were fired, but went wild in the excitement. Baptiste, armed too, returned our compliments, running. I was closest to him and counted his shots. He had sent back, without damage, six bullets, when his artillery became suddenly silent, just as he approached the side of a rough, steep gully, which was filled with bushes and weeds. Luck, however, forsook him. He slipped, fell, and knowing that he had not another, I made a bold dash and was upon him, my pistol at a ready thrust into his face: "D——n you, I wish I had another shot!" were the words which greeted me. "More and I'll blow your cursed head off!" was my reply. It was effective.

A call:—"This way Lieutenant!"—brought help, and Baptiste was marched back to the wagon, bound with a rawhide lariat he had brought himself, and carried into the post.

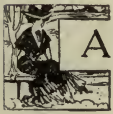
A party immediately sent back to his camp succeeded in finding his stock in trade, also an old valise, his treasure box, containing some of his ill-gotten gains in hard gold.

Ten years in penitentiary was Baptiste's sentence, when tried the next fall in a United States Court at St. Josephs.

* * *

MY EXPERIENCE WITH DOGS

By M. S. H.



ALWAYS have I wondered at the peculiar incidents that have taken place in my life in which dogs have shown an unusual fondness for me, especially since I have merely a liking for them, the same as a woman has for any animal, yet no deep-seated affection for this species of an animal any more than another. I do not like to touch a dog, and have never had one as a pet.

Some years ago I was returning from a friend's where I had remained the night. I wished to walk home, because it was a beautiful summer morning. While strolling along the road, an immense dog of powerful build came up to me. I looked at him casually, and he trotted on by my side; I thought he must be following me home, and tried in vain to drive him back. In the turn of the road, I met two ferocious looking tramps, traveling my way. My canine friend walked even closer to me, and as I passed the ruffians, the hair raised on his neck and he showed his fangs. I quickened my footsteps and the dog followed me until I was within sight of home, when I asked a butcher to take him back. He followed very willingly. What instinct prompted that dog to protect me?

One cold winter night, at another time, I was hurrying home when a large white dog came and prostrated himself before me. I spoke to him and he leaped up and tried to touch my shoulder. I admit I was afraid of him. He followed me home, falling every little while before me. I offered him food, thinking he was hungry. He did not eat it, but continued his queer form of dog worship. He was in our front door the next morning.

In the office where I am an editor, there used to come a tiny mite of a dog, not much larger than my double fists, who tore madly up the stairs to get into the editorial sanctum, and when he reached me, was wild with delight. I never touched him, merely laughed at his antics.

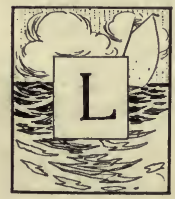
A white dog followed me on the street car, and the conductor said I could not take my dog. I said the dog was not mine. I rode three miles, and found the dog awaiting me when I left the car.

I would feel ashamed to think I was a dog hypnotist, but I must look like a kind friend, for all dogs are fond of me, and a word or look from me makes the ugliest cur on the street follow me to my destination. I might feel flattered, were I a dog lover, which I certainly am not. But the experiences make me wonder why these events have taken place.

* * *

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

By MARIE PHELAN



LAST Summer my sister and I spent a delightful week-end taking a round trip on one of those little side-wheelers plying the Chesapeake Bay and poking their saucy little noses into wharves along the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the Virginia coast. The steamer was primitive according to "floating palace" standards, but it was a glorious trip. We left the city at five—I mean two-bells, a perfect time, for then one sees the sunset and the soft loveliness of twilight closing in on the shoreline, and we looked around us with a sigh of gratitude when we realized that we were having a boat ride without a lunchbasket jammed against our backs or a pathetic ballad wailed in our ears.

Why do people sing on the water? They never do on an excursion train.

The other passengers turned in early, but we were enjoying the night too much to go into the bandbox stateroom. By and by the captain came out to smoke, oblivious of us back in the corner, and later the good-looking purser came with a lantern.

"Going to be out here long?" he asked, and I wish I could convey some idea of his delightful Virginian accent. The captain nodded. "My girl is going to Boston on the 'Kershaw' tonight," continued the soft voice, "and I told her when the ships passed I'd wave a lantern to her. She'll be out on deck. When the 'Kershaw' passes wave this lantern. Thanks. Good-night."

"Men are deceivers ever," sighed my sister.

Several weeks later we heard the sequel. The dashing stenographer at our office was telling about her vacation trip.

"And I have the best joke on John," (her fiance), she said. "You know his boat went out at five o'clock, an hour before ours, but of course ours was very much faster than that little *tug* and we were due to pass in the Bay. I promised John I would be out on deck when the boats passed and he was to wave a lantern to me, but instead of sailing at six the 'Kershaw' loaded iron rails all night—think of it! Of course I couldn't sleep a wink, but I nearly died laughing lying there to think of John hanging over the railing of his boat with a lantern looking for the 'Kershaw.' The joke was on him all right."

But whom was the joke on — the purser peacefully sleeping in his berth or the laughing girl?

* * *

A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE

By M. B.

A FEW days after my mother left Seattle for Alaska one winter, I was lying in a perfectly relaxed state quietly resting. Suddenly as plainly as if I gazed at the living, dashing waters, I saw a rugged rockbound coast and driven by a storm-ridden sea, a ship was gradually being dashed toward that rocky shore. Vividly white the boat shone out from the dark, stormy atmosphere and plainer still was the name of the ship in letters of brass.

For days I was filled with horror but a letter finally came telling of mother's safe arrival after a terrible trip, the roughest ever known at that time of year. I went to the dock and there beheld the S. S.———, the very one I had beheld at the time of my vision, if it may be called that, a boat I had never seen before.

* * *

HIS FIRST COMMAND

By C. E. WATERMAN

IF ANYONE should happen to pass through the hilltop village of Paris in the state of Maine, he might see surmounting a doorway of one of the dwellings a wooden figure, resembling a lion. This was the figure-head of the old man-of-war Trenton, and the residence is that of Rear Admiral Henry W. Lyon. It suggests a story, for the Trenton was the admiral's first command, and a very singular command it was, too. It was away back in 1889, when the admiral was simply a lieutenant, that he had the command of this vessel, after the great hurricane which wrecked three American men-of-war, three German men-of-war and one English man-of-war in the harbor of Apia in the Samoan Islands. The Trenton was the flagship of the American squadron and Lieutenant Lyon was her executive officer. She was bounced around the harbor very violently during the hurricane and finally sank in shoal water near the beach. When the sea settled to its normal condition, she lay with her upper deck out of water. Every ship, even though wrecked, must have a commander as long as she remains on the naval register, and Lieutenant Lyon was given this vessel as his first command—rather a humorous situation, as he could only walk her upper decks.

His second command was also a singular one, although it was anything but humorous. The hurricane came up very suddenly, and none but the English warships had steam up, so the Americans and Germans were caught like rats in a trap, while the English were able to get out to sea and therefore save the larger part of their fleet. This fact was rather humiliating to the American and German admirals, and they tried to save some of their stranded vessels. Admiral Kimberley, of the American fleet, picked upon the Nipsic as the least injured of the lot, raised her and sent her to Honolulu, the nearest naval station, fifteen hundred miles away, also under the command of Lieutenant Lyon. She was a floating coffin, with neither mast, keel or rudder. She could only steam five knots an hour and she could not carry coal enough to take her to Honolulu; therefore she was obliged to put in to Fanning Island, about midway of the distance, to await the return of her consort, which had been sent to Hawaii to secure a collier.

Fanning Island is an atoll about eleven miles long by eight wide, a ring of land surrounding a lagoon about a mile wide. The entire island is owned by a Scotchman, who, with his wife, lives on it in regal style. They have about twenty-five coolies with their families, and are engaged in raising cocoanuts.

The Nipsic stayed at this island about eight weeks, when she was re-coaled and set out on the balance of her voyage to Honolulu, where she arrived without serious mishap.

* * *

HOLMAN DAY'S INFORMANT

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

HOLMAN DAY, whose "Squire Phin" is making so favorable an impression upon the reading public, often visited Shiloh—the religious school in Durham, Maine, founded by Rev. Frank Sanford, to report its doings for the *Lewiston Journal.*

Although Elijah, as Sanford proclaims himself, does not welcome newspaper reporters to his domains, he has always had a warm place in his heart for Mr. Day and long ago styled him John, the Beloved Disciple. One time after Mr. Day had visited Shiloh, he went into a barber shop in Lisbon Falls, a village near by, and Mr. Sanford chanced to be in the chair. The barber, not knowing who it was that he was shaving, for this latter day prophet is seldom seen in his own vicinity, fell into a conversation with Mr. Day, which led to a discussion of the strange community across the river, during which the barber said, "Frank Sanford may be a religious crank, but he is nobody's d—— fool," and "Elijah" and Day enjoyed the joke in silence.

* * *

WHEN ALL SIGNS FAILED

By E. D. Y. TILDEN

HE AND I were returning from an exciting motorcycle ride through a country road, in a mountainous district. Only those who have "been through the mill" can appreciate such an experience. We tossed over ruts like a row-boat on a billowy sea. We plowed through the deepest sand; more than once we "had to get off and walk"; we ran out of oil; and to cap the climax, we had a grand and glorious tumble down a ravine coated with stickers. When we had gathered ourselves together, counted our arms and legs, to see that none were missing, and extracted the most prominent stickers, we began to remember that we had started out on a wheel.

We immediately began to search for our "fiery steed." There it lay half way down the slide, scarcely visible for the bramble bushes. There was no way out of it—we must follow the example of "the man in our town"—jump into the "bramble bush and scratch out both eyes." Well, we came mighty near it, only in our case it was *noses.*

Imagine our dismay upon discovering that one pedal was among the missing—and twenty-five miles of that atrocious road between us and home. What could we do? Verily, verily, one never knows what he can do till he tries. We *tried,* and succeeded—in a manner, but we were on the road home, anyway.

We had left about three-quarters of the distance in our wake. It was getting dark. "The Professor" said: "I'm not quite sure of my bearings, and we have no time to waste. Suppose you hop off, and see what that sign-post says."

As became an obedient wife, I "hopped off" and ran over to read the sign. This is what it said: "Use Pyle's Pearline."

It was some time before we could regain our composure sufficiently to "move on." At last we were on our journey again. It was getting darker and darker, and we weren't sure that we were on the right road. However, we kept on; there was nothing else to do. We met several people but, unfortunately, they all seemed to be in the same predicament.

"At last," sighed "The Professor," "there's a sign that looks like 'the real thing.' "

Again I "hopped off" and ran to read that sign—it seemed like an oasis in a desert. I couldn't speak for a few minutes after the reading took place. This is the report I had to make—"Beware of the bull."

For the remainder of our trip, we left signs severely alone and followed our noses.

* * *

HE WAS EQUAL TO IT

By INEZ D. COOPER

YEARS ago, in Little Rock, Arkansas, there ruled over the Catholic diocese two priests—brothers—who, being natives of the town, were affectionately called Father Tom and Father Pat. Father Pat was young, esthetic and inclined to be over strict. There probably never lived a better student of human nature than Father Tom—and how his parish did love him!

There was a member of his church, an old lad of about his own age—near sixty—who had classed with him at school. This man Father Tom had never been able to break of the habit of drinking, although about twice a year he used to go over and thrash him, when the old fellow would straighten out for several months.

While on his beat one morning a reporter for the *Gazette*, hearing an unusual noise, hurried to the spot, reaching it just in time to find Father Tom emerging from the old sinner's shop, whip in hand, plainly victor of the occasion.

He knew the reporter and the reporter knew him—indeed, he was indebted to Father Tom for many a story not obtainable elsewhere.

Giving a parting warning to the old parishioner the priest turned to the representative of the press with:

"And, young man, if I see anything of this in the paper, I'll give you some."

"And," added the reporter gleefully, in telling it years after, "the old boy would certainly have kept his word!"

* * *

SAVED FROM DEATH

By KATHERINE T.

OFTEN I think of a narrow escape from death I had in a terrible Iowa blizzard when I was a young girl fourteen years of age.

Forty years ago part of Iowa was an unbroken prairie; one might travel miles and miles and not see any trees, save only those set out by the new settlers. My parents moved to a farm of one hundred and sixty acres when I was about eight years old, and in a few years I had to take the place of housekeeper, for my mother became a helpless invalid.

One pretty winter day the first of December, they let me go to visit with a girl friend from the village, three miles from home. I was to stay all night and come home the next forenoon in time to do the morning's work, but when morning came a fierce snowstorm had set in, and we knew as we saw the fine snow whirling that we were to have a blizzard in a very short time.

I was afraid I could not get home that day at all, but I was determined to keep my promise so against the wishes of my friend I set forth. I was a strong, healthy girl and didn't mind the walk at all, but I was frightened about the storm. When near home I could save a mile by going across a pasture of eighty acres through which the boys of the neighborhood had made a path but when I reached the spot the storm had increased in fury so I could not see anything but snow. I began to realize my danger.

I lost my courage and sank down in the snow and thought I would surely have to die out there all alone. But after getting my breath and remembering my poor old mother watching for me, I struggled up and tried it again. I waded round and round until my groping hands touched the fence that enclosed the pasture, and oh, how thankful I was, for I knew by following the fence I could get home. My parents were nearly frantic for fear I would perish in the snow which, no doubt, I would have done had it been bitter cold, for I was over three hours on the journey. The good Lord was indeed caring for His little ones.

* * *

DOUBLE-BARRELLED CANNON

By MRS. R. A. ELLIS

I WAS in Athens, Georgia, the seat of this state's great university, on the occasion of a civic parade recently, and I saw a most curious relic of that terrific conflict between the North and the South, the Civil War.

"Why, isn't that a double-barrelled cannon?" I asked, in astonishment, of a citizen in whose carriage I rode as guest of honor.

"Yes, indeed," answered the patrician Southerner, "and the only one in the world, at that. We are very proud of it, and it constitutes a never-omitted feature of our parades and pageants."

"Tell me the history of this unique gun," I begged.

"I should scarcely call it notable, historically speaking," he laughed, "yet unique it is undeniably, and a quaint little story hangs about it."

He told me then that the cannon had been modeled and cast during the Civil War, an eccentric old man, native to the town, being its inventor. It was built for purposes of defence, should the town be besieged by the "Yankees"; and the novel theory of its constructor was that if one cannon-ball could do such deadly execution, then two, chained together and issuing simultaneously from the twin barrels, would simply mow down the enemy's ranks like grain under the thresher.

"Was it ever fired?" I asked, tremendously interested.

"Oh, yes," replied my host. "It was fired once, experimentally. In spite of the superlative faith and emphatic assurances of the inventor, there must have been some skepticism rife, for every possible precaution was taken in advance—such as having a thirty-acre barren hillside lying out in front. Well, when the firing had been done, you ought to have seen that slope. Thoroughly ploughed up? I should say so. You see, as might have been anticipated, one ball came out just a shade ahead of the other, so imparting a strange whirligig motion to the coupled missiles. The spectators? Oh, strictly under cover during the whole ploughing up of the hillside."

"Hardly likely, then, that it will ever be fired again?"

"No. But it will always remain one of the treasured possessions of our little city. Generation after generation, the Varsity boys throng to pay their respects to it, as each new session opens."

Laughing, we drove on in the wake of the quaint gun, as it wheeled down one of the beautifully shaded avenues of the classic town.

* * *

SAD FATE OF TIGE

By LOUISE ANNAH

ONCE when I was but a wee bit of a girl my mother and I were upon one of our frequent visits to my grandparents at their house in the country, where my great-grandparents also lived. During our visit a few of the neighbors came over to help spend one of the long winter evenings in a hospitable way. After the men folks had smoked together and the women had told the gossip of the day, they decided to go to my great-grandparents' rooms and help make the evening less lonesome for them. As they arose, my aunt laid her sleeping baby in the cradle, and left her there with me.

After they had gone I thought I would play with Tige, the "Thomas" cat, who was sleeping upon the couch near the stove. He was fifteen years old and the special pride of my grandfather; he somewhat resembled a wild cat in his great size, his coat of dark yellow and gray stripes, and his large, listless green eyes.

But Tige was not to be turned out of his comfortable place. He refused to budge or respond to my pettings by even so much as purring. So after this fruitless attempt at coaxing him to abandon his preoccupied mood, I left him alone and soon after followed his example by curling myself up in a similar position at the head of the couch.

A short time after I became aware of a sort of gasping sound—little, short gasps. I awoke with a start. My eyes fell upon my little cousin in the cradle. It was from thence that the gasping sound ensued. Tige, the cat, was firmly planted upon the breast of the sleeping infant, slowly taking away its breath, strangling it.

I had never before known of anything like this and could hardly believe that Tige was harming the child. Yet I had a premonition that something was wrong, as I sprang up quickly and going to the cradle tugged with all my might to dislodge his huge body, in vain.

Then I screamed loudly. My cry penetrated the half-opened door of great-grandfather's room. They all rushed out, but grandfather was the first to realize the danger and to act. I remember well how he looked as he stood there in the doorway with his pipe in his hand.

But it was only for a moment. The pipe fell. With one long stride he was at the side of the cradle followed close by the frantic mother. An awful expression of rage swept over his face as he seized the cat with a frenzied grip and impulsively, blindly, even mechanically, lifted the lid of the stove near by and plunged Tige, his pet, into the fire to be consumed by the roaring flames.

Perhaps I ought to make some apology for the seemingly cruel act of my grandfather. The best I can do is to assure you, as any of his friends and his enemies (if he had any) could have, that he was one of the biggest, best and most kind-hearted men in the country. He acted on the impulse of the moment, without thinking that while he was saving the life of a human being, he was putting another creature into misery.

* * *

LITTLE BENNY'S BEETLES

By MRS. M. J. GIDDINGS

NEARLY every farmer's boy is familiar with the May beetle, for in the spring they emerge from the ground in great numbers. It is a singular sight to see the beetles of all sizes and shapes from light to dark brown, as the plough exposes them to view.

Bennie was the child of a neighbor, who in his visits with his mother had often seen our case of preserved insects and had been with my sister on her walks in search of new specimens, and he wished most earnestly to serve us.

One bright May morning he came in where we sat at our sewing, and spying a quantity of gay bits of worsted left from some fancy work, he asked if he might have them to put in his pocket.

His mother had just finished his first pair of trousers, and as he rejoiced in two pockets—everything available found its way into one or the other of them. He picked up the bright, many-hued worsteds, and put a good handful into each pocket; then seeing one of the farm hands pass the window, he hurried out to go with him to the field.

They were ploughing and the May beetles were very abundant, and Bennie conceived the brilliant idea of using his new pockets, and helping us to specimens at the same time, so he picked up handful after handful of beetles and thrust them into his pockets. After a while he came running in calling "Aunt May, Aunt May, I've dot somefin' for you, I'se dot lots of 'em too. I 'spect you'll be pleased wiv' 'em."

He rushed forward toward me, and putting a hand into each pocket he drew forth the most comical mass that I ever saw, and laid it in my lap, then more and more still, till I was almost convulsed with laughter. There were the poor beetles with their rough legs entangled in the gay threads, which clung to them the closer the more they tried to free themselves, and they tumbled over each other, big ones and little ones, squirming and clawing in the most astonishing fashion.

Truly, I thought, I had beetles in my apron enough to supply all the naturalists in the United States. Along with the beetles and tangled with the worsteds, there were crumbs of gingerbread, a piece of chewing gum, some dried apples, three fat caterpillars, a few kernels of popping corn, and an angle worm. He had taken from the mass a piece of red and white candy, which he was industriously trying to free from the fuzzy wool, which covered it, preparatory to putting it in his mouth.

He told his mother later that "he fought Aunt May was mos' tickled to def wiv 'em, 'cause she laughed so—she did!" Little Benny was a real boy and a dear little fellow.

* * *

THE DAY OF THE COMET

By MRS. L. A. STEBBINS

I WAS born in 1827, and can remember most of the great events that have occurred since I was five years old. Then I lived among the Vermont hills and all events were talked over and children were taught to be good listeners, and there was not so much to drive an important happening from the mind before it had made its impression.

My first introduction to the marvelous was one morning in November after I was six years old. One of our neighbors, a man past fifty years, came in with such a look of wonder and surprise, and said to my mother:

"Such a sight as I saw this morning. The stars were all out of their places, and the whole heavens were ablaze. I thought the end of the world had come."

He had risen early to go out to his barn and so had seen the wonderful sight. He was the only one I ever heard speak of it as an eye-witness.

This happened among the hills of a Vermont town. The people were all the descendants of the settlers that came from Massachusetts. They were a Bible-reading people and they looked upon this marvelous sight as the beginning of the signs of the ending of the world.

In 1832 the cholera seemed to follow the Erie Canal, and many died in the different cities.

The next year it began to be published that a comet was coming that was to destroy the world. A cousin of my father visited us from Utica, New York. He was a very religious man, and like so many others thought the pestilence and the signs in the heavens were but the fulfilment of the Bible prophecies.

I used to listen and believe all I heard, and the night after the "shooting stars" I went out to look at the stars and I found them all back in their places.

I remember I got the Bible and read the last chapter in the Old Testament, where it spoke of the earth being burned, and I asked my mother about it. She did not believe the end was coming, but she said if it did, it would not last long and I need not worry. But the talk continued, and the comet came and went, and we were all alive.

Then there was more Bible study and the time of the ending of the world was fixed for some time in 1842. There were revival meetings and much religious excitement, and people began to make ready for the end. Some gave away their property and others made ready their ascension robes.

But the day came and went, and still the earth remained. Many became insane. Others took up their work, still feeling they must be ready, for the call might come suddenly, like a thief in the night.

As I think of the comet that appeared last year, it does not seem so bright or large as the one I saw in the early forties. But that was in the winter, and the skies were clearer. I told all the people I met, who had young children, to show them the comet and explain how long it would be before dwellers on this earth would see it again. Someone whom I know, who is two years younger than I, remembers her mother having shown the comet to her in the forties, but does not recollect its appearance clearly enough to describe it.

This is a part of my experience as a child, and now I am among those who waited to see the comet a second time, not with fear, but with thankfulness that I can remember so much of the wonder it created when it came before. It did not cause so much excitement with its latest appearance.

* * *

IT WAS THE LIMIT

By A. SHAW

THE first responsible position I ever held, when a young man, was that of deputy postmaster in a county seat town of some twelve hundred inhabitants. I received the princely salary of six dollars per month, and my hours were from seven o'clock in the morning until nine to eleven at night, depending upon the arrival of the stage, the regularity of which was subject to prevailing weather conditions. It was during the years of '62 and '63 when railroads were few and far between and rural free delivery unthought of. All the people of the township received their mail at this office, and it was customary for any member of a suburban settlement upon coming to town to inquire for mail for each neighbor in the settlement. When, as was frequently the case, a half dozen persons from the same neighborhood came to town the same day, and all came to the post-office and inquired for the neighborhood mail, it was extremely interesting for the postmaster and his deputy. Nothing short of a thorough inspection of all letters in each pigeon-hole marked with the initial of the name inquired for, would satisfy anyone calling for mail. One Saturday at the close of the month, while working on the monthly report, I was called to the general delivery window by a young woman some seventeen or eighteen years of age, carrying an old-fashioned splint woven basket, full of onions, which she placed in the window in front of her. (I can smell those onions yet). It was the first visit of the young woman to the post-office since I had become a member of Uncle Sam's official family. After thoroughly looking me over, she said: "Do you belong in there?" After partially convincing her that I did, she asked: "Is they enny mail fur our folks?" "What is the name?" "Whose name—mine?" "Yes, your name will do!" "I'm Mandy Horner, we live down on the crick!" "No mail for the name of Horner," said I. "They ain't?—well, that's funny. Ma's lookin' fur a letter!"

I sat down and took up my pen, but not for long as the young woman did not leave the window.

"Is they enny mail fur Ez Walker's folks?" "Nothing for Mr. Walker's family," I replied after looking. "His wife's bin awful sick, a letter frum her folks ud du her good." "Ain't ennything fur John Evans's, is they?" "Mr. Evans was here himself and got his mail." At this time a bunch of letters for the outgoing mail, laying on the table, caught her eye. "Maw got a letter wunst the color uf that yeller one in there—mebby that's fur her."

Some half dozen people who had fallen in line behind the woman now succeeded in edging her away from the window, and after attending to their wants I again sat down to my writing. "Say," came over my shoulder in a familiar voice, and on looking up to the window, there stood Mandy with the basket of onions. "Did Will Evans git a letter in a girl's handwritin' here last week?" I replied that I really did not know. "Well, I'd jist like tu find out, for sure." With a very disappointed look upon her face, she turned and went out. I had just got comfortably seated and taken up my work when I was again called to the window. Mandy had returned. Setting the basket of onions in front of her on the window, she very deliberately inquired: "Is they anny uther post-office in town?" After answering her question in the negative, I felt that I was entitled to the privilege of asking at least one question, so I said: "What are you going to do with the onions?" Picking up the basket and smiling for the first time as she turned away, "Oh, I'm goin' tu trade 'em fur bakin' soda fur ma."

JAMESTOWN, N.D.

SCENE IN JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

The Need of More Railways in the Northwest

By W. C. JENKINS

PRESIDENT TAFT'S policy of reciprocity has served to focus the attention of the people of the United States on the great Northwest, for a time at least. It has served to call attention to a great agricultural empire that within a comparatively short time has become an important factor in furnishing mankind with the necessities of life. It has brought into the limelight a territory whose natural resources are such that in spite of disadvantages the country has developed itself.

The Northwest territory has within the past five years come into prominence as one of the great sources of the world's wheat supply; but how the grain shall be conveyed to its ultimate destination in this and foreign countries, with the least possible expense, has been a question of more than ordinary concern since the Canadian Northwest ceased to be a frontier country.

Within the last five years cities and towns have bloomed in the wilderness of the Northwest after a night's growth. Five years ago you could get the very best quality of virgin land in Saskatchewan within less than a half day's drive from a railroad. Today free lands of the first quality cannot be gotten within two weeks' drive of a railroad. Good arable lands within a reasonable distance of a market sell at twenty-five dollars an acre, and it is hard to get them even at that price.

But a few years ago the entire West was a pasture for Buffalo. Today it is the scene of business activity and a contented people. Three great trunk lines cross from east to west with many branch lines. In the beginning the settlers followed the trunk lines, then the branch lines followed the settlers.

Surely this great Northwest territory is a country worth being considered in legislative halls and in financial centers. President Taft is fully aware of its importance. He recognizes the force of the prediction made by the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, who said: "At some moment a great leader will arise in the Northwest. He will thunder at the doors of Congress, voicing the demands of this fertile empire so absurdly bisected by an artificial boundary that at least all the commercial obstacles must be overthrown. A way will be found to tear down those mediaeval obstructions in the natural channels of trade."

FRANK K. BULL
President of Midland Continental Railroad

In his speech on reciprocity at Springfield, Illinois, President Taft said: "There is a difference of ten or more cents a bushel on wheat and other cereals between the markets of Winnepeg and Minneapolis, but this difference is fully explained by the lack of transportation and elevator facilities, and by the greater difficulty that the Canadian farmer now has in point of economic carriage from the Northwest to Liverpool, where by the sale of the world's surplus the price of wheat is fixed for the world.

"To let the wheat of the Northwest come down to Minneapolis and Chicago will steady the price of wheat, will prevent its fluctuations, will make much more difficult speculation, and will furnish us greater insurance against the short crops and high prices. But that it will in the end, or substantially, reduce the price of wheat, which is fixed for the world in Liverpool, no one familiar with the conditions will assert.

"It will give to the United States much greater control of the wheat market than it ever has had before. It will enable its milling plants to turn Canadian wheat into flour and send abroad the finished product, and it will stimulate the sale of manufactures and other things that we have to sell to Canada.

HERBERT S. DUNCOMBE
Counsel for Midland Continental Railroad

"By the bringing over of live cattle the farmer who has corn will have his raw material in abundance and will fatten them for the Chicago market at a profit.

"This artificial barrier between the wheat fields of Dakota and the wheat fields of Manitoba, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan will be taken down, the conditions of distance and facility of warehousing and transportation will still affect the price, and the price will vary between Canada and the United States at the point of production, as it does now in the various states. Trade will be stimulated on both sides of the line. Avenues of communication north and south will be substituted for those east and west and prosperity will attend the union of business in both countries."

That the farmers of the great northwest are a prosperous class is apparent to anyone who visits that territory. There has been a radical change in their condition during recent years. Not very long ago there was an agitation in the West for a law authorizing the federal government to loan money to the farmers to buy seed and farm implements. Today these farmers are money lenders. They are supplying the banks with funds to loan to the merchants and manufacturers. But they are demanding more and better railway facilities, and today the railroad which draws its principal traffic from the farm population is in a better financial condition and has a vastly more hopeful future than the railroad which is dependent entirely upon a traffic that emanates from a waning manufacturing or mining section.

The history of the transcontinental lines through the Northwest reads like a romance. It is a history of daring adventure and never-ceasing struggle. The battle for supremacy has been full of excitement, and the contest has been carried to every important financial center in Europe and America. There must be Pacific Coast trunk lines in order to feed the millions of people who have settled in the extreme West, but to accomplish these undertakings almost insurmountable difficulties had to be overcome. Nations have been blotted from maps for less than it cost to build railroads over some of the mountain passes of the West. But the Hills, Huntingtons and Harrimans were determined men and the word "fail" was not a part of their vocabulary.

BUSINESS BLOCK IN JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

Previous to 1871 much of the great northwestern territory was nothing but a pathless waste. The settlement of the Dakotas began when the engineers who were surveying the routes of the northern Pacific located the crossing of the line over the Red River at Fargo. This crossing was effected July 4, 1871, and from that date the growth of the Dakotas has been continuous and rapid. Farmers went into the new territory and settled along the rich valley of the Red River north and south of Fargo and many followed the line of the Northern Pacific Railway as it continued on its way to the coast. For the first decade the settlement was confined largely along the railway, but later branch lines made it possible for the settlers to extend their sphere of operation.

The next period of activity began in 1880, when the Great Northern Railway crossed the Red River at Grand Forks and continued on its way through the northern part of the state, opening up fresh territory and with many feeder lines furnishing to the new settlers marketing facilities for their grain and produce.

Between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific it was a case of the survival of the fittest. In the early nineties the Northern Pacific was composed of fifty-one different companies all combined into one system. It cost fifty per cent more to operate per average mile than the Hill road. When the panic of 1893 came the Great Northern was earning ten per cent on its $20,000,000 stock while the Northern Pacific was struggling under the heavy operating expenses of its different organizations, which resulted in the placing of the two roads under one financial management.

But these battles of financial grants were hardly noticed by the great army of settlers who were marching into the fertile fields of the Northwest. It was conceded that the vast area was "Jim Hill territory" and it was known that no trespassing would be permitted. The settlers were satisfied with the east and west railway facilities, but they needed outlets to the south. At the same time practical statesmanship in the United States recognized the necessity of a closer relationship with Canada.

Nearly all the railroad development through the Dakotas and the Canadian Northwest has been westward. This, too, in face of the fact that Bismark, North Dakota, is three hundred and fifty miles nearer the Gulf of Mexico than the Atlantic seaboard. The same peculiar condition is true of Northwest Canada. The grain of that territory can only be exported via Montreal or the Pacific. An outlet to the Gulf of Mexico would be worth millions to that fertile and prosperous territory.

WHY THE DAKOTAS FEED A CONTINENT

A NORTH DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD

The possibility of reciprocity with Canada is not causing any great worry among the farmers on this side of the border. They realize that such a measure will be of distinct benefit to them in that it will stimulate the building of additional railroads, thus affording better and cheaper marketing facilities. One of the important economic developments since the first of this year has been the tendency to decrease the cost to consumers of food products. If this tendency is maintained the American farmers need fear very little from Canada in the way of competition in our own markets for agricultural or dairy products.

ON A DAKOTA PRAIRIE

Regardless of the enactment of any reciprocity treaties the Northwest will continue to be the mecca for homeseekers and investors for many years. Capitalists will find many opportunities for investments, and the construction of additional railroads will demand large amounts of money. The Dakotas are very friendly to railway enterprises, and development along these lines has been both healthy and rapid, and has been accomplished in a friendly spirit of mutual confidence between the corporations and the people. Three great trunk lines pass through North Dakota — the Great Northern Railway running east and west on its way to the coast through the northern part of the state; the Northern Pacific paralleling the Great Northern about a hundred miles to the south, and the "Soo Line" following a diagonal course from southeast to northwest, joining the Canadian Pacific Railway north of the boundary line.

A new company, known as the Midland Continental Railroad, has been incorporated to build a line in a northerly and southerly direction, and work on the new project is well under way.

The idea of building a north and south railroad was the result of experiences of Mr. Frank K. Bull, President of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Racine, Wisconsin, and Herbert S. Duncombe, a practicing attorney in Chicago.

Mr. Bull's company has, for the last ten years, shipped a large number of cars of freight annually in that territory and, by reason of the fact, Mr. Bull became intimately acquainted with the traffic conditions, freight rates, the growth of that territory and the possible profit from a north and south railroad.

Mr. Duncombe was employed by clients to examine municipal light, heat and water bonds in that territory, and was obliged to make frequent trips for that purpose.

Mr. Bull and Mr. Duncombe being thrown together in the business enterprises, their common experiences were formulated into a syndicate which put out a crew of men reconnoitering the central western states. Both Mr. Bull and Mr. Duncombe have covered the territory by wagon, automobile and on foot, almost from Winnipeg to the Gulf. Reconnoitering crews were turned out, temporary surveying lines were run and those lines were submitted to experts on traffic conditions, engineers and builders; profiles were carefully examined, the territory analyzed, cost of construction was estimated, profits computed, and after careful investigation of all conditions, a permanent line was run from the Missouri River to Pembina, a distance of some five hundred miles. Considerable time was spent in investigation, but since the permanent line has been located progress has been made, as speedily as possible along economical lines, in the construction of the road.

The building of the South Dakota Central Railroad, a north and south line, was a new departure four years ago, but it demonstrated the fact that the demands of the people will ultimately be recognized. This road has been a very profitable undertaking for its constructors and is a great success. It is of great advantage to the farmers of the territory it traverses.

Men who are interested in the development of the Northwest have no time to waste in a discussion of sentimental politics; but they are interested in the progress of the work on the Panama Canal, the organization of new railway companies and the improvement of grades and service on the transcontinental lines. They see, with much delight, new roads pushing out for the traffic which will result from the building of the Panama Canal. There are sixteen new railroads chartered to tap the Canadian wheat belt and bring traffic to the lines that will feed the Panama Canal, or that will feed the great north and south lines that have terminals on the Gulf of Mexico.

Prominent financiers assert that the securities of railroads that draw their patronage from the agricultural states of the Northwest are today classed among the best and safest investments. No other form of security is so readily convertible into cash and none are so popular on the stock exchanges. The future of these railroads is most favorable, especially those that have terminals on the Gulf of Mexico. This in consequence of the building of the Panama Canal and its prospective opening in 1915. This enterprise promises to effect something of a revolution in the current of trade, and railroads running east and west may have to revise their charges. At present transcontinental rates, shippers would find it cheaper to send goods by rail to the Gulf and thence by steamer through the Canal to San Francisco. It has been estimated that there would be a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent in the charges. The same is true as to goods destined to China, Japan and India.

Men who carefully study the present conditions and future prospects cannot fail to see the dawn of an unprecedented era of activity in the Northwest. Nothing short of a calamity can stop the development which is in progress in that section.

TWO LIGHTS

By ARTHUR WALLACE LEACH

O THE light in the eyes is not all, dear heart,
The light in the heart shines ever far;
The light in the eyes burns out with years—
The light of the heart is a changeless star!

Old faces fade from the guerdon, dear,
As roses in autumn gardens blow,
The old friendly light in your eyes is gone,
But the light of your heart I know!

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